This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

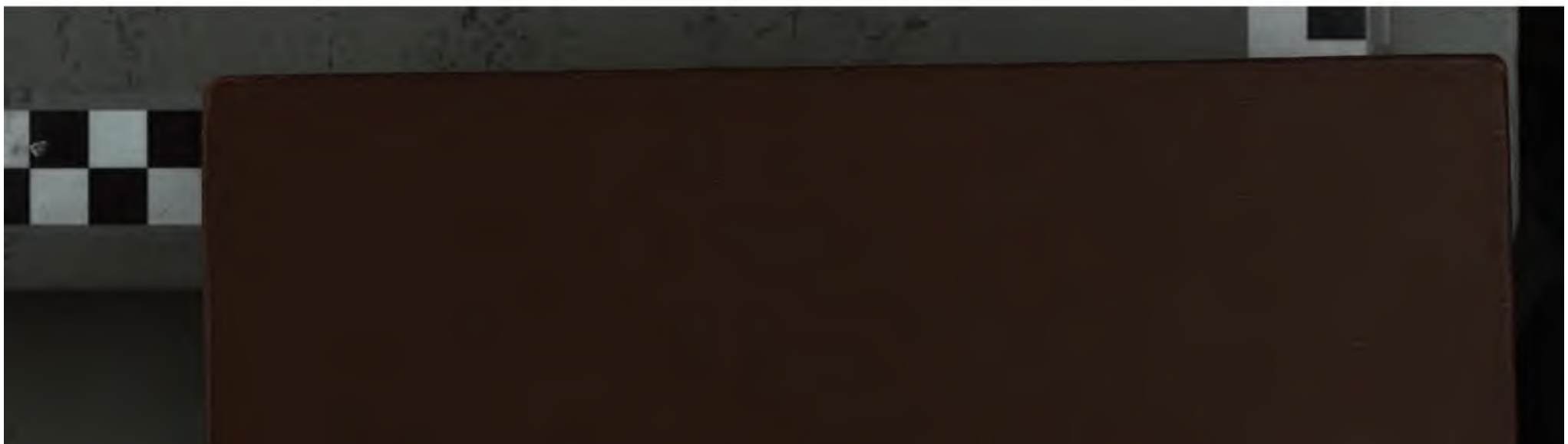
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



PROPERTY OF
University of Michigan Libraries
817
LES SCIENTIA VERITAS

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1834.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1834.

II.

IN ONE VOLUME, QUARTO,

MEMORIALS

OF THE

]EAGE, LIFE, AND WRITINGS,

OF

] NAPIER OF MERCHISTON,

: OF THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND AND OF SCIE]

FROM HIS FAMILY PAPERS, AND OTHER ORIGINAL SOURCES.

By MARK NAPIER, Esq.

III.

THE 25TH MARCH WILL BE PUBLISHED, IN 8VO,

Price 6s.

VOL. I. PART I.

OF THE

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXVII. JANUARY, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

SOTHEBY'S HOMER.

THE ODYSSEY.

No. I.

The Iliad was written by Homer. Will Wolf and Knight tell us how it happened that all the heroic strains about the war before Troy, poured forth, as they opine, by many bards, regarded but one period of the siege? By what divine felicity was it that all those sons of song, though apart in time and place, united in chanting the wrath of Achilles? The poem is one—like a great wood, whose simultaneous growth overspreads a mountain. Indeed one mighty poem, in process of time, moulded into form out of separate fragments, composed by a brotherhood of bards—not even *coeval*—may be safely pronounced an impossibility in nature.

Achilles was not the son of many sires; nor was the part he played written for him by a succession of "eminent hands," all striving to find fit work for their common hero. He is not a creature of collected traditions. He stands there—a single conception—in character and in achievement;—his absence is felt like that of a thunder cloud withdrawn behind a hill, leaving the air still sultry;—his presence is as the lightning in sudden illumination glorifying the whole field of battle. Kill, bury, and forget him, and the Iliad is no more an Epic.

No two men at the same *time ever yet saw a ghost; because a ghost is* an Eidolon begotten by the imagination on the air of night, or some night-like day, and is visible but to his own frightened father. Now, Achilles was an Apparition; and his seer was a blind old man, with a front like Jove's, and a forehead like Olympus. "All power was given him in that dreadful trance;" and Beauty and Terror accompanied the Destroyer. He haunted Homer, who no longer knew that he had himself created the sublimest of all Phantoms. But the Muse gave the maker command over his creature; and, at the waving of his hand, the imaginary Goddess-born came and went obedient, more magnificent than any shadowy form that at the bidding of sunlight stalks along mountains into an abisme of clouds.

The Odyssey—also and likewise—was written by Homer, and the proof lies all in one word—Ulysses. —There he is—the self-same being as in the Iliad, and the birth of one brain. Had Homer died the day he said, "And thus they celebrated the obsequies of Hector the Tamer-of-Horses," before no mortal eye would have stood on the threshold of his own hall, pouring out from his quiver all the arrows at his feet, that *vision of a ragged* beggar, suddenly *transfigured* into an Avenger more *glorious far* than Apollo's self trans-

tion is enraged a-
nd each trusts to its
In the other there is
he earth is silent—
not the sea. Corn
Troy-Town stood—
at Achilles is dust.
who fought there
Sotheby solemnly

once more
battle and the ocean

an almost melan-
here is mysterious
vreck on account of
ltless and great Sur-
of and then named—
e place in our ima-
e other heroes living
gly named—for he
to be a Sufferer—
s!" And shall the
care for that One
erva says to Jove,
nguish-rent I view
chief! who from his

hath long time en-

d isle, the central boss
treat a Goddess holds,
ient Atlas, who the

At once we love the Man of
the Muse is to sing—longing f
home—his wife—and his son-
pitied at last by Jove, at the
cession of Minerva, because
piety. That she should fly to It
and that Hermes should win
way to the Isle of Secrecy—o
half of Ulysses—seems demand
the justice of heaven. And si
as all this is—we said it was sul
—for our sympathies are al
awakened for

" A good man struggling with
storms of fate."

Ulysses longs for Ithaca—
knows not what may have pa
or may be passing there—if I
lope and Telemachus be aliv
dead. All we are told is, that
after year he has been lame
for his native Isle—sighing f
sight of its ascending smoke, er
dies—unforgetful of Ithaca ev
Calypso's arms.

How finely Sotheby has giver
nerva's "alighting," and the su
shewing of the scene—the first
of which reveals to us all the
less life of the Suitors, and the
to which the kingless Island has
so long a prey! We are at on

Then downward flew from steep Olympus' height,
And on Ulysses' island deign'd alight,
And at the threshold of his portal staid
Beneath the vestibule's protecting shade:
Held in her grasp the spear, and took her stand
Like Mentes, leader of the Taphian band:
There found the suitors festively array'd,
Who, gay, at dice before the palace play'd,
Their seats on hides of many a numerous herd,
Slain at the dictates of their haughty word:
Heralds, and minist'ring menials stood around,
Some who with temper'd wine their goblets crown'd,
With many a porous spunge some cleansed the board,
And with carved meat their proffer'd chargers stored.
Her first the young Telemachus perceived,
Who 'mid the wooers sat, and inly grieved,
Bright picturing in his mind, how, home again,
His sire would put to flight the wassail train,
Resume his honours, and ancestral right,
And, musing thus, the Goddess caught his sight.
Forward he sprung, in wrath, that nigh their feast
A stranger stood, an uninvited guest:
Then clasp'd her hand, received the brazen spear,
And pour'd his welcome in her gladden'd ear:
" ' Hail! stranger—welcome—now the banquet share,
Then, feasted, wherefore here—thy wish declare.'
" He spake—and at the word, the blue-eyed Maid
Where the prince led the way not loth obey'd.
Now, 'neath his dome, within the channel'd height
Of a vast column, towering on the sight,
He fix'd the lance, where, ranged in order, stood
Ulysses' war-spears, like an iron wood:
Then, on a stately seat the Goddess placed,
With linen spread, and with a foot-stool graced,
And near it drew his own resplendent throne,
At distance from the suitors placed alone,
Lest the contemptuous rioters molest,
And vex with noise and insolence the guest,
Nor yield him peaceful leisure to enquire,
And hold free commune of his long-lost sire.
From a gold ewer, a maid, their hands to lave,
Pour'd in a silver bowl the cleansing wave,
And a bright table brought, where, largely spread,
The sage dispenseress heap'd the food and bread.
The sewer with flesh, all kinds, the plates supplied,
And golden goblets placed each guest beside,
Which oft with wine the busy herald crown'd;
Then, rushing in, the suitors gather'd round,
And on their separate seats and thrones of state,
Where heralds wash'd their hands, in order sate:
The attendant maids in baskets piled their bread,
On the carved dainties as the feasters fed;
And youths oft crown'd their goblets o'er and o'er,
Till thirst and hunger, satiate, sought no more:
Then other joys inflamed their keen desire,
The song and dance, that charm the festive choir.
The herald gave to the reluctant hand
Of Phemius, leader of the minstrel band,
A silver lyre. By force the bard obey'd,
And, preluding the song, the measure play'd."

Telemachus is no favourite with many critics. But *we hope you admire and love the Princely Boy—for he was assuredly a great favourite with Homer. So well did Homer know his worth,* that he is at no great

s Prince! " Manners
nan," and Telemachus,
)e a hero. He takes not
some nook or corner, to
of his Sire—but places
tely seat, with a foot-
ear it drew his own re-
one." Let all the Suit-
iem two in converse—
ıtrude upon their pri-
but open—and confi-
ɾ the measure prelud-
Laureate's song. Mi-
ıve been pleased with
and dignified reception
sely does she insinuate
by half-truth and half-
'en of his sire's return!
lemachus speaks like
ıot be comforted; but
his words, for we see
tening as he listens to
counsel. Who does
he believes his father
Minerva, after foretel-
n, says,

'—now truly this declare,
:h thou seem'st, Ulysses'

:h, thy eyes so beaming

f oft towered before my

bravest heroes, Argos'

truth. That Telemachus in
versation expresses no t
for his mother, has been
said to shew a want of du
fection. But he knew she w
well, up-stairs—while he f
father was dead or in mis
that was the thought that v
heart. It would have beer
ing silly to begin puling a
nelope to a person who
much troubling his head s
—but who had paid her, ı
less, a high and just con
There can be no doubt that
and honoured her—but he w
his twentieth year—and at
sons are shy of seeming befo
gers too fond of their moth
even before their mother
selves—especially when sur
by suitors. But hear hin
father.

" Once I had hope while here
remained,
That wealth and virtue had o
sustained;
But heaven, devising ill, not
signed,
And left his fate obscurest, 'mid
Nor could his death so sharply
pressed
The sting of sorrow in my filia
If, with his brave compeers, i

prowess, and the eagerness with which he embraces the advice of Mentes to sail to Pylos, and travel thence to Lacedemon, to enquire if Nestor or Menelaus can give him any tidings of his lot, gives assurance not only of a confiding and an affectionate, but of an adventurous and heroic spirit. He weeps to emulate Orestes, who had so nobly avenged his murdered Sire—and on the stranger suddenly vanishing, in awe and wonder he feels that his guest was a god, while heroic fire is more strongly kindled in his heart. Is not this a picture—in a few bold bright strokes—of the characteristic virtues of youth? What is wanting here that should have been seen in the son of Ulysses?

But where is Penelope? Guess. Walking with her maids of honour on the beach, eyeing the sea for a sail, or blindly listening to the idle dash of waves? No—guess again. Sitting among the rocks, in some small secret glen, where twenty years ago she used to take an evening-walk with Ulysses? No. Wandering sad and slow in the woods once wont to echo to that hunter's horn, while she, fair as Diana,

> "A silvan huntress by his side,
> Pursued the flying deer?"

Not now. In her chamber weaving that famous web? That artifice has been detected, and the shuttle is still. Sunk in stupor there—or aimlessly employing her hands on embroidery in the listlessness of a long despair? Not far off the truth—yet hardly are you Homer. She is in her chamber—but not in stupor nor despair—her senses are all wide-awake—her ear has caught the measure wild of the aged harper—into her soul sinks the strain that sings of the return of the chiefs on the downfall of Troy! That mournful inspiration is more than she can bear—the music is but an insupportable memory of her husband—a dirge for the dead. She fears not the face of the Suitors in their feasting—and appears before us in all the tenderness, the affection, and the dignity of a wife, a mother, and a queen.

"The Prince the wooers sought, who, seated, hung
In silent rapture as the minstrel sung,
Sung the chiefs' sad return, when to and fro
By Pallas' will, they sail'd from Troy's o'erthrow.
While thus he sung, Icarius' daughter heard,
Lone in her upper room, his chanted word:
Down stepp'd, and where she moved, attendant came
Two faithful damsels, on their royal dame.
Onward she went, and nigh the revel throng,
Now hush'd to silence by the minstrel's song,
Beneath her lofty palace porch reclined,
Hid her fair brow the fine-wove veil behind,
And, as on either side a maiden stood,
Wept, and the bard address'd in mournful mood:
"'Bard, thy sweet touch can temper to the lyre
All deeds of men or gods that bards inspire.
Sing thou of these, and so enchant the ear,
That e'en these feasters may in silence hear.
But cease that strain which bids my sorrow flow,
Which searches every spring that feeds my woe,
And racks keen memory for that godlike chief
Whose fame through Greece but echoes back my grief.'
"'My mother! why displeased?' the Prince rejoin'd,
'Leave to the bard free mastery of his mind.
'Tis not the minstrel, 'tis the will of Jove
That breathes the inspiration from above—
Then blame not Phemius, whose recording lay
Mourns their sad fate who steer'd from Troy their way.
More grateful far *the song which all admire*
When novelty attunes the awaken'd lyre.
Brace thou thy mind to hear: for not alone
Ulysses strays to Ithaca unknown,

…t us hope—by soothing
…e song sung to the harp
still the souls of the
though fit for murders,
and plots—they were
n—and had they fought
a few of them would
eroes. A lawless and
had not wholly quench-
·editary fire—and the
ere by nature a noble
s had been a warrior
-in his prime of man-
But old age had sub-
al spirit—and where
now? In the palace,
said,

…o more resides,
… afar his misery hides,
…erves his board, an aged

…ue comes o'er his toil-
…,
…w creeping through his
…ws,
…eks his dwelling's still

…o, had died of "love
…nfinite," and the suit-
…d their away. Duli-

…queen. No interruption is a
of her pathetic address to
—no insult, while she is pi
her Son. Their bad natu
buked and abashed by the
still beautiful in her fidelit
godlike Lord—their bette
feels how "awful goodn
"Virtue in her own shape h
ly,"—conjugal, maternal, s
love have their hour of tr
and on the cheek of old
bending over his silent harp
seen the heart-sprung tear.

And is there any harsh
has been often said—in the b
of Telemachus? None. His e
elate. He had sought the
the moment after having h
verse with a Divinity—and h
hushed, impatiently, but not
ly—his mother's fears. Nov
himself a man—commissio
heaven for a holy quest. H
fain that the Bard had prolo
Lay—for his inspiration t
from the will of Jove. Ulyss
dead—he is but a wanderer—
harp shall ring through all its
congratulation on the King's
His looks and his tones rec
…

brawls, listen to Phemius, 'this gifted minstrel's heaven-attempered song.' —To-morrow meet me in council—and I will dismiss you to your own homes—if thither you go not at my command, I warn you that vengeance is preparing against you in heaven—and that no hand will be outstretched to save you when its hour is come. You are all doomed to die!" They too are astonished—gnaw their mute lips—and are sore afraid. But there is not a coward among them—and they recover courage to jibe and jeer—yet are they tamed—and their eloquence wants fire. Antinous himself, even in the war of words, is now no match for Telemachus. The fearless Youth, in the joy of hope, *lies* to his insulter. He believes his father will return—for he trusts to the "veil'd divinity," but he calls her by the feigned name of the feigned Taphian chief, and inly exulting, says, "My sire will return no more." The close of the scene is as perfect as its opening and its progress—and how delightful to us of these artificial and civilized days is the picture of the domestic life of the simple heroic age!

"Now in sweet interchange of song and dance,
The suitors revell'd till eve's swift advance,
Then, tired with song and dance, at daylight's close
Each in his separate mansion sought repose.
The Prince departing, went, where tower'd in sight
Of that vast hall, his roof's conspicuous height,
And Eurycleа, child of Ops, upbore
In either hand a torch his step before.
Her, erst Laertes bought, a blooming slave,
And for her purchase twenty oxen gave:
Like his chaste wife revered her, but suppress'd
Each wish that might his household peace molest.
She lit his way, she watch'd his lightest word,
And more than all his females loved her lord;
Loved like a son, and more and more endear'd,
Hung o'er the youth by her from childhood rear'd.
The Prince the door unclosed, and sought his rest,
And loosed the fine-wove tunic from his breast,
And gave it to his nurse, whose careful hand
Hung nigh his couch its nicely-folded band.
She onward passing where the youth reposed,
Drawn by a silver ring, the portal closed,
With bolt and brace secured:—the Prince, there laid
On the smooth couch with finest wool array'd,
Throughout the night with deep-revolving mind
Ponder'd the course that Pallas had enjoin'd."

One great purpose nobly conceived changes the whole character, by shewing the whole of life under a new aspect. Say, rather, it brings out the character, and makes the man feel and know what he is, as he firmly plants his foot on the threshold of his own house, which a high destiny calls on him to leave, and to go forth in power on a career that must have a glorious end. Look on the Telemachus of the Morn of Hope. Is he not

"attired
With sudden brightness like a morn inspired?"

Homer rejoices to look on him—he lavishes beauty on his head—but not from his own hands—the glory there is shed by Pallas. It is an emanation from the young hero's own awakened heart. So Ulysses looked—when, but a few years older, he set sail for Troy. How his nurse must have gazed on him going forth in the morning sun—Eurycleа, whom his grandfather purchased when a virgin for twenty oxen, but respected her virginity from fear of his wife. She nursed, too, Ulysses—yet never loved she him so dearly as Telemachus, for love descends, and settles on its latest—its last object—*soft* as snow and sweet as *light*—accumulated and accumulating there till the eyes wax dim and the heart scarcely beats—at the last

ner Ulysses—it had
far oftener by his
ship too had often
er dreams—and of-
d her in her hero's
:e—the form of her
and times troubled
se of him who was
ewhere, known but
the Skies. By fits
must her Telema-
ll in all. But she
uard—and indigni-
ınd duties to per-
› repel—and temp-
and fears to banish
ing from afar—and
ras faithful to the
'outh—to him for
d covered her face
l to whom she had
r voice, when her
ɔd her would she
to Ithaca, Ulysses,
Euryclea was—as
aged slave. She
swineherd groom
lf a century ago
f children; but
f them—only of

hill-top between her and the
She the slave belonged to him, P
Telemachus; but he belonged t
Nurse Euryclea; and now that
about to sail in search of his Fa
it is to her he confides the sec
for in that still, simple, sworn l
of hers he knows it will lie bu
beneath a weight of wishes fo
safe return, nor be confided eve
the air, that might repeat the w
per, if one word of it were jo
with the name of her Telema
even in her prayers. Twelve
is a long time to keep a secret
fear and trembling too; but Eu
clea kept it—and would have k
it against all instruments of tort
angrily seeking to tug it out of
heart. Her trustful silence
proof alike against fear and j
Think for a moment—but no m
now—of her discovery of the s
—and whose feet they were that
was at last given her in that bath
embrace!

But here is Telemachus walk
to the Council in the light—as
said—of the Morn of Hope:

ıes' son, when first Aurora spread
ı her roseate splendour, left his bed:
ıis shoulders his sharp falchion braced,
r feet his radiant sandals [illegible]

book shewn to belong to Telemachus, than his whole conduct during the council that is held in the second—yet his speeches—as they are reported by Homer—have not escaped criticism. It was—certainly—an admirable first appearance. Till now no council had been called in Ithaca since the departure of Ulysses. It must have been rather a formidable thing for so young a person to rise up and arraign the Suitors before the peers. Telemachus does not rise till old Ægyptius asks by whom the council had been summoned; and then he indeed does rise, and majestically, and answers—"Behold him who convened the council—I am he!" We have heard it said by an apostate Tory, now fallen from Whig into Radical, that his speech has no bones. But no speech had ever a more pithy spine. Only its spine is straight—and the speech itself clothed with flesh-and-blood life. Bones are only observable in distortion or the rickets—but deformity is seldom strength—abrupt, awkward, angular osseous projections do not constitute a speech, but a skeleton. What had he to prove? Nothing. They knew all it was possible he could have to say—but he was desirous to ascertain if they—the peers—were insensible to shame—tongue-and-hand-tied—that is—gagged and manacled by fear. Was the House swamped? Or basely waiting to see who should be at the Head of Affairs? He, in a few touching words, reminds them of his noble father, who once governed them all, even as a father his children; he speaks of the imminent ruin of his house, and of his mother's persecution by the Suitors, which he calls "a more alarming ill" than the loss of his father; for were the palace freed, and the island under law, he might, without offence to nature, weep for Ulysses no more, and be indeed happy as a king. We say so—not Telemachus. But there has been a conspiracy among critics to accuse and convict the young prince of selfishness, and want or weakness of natural affection—and as a painful proof of their charge, they point to this passage of which the good sense, say we, is as conspicuous as the right feeling—and altogether worthy the heir-apparent. There is no exaggeration of any grief or grievance, and he speaks fervently the simple truth. He had never seen his father. His feelings were those of love, and honour, and reverence, and awe, towards a being whom his heart and imagination created and called Father—created, if we may say so, of attributes furnished to fancy by all the voices of the Isle that sighed for Ulysses. Yet him fain would he seek over land and sea—and for his sake was he now sounding the souls of the Peers in Council to ascertain if any generous sentiments slept there, that might be awakened by his return, and rise up to the rescue. Cowper here is very Homeric—far more so than Sotheby.

"'Resent, yourselves, this outrage; dread the blame
Which else ye must incur from every state
Around us, and the anger of the gods,
Lest they impute these impious deeds to you.
I next adjure you by Olympic Jove,
By Themis, who convenes and who dissolves
All councils, that ye interpose, my friends!
To check them, and afford to my distress
A solitary and a silent home.
But if Ulysses, my illustrious sire,
Hath injured any noble Grecian here,
Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,
Then aid them openly; for better far,
Were my condition, if yourselves consumed
My revenue; ye should compensate soon
My sufferings at your hands; for my complaints
Should rouse all Ithaca to my redress,
Nor cease till I were *satisfied for all;*
But *now, conniving at the wrong, ye pierce*
My soul with anguish not to be endured!'
He spoke impassion'd, and to earth cast down
His sceptre weeping."

nowing we cannot say
ɔose the Suitors—na-
ns — had their adhe-
ıssemblage—a course
generates falsehood
loyalty and patriot-
if it does not destroy,
tice—bends the necks
they were serfs or

ı collar on, and snaps the

tinous to answer him
rnfully calls "high-
;" and we admire his
e narrates the pious
ɔpe in weaving and
amous web—a fune-
;ned she—for the an-
ınd we can imagine
ıs listened with a
eased could he have
ven from such lips
of his mother.

ɔ merit praise for arts
ıer largely; matchless

endid web; sagacious

uch as never fame ac-

placable, had the Suitors
to devour his house. He
have forgiven them even
eleventh hour—but there wa
Penelope's own dear Dread
cessible to forgiveness—and
he was now far-off—not lo
time till he was to be near—a
—but now the Prince hears A
tell him, that either his mothe
be dismissed from the pala
forced to wed, or that they
continue to banquet at his cos
if you are not satisfied wi
burst of filial affection that
through his righteous rage,
makes it more withering in
tensity, you must look for
and the truth of nature wher
choose, but can never hope t
them in Homer.

The reply of Telemachus el
fied even that abject assembly
astounded the profligates wh
made it base. But it did more
move the timid and the tyranni
it stirred the sky and was hea
Jove. We know not how the
sage may look in prose—but i
Greek it is as portentous poet
ever flashed luridly from a gl

Mastorides, who alone excelled his years-mates
In the knowledge of birds (*augurics*), and in interpreting portentous omens,
He, judging wisely, harangued and thus addressed them;
"Listen to me verily, ye people-of-Ithaca, in what I shall say:
The wooers above-all I single-out in this my speech,
Since for them great destruction is revolving: Ulysses not
Long apart from his friends shall be, but even now somewhere
Near at hand he is, and for these very men is he planning (φυτεύει, planting) slaughter and destiny,
(*Yes*) for-all-of-them: and evil shall come on many more of us
Who inhabit Ithaca favourably-situated-towards-the-west (*or conspicuous*); but long before
Let us deliberate how we shall put a stop to this, and let them (*the wooers*) too
Cease (*from their doings*), for straightway this will be better for them.
Not unexperienced (*in omens*) I prophesy, but from full knowledge:
For on that man (*Ulysses*), I say, has every thing been brought about—
Just as I declared to him, when for Ilium embarked
The Greeks, and along with them went Ulysses fertile-in-expedients,
I declared that (*after*) having suffered many evils, (after) having lost all his associates,
Unknown to all, in the twentieth year,
Home should he come;—and now truly is all this being-brought about."

Eustathius—as we find him in Pope—for we have not himself at hand—says well, "This prodigy is ushered in very magnificently, and the verses are lofty and sonorous. The Eagles are Ulysses and Telemachus: by Jove's command they fly from a mountain's height: this denotes that the two heroes are inspired by Jupiter, and come from the country to the destruction of the suitors: The eagles fly with wing to wing conjoined; this shews that they act in concert and unity of councils: at first they float upon the wind; this implies the calmness and secrecy of the approach of those heroes: at last they clang their wings, and hovering *beat the* skies; this shews the violence of the assault: with ardent eyes the rival train they threat. This, as the poet himself interprets it, denotes the approaching fate of the suitors. Then sailing over the domes and towers, they fly full towards the East; this signifies that the suitors alone are not doomed to destruction, but that the men of Ithaca are involved in danger, as Halitherses interprets it." Good. But why did the Bishop—if he wrote this at all—which we doubt—our faith being small in the notes furnished to Pope by Brome—omit mention of their tearing one another's necks? Because, perhaps, he did not understand it. Why did the Royal Birds, imaging Father and Son, take a turn-up in the sky? Was it because they saw no other mode of letting the wretches beneath see that there was to be a fight in the Palace? Or was it merely in mirth and glee that the Eagles, full of might and fight, joined combat in the air, by way of a spree? Or was it to shew the Suitors how Eagles fought? Every thing in Homer, and in every other Great Poet, has a meaning; and you may adopt whichever of our conjectures you will—but as you love us, do not slur the tussle over as a mere tissue of words. Halitherses, as an augur, said enough to frighten all but the infatuated; but he was not bound to explain all the omen—enough that he predicted dismay, disaster, and death.

How do the translators handle the two Eagles? Let us see. Brome did Beta for Pope—and here is Brome:

BROME.

With that the Eagles from a mountain's height,
By Jove's command, direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind;
Above the assembled *Peers they wheel on high,*
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And, shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.

The other's face and neck, they sprang at once
Toward the right, and darted through the town.

SOTHEBY.

Thus spake Telemachus; and thundering Jove
Sent earthward down two Eagles from above.
They, side by side, on level pinions flew,
And floated with the wind that smoothly blew.
But o'er the Forum, when to all reveal'd,
Fierce clanging their dense plumes, in circles wheel'd,
Eyed all beneath, and glaring death around,
Rent each the other's neck with many a wound;
Then upward soar'd, and wheeling to the right,
Wing'd through the city their portentous flight.

M. J. CHAPMAN. (TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.)

And lo! far-seeing Jove two Eagles sent,
Which from a mountain-brow far and aloft
Came flying down; whiles with th' impulsive wind
They flew, flapping their outstretch'd mighty wings,
One near the other; but the midway space
Over the crowded Session once attain'd,
They wheel'd, and their thick-feather'd pinions shook,
And look'd upon the heads of all, and voiced
A boding death; then with their talons tore
Their jaws and necks, and with a right-hand flight
Over their houses and their city rush'd.

it? Brome is bad. Dr no man could distin- or Fenton from Pope.

had not stretched them fi first. "Float on the wind quite right. "Wheel on

fine that he must like a fool say something still finer. "And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend," which does not happen even when a tercel gentle strikes a heronshew into what seems a fortuitous congregation of atoms. The concluding lines are sonorous—but ambitious over much—and the whole the failure of a man who never saw even a buzzard. Cowper is almost as good as possible—and shows that a poet may keep tame hares, and yet admire wild eagles. In Sotheby we are sorry to miss the mountain; and there seems a "they" wanting for grammatical construction; but the flight coming and going is finely given, and so is the threatening and the portent. Sotheby has seen many eagles. Chapman (not old, but young Chapman) is admirably Homeric. But "Voiced a boding death," we promise a crown to any man who shall explain. Cowper and Chapman are "both best." Of the rest of the passage, Brome makes very weak work—Cowper rather heavy work—and Sotheby rather imperfect work—so let their versions sleep. Hay has promised to try his hand on it—and we have suggested to him the right measure. At present there really seems to be nothing in English so like the Greek as our own prose. No merit that of ours—'tis all Homer's. A few words, with your leave, about this Portent.

To know Fear, you must either live, or imagine you live, in an age of soothsaying and superstition. Prognostications of a direful event are sublime, seen shadowy on a strange-clouded sky—typical of retribution, in all ghastliest shapes—shifting to and fro, and of a bloody colour. Seers stand staring there, till they shudder to pronounce the doom declared by the troubled heavens, and wander, wild-eyed, up and down a mountainous country, mad and miserable, and wishing they were dead. You can think with what Fear they may inspire a lone Highland glen by a few woful words—of old withered maniacs, almost naked, cowing chieftains, even when "plaided and plumed in their tartan array." In the ancient world, seers, and soothsayers, and prophets, (surely they were not all deceivers,) for the *revelation of* the *Fates were under obligations,* which it was impossible they could ever repay, to birds. Yet they were no great ornithologists. The science of augury was high, but not apparently very complicated; and the flight-inspired man had in truth but to know his left hand from his right. Yet the people, with a firm faith in his inspiration, awfully heard his interpretation of the omen, to common sense seemingly as simple as sublime—as in those two eagles. Halitherses gave utterance but to the thoughts of the people, gazing on the birds—for amazement and fear had fallen on them—and they all felt that the rushing of wings and the glaring of eyes were ominous of death. But he, they believed, was "endowed with clear credentials from above"—and that utterance was to them not merely confirmation, but revelation. In his prophetic exultation he became unconsciously a Liar of the first magnitude, yet spoke Jove's truth. That Ulysses and Telemachus were to come flying wing to wing like eagles, he saw and said, as he heard aloft the whistling plumes; but that twenty years ago he had told Ulysses of his fated return to Ithaca, we no more believe than that he told Us, at the era of the French Revolution, that Christopher North was to be the Editor of Maga yet unconceived in the womb of Fate. But he held that strange tale devoutly true, and so did all who heard him; for he threw his feelings of the present on his feelings of the past, and they all so bandied themselves back and forward, that by collision they kindled into a new birth—the feeling of the Future. No wonder there were awe and amazement,—nor can there be a doubt that all felt Fear. But as a heroic character, in Burns' Hallowe'en, under the influence of superstitious fear, "whistled up Lord Lennox' march, to keep his courage cheery," so now did the bold Eurymachus burst out into abuse of Halitherses, and, with a quaking heart, resumed his countenance and speech—pale and faltering—for the nonce, to simulate scorn. Cowper felt that well—

> "Hence, dotard! hence
> *To thy own house*; there, prophesying, *warn*
> *Thy children* of calamities to come.

, and prophesy to child-
ı hast o'erwhelmed us,
ɔd the mind of Telema-
showed Halitherses was

trious Ulysses' friend, to
his departure, he had con
care of his household, an
like a wise man.

" Hear me, ye Ithacans, be never King,
From this time forth, benevolent, humane,
Or righteous; but let every scepter'd hand
Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd
With such paternal gentleness and love
Remembers the divine Ulysses more.
That the imperious suitors thus should weave
The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,
I grudge not; since, at hazard of their heads,
They made Ulysses' property a prey,
Persuaded that the hero comes no more.
But much the people move me; how ye sit
All mute, and though a crowd opposed to few,
Check not the suitors with a single word."

ıs rotten in the state of
ıty years is a long mi-
ıisrule, during half that
y change the charac-
e.

Ientor! headlong orator!
thou move the populace

,,

tus: but the populace

Leal, he could mow and sw
grass. Where was this as
held? In a building, or in
air? If in a building the
hall had no roof, for the eag
seen coming and going in
It was, therefore, no Hole-a
ner Meeting—and the sun
sin and shame of all the pe
of all the peers.
The council a motley

ing the goblets from their hands, drenching their eyes in drowsiness, and driving them, blind and deaf, staggering through the streets. Meanwhile the sun had set, and twilight dimmed all the ways—the bark was in the bay impatient for the prince.

M. T. CHAPMAN. (TR. COL. CAM.)

This said, he led the way: they follow'd him,
And placed the sea-stores in the well-bench'd ship,
As bade Ulysses' son. On ship-board went
Telemachus, Athene going first;
She sat down at the stern; he near to her.
The mariners, meanwhile, the shore-ropes loosed,
And on the benches went and took their seats.
Grey-eyed Athene sent a favouring breeze,
A full strong west-wind with a rushing sound
Ruffling the dark sea: then Telemachus
Bade them handle their tackle, cheering them;
They cheerful heard; and in the socket first
They fix'd the fir-mast, and secured it well
With the fore-braces; then with twisted thongs
They raised the white-sails, and the mid-sail full
Bellied the wind; and as the ship went on,
Around the keel loud roar'd the purple wave.
Along the wave she ran, making her way.
Then having made all fast in the dark ship,
Goblets they brimful crown'd with wine, and pour'd
Libations to the ever-living gods,
And first of all to Jove's own grey-eyed child.
All night and through the following dawn she ran.

We perceive, from Pope, that Rapin is very severe on Minerva and Jupiter, who contrive the action of the Odyssey. That action, it seems, is very imperfect; because it begins with the voyages of Telemachus, and ends with those of Ulysses. Why, surely a son stands in a pretty close relation to his own father. A son voyaging to find his father, and even if possible bring him home, appears to us to be helping the action as much as can be reasonably expected of him, especially when the action is being helped on still more effectually by the father himself, whose whole soul is set on getting home to find his son. But of the two divinities, the old gentleman is most crusty on Pallas. She knew that Ulysses was in Ogygia—and that Jove had promised to let him return to Ithaca. True—but what did that amount to? To much less than the old gentleman seems to suppose—for Pallas did not know that Neptune was to dash him, after ever so many miseries on a raft, on Phæacia—that Nausicaa was to fall in love with him—that he was to hear Demodocus harping and singing in the gardens *of Alcinous—and* that he *was to be landed sound* asleep on his own beloved shore. All she did know was, that Jove had promised he should return. Calypso, for aught Minerva knew, might send him to Pylos; or Neptune, on his return from Ethiopia, might drive the slayer of his son Polyphemus to the Hyperboreans. What if Ulysses had been sitting with old Nestor at a sea-shore feast? Rapin might have been dumbfoundered, and Minerva somewhat surprised; but nothing is impossible in poetry of which the machinery is not spinning-jennies but Gods.

Old Rap likewise thought honour, duty, and nature ought to have moved Telemachus to seek tidings of his Father, without the instigation or guidance of a goddess. That acute remark cuts in pieces the whole poetry of Homer, and makes shreds and patches of the whole Greek religion. But it would be well if all youths would act like Telemachus, even at the bidding of a superior power, human or divine.

Minerva takes him, quoth Rap, to all the most improbable places;—to *the houses of* Nestor and Menelaus! *Would he* have had her to take him *to Ogygia?* But we must be con-

as his father—nor so
) wise—for in genius
ıe greatest of all the
s brave, as affection-
ıful to all old loves,
as the sire—and one
:ing.
ul to land with him
sight of the old city
vitness his delight on
Sotheby finely calls
' construed seats—
. Theatres! In each
ıen feasting on nine
ousand five hundred
l true—in the act of
y-one bulls. All the
one bulls had been
out one single ashy
) in their hides, and
e brown on the sa-
ıll the thighs—one
ty-two—are laid on
tune. All the other
ıg offal—for the en-
lly mentioned—con-
willing to believe—
rs. On the approach
" all arose" to wel-
: all the four thou-
d men—but all the

aged king had by a few word
kened his desire to hear aga
oft-repeated tale,—

" Ye, too, far off have heard A
death.
By fell Œgisthus' will, how clo
breath;
But rightly has the base adulterer
Dire vengeance due to Agame
shade—
'Tis glorious when heroic sons re
The great avengers of their fathers
Such as Atrides' heir, whose righte
Slew the base murderer of his far-
sire;
Such thou; so match by deeds thy
frame,
That ages yet to come extol thy n

The example of Orestes had
set before him by Minerva's
ere they left Ithaca; and Menel
brother of the murdered King o
—again tells him the dreadful t
the words of the ever-changing
teus of the sea. Not a word
where (are we mistaken?)
Orestes killing his mother.
machus resembled the son of
memnon only in being called o
earth and heaven to avenge hi

men—these two noble youths have room in their hearts to receive each other, for as yet they have known not love. Each is chaste as Hippolytus; and their bosoms glow with less selfish passions. Their life breathes a heroic innocence. On a carved couch, beneath the resounding porch, Telemachus lies down to sleep—and near him Pisistratus. They keep conversing till midnight—and we could—though Homer has not recorded it—make a poem of their talk about heroes.

The rosy-fingered morn sees Nestor sitting alone (probably in Monologue, for his tongue never tired) on the Seat of Justice before his gates—of white polished, oil-glistening stone, (marble?) with his sceptre in his hand, and the finest beard in all Greece. Minerva had revealed herself the evening before, in the shape of an eagle—and to her he commands a solemn sacrifice. For hours his sons are busy in preparations—nor idle—we may well believe—nor far apart—those two illustrious boys. In the evening they are to set out in their chariot for Pheræ—Diocleus' Dome—one-third of the way perhaps to Lacedemon. But not till

" Nestor's youngest daughter deign'd to lave
Ulysses' offspring in the tepid wave,
With oil anointed, and the tunic bound,
And the resplendent robe his limbs around—
Fresh from the bath, the prince, a God in grace
Stepped forth, and sat by Nestor's honour'd place."

'Tis thus old Homer sings to boys and virgins. The bluest bend of heaven that ever hung the Ionian Isles and all their shadows among the soft confusion of water and of air—one grovey wilderness of upward-and-downward-growing trees, and miraculous temples—never was purer,

" With its white families of happy clouds,"

than was the lofty arch of his spirit letting fall gentle light on the heads of the brave and beautiful—the mild and the lovely—and all the bright world—vision-like in its reality—in which youth breathes empyrean air—and human life is invested with a grandeur of joy breathed from the heart of uncorrupted nature.

Behold the Twain in "Lacedemon's hollow vale" before the gates of Menelaus' palace. How fortunate their arrival during the celebration of a double marriage! And such nuptials! Why, Hermione, "graced with Aphrodite's charms," leaves Lacedemon for "Phthia's glorious city," with chariots and with horses, to bless the bed of Neoptolemus, a son whose fame had transcended that of the most glorious sire, had not that sire been Achilles. And to Megapenthes, his son by a handmaid, for Helen had but one child almost as bright as herself, now the Phthian Queen, Menelaus was now giving for wife Alector's beauteous child, the flower of Sparta. The Twain draw up their smoking steeds in the palace porch—but read the scene in Sotheby, almost as alive as in Homer—

" While in his palace porch, great Nestor's son,
And the Prince staid the steeds, their journey done,
Them, Eteoneus, issuing forth, survey'd,
And backward speeding, to Atrides said:
" ' Lo! Jove-born Menelaus, at thy gate
Two strangers, likest gods, thy word await:
Shall we here loose their steeds, and claim their stay,
Or to some roof more willing send away?"
" ' Thou wert not once,' the indignant king replied,
' Devoid of sense, untaught thy words to guide.
Thou babblest like a child—from dome to dome
We, hospitably feasted, reach'd our home:
So Jove may henceforth guard us: loose the steed,
And to our banquet, haste, the strangers lead.'
" He spake: nor Eteoneus *disobey'd,*
But, *summoning the menials, urged their aid,*
Loosed the hot yoke, and where the steeds reposed,
Within the monarch's spacious stalls enclosed,

...placed the tables polish'd board:
a sewer with varied flesh their food supplied,
d served with golden cups of royal pride.
n, with kind warmth their hands Atrides press'd,
d welcoming the strangers, thus address'd:
'Feast, and rejoice—when satiate keen desire,
ho my guests, and whence you came, enquire.
yet, I deem, has pass'd away from earth
memory of the men who boast your birth.
ours, the form of Jove-born kings I trace,
ne'er vile fathers bred such godlike race.'
Then deign'd himself their portion'd feast assign,
monarch's share, the bullock's roasted chine.
They richly feasted, and, the banquet o'er,
n thirst and satiate hunger sought no more,
, bow'd o'er Nestor's son, that none might hear,
Prince thus whisper'd in his listening ear:
'Round this refulgent dome, my friend! behold
t blaze of amber, ivory, silver, gold:
Jove's Olympian hall 'mid realms of light,
infinity of splendour awes my sight.'
His whisper'd wonder Menelaus heard,
to the admiring guests thus spake the word:
No—let not mortal man contend with Jove,
mmortality stamps all above.
may with me hold contest, or decline,
e'er my wealth, toil, suffering made it mine,
ght from far wandering, by my restless sail,
he eight year, I bade my country hail.
prus, Ægypt, to Phœnicia's shore,
thiopia me, my vessel bore,
rembi, Sidon, Lybia, where the horn
...the fair forehead of the ...

Now feed my soul with grief, and now at peace
Rest, when, worn out with plaint, afflictions cease;
Yet less I weep them all, tho' sore I weep,
Than one whose loss embitters food and sleep,
Mindful of him whose ardour unrepress'd
Sustain'd the weight of woe that bow'd the rest,
Thee, loved Ulysses, bound by fate to grief,
And to my soul by woe without relief—
Where the long-absent hero? whither sped?
Strays he alive, or slumbers with the dead?
His loss bows down to earth his aged sire,
Penelope consumes with vain desire,
And whom he left, the babe just sprung to day,
Telemachus, deplores his long delay.'"

We always liked, but now we love Menelaus. That Helen should have left such a man for Paris! Brave as his own sword—bright in honour as his own shield—hospitable as his own board—strong as the tree at his own palace-gate—tender withal, as well as true—with a heart in his manly bosom overflowing with all kind affections—love, friendship, grief, pity—and yearning not towards kith and kin alone—but, as now, towards the sons of his old companions in arms, Nestor and Ulysses. For Nestor wore arms—but Menelaus knows not who the youths may be—he loves them for their own noble sakes—and well one of them will ever after love the Great Spartan King, for having mourned so for Ulysses, and Laertes, and Penelope—and for him who now with both hands upholds before his face his purple robe, that it may hide his gushing tears. But where is Helen?

LITERALLY. LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Whilst he was revolving these things in his mind and heart,
Helen from her odoriferous, lofty-roofed chamber out-
Came, like to Diana with-the-golden-arrows:
For her then did Adrasta place a beautifully-fabricated couch,
And Alcippe bore a carpet of soft wool:
Phylo carried a silver basket, which to her (*Helen*) gave
Alcandra, the wife of Polybus, who dwelt in Thebes
Of Ægypt, where most-numerous possessions lie in-the-houses.
Who to Menelaus gave two silver baths.
And two tripods, and ten talents of gold.
Apart (*from these*) did his wife besides bestow on Helen beautiful gifts,—
A golden spindle, and added a basket rimmed-beneath
Of silver, but its lips were perfected of-gold.
This then did the attendant Phylo bear and place before her,
Completely-filled with elaborately-wrought thread; and over it
Was extended the spindle having wool of-a-deep-violet-hue.
(*Helen* on her reclining-couch sat down, and under her feet was a footstool,
And forthwith she questioned her husband on all.

SOTHEBY.

While thus the Monarch paused with doubt o'ercast,
Forth from her fragrant chamber Helen past,
Like gold-bowed Dian; and Adraste came,
The bearer of her throne's majestic frame;
Her carpets' fine-wrought fleece Alcippe bore,
Phylo her basket bright with silver ore,
Gift of the wife of Polybus, who sway'd
Where Thebes, the Ægyptian Thebes, vast wealth display'd;
There too the monarch's hospitable hand
To Atreus' son, departing from his land,
Gave ten weigh'd *talents, all of purest gold,*
Two tripods and two baths of silver mould.
His wife, Alcandra, from her treasured store
A golden spindle to fair Helen bore,

(A silver basket) which Alcandra made
To the bright Queen,—the wife of Polybus,
Who in Ægyptian Thebes his dwelling had,
Where in his palace lie treasures immense;
He gave to Menelaus tripods twain,
Two silver baths, and talents ten of gold;
His wife, besides, made Helen gifts of price
And beautiful,—a distaff all of gold,
And silver basket, silvery circling round,
But tipp'd with gold; which stuff'd with threads made fit
To spin withal, Phylo her handmaid brought;
The distaff was upon it, wrapt with wool
Of violet colour. On her couch she sat,
And on a cushion placed her dainty feet.

GEORGE DRAKE. (KIRKTHORPE.)

While thus his thoughts in doubtful current flow,
Like the bright Goddess of the golden bow,
Forth from her lofty chamber the fair dame—
Her chamber rich in perfumes—Helen came.
For her a well-wrought couch Adraste bare:
A carpet of soft wool Alcippe's care:
Phylo a silver basket brought:—her load
Alcandra, wife of Polybus, bestow'd,
With divers treasures on their Spartan guest,
When they in Thebes of Egypt wealth possess'd;
Two golden lavers, two of tripod mould,
And ten pure talents were annex'd of gold:
Besides his spouse rich works of rare device
To Helen gave, and gems of costly price;
A golden distaff, and a sculptured vase,
She gave, of silver on a rounded base.

the King—but not before—sees the likeness too—in feet, hands, head, hair, and eyes! Helen can still make him see—or not see—any thing; but for our parts, we now see nothing but her own radiant self, and since she is yet alive, what matters it that Troy has ceased to be even a heap of ashes?

Pisistratus declares it is no other than Telemachus.

LITERALLY. LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Him the auburn-(*haired*) Menelaus answering addressed:
"Ye Gods! of a truth indeed hath the son of a most friendly man to my house
Come, who for my sake hath toiled in many combats:
And him when he came, I said, that I would welcome conspicuously above all
The Greeks, if to us a return over the sea, should grant
The Olympian, far-seeing Jupiter,—to take place in (*our*) swift ships.
And I-should-have-caused-to-be-inhabited for him a city in Argos, and a palace should have built,
Bringing him from Ithaca with his possessions and his son,
And all his people, removing-the-inhabitants from one city,
(*Of those*) which are-dwelled-in-around (*me,*) and are-ruled-over by myself.
And having much intercourse here we should have mingled together, nor us two,
Loving and pleased (*with each other*), should any thing have separated,
Until the dark cloud of death had veiled-us-around.
But-it-was-to-be that a God himself should-be-jealous-of these things,
Who, him alone, the-wretched-one, hath destined not-to-return."
Thus he spoke; and among them all stirred-up a longing for lamentation.
The Argive Helen born of Jove on the one hand wept,
And on the other wept Telemachus, and Menelaus the-son-of-Atreus.
Nor verily had Nestor's son tearless eyes:
For he-called-to-mind, in his heart, the amiable Antilochus,
Whom the illustrious son of the brilliant Aurora slew.

But weeping soon becomes cold comfort—and "they to the good things lying before them ready their hands outstretched." Hungry and thirsty as they are after their long travel—scarcely can they either eat or drink for gazing upon Helen. Homer does not say so—but it was so—for there she sits, spinning like an enchantress—her white hands so lovely among the violet-coloured wool—and her arms gracefully twirling the distaff till their eyes are dazzled with the light of lilies, and closed of their own accord, that they may better endure the softened beauty mellowing away in the mist of a momentary dream.

Yes—Helen is an Enchantress. She is going to drug their wine. Down she drops spindle and distaff—and will herself be cupbearer. Or glides she on a sandal of swan-down close behind the youths, and interposing between them the gleam of her right arm, imposes a charm more divine than Hermes' Moly into the liquid ruby that sends its perfume into the joyous brain? Hear Homer.

LITERALLY. LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Then truly did Helen born of Jove devise another (*plan*),
For forthwith she mixed a drug in the wine of which they were drinking,
(A drug) grief-assuaging and anger-dispelling, inducing-forgetfulness of all evils.
He who shall-have-swallowed-it-down, when-it-shall-have-been-mixed in the goblet,
Shall not during-the-whole-day be pouring down his cheeks the tear,
Not even if his father and mother should have died,
Not even if before him, his brother, or his beloved son,
One should have cut off with the sword, and he looking on with his eyes.
Such a drug skilfully-prepared had the daughter of Jove (*Helen*),
Efficacious, which Polydamna the wife of Thōn gave her
(*Polydamna*) the Ægyptian: in which (*country*) the all-beautiful soil produces most-numerous
Drugs, *many of good when mixed, and many destructive*
And (there) every physician is skilled beyond all
Men: for their descent is from Paeon.

mœroris oblitum
m." We know Plu-
crobius not at all—
oralizers; but wish-
hey are foolish—and
ɔn. You remember
ı lines in Comus—

ɔrdial julep here
dances in his crystal

ıes which the wife of

Jove-born Helena,
s this to stir up joy,
or so cool to thirst."

land of wonders,
lid an Egyptian to
ɾe. "What drugs,
at conjurations, and
ıgic," had not the
ı! Some in boxes,
n her bosom. And,

t a hell of witchcraft

each particular tear!"

best of all—smiles,
ughts that breathed
burned;" these
of the young he-
he dropped in the

doom
To die at Argos, and there ha
tomb.
Thee, where the earth's extremest
extend,
The powers immortal to Elysium
Where gold-hair'd Rhadamanthu
dwells,
And blissful life, all bliss of man
There hail nor snow earth's bea
face deform,
Nor winter's bitter blast, nor
storm,
But, in sweet murmurs heard, the
ern wind
Breathes o'er the ocean, to refres
kind;
There shalt thou, blissful as the
above,
Live, Helen's husband, and the
Jove."

A beautiful belief—(pardon th
pressıon)—almost as beautif
Sotheby as in Homer! Yet
Helen drink the drug of forg
ness—that she may not walk u
down the palace in her sleep-
fixed eyes wringing her hands-
in the sinful is the indestruc
power of Conscience.

Telemachus might have go

of tears and tragic stories"—but pity and terror instruct the heart—and he feels that he too—like Orestes—will be an Avenger. Were some God to divulge to Ulysses weeping on the sea-shore, that his Telemachus is now listening to the Tale of the "Returns" from the lips of the Hero with the auburn hair, and that no name falls so honoured from those lips as that of him the Castaway—the joy in his heart would diffuse over all Calypso's Isle a brighter light and a sweeter fragrance than are now burning and breathing there from that enchanted cedar-fire.

Menelaus and Helen will not let Telemachus go—yet he is impatient to be gone to-morrow! "Twelve days you must stay;" but hear Homer. Our literal line-by-line prose will not do here—and Sotheby here beats Fenton black and blue, and takes the shine even out of Cowper.

" 'But thou, beneath my roof, thrice welcome, stay,
Till o'er thee glide the twelfth returning day.
Then graced with splendid gifts, thee, forth I send,
A car, and three brave steeds, thy course attend:
And I with these the golden goblet join,
That, henceforth, when thou pour'st to heaven the wine,
A thought on me may dwell.'
" The Prince replied,
'Bid me no longer here with thee abide:
Yet, the whole year, full gladly could I rest,
Thoughts of my home, my parents still repress'd,
Charm'd by thy words. But my sad friends the while
Urge me to Pylos, and my native isle.
Whate'er thou givest in hospitable proof
Of thy kind heart, be treasured 'neath my roof:
But not thy coursers to my realm I lead,
For thy own glory, king! reserve the steed:
Thine, spelt, thine, lotus, and thy spread of plain
Teems with rich wheat, and barley's floury grain.
But not in Ithaca broad glades, or meads:
Yet dear the cliff whereon the wild-goat feeds:
No sea-girt islands, pasturing fields expand:
Yet most beloved by me, my rocky land.'
" He spake: his hand the admiring monarch press'd,
And smiling, thus with kindest speech address'd:
" 'Thee, born of noble blood, thy words declare,
And I for thee, will fitter gifts prepare:
Of all my treasured stores—whatever mine
The prime—the most renown'd—most costly—thine.
A bowl, all silver, exquisitely chased,
Its rim, all gold, by art celestial graced,
The work of Vulcan: this, when hast'ning home
I left the monarch's hospitable dome,
The king of Sidon deign'd to me consign—
This bowl, the prime of all my treasures, thine.'
" Thus they: and while the menials served the feast,
Brought in the luscious wine, and chosen beast,
Their wives bright-filleted, with plenteous bread
The tables furnish'd, as the revellers fed."

But how the while fares Penelope? Had the old nurse kept her secret? Close as a toad in a stone. But when the twelfth morn comes, Noëmon tells the Suitors that the bird—the young eagle—had flown; and Medon tells Penelope. They swear to lie in ambush for him on his return—She—but now that we have given so many fine specimens of Sotheby, let us see if we can touch your hearts—as we have done ere now—by our prose.

Thus he spoke: and there her knees and heart were relaxed
And long did a speechlessness of words hold her; her eyes

ut the house, young and old,
incessantly groaning, addressed:
my friends, for the gods have given sorrows to me
re born and brought up with me:
brave, lion-hearted husband,
ry kind of virtue among the Greeks,
—whose glory was wide throughout Hellas, and the midst of
ve the tempests hurried away my beloved son
his home, nor heard I of his-hastening-away.
ught not,—no one (thought)
n my couch, although ye knew it well,
board the hollow, dark ship:
that he was hurrying-away on such a journey,
d have remained, how great soever his haste to go away:
d in the house.
r one summon the aged Dolius,
ny father gave to me when setting-out hither,
many-tree'd garden)—that with the utmost speed
rtes, and tell him all these things,
may devise any plan in his mind,
ng the people may wail (*the crime of those*) who long
he offspring of the godlike Ulysses."
Euryclea in turn addressed her:
y me indeed with the merciless sword,
house: but I will not conceal from thee a single (*thing:*)
I supplied him with whatever he ordered,
wine; and he exacted from me a great oath,
il the twelfth day had come,
lf shouldst desire it, and hadst heard of his hastening-awa
nightest not by weeping mar the beauty of thy person.
bathed thyself, put on clean vestments on thy body,
he upper-chamber with thy attendant women.

He shall elude the ambush. But what if he were to fall into it? Antinous is fierce and strong—but hand to hand, Telemachus would hew him down, cleaving the head of the beautiful Scorner. Antinous takes with him twenty men—and Telemachus has twenty; but are they armed? Most likely—but if not, they can use their oars. Telemachus has two spears in his hand—as Flaxman shews him landing on the Pylian shore—and he was not his father's son if he left behind him his sword. "Follow me—my lads—our cry is Ulysses;" and leading the boarders, in three minutes he would have taken the Ambuscade. Not so willed Jove and the blue-eyed daughter of Jove.

In her upper room lies the mourner. Food or wine she will have none—her waking-dreams are of murder. To what does Homer liken her? To a lion wounded by the hunters? No. But he likens her thoughts to the thoughts of a lion wounded by the hunters—and no other man that ever lived would have done so, excepting Shakspeare.

"Numerous as are the lion's thoughts who sees
Not without fear, a multitude of toils
Encircling him around."

People always sleep sound for some hours the night before they are hanged—dreaming either not at all—or of a reprieve—or of themselves on the scaffold asking for water. Penelope was doomed to die—of grief for Telemachus. The sorrow of twenty years may be a profound, but it is a still sorrow. One's life may not unpainfully float down it as on a gloomy but not roaring river—and there are gleams of beauty on its banks. So felt Penelope, sorrowing for Ulysses. But all at once she missed "my son—my son." She then knew what is *anguish;* yet—her body—her senses—not her spirit—not herself—slept. Minerva saw her—the childless widow—for so Penelope was in her mind—soul—heart—and sent a comforter.

There then did the blue-eyed Minerva devise another plan:
She formed a representation, (*which*) in person resembled the lady
Iphthimia,—daughter of the great-hearted Icarius:
Her Eumelus, dwelling in a house in Pheræ, had married.
Her did (*Minerva*) send to the house of the godlike Ulysses,
If by any means Penelope, wailing and lamenting,
She might restrain from weeping, and tearful mourning.
And she entered her chamber by the bolt of the lock,
And stood over her head, and addressed her in these words:—
"Sleepest thou, Penelope, vexed in thy heart?
The gods who live in-ease permit thee not
To weep, nor to be sorrowful,—since about to return is
Your son: for to the gods he is sinless."
Her then answered the discreet Penelope,
Most sweetly slumbering in the gates of dreams!
"Why, sister, comest thou hither? by no means formerly indeed
Wert-thou-wont-to-come, since thou dweilest in a house very remote:
And thou orderest me to stop from sorrowing and lamentations
Numerous, which provoke me throughout my mind and my heart:
(*Me*) who first lost my brave, lion-hearted husband,
Adorned with every kind of virtue among the Greeks,
(*My*) brave (*lord*) whose glory was wide throughout Hellas, and the midst of Argos.
And now again hath my beloved son gone in a hollow ship,
A child, neither acquainted with labours, nor commerce.
On his account I the more lament, than on his (*the father's*):
For him I tremble and fear, lest any thing suffer
Should he among the people among whom he hath gone, or on the sea:
For many enraged foes plot against him,
Longing to slay him, *before he come to his father-land.*"
Her *the pale shade answering addressed:*
"*Be-of-good-cheer, and not at all fear too much in* thy mind:
For such an attendant goes along with (him), as other

manifest dream had come upon her in the hours of midnig

DEA of the First Four
dyssey? And would you
l away? If you would,
d surely be by gently
hem from the Twenty,
em an asylum in some
red cell in your heart.
you would be the
these four buried in
vould be much; for a
interest overflows one
ig the wonderful and
n to belong but to ima-
ere. You would sympa-
sses longing for rugged
n Ogygia's enchanted
e-sickness is the mala-
e heart, and conjugal
ost endearing virtue.
t sight you *now* have
ping to the waves, you
far than he does, a
ons in nature for his
use has told you far
nerva told him—and
nd admiration of his
his Telemachus—in-
ged into a profound
red on the majestic

Here is "the sea-mark
most sail." Happiness en
—by his presence made t
from misery—to compens
woes of the much-enduring
leave him deep in debt to

And do you grudge Te
his visit to Nestor and to M

"In life's morning march, whe
is young?"

Joy tempers his grief—till
—as sunshine will seek ou
suffer a flower to be sad in
storms. And how pure tho
of kings! The manners th
virtuous in their simpli
morning air how bright—
evening air how still—in
service duly done to the Go
whole life we see—the who
which we hear—heroic; an
shedding over it, generally,
lustre—sometimes, as in t
tion of the adventures of
by himself, a gloomy light th
strangely to darken and ill
hardly human world.

You have been made to

EDMUND BURKE.

PART VII.

ALL history is but a romance unless it act as an example. The miseries of the fathers are for the warning of the children; and the ruin of the man or the nation which will take no lesson from experience will only be more sudden, fatal, and returnless, than that which has already given the disregarded moral of the grave. Is there no appeal to the wisdom of England, in the evidence that the French monarchy perished solely by party? In a time of profound peace, in a general flourishing of every resource and every class of the kingdom, with a remarkable absence of public burdens, with no financial difficulties but those which the opulence of the nation could have thrown off, as dewdrops from the lion's mane,—with an unbroken military and naval force,—with a population exceeding in activity, dexterity, and general acquirement, all others in Europe, scarcely excepting even our own; France, possessing every material of foreign and domestic power, the chief monarchy of the Continent, fell into sudden ruin. As if the ground had been hollowed under her throne, the throne went down at the instant, and disappeared from the eyes of Europe. As if some sudden decree of Heaven had commissioned the sword against all that retained the impress of birth, honour, and learning in the land, all was cut away even with the surface. It is remarkable that all the great habitual agencies of public destruction were kept aloof. Pestilence, famine, and war, were chained up; the ruin was left to be wrought by party, and from whatever source the commission came, whether from the wrath of Providence, or the malignity of the enemy alike of Heaven and man, it was found fully equal to do the work of them all. The leading principle of this party was selfishness, and the leading pretext a zeal for the populace. The system consisted of nothing but a reversal of all the maxims of human experience, for the purpose of *a reversal of the whole order of human society. Its chiefs, personally contemptuous of morals,* avowed themselves the champions of rights. Abasing all the privileges belonging to centuries of public service, of opulence, and high hereditary recollections, they exalted meanness, poverty, and ignorance; exclaiming against the luxury, feebleness, and prodigality of the first ranks of the state, they pampered the vices, the indolence, and the rapine of the multitude; offering an ostentatious homage to the law, they stimulated the people to its open violation; proclaiming themselves the heralds of a new triumph of peace, they covered the way to its temple with corpses. It is cheering to the sacred sense of justice to know that this labour had its reward; that the hypocrites felt the heaviest vengeance of their own delusions; that, after years employed in laying the mine under the monarchy of France, the moment in which they applied the match was the moment of their own extinction; that the blast which tore up the foundations of society, shattered themselves into dust and ashes, and left of their ambition but an ignominious and abhorred name.

Hypocrisy is of all vices the most hateful to man; because it combines the malice of guilt with the meanness of deception. Of all vices it is the most dangerous; because its whole machinery is constructed on treachery through the means of confidence, on compounding virtue with vice, on making the noblest qualities of our nature minister to the most profligate purposes of our ruin. It erects a false light where it declares a beacon, and destroys by the very instrument blazoned as a security. The French Revolution was the supreme work of hypocrisy. All its leaders were low and licentious slaves, of the basest propensities nurtured by the most criminal habits. We can detect in them nothing, to this hour, that belongs even to the higher failings of our nature,—not even a generous self-delusion, not even a *wandering enthusiasm* for the good of *man, not* even the erroneous ardour *which might* have rashly tasted of *the tree* of knowledge, and thought-

'ere plunging them-
clearly the ruin into
plunging their fel-
they were cool cal-
hundred thousand
said Marat, before
to acknowledge the
ts sovereigns; and
s carried into effect,
werving adherence
in law of massacre.
advanced, its doc-
undisguised; the
ed swept back its
the naked dagger
. Every additional
s chase in which it
e hope and the
, cast away some
ecious covering in
rformed its early
c virtue; until, at
s career, the open
mpts at the palliа-
tic iniquity — the
ht to tyrannize, of
ıl plunder, and of
ɔn by the sword

ıspect of the fac-
t had altogether

deformed into monsters. Th
dergo a previous distortion i
demies, intended as so many
naries for those clubs, which s
up in all places of public reso
those meetings of all sorts,
counsel, in proportion as it is
and violent and perfidious, is
for the mark of superior g
Humanity and compassion ar
culed as the fruits of super
and ignorance. Tenderness to
viduals is considered as treas
the constitution. Liberty is to l
ways estimated perfect in prop
as property is rendered inse
Amid assassination, massacre,
confiscation, perpetrated or m
ted, they are forming plans fo
good order of future society.
bracing in their arms the carcass
the basest criminals, and prom
their relations on the title of
offences, they drive hundreds o
tuous persons to the same en
forcing them to subsist by beg
or by crime."

The farce of deliberation was
carried on by the National As
bly, but it had become the noto
tool of the mob. [illegible]"

"acts before the multitude the farce of deliberation with as little decency as liberty. They act like the comedians of a fair before a riotous audience. They act amid the tumultuous cries of a mixed mob of ferocious men and of women lost to shame; who, according to their insolent fancies, direct, control, applaud, explode them, and sometimes mix and take their seats among them—domineering over them with a strange mixture of servile petulance and presumptuous authority. As they have inverted all things, the gallery is in place of the house. This Assembly, which overthrows Kings and kingdoms, has not even the physiognomy of a legislative body—'nec color imperii, nec frons ulla senatûs.' They have a power given to them, like that of the evil principle, to subvert and destroy, but none to construct, except such machines as may be fitted for further subversion and further destruction."

The philosophers of France, the Baillys, Lavoisiers, and Buffons, have been charged with the crimes of the Revolution. That they were guilty to the full extent of their power, was unquestionable—that they sedulously unhinged the national respect for religion—that they gave the sanction of their names to attacks on morals—and that some of the leading individuals of French science exhibited in their habits the profligacy of their principles, are facts which sink their memory in a grave of eternal shame. But the true work of overthrow claims other hands. We must not be unjust to the superior claims of homicide. The feeble speculators of the closet must be content with having pointed out the road to ruin. It was the race of bitter and ambitious barristers—the obscure pleaders in the obscure courts—the reptile family of litigiousness, that poured into the path, and corrupted the hopes of liberty. In France, the higher employments of the law alone conferred public distinction. All ranks beneath were alike crowded and contemptible. Fifty thousand village attorneys, meagre sinecurists, small dependents upon petty offices, and pertinacious holders of petty *distinctions*, were *an unequalled machinery for the uses of faction. The lawyers of* the parliaments were the great depositaries of discontent. The genius of the Gascon, hot, ostentatious, and self-sufficient, gave the precedence in clamour to the South; and the Girondists amply asserted their right to take the lead where the prize was to be public confusion, and the contest was to be a competitorship of every weakness and every crime of human nature. That faction, composed almost wholly of the lawyers of the South, rapidly perished. It realized power only to the point of national undoing, and having given the world the lesson of utter incompetency, died, to shew that the passions may from time to time perform the work of the virtues—that the popular axe may be the instrument of a moral, of which the populace never dreamed—and that the blood of the man of blood may be exacted as scrupulously by the blind ferocity of vice, as by the clearsighted wrath of divine retribution. The fate of those traitors is the triumph of human feeling. We may turn away with mere scorn from the sufferings of the savage rabble who trampled down each other in the general rush to the royal spoil, but we cannot withdraw our eyes from the delight of seeing perfidy forced to feel that there is justice on the earth. We almost rejoice to see the deepening terrors of that specious villany which betrayed with a kiss—we leave the common murderers to be crushed undistinguished by the high hand of retribution; but we instinctively love to follow every pang of Judas—to see the whole course of penalty, the bitter disappointment, the helpless remorse, the cureless despair, until the hour when he anticipates the law of human abhorrence, and falls headlong. We have no such speculation in the graves of the Dantons and Heberts, and their associate revellers in slaughter. We see their ravages as we should those of a troop of tigers; and when they are destroyed, think neither more nor less of their destruction than of that of a troop of tigers. But the smiling and bowing betrayers, the orators of humanity, the solemn devotees of principle, the pompous Vergniauds, and immaculate Rolands, the pure priests *of the Constitutional Altar, where they led their unhappy King only to stab him, in the act of clinging to*

All men's fears are
e roar of rapine sud-
through the commu-
sluggish are roused
l activity, when they
ration rolling round
. If they are once
secure. They spring
nd extinguish the in-
he incendiaries toge-
nade for public ruin
r ways. They are
all violence. They
licitors for a small
eneral justice which
gs bearing the shape
ey limit their plead-
by what they can
om the compassion
ks, than by any re-
ural claims of mem-
common family of
thus made the first
e grows bolder; he
ievances, harangues
nsists upon rights.
ing more than im-
enace—no display
visage—no railing
—no ebullition of
y which is swelling
heart. Pamphlets,
casms, are the light

fiscation is to be thenceforth
venue, massacre the law, a
holy right of insurrection the
gative of the sacred empire o
ty.

In England this process wa
begun. The clubs of 1793 w
active within the British Island
the mainland of France. Thei
ter-rolls were already swellin
all the profligate, the idle, a
envenomed of the community
land, which seems sealed for
discontent, had her 108,000
freedom! marshalled, and
only for the sound of the p
horn from the Alecto of Franc
pamphleteer and the harangu
done their work, and the civ
was armed in procinct. In a
year, perhaps in another mo
would have broken out in on
burst of havoc and dismay.
time was pregnant with the
of mankind. But England w
yet to perish; her destinies
not to be accomplished by the
of hypocrites, with virtue on
lips, and the venom of blasted
tion in their hearts. If she w
fall, it was not by the weap
slaves and culprits, too mean f
hostility. She was not to fall

extinguished in the countless levy of the empire, it was glad to shrink from the public eye, and expire in the obscurity in which it was born.

One strong and unfailing *test* of Jacobinism in all lands, is its vulgarity of soul. "Nothing," says Burke, "is more certain, than that our manners, our civilisation, and all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilisation, have, in this European world of ours, for ages depended upon two principles; and were, indeed, the result of both combined, the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by patronage, the other by profession, kept learning in existence, even in the midst of arms and confusions, and while Governments were rather in their causes than formed. Learning paid back what it received, to nobility and the priesthood; and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas and by furnishing their minds. Happy, if learning, not debauched by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instructor, and not aspired to be the master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude."

In this passage the powerful sagacity of the writer had actually predicted the fates of the literary victims, headed by Bailly and Condorcet, both vehement worshippers of the Parisian rabble, and both destroyed by popular cruelty, within three years;—Bailly guillotined in the midst of every accumulation of public insult, and Condorcet driven from the haunts of man, proscribed, and dying of actual famine. Still the period of the true democracy had not arrived; and Burke was yet to see the rise of a generation to whose fierce activity, despotic designs, and unsated love of blood, the crimes of the mere philosophers were as venial, as their characters were feeble, cold, and solitary. Yet the career of those two men is worth remembering; if it can hold out a warning to the grave coxcombry among ourselves, that, under the affectation of universal science, is palpable intriguing for *political power*. Let those *meagre imitators of the French philosophers in science, learn* to dread their fate in legislation, shrink from the attempt to ride into Parliament on the shoulders of our manufacturers by paltry flatteries of their handicraft; and, taught by the scorn which clings on the memories of those miserable dupes of corrupted principle and turgid vanity, forswear an ambition, yet only ridiculous, though sure to become at once hazardous to themselves and contemptible to the world.

Bailly was born in Paris about the middle of the last century; an era when France, relieved from the wars of Louis XIV., had begun to devote herself to the arts. His first pursuit was painting, his next poetry, his third science. Without possessing the powers that confer originality, he was remarkable for a plasticity of mind, which qualified him for various and vigorous attainment. The abstract sciences had become the way to fame; and when La Caille had acquired a reputation, Bailly might be secure of eminence. He now published a succession of papers on astronomy, fought his way up the national road to distinction, and consummated his career by being chosen, in 1770, a member of the Academy, the very summit of French literary ambition. The Brahminical astronomy, ridiculously overrated by infidelity in France, as an antagonist to the Mosaic history of the origin and age of the world, had grown into a popular topic. It was adopted by Bailly; from this point his researches led him to enquire into the nature of astronomical knowledge among the ancients; and in the ten years from 1775, he produced his three histories, of Ancient Astronomy, Modern Astronomy from the time of the school of Egypt, and Oriental Astronomy. Those works made him popular with the large class who love amusing knowledge. Anecdote, romantic speculation, and shewy theory, made Bailly the theme of the Parisian salons. He was now chosen a member of the Academy of Belles Lettres. And from that hour he began the career of his ruin!

Lively, unprincipled, and vain, he saw *in the new* politics of France an *opening to new* distinction. With *the habitual* ingratitude of French *philosophy*, he deserted the Govern-

own words of the oath,
parate, until they had
ee constitution." He
eved the height of de-
own, and received a
popular confidence in
nt to the Mayoralty of
eventful 14th of July,
of the capture of the
ie had now entered on
which every step is
The champion of De-
always either keep in
trampled down. The
of Bailly to check the
opulace was his over-
d ordered the soldiery
Revolutionary mob in
Mars. The wrath of
was boundless, at this
it of robbery and mas-
, terrified at the aspect
geance, shrank from
into his study, and
self sick of ambition.
ot thus to evade the
and his tribe of traitors
pon the throne. The
King was on the head
rondist. Bailly was
his seclusion by Robes-

hung under the hatchet of
lotine, and with the roar
thousand of his fellow-trait
ears, yelling *A bas les tra*
closed a life of spurious an

Condorcet was a victim o
order in all senses of the
man of noble birth, of lar
ments, and of distinguishec
About ten years younger t
ly, his rank introduced h
rapidly into the leading
Parisian literature. He be
intimate of Voltaire and th
crowd of infidelity. But
powers substantiated all h
to scientific distinction. An
was astonished to see a M
the age of twenty-two, p
treatises on some of the
subjects of analysis. Th
honours of science natu
lowed, and the Marquis
dorcet was made a memb
Academy of Sciences at tw
His unusual combination
quence with abstract kn
added to his distinctions th
taryship of the French Aca
the death of D'Alembert.
fligate principles of all Fr

sotins, and did the work of both without securing the protection of either.

But even this contemptible dexterity could not save him. He had sat in judgment on his King, and he was to share in the retribution of that murder. Of all the crimes of individuals or public bodies within history, the death of the unhappy Louis was perhaps the most rapidly, the most condignly, and the most naturally avenged on his destroyers. Of the majority of 361 who voted for regicide, scarcely one escaped the direct punishment of this atrocious crime. Many were exiled, many died in utter beggary in France, many died by the same axe which had drunk the royal blood. Scarcely one survived within a few years. The Legislature stained with that blood was suddenly extinguished. France, the guilty participator, was scourged by the perpetual infliction of every calamity that can smite a perjured people; a civil war that cost a million of lives, a foreign war that cost three millions, twenty years of conscription, finished by the ruin of her veteran army of 500,000 men, the inroads of all the armies of Europe over her provinces, the double capture of her capital, the ruin of her martial glory, and the utter dismantling of her empire. She had bound herself to the demon by a compact of slaughter, and while she could supply the tribute from the veins of Europe, the compact was good; she revelled in victory and possession, that seemed to be achieved by means above the power of man; but when she could betray no more, the compact recoiled upon the necromancer. The evil principle by which she had been borne along in the glare of unaccountable triumphs must be paid by her own sacrifice, and the Jacobin Empire was the last price of the Jacobin spell.

Condorcet had outlived the Brissotins, but he was not forgotten by the bolder traitors. In 1793 he was pursued by the general vengeance that swept the ranks of French faction, in the shape of Robespierre; himself to fill an abhorred grave the moment this task was done. The wretched Ex-noble hid *himself in* Paris for *nine months, a period of protracted terror much worse than* the brief pang of the scaffold. At length he fled to the country, in the hope of finding refuge in the house of a friend at Montronge. This friend happened to be absent, and the fugitive dreading to discover himself to the neighbourhood, wandered into the adjoining thickets, where he lay for two nights, perishing of cold and hunger. At length, compelled by intolerable suffering, he ventured to apply for food at the door of a little inn; there he was recognised as the delinquent named in the decree of arrest, seized, and thrown into the village dungeon, to be conveyed next day to Paris. Next morning he was found lying on the floor, dead. As he continually carried poison with him, he was supposed to have died by his own hand! Thus miserably perished, in the vigour of life and understanding, (for he was but fifty-one,) a man of the most accomplished intellect, and possessing every advantage of rank, fortune, and fame. But he wanted a higher advantage still, honesty of heart. He had sacrificed loyalty to popular applause, personal honour to ambition, and the force, grandeur, and truth of religious principle, to the vanity of being the most dexterous scoffer in the halls of philosophic infidelity. Grafting irreligion on personal profligacy, and rebellion on both, his death was the natural produce. Living an Atheist and a traitor, he finished his course in despair and suicide.

Burke's prediction of the fall of the *philosophes* by the hands which they had armed, was fully realized. Still there is a distinction to be taken. His phrase was Learning. It would have been more exactly Science. Of all the cultivated nations, France in all periods has been the most destitute of that knowledge which is to be drawn from the treasuries of ancient wisdom. She has been among the most expert in science. The distinction arises largely from the peculiar temperament of the national mind. From ancient learning man gains wisdom, from modern science he gains knowledge. The labour, the grave reliance on the maxims wrought by *ages of trial, that they may* be indebted for truth *to the dead,* the homage to the

petual novelty, an unli-
ility of attainment; and
owed by the most anima-
ediate popular celebrity.
mechanics, and physi-
adopted by French ge-
he most unrelaxing ar-
of the highest rank
this arena. War no
ed a vent for the na-
scence; the subtleties of
eculation supplied its
that boundless element
faculties might expand
for ever.
hrase of the "Swinish"
ve memorable offence;
th was denounced in
gainst the insult to the
the mob. To have
the Revolutionists as
regicides; was but a
oluntary applause, but
ir rudeness as savage,
orance as brutish, was
o the majesty of Sans-
all lands. Their in-
rned to make allow-
taphor to the great
taphor, or for the ar-
ient to an orator plead-
st cause that ever came
dgment of man. The

truth was to be vindica
French assertors of the rig
throw had other purposes
ing the great religious fa
decay and dust, the bats
that flitted or burrowed
precincts. They were ir
not at its impurities, but
sessions; not at the rites o
but at the gold and silver
glittered there, beyond th
their infidel rapacity. Th
of the National Assembly—
fount of all the crimes ar
tunes of France, ten thous
more culpable in its hypo
the Decemvirate, with Ro
in the fury of open carnage
ruin of the Church. W
country cannot feel the ze
vocates for the great champ
Papacy; but it moves the
abhorrence of all men with
their bosoms, to see the ost
havoc, the rivalry of de
with which that smiling an
Assembly made its first cla
reprobation of posterity, in
son to the Church of Frar
have those in this country
longing only to adopt thei
But whether feeble guar
shall betray, or pretended
shall plunder, or popular

the sanctions, of Religion. The whole has emanated from the simplicity of our national character, and from a sort of native plainness and directness of understanding, which has for a long time characterised those men who have successively obtained authority among us. This disposition still remains, at least in the great body of the people.

"We know, and what is better, we feel, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort. In England, we are so convinced of this, that there is no rust of superstition, with which the accumulated absurdity of the human mind might have crusted it over in the course of ages, that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people of England would not prefer to impiety. We shall never be such fools, as to call in *an enemy to the substance of any system*, to remove its corruptions, to supply its defects, or to perfect its construction. If our religious tenets should ever want a further elucidation, we shall not *call on* Atheism to explain them. We shall not light our Temple from that unhallowed fire. It will be illumined with other lights; it will be perfumed with other incense, than the infectious stuff which is imported by the smugglers of adulterated metaphysics. If our Ecclesiastical Establishment should want a revision, it is not avarice or rapacity, public or private, that we shall employ for the audit or application of its consecrated revenue."

From those general statements, he passes to the condition of French Ecclesiastical polity. "We know, and it is our pride to know, that man, by his constitution, is a religious animal; that Atheism is against, not only our reason, but our instincts, and that it cannot continue long; but if, in the moment of riot, and in a drunken delirium from the hot spirit drawn out of the alembic of Hell, which in France is now so furiously boiling, we should uncover our nakedness, by throwing off that Christian religion, which has hitherto been our boast and comfort, and one great source of civilisation among us, and among many other nations, we are apprehensive *(being well aware that the mind will not endure a void) that some uncouth, pernicious*, and degrading superstition might take place of it."

It is no more than a just tribute to the sagacity of the great writer, or rather a homage to the protective wisdom of Heaven, speaking by the lips of political inspiration, that both those consequences strictly followed the public subversion of Christianity in France. All Europe saw with astonishment the nation, who had refused the religion of the Scriptures, instantly shaping a religion of their own; inventing a burlesque compound of romance, fable, and metaphysics, for their creed; and establishing a worship half borrowed from Paganism, and half from the opera. But the extravagance of public folly was incomplete, and the pollution unworthy of Atheism, until Paris saw a *public harlot placed upon the altar!* and the whole legislature actually bowing down with the most solemn formalities of worship to this living emblem of impurity. Burke's declaration of the incompatibility of Atheism with the public understanding was realized with almost equal speed. Even so early as 1793, and even from the lips of Robespierre, the confession was wrung, that the belief in a God was essential. While this consummate criminal, this demoniac of the Revolution, was decreeing, in the spirit of Paganism, a succession of days of worship, or *fêtes*, to Justice, Modesty, Truth, Friendship, and other poetic idolisms of his new Pantheon, he pronounced a discourse in the Convention on the necessity of acknowledging a God. "The idea of a Supreme Being," he exclaimed, "and of the immortality of the soul, is a continual call to justice. It is therefore a social and republican principle. Who has authorized you to declare that a Deity does not exist? Oh, you who support so arid a doctrine, what advantage do you expect to derive from the principle, that a blind fatality regulates the affairs of men, and that the soul is nothing but a breath of air impelled towards the tomb? Will the idea of nonentity inspire man with more elevated sentiments than that of *immortality?* Will it awaken more *respect for* others or himself; more *courage* to resist tyranny, greater *contempt* for pleasure or death?

ıt the tomb levelled
ssor and his victim?"
ıes this acknowledge-
me only from the lip,
:he self-condemning
the enemies of God
ier times! We might
at we saw the false
s summoned to curse
ause, constrained to
those sons of irre-
ıose knowledge only
crime and their mi-
ɜve and tremble."
:s the argument for
:gal form of worship,
: to the uses and dig-
" Instead of quar-
.blishments, as some
ıde a philosophy and
eir hostility to such
cleave closely to
resolved to keep an
ırch, an established
tablished Aristocra-
blished Democracy,
ee it exists, and in
ıeak of the Church
:st. It is first, and
n our minds. For,
ı that religious sys-

" Such sublime principles
to be infused into persons of
situations; and *religious es*
ments ought to be provided, t
may continually revive and
them. Every sort of moral,
sort of civil, every sort of po
stitution, aiding the rational s
tural ties that connect the
understanding and affections
divine, are not more than
sary, in order to build up the
derful structure, Man, whose
gative it is to be in a great de
creature of his own making
who, when made as he ought
is destined to hold no trivial p
the creation. But, wherever
put over man, as the better
ought ever to preside; in th
more particularly, he should a
ly as possible be approximated
perfection. * * * * To avoid,
fore, the evils of inconstanc
versatility, ten thousand times
than those of obstinacy an
blindest prejudice, we have
crated the State, that no man
approach, to look into its defe
corruptions, but with due ca
that he should never dream

"Society is, indeed, a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest, may be dissolved at pleasure. But the State ought not to be considered a mere partnership agreement, taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved at the fancy of the parties. It is not a partnership in things subservient to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state, is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty, at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community. It is the first and supreme necessity only,—a necessity which is not chosen, but chooses,—a necessity that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. * * * * But if that which is only submission to necessity, should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth and exiled from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow."

The expenditures allotted by the State to the Church, the assignment of revenues descending by a corporate inheritance, and inalienable for the civil purposes of the commonwealth; the appointment of a separate body of men, inducted by learning and customs of a peculiar order, into the faculty of sustaining the functions of that Church, had all become the objects of popular obloquy and ignorant declamation. Burke defended them by a resistless appeal to human nature. The nation, in the persons *of its wise, and learned, and noble, and religious,* who recognise the will of Providence in the formation of states; "cannot," said he, "think it reprehensible that our fealty and homage, I had almost said, this *oblation* of the State itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed, as all public, solemn acts are performed; in buildings, in music, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature, that is, with modest splendour, with unassuming state, with mild majesty, and sober pomp. For those purposes, they think that some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be, in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the public ornament. It is the public consolation. It nourishes the public hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it; while the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment makes the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrades and vilifies his condition. It is *for the man in humble life,* and to *raise his nature,* and *to put him in mind of a state,* in which the privileges of opulence will cease, *when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue,* that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified. * * * * It is on some such principles that the majority of the people of England, far from thinking a Religious Establishment unlawful, hardly think it lawful to be without one. * * * * This principle runs through the whole system of their polity. They do not consider their Church Establishment as merely convenient, but as *essential* to the State; not as a thing heterogeneous and separable. They consider it as the foundation of their whole Constitution. Church and State are ideas inseparable in their minds. * * * * It is from our attachment to a Church Establishment, that the English nation did not think it wise to intrust that great fundamental interest of the whole, to what they trust no part of their civil or military public service, that is, to the unsteady and precarious *contribution* of individuals. They *go farther.* They certainly never *have* suffered, and never will suf-

or their liberty, from
f a clergy *dependant*
They tremble for the
ity, from the disor-
us clergy, if it were
l on any other than
hey therefore made
ike their King, and
dependent."

laid the true and ra-
or the possession by
income and institu-
ve them from the
osing between a sla-
for bread, or a fac-
e for power; from
ps of a tyrant on the
heading the rebel-
tude; consequences
le, in the first change
them from their
he solid interests of
ling, too, ascending
uity than the proud-
bles or the monar-
he nature of their
e united considera-
and constitutional
r opinion of a duty
provision for the
he feeble, and the

sensation of pity for the di
of the miserable great. Th
sensible that religious instru
of more consequence to the
to any others, from the great
the temptation to which th
exposed, from the important
quences that attend their fault
the contagion of their ill ex
from the necessity of bowing
the stubborn neck of their pr
ambition to the yoke of mod
and virtue; from a considera
the fat stupidity and gross ign
concerning what it most impor
to know, which prevails at
and at the head of armies,
senates, as much as at the loc
in the field.

"The English people are sa
that to the great the consolat
religion are as necessary as
structions. They, too, are
the unhappy. They feel pe
pain and domestic sorrow. I
they have no privilege, but ar
ject to pay their full contin
the contributions levied on
lity. They want this sovereign
under their gnawing cares an
ieties which being less com

where nature is not left to her own process, where even desire is anticipated, and, therefore, enjoyment defeated by meditated schemes and contrivances of delight."

The importance of placing the ministers of religion in some condition of competence, or even of wealth and dignity, with reference to their use as instructors of the higher orders, is now plainly but vigorously reasoned. "The people of England know how little influence the teachers of religion are likely to have with the wealthy and powerful of long standing, and how much less with the newly fortunate, if they appear in a manner no way assorted with those with whom they must associate, and over whom they must even exercise, in some cases, something like an authority. What must they think of that body of teachers, if they see it in no part above the establishment of their domestic servants? If the poverty were voluntary, there might be some difference. Strong instances of self-denial operate powerfully on our minds; and a man who has no wants, has obtained great freedom, and firmness, and even dignity. But, as the mass of any description of men are but men, and their poverty cannot be voluntary, that disrespect which attends on all lay poverty, will not depart from the ecclesiastical. Our provident Constitution has therefore taken care that those who are to instruct presumptuous ignorance, those who are to be censors over insolent vice, should neither incur their contempt, nor live upon their alms. Nor will it tempt the rich to a neglect of the true medicine of their minds. For those reasons, while we provide first, and with a parental solicitude, for the poor, we have not relegated religion, like something that we were ashamed to shew, to obscure municipalities or rustic villages. No; we *will have her to exalt her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments!* We will have her mixed throughout the whole mass of life, and blended with all the classes of society. The people of England will shew to the haughty potentates of the world, and to their talking sophisters, that a free, a generous, an informed *nation*, honours *the high magistrates of its Church; that it will not suffer the* insolence of wealth and titles, or any other species of proud pretension, to look down with scorn on what they look up to with reverence, nor presume to trample on that acquired personal nobility, which they intend always to be, and which often is, the fruit, not the reward, for what can be the reward, of learning, piety, and virtue? They can see, without pain or grudging, an Archbishop precede a Duke. They can see a Bishop of Durham, or a Bishop of Winchester, in possession of ten thousand pounds a-year; and cannot conceive *why it is in worse hands than estates to the like amount in the hands of this Earl or that Squire!* though it may be true that so many dogs and horses are not kept by the former, and fed with the victuals that ought to feed the children of the people. It is true, the whole Church revenue is not employed, and to every shilling, in charity, nor perhaps ought it, but something is generally so employed. It is better to cherish virtue and humanity, by leaving much to free-will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence. The world, on the whole, will gain by a liberty, without which virtue cannot exist. * * * * In England, most of us conceive, that it is *envy* and *malignity* towards those who are the beginners of their own fortune, and *not* a love of the self-denial and mortification of the ancient Church, that makes some look askance at the distinctions, honours, and revenues, which, *taken from no person*, are set apart for virtue. The ears of the people of England are distinguishing. They hear these men speak broad; their tongue betrays them. Their language is the *patois* of fraud. * * * * * * * * With these ideas rooted in their minds, the Commons of Great Britain, in the national emergencies, will never seek their resource from the confiscation of the estates of the Church and the poor. Sacrilege and proscription are not among the ways and means of our Committee of Supply. The Jews in 'Change Alley have not yet dared to hint their hopes of a mortgage on the revenues *belonging to* the See of Canterbury. I *am not* afraid that I shall be disavowed, when I assure you, that ther

ours. It has roused
y see with horror and
nous and shameless
ion. It has opened,
nd more open, their
elfish enlargement of
narrow liberality of
sidious men, which,
close hypocrisy and
ed in open violence
; home we behold
gs; we are on our
nilar conclusions."
gument among the
ow issue their man-
Privy Councils of
Birmingham is, that
es are the property
hat the clergy are a
ervants, who have
t in those estates
ublic servants; and
property, as it can-
own from father to
of any transmission
what can be more
practice, or more
allacy? If there is
de of the transmis-
what becomes of
the Corporations?

with only the exception, that
the great paramount propriet
fore their remotest ancestor
in existence;—that its proper
the work of gift from the c
lords of the soil, for the purp
its pious functions, and not, li
majority of theirs, the prod
confiscation, of sanguinary vi
of the ruthless spoil of tyrant
the scandalous venality of mi
—that it was built up by han
tuous and grateful, according
virtue and gratitude of their
and, in the worst, as the expia
crime, the efforts of man to atc
his injuries to the existing g
tion, by a large and long-sight
bute to the happiness and knov
of all that were to come. Com
with this title, what were it
ances wrung from the ruin of
lies, in the hour of furious civil
or in the still more galling h
despotic extortion, stained b
tears of the widows and orph
brave men, fallen in the stu
against the oppressor,—testa
dipt in blood, and transmitted
scaffold to scaffold?

The pretence of the Nation

persons who were taught a double prejudice in favour of religion, by education, and by the place they hold in the administration of its functions, are to receive the remnants of their property as alms from the profane and impious hands of those who had plundered them of all the rest; —to receive, if they are at all to receive, not from the charitable contributions of the faithful, but from the insolent tenderness of known and avowed Atheism, the maintenance of religion, measured out to them on the standard of the contempt in which it is held, and for the purpose of rendering those who receive the allowance, vile in the eyes of mankind."

There is an admirable observation on the profligate plea, that the confiscation of the Church property was called for by the necessity of keeping faith with the public creditor,—a plea which is now loud in the mouth of the mob among ourselves. "The enemies to all property," exclaims Burke, "pretend a most tender, delicate, and scrupulous anxiety for keeping the King's engagements with the public creditor! They should have known, that it is to the property of the citizen, and *not* to the demands of the creditor of the State, that the original faith of civil society is pledged. The claim of the citizen is prior in time, paramount in title, superior in equity. The fortunes of individuals, whether possessed by acquisition, or by descent, or in virtue of a participation in the goods of some community, are no part of the creditor's security, expressed or implied. They never so much as entered into his head when he made the bargain. He well knew that the public, whether represented by a Monarch or by a Senate, can pledge nothing *but the public estate;* and it can have no public estate, but in what it derives from a just and proportioned imposition upon *the citizens at large.* This was engaged, and nothing else could be engaged, to the public creditor. *No man can mortgage his injustice as a pawn for his fidelity.*"

To close this part of the subject, there are but two cases in which the Government can interfere *with* Church *property:—The first, where it is palpably excessive; the second,* where the ecclesiastical body have totally failed of doing their original office, that of preserving and teaching the purity of the Christian religion. Both these cases occurred in England, and fully justified the Reformation, and the change of property from the possession of a Popish to that of a Protestant clergy. The ancient Church of the kingdom had shewn itself no longer fit for an instructor of the people. A new race, who drew their lessons from the Scriptures alone, had extinguished their function, by the superior claims of human reason and Divine truth; and while the degenerate functionaries vacated their office, not by the *dictum* of the Government, but by the voice of the awakened national piety, the income of that office, by every rule of right, passed over to its worthier possessors. But neither case sanctions the plunder of the Church. The opulence of the Romish Church in England had been consecrated to God by its original donors; it was not for man to reclaim the gift. It might be within his competence to regulate, to direct the course of its expenditure in sacred things, to render it powerful and prolific in the general service of religion. The monastery might be converted into a school of moral and divine teaching; the estate which had nurtured the indolence of nuns and friars, might do the nobler service of raising temples for the honour of Heaven, and the good of its creatures, among the thousand desolate hills and valleys of the land: the cup which had only pampered the indolence or appetite of an effeminate and embroidered priesthood, might be employed to pour out the draught of life among the thirsty lips of ignorance, longing for knowledge, and passion waiting only to be purified. Those would have been glorious employments for the wealth abandoned in the flight of the Romish Church. No nobler trophy could ever have been erected on the field of that illustrious battle. But the evil-genius of England prevailed; the violence of a tyrant, and the peculation of his satraps and satellites, prevailed over the wisdom and the necessities of *religion.* The Romish opulence was *perverted into* the means of high-born *prodigality.* Dukes and Earls seized

principle of the Re-
our country, is that
too great for Revo-
constant answer to
rom the miseries of
he achieved liberty
in 1790, shewed the
inciple. France her-
oclaims the fraud of
o man can doubt the
onstitution, the mag-
uggling against op-
wisdom of securing
the inheritance of
by our struggles.
uestion is, whether
nassacre are the na-
iberty; whether we
to the shrine of that
s of nations, with-
nation as a victim to
altar; whether all
d securities of the
freedom are not to
he securest way by
all injustice, public
reverencing the sa-
ruth and virtue, and
ng Religion in every
ey through the rug-

years more of this slavery, sh
ed universal overthrow; the
dation of the only prize won t
her slavery, military name; t
quest of her country; the cap
her metropolis; the exile of he
reign, and the abscission of her
revolutionary empire. Yet, c
achieve her freedom, such as i
her own hands at last? No. I
the last hour she was still a sla
more a slave than ever. Fran
never in a lower state of s
than at the close of her eleven
of despotism. It was neith
own love for liberty, nor her n
courage, nor that inevitable w
of the principle of recovery, of
her theorists have talked so
that gave her a constitution—
the sword of the Duke of W
ton. If Napoleon had not been
from the throne by the day o
terloo, she would still have b
the dungeon; and Napoleon,
successor, would have bee
keeper of the keys. It was
tive energy of human kind—no
ral return of that stream of vig
the heart of France, which ha
so long wasted and chilled in t

peaceful Revolution, lost every thing by a furious one; lost a quarter of a century of European progress, millions of lives, millions of treasure, and more than millions, in personal suffering, moral degradation, political impurity, and national shame. If she now has liberty, or the semblance of liberty, it was not the work of glory, but of humiliation—not the purchase of revolution, but the boon of conquest. For what can national outrage produce but national evil? What, by the course of nature, must be his crop who sows the wind? What must be the natural result of letting loose all the furious and bitter passions of the multitude, or rather of summoning them to a banquet expressly laid out to dazzle and inflame, to pamper meagre iniquity into feverish strength and boldness, for the hour, to extinguish all scruples, to stimulate all vengeances, to give new fires to the burning heart of jealousy, cupidity, envy, and licentiousness—and when the intoxication is at its height, to send the whole *wild array*, torch in hand, to wrap the noblest monuments and labours of empire, whether temple or palace, in unsparing flame? If we have men in England who still dream over the felicities of Revolution, let them awake to its profits in France, and compare the pacific constitution offered to his people forty years ago by the unfortunate and virtuous Louis, with the constitution which they at this hour possess, at the rate of a street campaign and massacre *every* two years.

Burke's *Exposé* of the state of France under the monarchy, is one of the celebrated passages of his volume; and for its wisdom, research, and practical views, is worthy of more than all its celebrity. Commencing with the solid observation, that the honestest partisans of change never know how far they are to go, never think of the peril of the first step down a declivity, and are often plunged into irreparable evil, before they are aware that they have gone a single step beyond the natural boundaries of improvement; he warns his country, that the opinion of all France in 1789, was for, what is called, merely a *qualified Reform*—"*The instructions to the representatives to the States-General, from every district of the kingdom, were filled with projects for the reformation of the government, without the remotest suggestion of a design to destroy it!* Had such a design been even insinuated, I believe there would have been but one voice, and that voice for rejecting it with scorn and horror. * * * *

"To hear some men speak of the late monarchy of France, you would imagine that they were talking of Persia bleeding under the ferocious sword of Tahmas Kouli Khan, or at least describing the barbarous, anarchic despotism of Turkey, where the finest countries in the most genial climates of the world are wasted by peace, more than any other countries have been worried by war; where arts are unknown, where manufactures languish, where science is extinguished, where agriculture decays, where the human race itself melts away and perishes under the eye of the observer. Was this the case of France? Facts do not support the resemblance. * * * *

"Among the standards upon which the effects of government on any country are to be estimated, I must consider the state of its population as not the least certain. No country, in which population flourishes, and is in progressive improvement, *can be* under a *very* mischievous government. About sixty years ago, the Intendants of the Generalities of France made a report of the population of their several districts. I am obliged to speak from memory; but I think the population was by them, even at that period, estimated at twenty-two millions of souls. At the end of the century before, it had been calculated at eighteen. On either of those estimations, France was not ill peopled. M. Neckar, who is an authority for his own time, at least equal to the Intendants for theirs, reckons, and upon apparently sure principles, the people of France in the year 1780, at twenty-four millions, six hundred and seventy thousand. But was this the probable ultimate term under the old establishment? Dr Price is of opinion, that the growth of population in France was by no means at its *acmé* in that year. I certainly defer to Dr *Price's* authority a good deal more *in these* speculations than I do in *his* general politics. In the year 1789,

it are barren, and
ıer natural disadvan-
ɔrtions of that terri-
ɡs are more favour-
ım able to discover,
the people corres-
lgence of nature. I
this population to
ɛrnment; because I
ompliment the con-
with what is due
ɜ to the bounty of
ıt that decried go-
ıot have obstructed,
favoured, the ope-
causes, whether of
, or habits of indus-
ɛ, which have pro-
number of the spe-
he whole kingdom.
ɔf a country is an-
ɛmptible standard,
y judge, whether,
overnment be pro-
tive. M. Neckar's
ı 1785, contains an
ɛresting collection
ɔ public economy,
ithmetic. In that
ɑ idea of the state
mote from the nor-

ıade and opulence of her citi
useful magnificence of her sp
highroads and bridges, her ar
canals and navigations, openi
conveniences of maritime com
cation through a solid contin
so immense an extent; when
my eyes to the stupendous wo
her ports and harbours, and
whole naval apparatus, wheth
war or trade; when I bring
my view the number of her f
cations, constructed with so
and masterly a skill, and mad
maintained at so prodigious a c
presenting an armed front and i
netrable barrier to her enemies
every side; when I recollect
very small a part of that exte
region is without cultivation, a
what complete perfection the cu
of many of the best productions
earth have been brought in Fra
when I reflect on the excellen
her manufactures and fabrics, se
to none but ours, and in some
culars not second; when I con
plate the grand foundations of
rity public and private, when I
vey the state of all the arts
beautify and polish life; wh

with the ground. I do not recognise, in this view of things, the despotism of Turkey. Nor do I discern the character of a government that has been, on the whole, so oppressive, or so corrupt, or so negligent, as to be utterly unfit for all Reformation. I must think such a government well deserved to have its excellences heightened, its faults corrected, and its capacities improved into a British Constitution."

With this fine and unquestionably true statement of the general operation of the monarchy on the public force, wealth, and activity of France, he contrasts the palpable evils brought upon her by the very first movements of change. The disappearance of coin, the loss of employment,—a hundred thousand people being thrown out of work in Paris alone,—the sudden, repulsive, and ruinous overflow of mendicancy, demanding, even in the last exhaustion of the treasury, an advance of fifty-one millions of livres, or upwards of two millions sterling! the reduction of the population of the capital by a fifth; and pronounces, that these evils, of themselves, show that there is something hollow in the triumph of their liberty. "In the meantime, the leaders of your legislative clubs and coffeehouses are intoxicated with admiration of their own wisdom. They speak with the most sovereign contempt of the rest of the world; they tell the people to comfort them *in the rays in which they have clothed them*, that they are a nation of philosophers! and sometimes, by all the arts of quackish parade, by show, tumult, and bustle; sometimes by the alarms of plots and invasions, they attempt to drown the cries of indigence, and to divert the eyes of the observer from the ruin and wretchedness of the state. A brave people will certainly prefer liberty, accompanied with poverty, to a depraved and wealthy servitude. But, before the price of comfort and opulence is paid, one ought to be pretty sure it is *real liberty* which is purchased, and that she is to be purchased at *no other price*. I shall always, however, consider that liberty as very equivocal in her appearance, which has not wisdom and justice for her *companions, and does* not lead prosperity and plenty in her train."

The first attempt of the Revolutionists had been, as it always is, to destroy the Church; the second was, as it always will be, to destroy the Nobility; the Throne is the last plunder, but it is to the full as determined a purpose, and will always inevitably follow the ruin of its great bulwarks in both. Burke powerfully exposes the false pretences under which the constitutional character of the national nobility was libelled. "Had your nobility and gentry, who formed the great body of your landed men, and the whole of your military officers, resembled those of Germany, when the Hanse Towns were necessitated to confederate in defence of their property; had they been like the *Orsini* and *Vitelli* in Italy, who used to sally from their fortified dens to rob the trader and traveller; had they been such as the *Mamalukes* of Egypt, or the *Nayres* of Malabar, I do admit, that too critical an enquiry might not be advisable into the means of freeing the world from such a nuisance. The statues of Equity and Mercy might be veiled for a moment. The tenderest minds, confounded with the dreadful exigence in which morality submits to the suspension of its own rules in favour of its own principles, might turn aside, while fraud and violence were accomplishing the destruction of a pretended nobility which disgraced, while it persecuted, human nature. The persons most abhorrent from blood, treason, and arbitrary confiscation, *might remain silent spectators of the civil war between the vices!*"

In all instances, Jacobinism is but a pretext for robbing the rich and pulling down the high. Its whole fabric is built upon two passions, the basest and bitterest of our nature;—Envy and Malignity. The Jacobin's whole creed is comprised in the two commandments of a rebellious heart—Exclude providence from the conduct of its own world, and hate your neighbour as you love yourself. Disown the one that you may be entitled to disobey him—and libel the other, that you may be entitled to plunder him. Thus, disburthening his conscience, that he

...public revolt,
e graphic succession of
oet of life and nature,
infancy, the ingenuous
: fierce, abrupt, and fiery
ıtern and martial man-
rsh and frowning matu-
ıe principle sinks down
decay, and exhibits a
emptiness, and feeble
crepitude to the world.
ism is, like its parent,
liar. It seeks no reform,
) renovation; with the
ind eternally on its lips,
:ling hatred of human
its heart; it has the
ıow that its element is
this disorder it must
t the means be what
What man of common
st be astonished and
the language which
l in all our popular
his moment? If we
ocratic pencil in the
time, we see nothing
a parliament, even
elivery into the hands
tists of governments
model according to
teeming ...

of truth and nature, into
the fantastic mingled with
ous, into scenes of passio
feeling; of power without
vengeance without justice
yet deliberate, letting loo
the crimes and fierceness
heart, for the purpose, g
and individual as it is, of
himself, and himself alone,
means of exercising all the
sions, corruptions, pampere
rean selfishness, and long tr
remorseless retribution, tha
so contemptuously charged
ruling orders of the country.
the nobility," exclaims Burk
natural indignation, "who me
the King's precept at Versa
1789, or their constituents, de
be looked on as the *Nayres* a
malukes of this age, or as the
and *Vitelli* of ancient times?
then asked the question I
have passed for a madman.
have they since done that the
to be driven into exile, th
persons should be hunted
mangled and tortured, their
dispersed, their houses laid i
their order abolish...

the struggle, all the dissension arose afterwards, upon the preference of a *despotic Democracy* to a government of reciprocal control. The triumph of the victorious party was over the principles of a British Constitution."

At some distance, but connected with the argument, a passage of remarkable beauty, and of no less dignity and wisdom, follows:—"All this violent cry against the nobility, I take to be a mere work of art. To be honoured and even privileged by the laws, opinions, and usages of our country, has nothing to provoke horror and indignation in any man. Even to be too tenacious of those privileges is not absolutely a crime. The strong struggle in every individual to preserve possession of what he has found to belong to him, and to distinguish him, is one of the securities against injustice and despotism, implanted in our nature. It operates as an instinct to secure property, and to preserve communities in a settled state. What is there to shock in this? Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. *It is the Corinthian capital of polished society!* '*Omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus*,' was the saying of a wise and good man. It is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity. *He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion*, and permanence to fugitive existence. It is a sour, malignant, and envious disposition, without taste for the reality, or for any image of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourished in splendour and in honour. I do not like to see any thing destroyed, any void produced in society, any ruin on the face of the land."

The singularly happy image of the nobles as the consummate decoration of the great social column, excited universal admiration on the first appearance of the Reflections, as uniting equal appositeness and elegance. It was at once ingenious, forcible, and true. His vindication of the ruined French clergy has an additional *value to us, from its close, prospective, penetration into the* spirit, which, in all times of conspiracy against the state, will first rage against the church. The vindication is general, not of the doctrines or professional observances of an establishment so totally distinct from that which he revered as his own, but of the common principles of human honour, assailed by the common principles of rapine and revenge. "It was with the same satisfaction I found that the result of my enquiry concerning your clergy was not dissimilar. It is no soothing news to my ears, that great bodies of men are incurably corrupt. It is not with much credulity I listen to any, when they speak evil of those whom they are going to plunder. I rather suspect that vices are feigned, or exaggerated, when profit is looked for in their punishment. An enemy is a bad witness, a robber is a worse. Vices and abuses there were undoubtedly in that order, and must be. It was an old establishment, and not frequently revised. But I saw no crimes in the individuals that merited *confiscation* of their substance! * * * * * If there had been any just cause for this new religious persecution, the atheistic libellers, who act as trumpeters to animate the populace to plunder, do not love anybody so much as not to dwell with complacence on the vices of the existing clergy. This they have *not* done. They find themselves obliged to rake into the histories of former ages, for every instance of oppression and persecution by that body, or in its favour, in order to justify, upon every iniquitous, because very illogical, principle of retaliation, their own persecutions, and their own cruelties. After destroying all other genealogies and family distinctions, they invent a sort of pedigree of crimes. It is not very just in man to chastise men for the offences of their natural ancestors; but to take the fiction of ancestry in a corporate succession, as a ground for punishing men who have no relation to guilty acts, except in names and general descriptions, is a sort of refinement in injustice belonging to the philosophy of this enlightened age."

It is thus among ourselves that the *mob* orators look into the history of the Romish supremacy for the

their obscure cir-
nstead of moat and
it and barbican, feel
unate in having a
shelter themselves
ophy. Such is the
fying the most opu-
urope with a body,
om have little above
a common weaver,
timate the thriving
illage might appear
o thousand of the
hurch of England
dred a-year! The
e declamation has
th the time. It is

side with the Church of En
the dead linked to the living,
the living perishes by the cc
and the papacy sits alone in a
ancient escutcheons and trap
her warlike caparison, and her
tual pomps and vanities; the
of the ancient ecclesiastical ty
of the world. But until those
return, and the epoch may n
among impossible, nor even d
things, the charges of arroganc
superfluity are childishly ins
cable. As well might we branc
zarus at the gate with the heart
ness and pride of the Sadduce
his purple and fine linen, fea
sumptuously within.

CENCES OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, AT ST HELENA.

BY A LADY.

ends have at dif-
essed an anxiety,
nit to paper some
the circumstances
ich came under
rvation at St He-
it astonishing man
te. The truth is,
m doing so for se-

which proved to me very provok
as they were confidential and are
communications, never intended
the public eye. Indeed, during
years 1815-16-17, the craving
mania for anecdotes of the priso
of St Helena were so great,
people seemed not to be at all s
pulous how or where they obt
ed them. I remember well

the hero is no more—new monarchs sway the different sceptres of Europe—and many chances and changes have occurred in the conduct of human affairs, since the astonishing events of 1815 seemed to have come like a new avatar on the world. The things of those days are now quite of the past, and I can with safety, and without any doubt of propriety, indulge my friends with a sketch of Bonaparte, as I myself saw him. Of course I make no allusion to party or politics. The truth is, I have no genius that way; besides, I consider them as away from the female character. I shall carefully keep within the sphere which Bonaparte himself allotted to the female sex; else I will outrage one of his favourite axioms, which was, "Let women mind their knitting," *i. e.* their domestic concerns.

My first introduction to Bonaparte was in the Island of St Helena, at the place called the Briers, in the month of December, 1815, about six weeks after his arrival at the Island. This introduction was by chance, and through the means of two young and lively English ladies, who had lately returned from a boarding-school in England, daughters of the proprietor of the Briers.

We went, by invitation, to dine at the Briers, where Bonaparte resided for some weeks after his arrival, until the house at Longwood was put in order and prepared for his reception. I was walking with my little daughter (eight years of age), and the two young ladies before mentioned, in the garden before the Briers, when Bonaparte came forth from his tent (which was pitched on one side of the house), accompanied by his secretary, Count Las Casas.

Bonaparte was a little man, stout and corpulent, of a dark olive complexion, fine features, eyes of a light bluish grey, and, when not speaking or animated, of an abstracted, heavy countenance. But when lighted up and interested, his expression was very fine, and the benevolence of his smile I never saw surpassed. He was particularly vain of a *small* and *beautiful hand*, and handsome little feet; as vain nearly (I *dare* say) as having *conquered half the universe. Bonaparte laid a great* stress on the beauty of hands in ladies, and frequently enquired of me, during our residence in St Helena, respecting the hands of the ladies he had not seen; and seemed to think a pretty and delicate hand the *ne plus ultra* of beauty and gentility.

Napoleon was dressed, on the day of my first introduction to him, in a green coat, silk stockings, small shoes, large square gold buckles, and a cocked hat, with a ribbon of some order, seen through the button-hole of his coat.

The two young ladies, who were respectively about thirteen and fifteen years of age, were quite familiar with the Ex-Emperor, ran playfully towards him, dragging me forward by the hand, and saying to him, "This lady is the mother of the little girl who pleased you the other day by singing Italian canzonets."

Upon this he made me a bow, which I returned by a low and reverential curtsy, feeling, at the same time, a little confused at this sudden and unceremonious introduction.

"Madame," said he, "you have a sprightly little daughter; where did she learn to sing Italian songs?"

On my replying that I had taught her myself, he said "*Bon.*" He then asked me what countrywoman I was? "English."—"Where were you educated?"—"In London."—"What ship did you come out in to St Helena? What regiment is your husband in? And what rank has he in the army?" And a variety of like questions, as quick as possible, did Bonaparte make to me, and all in Italian. I then ventured to request he would speak to me in French, as I was more conversant with that language than with Italian. All this time the two young ladies and my little daughter were running to and fro around us, and chattering to the Great Hero, who seemed to delight much in their lively and unsophisticated manners. After walking some time in the garden, Bonaparte requested me to go into the house at the Briers, where a pianoforte stood open, to sing some Italian songs. Accordingly, we all entered the drawingroom, which was on the *ground floor*, when my playful *little daughter*, perceiving me agitated and trembling at the idea

ıt old enough to com-
owess and renown of
ıparte, and to judge
l agitation his name
oduce, and had pro-
kings and queens.
now seated at the
h the Conqueror of
ing behind my chair.
inable, indescribable
rgot my fears in my
nd got through the
ıe nel Petto," toler-
n," cried Bonaparte;
to," which shewed he
inted with the style
rs. "Ah," said he,
could also perform
anoforte." He then
's of the instrument
e, to shew that he
ʒ of what he could

ı," said he, "have
; taste for music and
he world; then the
the Portuguese and
the French; and,
ı; but really I do not
ese two last have the
ıposition. But stay,
gotten the *Scotch*.
composed some
s he said in French.

tation, provided my husban
have no objection to it. He is
present within; but as soon
comes, I will ask if he likes
go."

"What!" exclaimed the Co
"are the English wives in suc
jection, that they cannot acc
invitation, even from an En
without leave of their husban

"Yes," replied I; "nor can
an answer until mine returns.'
at this answer she looked sur
and rather offended. But C
M——y looked highly delighte
proud of the superior power o
lish over French husbands.
Countess Bertrand, however,
resumed her charming and a
manner, and said she would r
with me until my lord and n
returned, which, as he did not
for some time, she was oblig
depart. When he at length
home, he did not much appro
my going without him; for ho
I to return to the camp alone?
on hearing that our Colone
George Bingham, was also invi
dine at Longwood, and would
me safe to my tent, he consen
my going; and away I went to
myself for the occasion with no
delight

Casas, and Sir George Bingham, assembled in the drawingroom. Bonaparte soon after entered, and sat down at the chess-table, for he always played a game at chess before dinner. He asked me to play with him, which I declined, saying I was a bad player. He then asked me if I could play at backgammon. "You must teach me," said he, "for I know but little of the game." So down he sat. I was in considerable agitation at the idea of giving instructions to the great Conqueror. But luckily, as soon as he had placed the backgammon men, a servant entered, saying, "Le diner de sa Majesté est servi."

Madame Bertrand then whispered to me, "You are to sit in the Empress's seat. It has been so ordered." I accordingly was led to it by the Grand Maréchal Bertrand. The instant Bonaparte was seated, a servant came behind him and presented him with a glass of wine, which he drank off before he began to eat. This, it seems, was his invariable custom. The dinner was served on superb gold and silver plate, and beautiful china. The meat was served on the side-tables by several smart servants in magnificent liveries of green and gold. There was a vast variety of dishes and vegetables, cooked in the most delicate manner. Bonaparte ate of a number of dishes with great appetite; he several times offered things to me—an honour, I was told by Las Casas, he never condescended to do even to queens. Napoleon talked a great deal to me; his conversation was chiefly questions respecting India, and the manners and dress of the natives there, and I must not forget to inform my female friends that he admired my dress, which consisted of a silver worked muslin in stripes. He asked me how much I gave a yard for it in India. He also admired, or *pretended* to admire, my bracelets, which were of beautiful pearls. Be that as it may, *I believed* it all, and began to feel *tolerably* conceited and much at my ease.

"Your English gentlemen," said he, "sit an intolerable time at dinner—and afterwards drink for hours together, when the ladies have left them. As for me, I never allow more than *twenty minutes for dinner, and five minutes additional for General Bertrand, who is very fond of bon-bons.*"

Saying this he started up, and we all followed him into the drawing-room, when each of the Generals taking a *chapeau-bras* under his arm, formed a circle round Bonaparte; all continuing standing. Coffee was presently brought, and the cups and saucers were the most splendidly beautiful I ever beheld. Napoleon now conversed with all around most agreeably. I admired the china; upon which he took a coffee-cup and saucer to the light to point out its beauties,—each saucer contained a portrait of some Egyptian Chief; and each cup some landscape or views of different parts of Egypt.

"This set of china," said he, "was given me by the city of Paris after my return from Egypt."

He afterwards made a present of one of these beautiful coffee-cups to Lady Malcolm, wife of Admiral Sir Pultney Malcolm, on her departure from St Helena. Sir Pultney had shewn Bonaparte much kindness and consideration.

Napoleon then requested me to sing, and I sang a few Italian airs. The Countess Montholon then performed some little French songs, and he joined in humming the tune.

A party of reversis was then formed for him by his Generals, and I sat down to a round game with the two Countesses and Sir G. Bingham.

Napoleon was now in high spirits; he was winning at reversis, and he always liked to win at cards; he began to sing merry French songs. About ten o'clock he retired, making a sliding bow, to his private apartments, attended by Count Las Casas.

The second time I dined with Bonaparte at Longwood, the invitation was by chance, and from his own mouth.

I went with my husband and little daughter to pay a visit to Countess Bertrand, who at this period had removed from Hutts Gate to a house built by Government for General Bertrand, close to Longwood House. After having paid our visits to her and to Countess Montholon, we met Bonaparte walking in the garden with General Bertrand; he walked *up to us*, and talked a long time to *us*, and told little E——y she had a "Spanish countenance."

When we were about to take

ng, that while the
ned to camp, *pour*
and to *faire apporter*
dame to the ladies'
would take the air.
seated in the ba-
he Ex-Emperor, the

The three French
nd, Montholon, and
splendid uniforms;
ke fury, and the road
rough, I thought it
at I should have my
company with the
World. Bonaparte
acted during this
ked a little of the
ice of the gumwood
pose the heads of
Deadwood Camp.
versed a great deal
dies of St Helena.
born in that island
tty. One of them
e Rose Bud, and
phe;" this last was
a very beautiful
shortly after mar-
n Indiaman.
ne if I understood
For example," said
w how to make a
"

since I had been

to visit the lady of an officer
regiment who was ill, and to
belonged a small cottage, cl
Longwood, on the borders
camp.

On entering this cottage,
Bonaparte and his secretary,
Las Casas, approach the doo
Ex-Emperor began very *consia*
ly to scrape his boots on the sc
that he might not soil the floo
be it known, we had no carpets
in the camp at St Helena. He th
himself down to rest, and taki
a book, which happened to be
vel, he began to try to read it a
for he had then been stu
English under the Count Las C
who had passed many yea
England. Bonaparte's mod
reading was in the Italian sty
pronunciation, sounding the
vowels, which had a very sin
effect; and upon hearing him re
that style, we all began to la
"Ah ha!" said he, "I dare say
all think I read very *ill*, but,
my part, I think I read very *we*
understand it, and that is *enough*
me," said he, laughing.

He then rose from his c
and proceeded to examine s
prints which were hung round
room taken from the

wine is too much extravagance for a subaltern officer."

In this sort of easy, pleasant manner he often conversed with the ladies of *our* regiment. I say *our* regiment, for no military lady has a proper *esprit de corps* until she often catches herself saying *our* regiment.

As I pursued my way through the garden at Longwood, one day, towards camp, accompanied by my little daughter, I met the great Napoleon walking there with General Bertrand. The first question Bonaparte always put to E——y was this, "Etes vous sage?" To which she instantly answered, "No!"

He began on that day to discourse with me respecting religion. "I understand, madame," said he, "that you are a Puritan?"

"From what circumstance," replied I, "has this denomination arisen?"

"Why," returned he, "I am informed by persons who have attended church in your barracks, that you are often seen kneeling on the bare floor."

"My reason for so doing," replied I, "is that there are *no cushions*, or hassocks, in the barracks, and having from infancy been accustomed to kneel during particular parts of divine service, I took to the floor, without minding the want of cushions."

"Bon," replied he; "and, pray, what is your opinion of *us Catholics*? Do you think that *we* have any chance of going to Heaven?"

I replied *I did* think it possible.

"Excellent—well! You are much more tolerant than *we* Catholics—for we all think that you Protestants must all *burn*." This he said laughingly, and in a manner which shewed that he was not of so harsh an opinion. He then asked me if I ever rode on horseback, and then, without stopping for an answer, he began to exclaim on his own delight in riding on horseback. "I have frequently," said he, "rode *sixty* miles *before breakfast*. But at present I have not quite so much room to do so." This he said in a half-angry, half-joking tone of voice.

We were staying at Plantation House, the country residence of the Governors of St Helena, with Governor and Mrs Wilks, about a fortnight just before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe from England, who succeeded Colonel Wilks in the government of the Island.

Mrs Wilks one morning entered my dressingroom before breakfast, saying she came to ask a favour of me. "What is it?" said I, "for I am sure I shall be but too happy to grant you any in my power."

"It is this," replied she, "that you will chaperone Miss Wilks on her visit to Longwood. She is going to see Bonaparte with her father, but wishes a lady to accompany her."

I was delighted to chaperone so elegant, amiable, and beautiful a young lady as Miss Wilks,* and felt proud that Napoleon should see so perfect a specimen of my fair countrywomen. Miss Wilks was then in the first bloom of youth, and her whole demeanour, affability, and elegant, modest appearance, conspired to render her the most charming and admirable young person I ever before or have since met with in all my peregrinations in Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the space of thirty years.

Governor Wilks was a Colonel in the East India Company's service at Madras. He was a tall, handsome, venerable-looking man, with white curling locks, and a courtier-like manner. He had been employed in India in the diplomatic line, and was also an author, having published the History of the Mahratta War, which he had submitted to the perusal of the Ex-Emperor, who, besides admiring his literary performances, respected his character as a man and as a Governor; and never had the Island of St Helena, since its first possession by the English, been under the government of a man so enlightened, so judicious, so mild and affable, or so much beloved. His kindness, firmness, and philanthropy, caused his departure to be regretted by all ranks on that Island, where he had made so many wise and lasting improvements.

The Governor, his daughter, and myself, set forth from Plantation House in the Government carriage,

---

* *Now Lady Buchan*

Countess Bertrand,
s de Montholon.
Bertrand accompa-
ıe drawingroom at
ı found Bonaparte
standing to receive
with etiquette. He
a green coat, with
lers, and ribbons—
ıall shoes with gold
:hapeau-bras under

r and interpreter,
, stood by his side.
s having introduced
ghter to Bonaparte,
looking at her with
, addressed her in
I have long heard
ırters of the supe-
d beauty of Miss
I am convinced,
ıs, that report has
sufficient justice."
ıwed politely.
ıt animated conver-
through means of
etween Bonaparte
lks.
ıus and interesting
ıd two hours, du-
Bonaparte became
ess, and appeared
ıral being.

both of the officers and priva
the 53d regiment. They had
shown any impertinent cu
when he came within their vie
had ever looked or stared a
like a wild-beast, or Bajazet
cage. On the contrary, they
spected his feelings; so he wa
pleased when they paid hi
compliment of taking leave of
a body.

The next day the married o
waited on him again, accomp
by their wives and children.

On this occasion he took his
kind notice of E——y; and pu
usual question to her of "Etes
sage?" which, in the French l
signifies, "Are you a good gir

To which she as usual re
"No."

"How old are you *now*?"
Bonaparte.

"Ten years old," replied she

"Well," said he, "you have
attained the age of reason, you
no longer a child."

Saying these words, he place
hand kindly on her head, and sm
most benevolently; and no one
deny, who has ever seen Bona
smile, that the expression conv
was of the finest and most benev
nature.

view of that wonderful being whose name must ever cause astonishment to future ages.

I must not forget to give my female friends an account of Countess Bertrand.

She was the daughter of a nobleman of the name of Dillon—by his wife, an American lady.

The Countess Bertrand was a most engaging fascinating woman. She had resided many years in England with her aunt, an English lady of quality. She spoke our language with perfect fluency, but with a slight French accent. Her figure was extremely tall and commanding; but a slight elegant bend took from her height, and added to her interesting appearance;—her eyes black, sparkling, soft, and animated;—her deportment that of a lovely young Queen, accustomed to *command* admiration—yet *wishing* to preserve it.

She had, in fact, been a sort of queen at Trieste, when her husband, General Bertrand, was viceroy; and when she held a regular court, her dress was well chosen, splendid and elegant. We had been invited the day of our landing at St Helena, to dine with Admiral Sir G——e C———n, (who came from England in charge of Bonaparte,) at his residence in the Castle James Town. He had arrived in the Northumberland, in charge of the noble captive, some days before us, with the rest of the squadron; but the frigate, in which was a large portion of His Majesty's 53d regiment, under the command of Captain Y—. being constrained, from distress for want of water, to put into the Portuguese settlement of Bingweeta, on the Guinea coast, he did not arrive at St Helena until some time after the squadron.

Sir G——e C———n, as I before observed, invited my husband and myself, the captain of the frigate, and some of *our* officers, to dine at the Castle the day we disembarked.

He handed me to table; for be it known, for the information of my female friends, that I was at this period Prima Donna; or, as we say in Bengal, Burrah Betee; or, in plain English, Lady of the first rank in the regiment, in absence of Lady B——m, who did not join her husband, *our colonel*, until some months afterwards; consequently, I had often the *honour* of *doing* the *honours* to the French Countesses, at Sir G——e C———n's house, and in tents.

After dinner, Sir G——e C———n said to me—

"I wish you would go to-morrow, and call on the Countesses Bertrand and Montholon, and shew them every attention in your power."

"I will do so," said I. Accordingly, the next morning I waited upon them.

I was instantly struck with the elegance, kindness, and dignity of Countess Bertrand. The General, her husband, who was likewise Grand Maréchal, presently entered, leading in two of the most exquisitely beautiful children I ever beheld, Hortense and Henri. The latter had a profusion of the most luxuriant fair ringlets, hanging from his face nearly to his feet—his hazel eyes were laughing and soft—his snowy shoulders and bare arms were only adorned by a slight sleeve of rich lace—his dress consisted of scarlet silk trowsers, with a frock body; he appeared about five years of age.

Hortense was about six or seven years old. She was a brilliant brunette, with a sweetness and archness in her countenance I have seldom seen equalled. An elder boy soon after entered the room, about ten years of age. General Bertrand was a fine martial veteran-looking man, apparently about forty; his manners were open, natural, and dignified.

The pleasing impression of that morning was never effaced. They seemed to like us, and we soon became acquainted—for military men and women seem all brothers and sisters.

ed a friend at Le-
for a vessel bound
alonia. He inform-
was not likely to
ty for some time;
commended me to
ge to Lord Byron,
rtered an English
stination. As his
had some mutual
d, but with some
ite to him on the
ned a very polite
iat he should feel
acceding to my re-
might either join
ioa, or he would
to touch off Le-
e on board. As I
chasing some sea-
er business at Le-
the latter plan, as
ip in a letter of
dness; the vessel
appointed time,
ce, when I imme-
n the Roads, and
becoming person-

My first person-
Lord Byron thus
n, on board of the
sel he had caused
Genoa, for the
ing himself

He put to me some interrogato
lative to them, regretting that
hurried them off. On my inf
ing him that the former gentl
was son to the Rev. Dr Jacks
who, so unfortunately for his fa
rashly engaged in the Irish Rebel
and would have suffered the dea
a traitor; only escaping so disgr
ful an end, by having anticipated
sentence of the law, in termina
his existence by poison, conveye
him, it was alleged, by his lad
very high-spirited woman, who a
wards, with her family, retire
France, where Bonaparte confe
a small pension on her—Lord By
appeared quite conversant with
particulars of this unhappy af
and said he should have felt a g
interest in conversing with yo
Jackson.

His Lordship's mode of addr
was peculiarly fascinating and
sinuating—"au premier abord"
was next to impossible for a stran
to refrain from liking him.

The contour of his countena
was noble and striking; the forehe
particularly so, was nearly white
alabaster. His delicately formed f
tures were cast rather in an effe
nate mould, but their soft expres
was in some degree relieved by

saw Byron have borne testimony to the irresistible sweetness of his smile, which was generally, however, succeeded by a sudden pouting of the lips, such as is practised sometimes by a pretty coquette, or by a spoiled child. His hair was partially grizzled, but curled naturally. In conversation, owing to a habit he had contracted of clenching his teeth close together, it was sometimes difficult to comprehend him distinctly; towards the conclusion of a sentence, the syllables rolled in his mouth, and became a sort of indistinct murmur.

It must have been almost impossible, I apprehend, for any artist to seize fully the expression of Byron's countenance, which was varying at every moment, as different ideas suggested themselves to his powerful mind. I have never seen any likeness that conveyed to me a perfect resemblance of his Lordship, with the exception of a marble bust, which was in the drawingroom of the late Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, executed, I think, by Thordwaldson. It struck me as being very like him.

Lord Byron was habited in a round nankeen embroidered jacket, white Marseilles vest, buttoned a very little way up; he wore extremely fine linen, and his shirt-collar was thrown over in such a way as almost to uncover his neck; very long wide nankeen trowsers, fastened below, short buff laced boots, and sometimes gaiters, with a chip Tuscan straw hat, completed his personal equipment. He invariably paid the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness, and had a certain fastidiousness in his dress, strongly savouring of dandyism, of which he was far from disapproving; at least he infinitely preferred it to a slovenly disregard for dress. His Lordship, who had just dined, instantly ordered some hock and claret to be brought under the awning where he was sitting, which he invited me to partake of. Whilst discussing our wine, he plied me with questions relative to the Ionian Islands, and my opinion with regard to the posture of affairs in Greece; frequently observing that he did not imagine that he *could render any essential service to the cause, but that as the* Committee seemed to think otherwise, he was going thither in obedience to their commands. He then, as we could not avoid discerning both Corsica and Elba from the deck, changed the conversation to the subject of the life of Napoleon, exclaiming that he had been wofully deceived in his estimate of the character of that wonderful man; repeating the pain and mortification which he endured whenever he chanced to glance his eye on either of these islands, as they recalled to his recollection the humbling conviction of the weakness of human nature. "I at one period," he said, "almost idolized that man, although I could not approve of many of his actions; regarding other potentates as mere pigmies when weighed in the balance against him. When his fortune deserted him, and all appeared lost, he ought at once to have rushed into the thick of the fight at Leipzig or Waterloo, and nobly perished, instead of dying by inches in confinement, and affording to the world the degrading spectacle of his petty bilious contentions with the governors to whose custody he was confided at St Helena. Even if he had maintained a dignified silence amid the persecutions to which in his latter days he complained of being subjected, I could almost have forgiven him; yet this man's fame will descend to, and be revered by posterity, when that of numbers more deserving of immortality shall have ceased to be remembered."

Byron's suavity of manner surprised and delighted me; my own previous conceptions, supported by common rumour, having prepared me to expect to find in him a man of morose temper and gloomy misanthropy, instead of which, from his fecundity in anecdote, he was a most delightful associate. I had recently lost for ever one who was deservedly dear to me, and in consequence was clad in deep mourning. I apologized to Lord Byron for the unavoidable depression of my spirits; he instantly seemed to sympathize unaffectedly with my grief. I shall ever entertain a grateful recollection of the amiable and soothing attentions which he then paid me, using gentle efforts to draw me into conversation, and endeavouring at

...wonderful
is genius.
pressed the extreme
experienced at not
urn the compliment
Goëthe's works in
, instead of through
n of a translation;
said, would induce
ie language of the
hich epithet he con-
d the Austrians.
on board, the ma-
ron's suite were on
id coming fair, they
ls the afternoon,
was weighed, and
ry one assisting at
pes, no one being
Byron himself. I
ort time on board
that the others,
sing him with a
ls on the first syl-
, pronounced it
en "Byrne," that
listasteful to him,
ne.
l of Count Pietro
his *chère amie;*
wny; a young
engaged as his
named Bruno,
of Alessandria

...Voltaire's "Essai
Mœurs," and his "Dictionn
losophique"—"De Grimm's
pondence," and "Les Maxim
Rochefoucault," were also fre
referred to by his Lordship
should say, as connected w
composition of Don Juan, in
he was then deeply engaged.

A heavy tome on the War
dependence in South Americ
ten by a *soi-disant* Colonel,
Hippisley, I think, who had
service with Bolivar, as an off
cavalry, but quickly retired i
gust, on not finding port win
beef-steaks to be always proc
in the other hemisphere, (at
good fare seemed to him an
pensable requisite in campaig
was invariably asked for by E
at dinner, and at length, Fletche
valet, brought it regularly wit
table-cloth. Its soporific qualiti
amusingly remarked, were tru
tonishing, surpassing those of
ordinary narcotic; the perusal
few pages sufficed to lull him a
and obtained him a comfor
siesta, even when ill dispose
in bad humour with himself.

Dinner was the only regular
which he partook of in the tw
four hours. He usually eat it h
...self on...

casionally his fare at dinner was varied by a little fish, if we succeeded in taking any. When he returned on deck after the siesta, he joined us in drinking wines or other liquors, displaying sometimes the most overflowing spirits; but in the midst of the greatest hilarity and enjoyment, I have observed this jovial mood to be suddenly checked. A cloud would instantaneously come over him, as if arising from some painful and appalling recollection; the tears would bedew his eyes, when he would arise and quit the company, averting his face, in order to conceal his emotion. This strange conduct was probably the effect of reaction from over-excitement, in a mind so exquisitely susceptible; at least I have heard it thus accounted for.

Byron cherished the strongest superstition relative to commencing any enterprise, or attempting any thing on a Friday, deeming it most unlucky. He also seemed to repose credit in the absurd belief, so popular among the Greeks and Turks, about the accidental spilling of oil or wine, or the oversetting of salt, considering the first and last as indicative of approaching misfortune, the other as possessed of a more cheerful and favourable augury. When irritated or incensed, he did not fail to make a profuse use of the common Italian oaths, Faccia di Maladetto, Corpo di Bacco, Sangue di Dio, &c., combined sometimes with the usual Greek malediction of Ἀναθεμά σε, following each other in rapid succession. He also imitated the inhabitants of the Levant, by spitting on the deck or ground with great violence, whilst giving way to the impetuosity of his temper. I considered Byron to be strongly imbued with a certain religious feeling, although chary of acknowledging it. No one, he said, could be so senseless a brute as to deny the existence of a First Cause, and an omnipotent and incomprehensible Being, whose omnipresence all around us sufficiently evinced. He frequently expressed considerable anxiety about attaching himself to some particular creed, as any fixed belief would, he thought, be preferable to the continued state of uncertainty in which he had hitherto existed. He declared his ready openness to conviction, if the truth could only be rendered evident to his understanding. His glowing and fervent imagination, I feel inclined to believe, would sooner or later have impelled him to attach himself to some particular, and, very possibly, extreme sect.

For the religious tenets or prejudices of others, he invariably testified the most profound respect—professing to entertain much regard for those who were truly and conscientiously devout, believing such individuals to enjoy great worldly felicity. On the contrary, no man more than Byron ridiculed and detested the cant and hypocrisy which are so much in vogue in our times. He spoke frequently of the inane pursuits of mankind, and our limited intelligence, dwelling at some length on a remark once made to him by the late Sir Humphrey Davy, with respect to the nothingness of all human intellect, when it engages in the ever endless task of endeavouring to explore or solve the hidden and impenetrable mysteries of nature.

To be in company with Lord Byron, and in almost constant intercourse with him for a considerable period, more especially on shipboard, where, it is affirmed, you will in a few days acquire more knowledge of an individual than from years of previous acquaintance, was, through the extreme communicativeness of his disposition, equivalent to an introduction to the whole course of his life. Although occasionally affecting mystery, he yet could conceal nothing. This sometimes produced rather painful confidences, relative to his own family matters, and amatory intrigues, which, if they ever actually took place, he would have shewn more good sense not to reveal; but I have my doubts about some of them, more especially in respect to one lady of very high rank, whose family I had the honour to be acquainted with, and whose fair fame I had never before heard assailed by the vile breath of slander. I will, however, do Lord Byron the justice to say, that in regard to this particular case, he dealt more in innuendo than any allegation of facts.

I thence concluded that much of this *façon de parler* consisted in a desire on his part, or rather weak

—pleasant such
appear to be, yet
call them involun-
n could keep no-
occasionally asto-
ishing the grossest
vhom I had always
der as his intimate
to whom he owed
gations, which at
erhaps readily ad-
owever, was tran-
r shower, arising
of temper, or
personal pique;
d, had he heard
he would have
n throwing down
r defence. Lord
or appeared to
ost violent pre-
late Lady Noel.
f always affec-
out the health
daughter Ada.
able large for-
a wish that it
r to inhibit her
tive of Great
countrymen to
ity to fortune-
duels of all

himself. This ca
paired his digestive organs, al
they could not fail to have be
injured by his mode of livi
singular diet.

In the use of the pistol,
Byron was exceedingly dext
and prided himself much o
trivial accomplishment, whic
constant practice, may easily b
tained by any person possessed
calculating eye and steady ne
In this, as every thing else
wished to carry off the palm; a
he made a shot which he tho
could not be surpassed, he decl
to share farther in the pastim
that day; and if a bad one, he
not attempt to improve it, but
stantly gave up the contest.
nerves were a good deal shatter
and from his firing so well even w
that disadvantage, it was evid
that, when younger, his aim m
have been most unerring.

Trelawny was also an excell
shot; and his Lordship and he
casionally used to kill the du
for the cabin dinner in this
—a wicker basket was suspen
from the main-yard of the mast, c
taining a poor dun

in the garden at Seaham House, at the distance of twenty paces.

His lordship was within an ace of losing his life during one of these firing-matches on board. Schilizzi, who was unacquainted with the guard on English hair triggers, inadvertently discharged a pistol, the ball from which whizzed close past Lord Byron's temple. He betrayed no tremor, but taking the pistol out of Schilizzi's hand, pointed out to him the mechanism of the lock, and at the same time desired Gamba to take care, that in future he should not be permitted to use any other pistols than those of Italian workmanship.

We enjoyed the most serene and beautiful weather during this voyage. In passing, the vessel approximated Porto Ercole and Piombino, the splendid scenery around which was much admired by Lord Byron; he was always on deck to view the magnificent spectacle of the sun setting over the vast expanse of waters, on the brilliant horizon peculiar to the East of Europe, and we coasted it along from Leghorn to Reggio, hardly ever being out of sight of land in the daytime. When opposite the mouth of the Tiber, we exerted all our power of vision to discern the cupola of St Peter's at Rome, which, however, was not visible through the vapour arising from the dark and dense forests which fringe the shore of the pestilential Maremma; but we could distinctly see through the glass the town of Albano, situated on the brow of the Alban Mount, and the magnificent range of mountains behind the isolated Mount Soracte, placed just over Rome, was also descried.

Lord Byron frequently boxed with Trelawny as an amusement, and practised fencing with Count Gamba; he was not particularly dexterous at the foils, but excelled in the other, but he could not keep up the exercise long, which had become too violent for him.

Lord Byron and Trelawny also often bathed from the ship's side in calm weather; neither of them betrayed any apprehension from sharks, which, however, are by *no means of rare occurrence in the Mediterranean, as I remember, in 1817,* having been told by a young midshipman, named Hay, then at Corfu, in a sloop of war, that when he was almost in the very act of leaping from the bowsprit of the vessel, which was riding at anchor between that town and the island of Vido, one of these ravenous monsters of the deep was descried close alongside, and an alarm given just in time to prevent him.

On our nearing the Island of Ionza, in which Neapolitan prisoners of state are usually confined, which was then crowded with those unhappy persons who had engaged in the unsuccessful attempt at revolution in 1821, Lord Byron gave vent to his ire, uttering the most tremendous invectives against Austria, and the tyranny exercised by that nation over the minor powers of Italy; and recounted to me the history of the once expected rising of the Papal dominions, which should have taken effect when he resided at Ravenna, and in which he might have been called upon to act a prominent part; this insurrection was checked by the rapid march on Naples of the Imperialists, under Baron Frimont. It was not to be regretted that his Lordship had not found an opportunity of assisting in any revolt in Italy, which could only have ended in defeat and disgrace. In my opinion, the success of any revolution in that country is exceedingly problematical, being composed of many petty states, with opposite interests, which are extremely jealous of each other, or rather, I should say, are animated by mutual hate, so no union can be looked for. A partial ebullition of popular feeling may from time to time take place; but as long as no grand combination exists, or the enterprise is not supported by some great and victorious power, the cause is hopeless, and can only lead to useless bloodshed.

Lord Byron sat up nearly all night watching Stromboli: it was, however, overcast, and emitted no flame. This was considered singular, as the volcano is supposed to be in constant activity, and always ejecting matter. He narrated to me the extraordinary story of the affidavit made by the crew of a British ship, who deposed that they had witnessed the apparition of a man, well known to them,

ous and cavernous pro-
cylla, is, however, heard
stance.

is reported to be still
a stormy weather. The
probably, is now wider
olden times; but I ima-
etic license in former
exaggerated its terrors.
much regretted its state
quil repose, and sighed,
or a stiff breeze.

attentive observation,
umstances which sub-
urred, I was inclined
ord Byron as a man of
ility, but decidedly of
ready at once to as-
ith purse and person;
ng were permitted to
t instantaneously act-
vaporated. I cannot
is, except in suppo-
rst—I do not say al-
ings, because in the
indled his sympathy
es too indiscriminate
red things, and were
picion of the world,
e; but, at all events,
rmination in such

no one who knew him well
have liked to confide any ma
a secret nature to his discreti
even speak disparagingly abo
turn any one into ridicule in hi
sence, as he was sure to disclo
and very likely to the party s
sailed. In regard to this inhere
firmity, I do not wish to cast
imputation on Lord Byron, alth
occasionally it might have been
ductive of serious mischief, as I
cerely and honestly believe tha
could not control this defect, or e
in judgment, call it which you ple
besides, in some cases, I think
he adopted this course advisedly
a sort of test to elicit the truth,
listening to both sides.

Lord Byron was exceedingly
noyed at Mr Blaquiere quitt
Greece before his arrival, and I
persuaded, that had he been aw
of that gentleman contemplating s
a step, he would not have left It
as great responsibility thereby
volved on him alone, but most pro
bly, from particular reasons, he wo
have visited England again in the f
place, his thoughts appearing to l
much in that direction. As the C

adventures in Turkey during his youthful travels. He found himself at Constantinople in company with Captain Bathurst of the Solsette frigate, a most distinguished officer, who afterwards unfortunately fell at Navarino. As a proof of the extreme ignorance of the Turks, he mentioned that the Capitan Pacha enquired at Bathurst, who was a rough old tar, if he could box the compass. He was highly incensed at the interrogatory, and said to the interpreter, — "Damn the stupid brute! does he ever pretend to be a sailor? Tell him the youngest boy in my ship knows that." Upon which his Excellency stroked his long beard in amazement, at the astonishing skill of the Ghiaour. In order to see the Sultan's court, Lord Byron attended the audience of leave granted to Mr Adair; his successor, Sir Stratford Canning, who had a very youthful appearance, also rode in the procession, and his Lordship said that an old Turk, not acquainted with the person of the new Envoy, but seeing him magnificently clad, with a very smooth chin, and rather an effeminate look, very gravely asked if he was not a "Musico," sent by the British monarch as a present to the Sublime Porte.

Whilst engaged in conversation, one day, with Lord Byron, about Mr Hobhouse, with whom I had not then the honour of being personally acquainted, I remember his remarking, that if I lived, I should at some period see him in office. I ventured to express my dissent; he rejoined, that place would obtrude itself on Mr Hobhouse, as he was convinced the time would arrive when a Ministry, coinciding in the general political tenets of that gentleman, must come into power. Every thing, he maintained, was gradually tending to such a consummation; and as Mr Hobhouse was a man of the highest endowments, and connected with the Radical or Liberal party, that, consequently, he would be obliged to join an Administration which should be constituted on his own principles.

I once used the liberty of asking Lord Byron why he appeared never to have thought of writing an Epic, or some grand and continuous work. He replied, that it was very difficult to find an appropriate subject, and that, admitting he possessed the capacity to do so, he would not engage in such a composition. He remarked, that even Milton was little read at the present day, and how very few in number were those who were familiar with the writings of that sublime author; adding, "I shall adapt my own poesy, please God! to the fashion of the time, and, in as far as I possess the power, to the taste of my readers of the present generation; if it survives me, *tanto meglio*, if not, I shall have ceased to care about it." I permitted myself to mention how generally Tasso and Ariosto were known to all Italians of any education; he answered, "Ah! but Italy is not like England, the two countries cannot stand in comparison; besides, I consider that almost every Italian inherits from nature, more or less, some poetical feeling." It is strange how little value he appeared to put on that fame which was already acquired by his immortal literary performances; he seemed to anticipate more lasting renown from some insignificant achievement in Greece, which could only derive any importance from his being an actor in it, than from any brilliant emanation of his genius.

His vivid and ardent imagination was wont to convert those every day occurrences that related to himself into extraordinary events, which were to exercise an influence on his future destinies; distorted conceptions arose to his morbid fancy, from which he extracted gloomy and desponding inferences, which no ordinary man would ever have contemplated in idea; when in a fitful mood, as he was a most ingenious self-tormentor, they furnished him with materials to vomit forth bitter imprecations against his own supposed unhappy fate, and the villany of mankind. This miserable feeling appeared to be with him quite a second nature, and, I venture to say, no greater calamity could have befallen him than suddenly to find himself without a grievance, real or ideal, of which he could complain.

Lord Byron set great store by his independence in mind and action, but he was, however, if I may use such a term, the slave of that liberty on which he piqued himself so highly,

ence of the party
ise the obnoxious
ometimes on the
ed his intention,
ces prove of no
f endeavouring to
se, or otherwise,
in the South Sea,
iting England, he
remainder of his
ously asked Tre-
accompany him,
, without hesita-
affirmative.
verted to the ex-
nduct and incon-
ned among the
s younger days,
ied ladies of that
n England were
ed than those of
that the strict
id to the obser-
in the former,
to be more dex-
in concealing

ntertain a very
n respect to ha-
nstancy in the
nd severe indo-

domestic duties; that the G
were sensible people in not allc
their daughters to be instruct
writing, as it taught them to
ble billets-doux and practise d
tion. Had he to choose a se
wife, he would select one bo
the East, young and beautiful, w
he alone had been permitted to
and whom he had taught to love
exclusively, but of her he woul
jealous as a tiger.

Lord Byron could scarcely b
rious in such a strange idea,
perhaps was but mystifying som
our party. He used to indulg
many mirthful sallies about his
creasing love of money; when
possessed little, he said that he
extremely profuse, but now that
fortune had been so much augme
ed, he felt an irresistible inclinat
to hoard, and contemplated with
light any accumulation. From
propensity he augured that a pre
tion once made in respect to
would be forthwith fulfilled, v
that he would die a miser and a
thodist, which he said he inten
should also be the *denouément*
Don Juan.

With

the Hesperides, and viewed his monies with the same self-satisfaction as if they were his own property, grumbling and murmuring at making the most trivial disbursement on Lord Byron's own order, and sleeping on the boxes of specie, yet was strictly honest.

I should not have been able to appreciate so singular a character, and would have feared to encounter in him (I do not mean, however, in saying so, to cast any imputation on Signor Lega) a second Ambrose de Lamela. I hope that I shall be excused mentioning a trait of the most marked kindness and condescension in Lord Byron towards myself. When at Cephalonia, I was engaged to dine either at Colonel Napier's, or the mess of the 8th regiment. After having dressed in the cabin, I came on deck, and requested the favour of Captain Scott's directing one of his men to put me ashore. The skipper, however, who occasionally indulged in deep potations, and was at these times very surly and insolent, refused the use of the boat. Lord Byron, who, the skylight being off his cabin, had overheard our conversation, instantly made his appearance, and going over the side into a small punt, which belonged to the yacht he sold to Lord Blessington at Geneva, prepared it, and returning on deck, addressed me, saying, "Now, Browne, allow me to conduct you."

I remonstrated; the day being excessively hot, and the boat too small for me to assist in rowing it.

"Never mind," he rejoined; "I insist upon it, you shall accept my offer."

Scott, who stood by growling like a bear, amazed, then proffered his own boat.

Lord Byron exclaimed, "No! Captain Scott, Mr Browne is my guest, and I wish him and every other gentleman on board to be treated with the same respect as myself. We shall not accept it after your behaviour."

And the matter ended in his rowing me ashore in his own diminutive skiff; and after having done so, he instantly regained the ship.

Scott was a bluff English seaman, whose countenance showed that he had stood the brunt of many a norwester, and was not at bottom a bad fellow. Lord Byron's first question to him, on coming on deck in the morning, was, "Well, Captain, have you taken your meridian?" which meant a stiff tumbler of grog; if he had, he never objected to a second, and Lord Byron almost invariably joined him in it.

We had some diverting scenes with him during the passage. It was discovered that Vitali, one of the Greek passengers, had contrived to bring on board some cloth and other articles of merchandise, which he no doubt intended to smuggle into the Ionian Islands. The discovery arose from a ridiculous circumstance. A most abominable stench was observed by the captain to proceed from a large trunk amongst the luggage, but he did not know the owner of it; at last he ordered it to be brought upon deck, and said, if no one claimed it, he would throw it overboard. Vitali then rushed forward in defence of his property.

The captain insisted on its being opened; Vitali, after many wry faces, produced the key, and behold a most disgusting spectacle presented itself to our astonished optics, in the shape of a roasted pig, in a state of decomposition. The captain was so enraged at the sight, that, with great difficulty, Vitali prevented his cloth from following the pig, which was instantly thrown overboard.

Vitali had perhaps thought that he was to find his own provisions, calculating on a short passage, reserved the poor little grunter for a *bonne bouche* on landing. This sordid behaviour, so unexpectedly brought to light, alienated Lord Byron, who had become rather partial to the copper captain, as he called him; and Scott was instructed, on our arrival in Cephalonia, to make a declaration to the customhouse regarding the cloth, for which Vitali, much to his annoyance, had to pay duty. The captain after this could not endure Vitali. Lord Byron dearly loved a practical joke, and it was insinuated to Scott that the Greek was addicted to certain horrible propensities, too common in the Levant. The look of horror and aversion with which Scott then regarded the poor man was indescribable, swear-

rprise and concern
ve thought of ad-
ous a person into
plied, that it was
d mentioned the
s it would have
us.

he skylight being
perceived in his
mouth wide open,
n table, whilst the
ed in washing the
) could not resist
scharged the con-
of dirty water over
who, in a state of
upon deck, and
ttention to him, he
d the captain, or
f in his fury, had
come up and as-
aching he had un-
y accidental.

final intention was
ules to Zante, but
d to him that the
land was not con-
ably disposed to-
ause as my friend
ho filled the same
, his Lordship de-
; to steer thither.
to regret having
Napier welcomed
board in the harbour of Argo
he bounded on deck, evidently
much affected, his expressive c
tenance radiant with gladnes
welcome them, and he immedi
engaged a few of them to for
body-guard in Greece, with a
mise to employ a great many m
It was, however, a very differen
fair to have Albanians or other
warriors assigned to him by
Paseia as an escort, to enlisting t
in their new character as merce
soldiers. Ali's stern rule compe
them to obey and pay every
ference to Lord Byron as his gu
and their lives probably would h
paid the forfeit of any ill-treatm
In the present instance, his plea
illusion was speedily dispelled, w
he witnessed their attempts to o
reach him in the very hard bar
they drove for their services; ins
ing, too, on being paid in advanc

The Suliots are individually bra
and without complaint endure
treme privations, bearing them w
resignation and patience. They
reckoned excellent light soldiers,
will submit to no regular discipli
and, like all the tribes of Epi
are avaricious, and of predat
habits.

The hope of sharing in Lord

tish Highlanders, as they are represented to have been in the seventeenth century; and what stranger, excepting installed in command by the approving voice of their chiefs, was ever tolerated by them? Lord Byron's disputes and jarring with this tribe, of which I was an occasional eyewitness, must have proved galling in the extreme to his irritable mind; but they originated from his being, as usual, too lavish in his promises.

They became so troublesome, coming on board at all times, and besetting his Lordship with ambuscades when taking his customary exercise on horseback, that any "argumentum ad verecundiam" being out of the question with such persevering phlebotomists, he was obliged to threaten them finally with the interference of Colonel Napier, in order to intimidate them. Subsequently, at Missolonghi, where their insubordination could not be with equal facility quelled, it was attended with the most fatal results, and proved a source of endless disquietude to his Lordship. After the disastrous death of Lord Byron, these men, confiding in their military prowess, became the terror of the Morea; and on the arrival of every remittance on account of the Loan, besieged the seat of Government, insisting on compliance with their demands, however unjust; and if refused, instantly proceeded "par voie de fait," quickly compelling their more timid adversaries to yield to them. Their interests were essentially dissimilar to those of the Greeks, for whose cause they cared nothing, (with the exception, perhaps, of one or two enlightened individuals amongst them, such as the Botzaris;) and if the Turks would only have restored to them their beloved Suli, they would gladly have retired from the contest, and very possibly have arrayed themselves against their Greek allies.

The Suliots, in dress, physical structure, and complexion, resemble the Albanians, being compactly built and full-chested, with extremely narrow loins, caused, I presume, by the compression of the tight girdles which they wear from infancy, but I do not think them so stately in their gait, or strut, nor, generally speaking, so tall in stature.

From exposure to the elements, many of them, although still in the prime of life, exhibited an old and weather-beaten appearance. Their features, marked by prominent cheek-bones, are easily distinguished from the finely chiselled visage and handsome profile of the true Greek; they have also dark grey or blue eyes, whilst those of the latter are almost invariably black. They are quite a distinct race, and are probably of Sclavonic or Illyrian origin. They carry the same description of arms as the Albanians, viz. a long Venetian gun, with an extremely short stock, ornamented in silver or brass, according to the rank of its bearer; pistols, embellished after a similar fashion, adorn their girdle; a knife or yataghan, with a shagreen or leathern sheath or scabbard, having a copper or silver case for holding pens, and an inkstand at one end, (although few know how to write,) complete their equipment. The barrels and locks of their arms are of very indifferent workmanship; but, fortunately for themselves, they do not use strong powder, and are very economical of it. They do not, as is our custom in firing, carry the but-end of the gun to the shoulder; if they did, they would infallibly suffer from the recoil of their pieces, the stocks of which are shaped like the horns of a crescent; but they discharge them, either holding them sideways, calculating the angle of the object at which their aim is directed, or by resting them on a stone, when they fight in a recumbent posture, their usual method in battle.

human affairs, and
ceased to keep our
hanges down to the
rertheless, the dif-
ne commencement,
ne end of this pe-
, when compared
nations, is so pro-
ss as if our infancy
in one age, our
cond, and our old

94, Great Britain
ith nearly unani-
detestation, the
lar usurpation, in
r, and the govern-
re. The dreadful
streaming in tor
affold, of religion
e Goddess of Rea-
—of a Monarch
nation decimated
est feelings of the
and in all, save a
sensible Republi-
were as hard as
one, produced a
against the prin-
y. At that time
cordially and ge-
the principles of
ent; the House of
ral, divided 260 to

thousand men were in arms, wa
ing with anxious eyes the force
Napoleon, arrayed on the height
Boulogne, and preparing to fol
the footsteps of Cæsar in the inva
of Britain. The heartburnings wh
had arisen at the commencemen
the war, the Gallican spirit which
at the outset detached a small por
of our people from their country,
divisions which had existed as to
policy of continuing the contest,
almost disappeared. The enorr
of the danger, the intensity of
enmity of Napoleon at this coun
the evident hopelessness of con
ding a lasting peace with so inv
rate a foe, had united all classes
cordial and generous love of th
country. Then were developed th
elevated feelings and noble de
minations which made the nat
disdain to submit—which promp
even Mr Fox to nail her colours
the mast, and preserved the Bri
empire, brave and dauntless, am
the wreck of surrounding states,
the crash of the greatest empires
Europe.

Ten additional years rolled on,
another generation had risen to
direction of public affairs. Still m
exhilarating was the prospect wh
then appeared. The crisis of Eur

hurled his forces against the barriers of nature, and struck himself to the earth in the recoil. The conflagration of Moscow had hardly ceased to redden the eastern sky, and the civilized world yet resounded with the cannonade of Leipsic; the alliances of fear, the submission of necessity had disappeared; from the east and the west, from the north and the south, the crusading warriors came forth to the fight; and at the very hour when the joyous inhabitants of Albion were celebrating the close of a year of unexampled glory, the Rhine was covered by innumerable boats conveying to the Gallic shore the avengers of European freedom.*

Another period went round, and the world exhibited a very different aspect. In January, 1824, a profound peace had subsisted for nine years, and the nation was enjoying in fancied security the fruits of its labours. Commercial wealth had spread to an unexampled extent; private opulence seemed unbounded; our manufacturing cities resounded with the din of busy workmen; our harbours were crowded with the masts of mercantile enterprise; the ocean was whitened by the sails of our fleets; the rich were affluent and prosperous—the poor industrious and contented. Every city was teeming with inhabitants, and resplendent with the animating progress of architectural decoration. Every waste was waving with corn, or dotted by innumerable flocks; financial difficulties seemed to have disappeared; every returning session of the legislature brought with it the alluring prospect of a reduction of taxation, and an increase of income; the strongest heads were swept away by the unparalleled flood of prosperity, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared in his place in Parliament, that "human imagination itself could affix no limits to the progress of British prosperity, opulence, and power." The administration was the most popular that ever existed; the opposition had disappeared or were blended with the ministerial party; and the British youth, issuing from this prosperous island, overspread the continental states, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, of knowledge, or of taste.

But it is not without reason that the National Church of Scotland has begun one of its anthems with the words:

> "Few are thy days and full of woe,
> Oh man of woman born!"

In what state does the fifth period of ten years open to the British empire? Alas! scarce were the joyous accents fled—hardly had the voice of ministerial congratulation ceased—when swift, and unerring, the Destroyer came. The terrible catastrophe of December, 1825, arrived; mercantile credit received an unparalleled shock—distress, anxiety, and suspense, prevailed through the land; and, in the midst of public suffering, Faction reared again its hydra head, and pursued with increased zeal its destructive course. One after another, all the bulwarks of the constitution were surrendered to procure a temporary respite from the anarchical party. The Protestant constitution, the Test and Corporation Acts, were successively abandoned; and, at length, a desperate and reckless faction got possession of the helm, and, wielding the whole force of the prerogative to support the advances of revolution, succeeded in overturning the constitution. In what a state has the British empire been ever since that disastrous epoch; and what are the prospects which, on the 1st of January, 1834, open upon her people? Distrust and anxiety universally diffused—every profession and occupation suffering, and preparing to suffer—the lower orders roused into general and fearful activity—the higher lulled into a desponding and hopeless calm—the bulwarks of the constitution, the securities against spoliation, completely swept away—and all the mighty interests of the empire laid open to the caprice and the invasion of a reckless revolutionary faction, driving before them a weak and vacillating administration. Such is the sad termination, so far as time has yet advanced, of this *glorious* and animated era, and

---

* *Blucher and Schwartzenberg crossed the Rhine* at midnight, Dec. 31, 1813.

rference in public
n themselves to a
calamitous soever,
ard as inevitable.
this universal and
with the vigorous
which the holders
ade to resist the
archy at the com-
e Frefich Revolu-
ic struggle which
gainst the imperial
led its power, we
, Are the present
lishmen the same
rs?—do we live in
e world?—or have
ed from the era of
to that of Marius

linary coexistence
prehension, with
e apathy, is traced
will be found to
the belief gene-
ng all persons of
rmation, that su-
now passed into
incompetence to
qualled by the te-
they will retain
l, the melancholy
nentable change,

result of many concurring ca
It is not to be regarded so muc
the origin of evil, as the effec
evil already existing; not so n
as the beginning of malady, as
symptom of a constitution alr
diseased from previous causes.
sane as was the conduct, recl
the ambition, unpardonable the
lence of the Whigs in urging on
great convulsion, the seeds of di
der which they sowed with so
sparing a hand, could not have c
to maturity, if the soil had not b
prepared for their reception.
any former period of English
tory since the Revolution, an ac
nistration, which should have
tured to bring forward such a n
sure, would have been insta
hurled from the helm, amidst
general applause of the nation.

In investigating the causes wl
had previously prepared the na
for the prodigious change which
rulers have effected, there is
which strikes us as peculiarly
minent, and to which sufficient
tention has not hitherto been
in any discussions on the subj
and that is the separation which
insensibly grown up during the
thirty years between the higher

political opinions or party—cannot of themselves, without external aid, resist the attacks of their inferiors, is evident from the consideration, that they are not one in a hundred amongst them. How then has it happened, that they have so long, and in so many countries, succeeded in maintaining the ascendency due to property in every well-regulated state, notwithstanding all the jealousy which the prospect of their opulence must have occasioned? Simply by awakening the affections and supporting the interests of their inferiors: by mingling with their amusements, and taking a share in their desires, and sympathizing with their wishes; by throwing down the unseen but hateful barrier which separates the *noblesse* from the *tiers état*, and making the people feel that they would lose not merely their superiors, but their protectors and friends, if the Aristocracy were destroyed.

The English have, in every age, as Mr Burke observes, been remarkable for *their love* of freedom, but never till recently actuated by the passion for *equality:* they were extremely solicitous that the public liberties should be maintained, but they had no wish that the order of society should be subverted in the struggle, or the privates elevated to the rank of officers, in combating the common enemy. They went forth to resist the encroachments of the Crown, in the natural order of society, headed by their landlords, their magistrates, or their leading citizens, and when the victory was gained, fell back to the same state of established and well-regulated organization. Even during the democratic fervour of the great Rebellion, the same order was preserved: the popular orators in the House of Commons, were the great landed proprietors in the counties; the popular leaders in the cities, the most wealthy and respected of the burghers. In the Revolution of 1688, the Aristocracy and the Church took the lead; the public ferment began when the seven Bishops were taken to the Tower, and the settlement of the Crown was effected, not by a popular tumult, but both Houses of Parliament, *debating with becoming deliberation, and for fourteen days together, a great public innovation.* Even as late as 1784, this hereditary and inherent character remained unimpaired; the good sense and natural sagacity of the English people triumphed over the efforts of faction striving to seduce them; and when the Whigs, prostituting the names of liberty and freedom, sought to enchain the Crown and the nation in the fetters of Oriental servitude, the nation, upon an appeal from the sovereign, indignantly chased them from the helm.

It is in vain to conceal, however, that times in this respect are now essentially changed. The present convulsion is less directed against the Crown than the Aristocracy: what is complained of, is not the weight of the prerogative, but the usurpation of an Oligarchy. No man is now foolish enough to assert, that the influence of the Crown "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished;" the popular outcry which carried through the Revolution of 1832, is that "the influence of the Peers has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The character of the public discontents has entirely changed within the last forty years: the people now regard the Aristocracy, not as their friends, but their enemies, not their protectors, but oppressors; and accept a portion of them as their leaders only so long as with insane blindness they stand up against the interests of "their order," and lend the sanction of their name, and the weight of their talents, to principles tending to sweep away all the distinctions of society, and all the bulwarks of freedom. This is by far the worst symptom of the times; it is a feature unknown in the former history of England, save during the frenzy of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade; it is a proof that the genuine democratic poison is at work amongst us, and that our people have tasted of the fruits, not merely of British freedom, but French equality.

Numerous are the causes which have conspired to bring about this alarming change. The vast increase of our manufacturing towns, whose wealth and population have more *than tripled* in the last forty years; *the natural* progress of opulence, *which* has increased the desire for political power among the middling

egree of blindness
strength of their
confounded the
nds.
the evils, crying
ce," says a Royal-
works Mr Burke
l class with the
" it was not they
out the Revolu-
re keenly resent-
was neither the
gtièmes, nor the
ettres de Cachet,
the Feudal Ser-
ioned the convul-
of the nobility
ct." * The same
say, has had too
producing the
present time; in
ttience of supe-
ms so leading a
al convulsion in
ch we are now
iting for the old
dom the modern
equality. And
happened, that
vhen the changes
the foundations
ence, their own
ers have contri-
to widen the

Chancellor, raised from the midd
or lower orders, is constantly pla
at the head of the British Peera
and that, having conceded so m
to the interests and ambition of t
inferiors, they may be allowed
select their companions and t
society for themselves. All tha
perfectly true; but it is as nothi
as long as Mordecai the Jew sits
the King's gate. The exclusive s
tem is felt as an insult, if not as
injury: human weakness proves t
it is no answer to conscious wor
talent, and elegance in the middl
orders, to say that every office
open to their ambition, if they
excluded from a society to which t
are attached both by principle a
inclination. Men of fortune, tale
and information, in the class of g
tlemen, feel the injustice of that
vidious line, which the exclusi
system has drawn between them a
their superiors in rank, but th
equals in birth, and their inferio
possibly, in every elegant or use
acquirement. They will not subm
to it in silence: they resent it as
slight on themselves, their charact
their station, and their families, a
fall, in consequence, an easy prey
the ambitious leaders, or factio
demagogues, who represent the re

natural influence of the aristocracy over their natural supporters,—their neighbours, friends, and tenantry in the country. You hear that a political contest is likely to begin, or has begun in a county; that the conservative family in possession of the representation is sure to be hard run, and that nothing but the greatest exertions can prevent one or both the seats from slipping from their hands; you hear, at the same time, that their house is constantly full of company, and that every species of gaiety and amusement is continually going forward. You, of course, imagine that the county gentlemen, who are to uphold the aristocratic influence, are frequently invited, and that the party whose support is requisite to ensure the success of the contest, is on cordial and intimate terms with its head. Quite the reverse. The county gentlemen, in the same interest, are hardly ever asked to cross the threshold, or, if they are, it is to attend an annual ball, or some great assembly, where they are all classed together, like the peasantry admitted on certain public days to walk through the Park. The company who compose the continual round of gaiety at the great chateau, are a totally different set. They consist too often of fox-hunters and sycophants, whiskered dandies, or scarlet-pantalooned hussars, the *élégantes* of Almacks, and the loungers of St James's Street clubs. If any of the "natives" are admitted, it is such as by their accomplishments or skill in flattery will condescend to make themselves useful to the exclusive circle. A few ladies of a certain age, who may be serviceable in playing quadrilles or waltzes on the piano, and can occasionally at a push stand up themselves; who flatter the mothers and aunts by repeating the compliments they hear paid by the young eligibles to their nieces and daughters; a few talented and travelled young men, who fill the right honourables' albums with their drawings, sing duets with them at the piano, attend them in their rides in default of better beaux, dance with them at balls, and perhaps, in the end, may illustrate the truth of Addison's saying, "*that when nothing better can be done, there is such a thing as turning a shoeing-horn into a shoe;*" a few fox-hunting squires, who follow the leading star after the hounds, flatter his vanity, and drink his claret. Such is the society which, in too many of the great houses of the kingdom, forms the only addition which the class of gentry afford to the exclusive circle, to enter which is the vain object of plebeian ambition, and to keep the vulgar out of which is the universal end of aristocratic pride.

The exclusives not only keep entirely aloof from their natural supporters and friends in their own counties and vicinity, but they generally associate with each other alone in migrations from province to province. Is there a *battue* given, or a select party held in any of the great houses of the kingdom, the persons who are admitted to share in its delights are none of their natural supporters, but the exclusives from other and distant counties; and they in their turn return the compliment by inviting the grandee from their own distant place to a similar *reunion* of rank and fashion. Wherever you go, it is Almacks and St James's Street; the coterie of a few London drawingrooms which are assembled. The great and fashionable travel in England from one great house to another, from the earl of this to the duke of that, and know as little of either the people or the gentry of their own county, as they do of those in the Continental states through which they pass in their travelling carriages-and-four. Amusement, field-sports, and exclusive society, seem the great objects in life to numbers whose talents, knowledge, and principles, fit them for better things. Is there an assembly of influential members of the Peers and Commons at a chateau in the provinces, the uninformed many imagine, that some great national object is in view, and that it is to save the empire that so great a concourse of rank and talent is brought together; it is, unfortunately, frequently but to beat a preserve for pheasants and woodcocks, or give eclat to the introduction of some *debutante* of fashion *into* the gay world.

If we lived in ordinary times, these foibles of the age would form the fit subject of the novelist's pencil

. within the last
is as impossible
declined very
:e of their own
the great fami-
ıter part of the
es, and opened
ıansions to all
d friends with
›wn in contact,
occupation, or
The young men
·icinity looked
the centre of
:he great object
ıd the families
inked to them,
rity of feeling
recollection of
·d, and favours
ction received,
was this mys-
gratitude, ad-
red ambition,
ıfluence of the
ew over a nu-
body of sub-
, those silken
them to the
d the cause of
e honour and
dal power.
hanged. The
now little of

which should be centred in thos
whose measures are steadied by th
possession of property; as if the ev
days were not fast approaching, an
the dagger was not at every hones
man's throat. They appear absc
lutely blind to the state of the coun
try, even when their more clear
sighted inferiors have almost los
hope; too many of them will b
feasting like Belshazzar, when th
handwriting on the wall is before
them in characters of fire; they wil
be marrying and giving in marriage
when the Deluge is at hand.

We have no individuals in view ir
these remarks. Some bright excep
tions to them are frequently to be
met with even in the most elevated
stations. Illustrations of their truth
may be found, we fear, almost in
every county of the kingdom. It is
with classes of society, and general
habits, not individual men, that the
political observer is concerned.

It is the more melancholy to see
the influence of the Aristocracy gli-
ding away from beneath their feet in
consequence of their own thought-
lessness and folly, when we recol-
lect that they really possess within
themselves talent, energy, and infor-
mation perfectly sufficient, if proper-

mons since the recent change in its composition. The Radicals, after all their boasting, have not produced one new orator or statesman of distinction out of the hundred and thirty seats which they have gained in the chapel of St Stephens. The bones and sinews of Old England, her ornaments in peace and her leaders in war, are still to be found in her Aristocratic families: plebeian talent furnishes frequent and invaluable assistance, and is indispensable as a perpetual stimulant; but the weight of the conflict yet falls on the patrician blood.

What is equally important, the taste and habits of the people are still essentially Aristocratic, and they are more accessible to flattery and influence from that side than any other. This must be obvious to the most careless observer. There is hardly a Radical in the kingdom who is not open to influence from that quarter. The transports of Republicanism, proof against every consideration of wisdom or prudence, will often melt away under the rays of fashion. In truth, the passion of the middling ranks for notice from the nobility, for admission into their circles, and even a bow or a smile from their leading characters, is perfectly ridiculous, and is one of the features of our political situation, which most excites the astonishment of foreigners. One convincing proof of the amazing extent of this passion may be found in the multitude and success of the novels purporting to portray the manners of the great which have recently issued from the press; and the eagerness with which they are devoured, not merely by the higher circles, but the inferior grades in society; not only by right honourables and lords, but haberdashers' youths and milliners' apprentices. It is in vain that we seek to emancipate ourselves from our feudal recollections and Aristocratic associations; we are perpetually thrown back upon them in every department of life, and every walk of literature. The poet, the painter, the novelist, the historian, know the influence of these feelings in all their attempts to interest or charm mankind; and if nothing else *existed to bind us to the olden time, the plays of Shakspeare and the novels of Scott would for* ever throw over the mind of youth unseen chains, more powerful than all the stings of envy, or all the allurements of ambition in after life.

But let the higher orders beware, and take counsel in time. In proportion as they are still an object of admiration to the middling ranks; in proportion as their society or notice is still courted—is the depth of the feeling of animosity and hatred which may be engendered, if the exclusive system is carried too far.—Love and admiration are allied, not to lukewarmness and carelessness, but hatred and jealousy. The transition is easy from preference to animosity, but hardly possible to indifference. It was the sight of a bar which they could not pass which excited the universal enmity of the French *tiers état* to their *noblesse*. Let the English nobility beware lest the exclusive system may engender a feeling of dislike as general, and animosity as profound, as that which destroyed their brethren on the other side of the channel. The times are gone by, when they can expect to receive respect, and command influence, independently of personal conduct and exertion;—the *tiers état* do not now await the mandates of their sovereign on their knees; the Commons do not begin their petitions with "For God's sake, and as an act of mercy." Fierce and pitiless, loud and long the blasts of Revolution are sweeping over the land. Let them seek shelter in the arms of their fellow-citizens, or they will be speedily overwhelmed by their fury.

The great body of the middling ranks—of the holders of property of whatever description, whether they call themselves Whigs or Tories, are now inclined to Conservative principles. It is impossible to attend any public assembly, where the respectable classes are brought together, without being sensible of this fact. But unless they are connected with, and cordially act with the Aristocracy, all their efforts will be of no avail. Their exertions, insulated and unconnected, will be shattered by the compact and well-drilled phalanx of their adversaries. The holders of property must now be united and arrayed under the great proprietors in their respective vicinities, or all is lost. But how are they to be

l side by side
t? Is it by a
old reserve, a
escending eti-
hment of the
tors is to be
under leaders
following the
ig into exclu-
the weighty
classes can be
n a contest, in
states may be

o elegant *Re-*
We are fully
influence which
ie landed-pro-
s, and linking
ours and ten-
em from sink-
n of the Corso
o at Florence.
th Mr Burke,
ating is one of
stitution; and
loned, the in-
oprietors will
s their charac-
But what we
l are the *ex-*

have been secured: what madness in the midst of a common danger, to decline, from a contemptible feeling of pride or etiquette, a recourse to the only means by which the public calamities can be averted!

How was it that Napoleon won the affections of all ranks in France, and excited that enthusiasm in his favour, which led them to sacrifice every thing, even their own flesh and blood, in his cause? Was it by a haughty seclusion and reserve: by living only with his compeers in rank, by journeying from palace to palace, without any consideration of, or intercourse with, the subjects upon whom he depended for support? No. It was by universal affability and condescension, by observing and rewarding merit, however low, in whatever grade or station; by attending to the wishes, and consulting the interests, and gratifying the desires of all classes, that he performed all the prodigies of his reign, and wielded at pleasure the energies of eighty millions of men. Ask the *vieux moustache*, the veteran of the Pyramids or Austerlitz, how the Emperor won the affections of his sol-

dée formed so glorious an exception to the rest of France, and kept its faith inviolate, in the midst of civil defection and military treachery, and gained victories over the Republic greater than the Kings of Europe were able to effect? It was because the pride and corruption of the Aristocracy had not penetrated into that secluded province; because no exclusive system there prevailed; because the attractions of Paris had not drawn its nobility from their estates; because they were still, what they ever ought to be, the friends, the patrons, and the benefactors of the people. Ask the peasant of the Bocage, why he is still a Royalist in his heart; why he took up arms against an almost irresistible enemy, and sent forth his sons and brothers to the fight, and maintained the struggle, when the monarchs of Europe had abandoned it in despair? He will answer, that his affections are all centred upon his landlord; that his ancestors have been the benefactors of his race for three hundred years; that he has been his friend in prosperity, and his support in adversity; that he shared in his amusements, and sympathized with his sorrows, and participated in his interests; that he rejoiced with him when he rejoiced, and wept with him when he wept. —Such are the principles which bound the peasantry of La Vendée to their landlords and the cause of order; and similar conduct will never, to the end of time, fail in producing similar effects.

It is no doubt important that the nobility should occasionally come forward and take the lead on great public occasions, but if they immediately relapse into their indolent habits and exclusive circle, the affections of the gentry and the peasantry will not be secured. The vast effect which the praiseworthy efforts of the leading nobility have had when they have come forward on any public occasions, at dinners, yeomanry meetings, or cattle shows, and cordially united with the gentry and tenantry of the country, may serve to demonstrate what prodigious effects would be produced if these important but insulated acts were followed up *and cemented by a life habitually devoted to the furtherance* of the same patriotic objects. But the effect of these admirable steps is insensibly weakened, and ultimately lost, if, the moment they are concluded, the nobility rejoin the aristocratic set, and live with the *élégans* of the metropolis, to the entire neglect of the gentlemen and education of the country. Such casual and passing efforts have some effect, but nothing comparable to what might be attained by more sustained efforts; they evince a feeling of the necessity for exertion, without a knowledge of the means by which the object is to be gained. It is by cordially and sincerely uniting with the gentlemen by whom they are surrounded; by selecting the able, the worthy, and the accomplished, out of the *whole classes* in their vicinity, whose manners and acquirements fit them for their society; by drawing the vast, intelligent, and powerful body of the middling ranks towards them, by the bonds of mutual interest, affection, and gratitude, that that cordial cooperation of all the respectable classes can alone be secured, which is now the only barrier that exists between our present state and revolutionary anarchy.

The Conservative part of the Aristocracy, embracing a vast majority of all that is great and good and illustrious in the Peerage, have made memorable and noble efforts during these trying times. If it had been nothing else, the very act of staying at home, instead of flying like the French *noblesse*, from the danger; the demonstration they have afforded of their capacity to govern by their courage and moderation in Council, as well as their eloquence and energy in debate; the utter confusion to which they have put the Revolutionary party by the vast superiority they have asserted on the great theatre of Parliament over all that the democratic cauldron has been able to throw up; have been of inestimable importance, and will, it is to be hoped, yet stamp a very different character upon the English Revolution, from that which disgraced its predecessor on the other side of the Channel. The *younger* part of the Aristocracy, in particular, whatever their parents were, are almost all Conservative in

ıtlemen imme-
that they have
the means by
ation is to be

to be sensible
ıcated and bet-
ıs now set in,
in favour of
:s. The enor-
:h of the dan-
but a few in-
ats, many insa-
ɜ, and innume-
ers, to consti-
In the younger
ated classes of
ɔarticular, the
se noble and
has become
is impossible
r any respect-
ıy part of the
:ted with agri-
factures, with-
l intensity of
being imme-
is contrary to
this vast and
ntry and mid-
permanently

condescension; affection can only be secured by good deeds: if the higher orders expect the middling ranks, or the untitled gentlemen, to hazard every thing for them, they must begin by some sacrifice on their own side. Let them commence by laying on the altar of their country the exclusive system, the offspring of overweening prosperity, and they will be both more powerful politicians, more estimable citizens, and happier men.

It was very different in former times. When we were beginning life at the opening of the French Revolution, this system was unknown. The houses of the great were then open to all their neighbours and friends: the centres of fashion, and information, and distinction in their respective counties, the pivots on which the Conservative interest in the country chiefly turned. We have mingled with the Aristocracy; we have been intimate with the brightest ornaments of both Houses of Parliament; and many of the happiest days of our life have been passed under roofs which are now open only to exclusive dandies

in talent, information, and energy, as it is now; its younger branches are perhaps superior in acquirements to any equal number of men in the kingdom. It is the mania of fashion and a foolish etiquette, which alone prevent such a cordial co-operation between them and the class of gentlemen now fully awakened to their danger, as would prove an invincible barrier against the farther inroads of revolution.

We have exposed with fearless language, though with painful feelings, what we consider as a general evil in our social condition. We have done so from no feeling of animosity towards individuals; from no irritation or jealousy towards classes, but from a strong sense of public duty, and our clear perception of the injury which many estimable men are doing to their country and themselves, from their acquiescence in habits and manners originating with the frivolous or contemptible leaders of fashion. We have done so the more readily, because no one can accuse us of being either subservient to authority, or carried away by popular applause; because our attachment to the cause of order and the Conservative side, is known to all the world; and because (we say it fearlessly) we have done more to support the Constitution in perilous times, than any other Periodical in existence. We have no favour to ask of the Aristocracy; we are independent and unfettered men: But we know from study and observation the vital importance of the nobility, to uphold the fabric of liberty not less than order, and that the moment they are swept away, there is no barrier remaining to protect ourselves or our children from the worst of tyrannies —the tyranny of a multitude of tyrants. We esteem and reverence the many great and good men whom the Peerage contains; we appreciate and admire the elegance of the aristocratic circles; we are fully alive to the vast ability, profound knowledge, and splendid talents which the discussions in the House of Peers exhibit. It is just because we are so fully impressed with these excellent qualities,—because we know how essential to the cause of order *it is that the class of proprietors should be organized, in the desperate struggle which awaits them, under weighty* and upright leaders, and because we see clearly how competent the aristocracy are to take the lead in such a strife, that we are so strongly impressed with the disastrous effects of that mania of fashion and exclusive frenzy, which threatens so soon to divide two classes whose interests and affections ought ever to be the same, and who are so well fitted to support and improve each other.

But there is one class of the aristocracy to whom, in an especial manner, the weight of historical censure is due—that is, the Whig nobility: the great and old families, once the ornament of Britain, who, to serve the purposes of party, hold a language to the people, and support measures in the Legislature, calculated to bring ruin alike upon their country and themselves, and which they know to be disastrous—the Orleanses, and Liancourts, and Clermont Tonnerres of the English Revolution. Enter the cabinets or the drawingrooms of these grandees, you hear nothing but the most haughty and conservative language. The necessity of taking steps to arrest the evil, the imminent danger to the holders of property from the progress of radicalism, the need of a cordial union among all the better classes to resist the spoliation springing from their inferiors, is universally talked of. The frivolity of popular applause, the inconstancy of the multitude, the insufferable vulgarity of their leaders, the perils arising from their ascendency, are the frequent subjects of conversation. The Reform Bill itself is, in the best and most elevated Whig circles, stigmatized as an unnecessary and perilous measure, going infinitely beyond what was either expected or required, which was as great a surprise to them as their opponents, and which threatens, in its ultimate consequences, to undermine all the institutions of the country. But listen to these Whig aristocrats on the hustings, or at public meetings; you will hear nothing but the necessity of yielding to popular opinion, the growing importance and vast intelligence of the people, the irresistible weight of their voice, the paramount sway which they have acquired in the Constitution. Examine their conduct in Parliament; you will s

inciple and prac-
ents, let it be the
rvatives to throw
ly, openly, and
on the middling
ntlemen of Eng-
whatever birth,
ofession, whose
ation, and man-
ir society. This
ass, whom Whig
s from its sa-
legislation has
th, still contains
nfluence in the
ordially to the
it will in the
ice. Let the
s with the Ten-
alternately adu-
flatter the mul-
egrade rank by
lence, and ele-
t of vulgarity;
les bow to de-
y tailors, and
les sink into the
rigue; but let
e Conservative
e bonds which
e them to the

[illegible] and precarious existence. This is the utmost to which patriotic hope can now aspire; this the limit assigned to public duty. To this melancholy duty, however, all who love their country, are imperiously called; and much remains even in this world to reward its conscientious discharge. The Reform Bill, and the means by which it was passed, have become matter of history; let them leave to History to do justice to its authors. It will stretch them on the rack of ages, and paint their conduct with the pencil of Tacitus. But let all who love their country, or are even solicitous to preserve themselves from destruction, unite with those of the opposite party who are inclined, even at the eleventh hour, to take their stand firmly and decidedly on Conservative principles. Let them recollect Napoleon's maxim,—"Il ne faut pas nous facher des choses passés;" and the good sense of Mr Sheridan's saying,—"The question is not, how we got into the war, but being in it, in the name of God what are we to do?" Let them recollect that it is the destiny of man to err; that the Conservatives have com-

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

CHAP. XV.

THE BARONET'S BRIDE.

NEVER was man married under more auspicious circumstances than Sir Henry Harleigh. Himself the descendant of an ancient house, and the accomplished possessor of a splendid fortune; his bride the fairest flower in the family of a distinguished nobleman; surely here were elements of high happiness, warranting the congratulations of the "troops of friends" who, by their presence, added *éclat* to the imposing nuptials. "Heaven bless thee, sweet Anne!" sobbed the venerable peer, her father, folding his daughter in his arms, as Sir Henry advanced to conduct her to his travelling-chariot; "may these be the last tears thou wilt have occasion to shed!" The blushing, trembling girl could make no reply; and linking her arm in that of her handsome husband, dizzy with agitation, and almost insensible of the many hands that shook hers in passing, suffered him to lead her through the throng of guests above, and lines of be-favoured lacqueys below, to the chariot waiting to conduct "the happy pair" to a romantic residence of Sir Henry's in Wales. The moment they were seated, the steps were shut up—the door closed. Sir Henry hastily waved a final adieu to the company thronging the windows of the drawingroom he had just quitted; the postilions cracked their whips, and away dashed the chariot-and-four, amidst the cheery pealing of the bells—

> ——"bearing its precious throbbing charge
> To halcyon climes afar."

Sir Henry's character contrasted strongly, in some respects, with that of his lady. His urbanity was tinctured with a certain reserve, or rather melancholy, which some considered the effect of an early and severe devotion to study; others, and perhaps more truly, of a constitutional tendency inherited *from his mother. There was much subdued energy in his character; and you*

could not fail, under all his calmness of demeanour, to observe the strugglings of talent and ambition. Lady Anne, on the contrary, was all sprightliness and frolic. 'Twas like a sunbeam and a cloud brought together; the one, in short, "L'Allegro;" the other, "Il Penseroso." The qualities of each were calculated to attemper those of the other, alternately instigating and brightening; and who would not predicate a happy harmonious union of *such* extremes?

Six months after their marriage, the still "happy couple" returned to town, after having traversed an extensive portion of the Continent. Lady Anne looked lovelier, and her spirits were more buoyant and brilliant than ever. She had apparently transfused not a little of her vivacity into her husband's more tranquil temperament: his manners exhibited a briskness and joyousness which none of his friends had ever witnessed in him before. During the whole of the London "season," Lady Anne revelled in enjoyment; the idol of her husband—the centre of gaiety and cheerfulness—the star of fashion. Her *début* at Court was the most flattering of the day. It was generally talked of, that the languid elegance, the listless fastidiousness of royalty, had been quickened into something like an appearance of interest, as the fair bride bowed before it, in the graceful attitude of loyal duty. Once or twice I had the satisfaction of meeting with her Ladyship in public—all charming vivacity—all sparkle—followed by crowds of flatterers—till one would have thought her nearly intoxicated with their fragrant incense! "What a sweet smile!"—"How passing graceful!"—"Heavens, what a swan-like neck!"—"Ah! happy fellow that Harleigh!"—"Seen Lady Anne? Oh! yonder she moves—there—that laughing lady in white satin, tapping the French Ambassador on the shoulder with her fan."—"What! is that Lady Anne, now waltzing with Lo

luteous serenity
aristocratic brow
ires, dignity and
icture of a young
Reynolds that has
hundreds as the
e; and it is one
t's pencil. Not
istic trait about
with which she
ve of Sir Henry,
ccasions by

nt fondness,"

alment. And so
net. Each was
d contentment;
envy of society.
upon them, and
: a day was to

enry completed
ements for his
by the begin-
winter, Lady
t the head of as
at as her heart
sequious morn-
l with accounts
of the balls,
conversaziones

could not form a wish that he did not even personally endeavour to secure her the means of gratifying. Considering the number and importance of his public engagements, many wondered that he could contrive to be so often seen accompanying her in rides and drives about the Park and elsewhere; but who could name

"The sacrifice affection would not yield!"

Some there were, however, who ere long imagined they detected a moodiness—an irritability—a restlessness—of which his political engagements afforded no sufficient explanation. They spoke of his sudden fits of absence, and the agitation he displayed on being startled from them. What could there be to disturb him? was he running beyond his income to supply his lady's extravagance? was he offended at any lightness or indiscretion of which she might have been guilty? had he given credence to any of the hundred tales circulated in society of every woman eminent in the *haut ton*? was he embarrassed with the consequences of some deep political

charity falls asleep. She never seemed at ease, it was said, in her husband's presence—his departure seemed the signal for her returning gaiety. Strange to say, each seemed the conscious source of the other's anxiety and apprehension. Each had been detected casting furtive glances at the other—tracking one another's motions, and listening, even, to one another's conversation; and some went so far as to assert that each had been observed on such occasions to turn suddenly pale. What could be the matter? Every body wondered—no one knew. Some attributed their changed deportment to the exhaustion consequent upon late hours and excitement; a few hinted the probability of a family; many whispered that Sir Henry—some that Lady Anne—gambled. Others, again, insinuated that each had too good cause to be dissatisfied with the other's fidelity. When, however, it got currently reported that a letter was one evening given to Sir Henry at his club, which blanched his face and shook his hand as he read it—that his whole manner was disturbed for days after, and that he even absented himself from a grand debate in the House—an occasion on which he was specially pledged to support his party—curiosity was at once heightened and bewildered. Then, again, it was undeniable that they treated one another with the utmost tenderness—*really*—unequivocally. Lady Anne, however, daily exhibited symptoms of increasing disquietude; the lustre faded from her eye, the colour from her cheek—her vivacity totally disappeared—she no longer even affected it. "How thin she gets!" was an exclamation heard on all hands. They were seen less frequently in society; and even when they did enter into it, 'twas evidently an intolerable burden. Sighs were heard to escape from Lady Anne; her eyes were seen occasionally filled with tears; and it was noticed, that, on observing Sir Henry watching her—which was often the case—she made violent efforts to recover her composure. Thus in tears one evening, curiosity was strained to the ut*most when Sir Henry approached her, bowed among the gentlemen who were proposing to* dance with her, drew her arm within his, and, with some trepidation of manner, quitted the room. "Good heaven! what *can* be behind the scenes?" thought fifty different people who had witnessed this last exhibition.

"Afraid they lead a woful life together," said one. "*I* never thought they would suit one another," was the reply.

"'Pon my soul," simpered a sickly scion of nobility, "'tis an odd thing to say—but—but—gad, I do believe I can explain it all! Harleigh, I know, hates to see her dance with *me*—whew!"

"Haven't you seen her turn pale, and seem quite sick at heart, when she has noticed him talking to Miss ——?" wheezed an old Dowager, whose daughter had attempted to join in the race for the Baronet's hand? These, and a thousand others, were questions, hints, and innuendoes bandied about everywhere during the remainder of the season: soon after the close of which, Lady Anne brought her husband a "son and heir;" and as soon as circumstances would permit, the whole establishment was ordered out of town—and Sir Henry and his lady set off no one knew whither. It was presently discovered, however, that they were spending the summer in a sequestrated part of Switzerland. At an advanced period of the autumn they returned to London; and the little that was seen of them in society served to shew that their continental sojourn had worked little or no change in either—save that Lady Anne, since her accouchement, was far more delicate in health than usual under similar circumstances. Rumour and speculation were suddenly revived by an extraordinary move of Sir Henry's—he broke up, at a moment's warning, his extensive town establishment, and withdrew to a beautiful mansion about ten or twelve miles distant from the metropolis. Strange as was such a step, it had the effect, probably contemplated by the Baronet, of quieting curiosity, as soon as the hubbub occasioned by the removal of its cause, had ceased. In the vortex of London *pleasure* and dissipation, who can *think* of objects no longer present to provoke enquiry? One thing we

to, several en-
le of *me* con-
question, by
rs—who sup-
ofessional ac-
laronet, slight
some initia-
s of his con-
dly say, were
inable to an-
ugh a polite,
it, uncommu-
he even been
t seldom into
his marriage.
ad of satisfy-
osity respect-

ening of the
a letter was
aring on the
Private and
k was by Sir
letter, which
i thus. Let
stonishment

My travel-
ll be at your
ig between

would introduce me to some scene of distress—and my imagination could suggest only family discord as the occasion. I soon made the requisite arrangements; and when the morning came, without having shewn my wife the Baronet's letter, or giving her any clue to my destination, jumped into the pea-green chariot-and-four the instant that it drew up at my door—and was presently whirled out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour. I observed that the panels of the carriage had neither crest nor supporters; and the colour was not that of the Baronet's. I did not meet the Baronet, as his letter had led me to expect. On reaching the park gates, which stood open, the groom behind leaped down the instant that the reeking horses could be stopped, opened the carriage-door, and with a respectful bow informed me that the Baronet begged I would alight at the gates. Of course I acquiesced, and walked up the avenue to the house, full of amazement at the apparent mystery which was thrown about my movements. I ascended the spreading steps which led to the hall-door, and even pushed it open

also, that I perceived something unusual, not only in the countenance and manner of the female who had answered my summons, but of the groom who attended me from town. I was soon, however, in the presence of the Baronet. The room was spacious and lofty, and furnished in a style of splendid elegance. Several busts, statues, and valuable paintings graced the corners and sides, together with a noble library containing, I should think, several thousand volumes. Before I had had time to cast more than a cursory glance around me, Sir Henry issued from a door at the further extremity of the library, and advancing hastily to me, shook me by the hand with cordiality. He wore a flowered green velvet dressing-gown, and his shirt collars were turned down. I thought I had never seen a finer figure, or a more expressive countenance—the latter, however, clouded with mingled sternness and anxiety.

"Doctor," said he, conducting me to a seat, "I feel greatly obliged by this prompt attention to my wishes—which, however, I fear must have inconvenienced you. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes—but my drive has sharpened my appetite afresh—I think I could not resist a cup of chocolate or coffee."

"Ah—good! I'm happy to hear it. Perhaps, then, you will permit me to take a turn round the garden—and then we will join Lady Anne in the breakfast-room?"—I assented. There was something flurried in his manner and peremptory in his tone—I saw there was something that agitated him, and waited for the *denouément* with interest. In a moment or two, we were walking together in the garden, which we had entered through a glass door.

"Doctor," said Sir Henry, in a low tone, "I have sent for you on a most melancholy errand to-day"—he seemed agitated, and paused—proceeding, "I have infinite satisfaction in being able to avail myself of your services—for I know that you are both kind and experienced—as well as—confidential?" Again he paused, and looked full at me,—I bowed, and he resumed.

"*Possibly you may have occasionally heard surmises about Lady Anne and myself?*—I believe we have occasioned no little speculation latterly!"—I smiled, and bowed off his enquiry. "I am conscious that there has been some ground for it"—he continued with a sigh—"and I now find the time is arrived when all must be known—I must explain it all to you.—You have, I believe, occasionally met us in society, and recollect her ladyship?"

"Several times, Sir Henry—and I have a distinct recollection of her.—Indeed"——

"Did it ever strike you that there was any thing remarkable either in her countenance or deportment?"

I looked, at a loss to understand him.

"I—I mean—did you ever observe a certain peculiarity of expression in her features?"—he continued, earnestly.

"Why—let me see—I have certainly observed her exhibit languor and lassitude—her cheek has been pale, and her countenance now and then saddened with anxiety. I supposed, however, there was no unusual mode of accounting for it, Sir Henry"—I added, with a smile. The Baronet's face was clouded for a moment, as if with displeasure and anxiety.

"Ah"—he replied, hastily—"I see—I understand you—but you are quite mistaken—totally so. Pray, is that the general supposition?"

"Why—I am not aware of its being expressed in so many words; but it was one that struck *me* immediately—as a matter of course." As I was speaking, I observed Sir Henry changing colour.

"Doctor——," said he, in a low agitated voice, grasping my arm as if with involuntary energy—"We have no time to lose. One word—alas, *one* word—will explain all. It is horrible torture to me—but I can conceal it no longer. You must be told the truth at once. Lady Anne is—*insane!*" He rather gasped than spoke the last word. He stood suddenly still, and covered his face with his hands. He shook with agitation. Neither of us spoke for a moment or two—except that I almost unconsciously echoed the last word he had uttered. "Insane!—Why, I can

restrain his feel-

ght," said he, af-
he tried to mas-
have recovered
ir to the break-
ven's sake, ap-
though nothing
een us. Make
ise you please
Say you were
ny own account
laint you choose
be for you to
Anne with pro-
, of course, not
take an oppor-
ice—of leaving
Afterwards, we
s necessary in
ency. By the
expect to see
ravagant in her
ot appear even
very guarded
ush!" said he,
round palely—
it was a mis-
vous I am be-
ct control over
ye—her mouth

"I fear I have disturbed your ladyship in reading the Morning Post," said I, interrupting an embarrassed pause.

"Oh, not at all, sir—not the least. There is nothing in it of any interest," she replied, with a faint sigh; "I was only looking, Henry, over a silly account of the Duchess of ——'s fête. Do you take breakfast?" addressing me.

"A single cup of tea, and a slice of this tongue, are all I shall trouble your ladyship for. Talking, by the way, of fêtes," I added, carelessly, "it is whispered in the world that your ladyship had taken the veil—or—or—died—in short, we are all wondering what has become of your ladyship—that is, of *both* of you!"

"Ah!" said the Baronet, with affected eagerness, "I suppose, by the way, we come in for our share of hint and innuendo! Pray, what is the latest coinage, doctor, from the mint of scandal and tittle-tattle?"

Lady Anne's hand trembled as she handed me the cup of tea I had asked for—and her eye settled apprehensively on that of her husband. "Why, the general impression is, that you are playing misanthrope

der the world remembers us so long."

"I have a note to write, Doctor," said the Baronet suddenly, treading at the same time gently on my foot, "which I intend to beg you will carry up to town for me. Will you excuse me for a few moments?" I bowed. "Lady Anne, I dare say, will entertain you from the Morning Post—ha! ha!"

She smiled faintly. I observed Sir Henry's eye fixed upon her, as he shut the door, with an expression of agonizing apprehension. The reader may imagine the peculiar feelings of embarrassment with which I found myself at length alone with Lady Anne. Being ignorant of the degree or species of her mental infirmity, I felt much at a loss how to shape my conversation. As far as one could judge from appearances, she was as perfectly sane as I considered myself. I could detect no wildness of the eye—no incoherence of language—no eccentricity of deportment—nothing but an air of languor and anxiety.

"Sir Henry is looking well," said I, as he closed the door.

"Yes—he always looks well; even if he were ill, he would not *look* so."

"I wish I could sincerely compliment your ladyship on your looks," I continued, eyeing her keenly.

"Certainly—I *have* been better than I am at present," she replied, with a sigh—"What I have to complain of, however, is not so much bodily ailing, as lowness of spirits."

"Your ladyship is not the first on whom a sudden seclusion from society has had similar effects. Then why not return to town—at least for a season?"

"There are — reasons — why I should at present prefer to continue in retirement," she replied, dropping her eyes to avoid the steadfast look with which I regarded them.

"*Reasons!* permit me to ask your ladyship the import of such mysterious terms?" I enquired, with gentle earnestness, drawing my chair nearer to her, believing that the ice was at length broken.

"I am not aware, Doctor," said she, coldly, "that I said *any thing* that should *be called mysterious.*"

"*Pardon, pardon me, my lady! I was only anxious lest you might* have any secret source of anxiety preying on your mind, and from which I might have the power of relieving you. Permit me to say, how deeply grieved I am to see your ladyship's altered looks. I need not disguise the fact that Sir Henry is exceedingly anxious on your account"——

"What! what! Sir Henry anxious —on my account!" she repeated, with an air of astonishment; "why, can it then be possible that *I* am the object of your present visit, Dr ——?"

I paused for a moment. Why should I conceal or deny the fact, thought I.

"Your ladyship guesses aright. Sir Henry's anxieties have brought me hither this morning. He wishes me to ascertain whether your ladyship labours under indisposition of any kind."

"And pray, Doctor," continued her ladyship, turning pale as she spoke, "what does he imagine my complaint to be? Did he mention any particular symptoms?"

"Indeed he did—lassitude—loss of appetite—lowness of spirits."

She raised her handkerchief to her eyes, which, glistening with tears, she presently directed to the window, as if she dreaded to encounter mine. Her lips quivered with emotion.

"Dear lady, for Heaven's sake, be calm! Why should you distress yourself?" said I, gently placing my fingers upon her wrist, at which she started, withdrew her hand, looked me rather wildly full in the face, and bursting into tears, wept for some moments in silence.

"Oh, Doctor ——!" at length she sobbed, in hesitating, passionate accents — "you cannot—you cannot imagine how very ill I am—*here,*" placing her hand upon her heart. "I am a wretched, a miserable woman! There never lived a more unfortunate being! I shall never, never be happy again," she continued, vehemently.

"Come, come, your Ladyship must make a confidant of me!—What, in Heaven's name, can be the *meaning* of all this emotion? No *one,* sure, can have used you ill? *Come,* tell me all about it!"

"Oh, I cannot—I dare not! It is

...tchedness were
...at moment! I
that he desired
my leave; and
indifferent sub-
to her ladyship,
y the Baronet,

or wrong, Doc-
...uspicions?" en-
is manner much
...ling from head
together in the
his library. I
r head.
ny allusions to
ent I have been
...e house?"
...stance of what
us. He sighed
...ed his eyes for
...nds.
ever violent?"

ver, never! I
...ing—anything
d monotony of
—but I cannot
...bject I can
eelings!" He
stood looking

the inmate of—of—a—." He ceased abruptly. A wild smile shot across his features.

"Doctor," said he, lowering his tone to a faint whisper, "can I trust you with a secret? I know I am acting imprudently — unnecessarily disclosing it—but I know it will be safe with *you!*"

I bowed, and listened in breathless wonder * * * My flesh crept from head to foot as he went on. I had been all along the dupe of A MADMAN. His eye was fixed upon me with a devilish expression. The shock deprived me of utterance—for a while, almost of sight and hearing. I was startled back into consciousness, by a loud laugh uttered by the Baronet. He was pointing at me, with his arm and finger extended, almost touching my face, with an air of derision. The dreadful truth flashed all at once upon my mind. I could now understand the illness, — the melancholy of Lady Anne—whose blanched countenance, looking through the half-opened door, caught my eye at that moment, as I happened to turn in the direction of the breakfast-room. I trem-

turned deadly pale when the shocking discovery first broke upon me, and my violent agitation became apparent, Sir Henry did not seem to notice it. I know not what called forth the laugh I have mentioned, unless it was the delight he experienced from the success with which he had imposed upon me so long.

"But, Doctor," he continued, "I have not disclosed this great secret to you for nothing. I set about discovering it in consequence of an alarming accident which has happened to me, and of which both you and the world will ere long hear much. It became necessary, in a word, that I should develope a new source of independence, and, thank Heaven, at length it is found! But the mere *money* it will produce is the least consideration—there are grander results to follow—but of them anon. You, Doctor, are a scientific man—I am but superficially so; and that is a species of knowledge essential to the successful use of my great discovery. We must therefore become *partners*—eh?" I bowed. "The terms, you know, we can arrange afterwards. Ah, ha, ha! what will my constituents—what will my political friends—say to this? Sir Henry Harleigh turned wax-maker!—Why, Doctor, why are you so silent? Chop-fallen, eh? and why?"

I had been pondering all the while on the proper course to follow under such extraordinary and melancholy circumstances, and therefore permitted him to ramble on as he pleased.—"Calculating the profits, eh?—Well—but we must go through a good deal before we get to that part of the story, believe me! First and foremost," his countenance suddenly fell, and he cast a disturbed glance at the breakfast-room door, "we must make some decisive arrangements about poor Lady Anne. She knows my secret, and it is the thoughts of it that have turned her head—(women, you know, cannot bear sudden fortune!)—but, oh! such a gentle madness is hers!" He uttered this last exclamation in a tone that touched my heart to the quick; melting, moving, soul-subduing was it, as some of the *whispers* of Kean in *Othello!*

"*Doctor,*" *he commenced abruptly, after a pause, let me consider* of it for a moment—a thought suggests itself—I would not have her feelings wounded for worlds!—I'll consider of it—and presently tell you my determination."—He folded his arms on his breast, and walked slowly up and down the library, as if engaged in profound contemplation, and so continued for five or ten minutes, as if he had utterly forgotten me, who stood leaning against the window-frame, watching him with unutterable feelings. What should I do? It was next to impossible for me to have another interview with Lady Anne before leaving. I thought it on the whole advisable not to alarm his suspicions by any such attempt, but to take my departure as quietly and quickly as possible: determined, on reaching London, to communicate immediately with Mr Courthrope, his brother-in-law, with whom I had some little acquaintance, and with him suggest such measures as were necessary to secure the safety, not only of the Baronet, but his wretched lady. This resolution formed, I felt anxious to be gone. As the poor Baronet's cogitations, however, seemed far from approaching a close, I found it necessary to interrupt him.

"Well, Sir Henry," said I, moving from the window-recess, "I must leave you, for I have many engagements in town."

"Do you know, now," said he, with a puzzled air, "I positively cannot remember what it was I had to think about! How very absurd! *What* was it, now?" standing still, and corrugating his brows. "Oh, it was whether it would be proper for me to see Lady Anne before I left——Ah," said he briskly, "aye, so it was—I recollect—why—see Lady Anne?—No—I think not," he replied, with an abrupt, peculiar tone and manner, as if displeased with the proposal. "I will accompany you to the road, where you will find the carriage in readiness to take you back to town." He at the same time took from a pocketbook in his bosom pocket a note-case, and gave me a check, by way of fee, of L.500!

"By the way," said he, abruptly, as arm-in-arm we walked down t the park gates, "what, after all, a

ence. "Well, and
,"
isely say at pre-
y rely upon seeing
evening. I hope
from Lady Anne,
y alarm her."
ctor," said he ab-
es clouding over
pression, "I—I—
ice used."
dear Sir Henry!
rbid!" I exclaim-
l amazement.
ctor, I hold you
a strenuous em-
vord, "I hold you
ible for whatever
adopted. Here,
arriage. I shall
with anxiety." I
and, and stepped

—good morning,
claimed, as the
eparing to start.
l at the window,
ne whispered,—
ts, Dr——, I shall
interference in
st to-day." He

signs than you imagine, Doctor——! You wish to extract my secret from me, for your own exclusive advantage. So, mark me—if you come again to —— Hall, you shall not return alive—so help me——! Adieu!" He strode haughtily off, waved his hand to the terrified postillions, and we soon lost sight of the unhappy madman. I threw myself back in my seat completely bewildered. Not only my own personal safety, but that of Lady Anne was menaced. What might not frenzy prompt him to do, during my absence, and on my return? Full of these agitating thoughts, I rejoiced to find myself thundering townward, as fast as four horses could carry me, in obedience to the orders I had given the postilions, the instant that Sir Henry quitted us. At length we reached a steep hill, that compelled us to slacken our pace, and give breath to our panting horses. I opened the front window, and bespoke the nearest postilion.

"Boy, there! Are you in Sir Henry's service?"

"No, sir, not exactly—but we serves him as much as thof we was, for the matter of that" he replied

there, they'd a' clapped *us* into jail or bedlam long ago!"

"Indeed! Why, what has been going on?"

"You'll not tell of a poor lad like me—will you, sir?"

"Oh, no—you may be sure of that—I'll keep your secret."

"Well, sir," said he, speaking more unconstrainedly, turning round in his saddle, full towards me—"first and foremost, he's discharged *me*, and Thomas here, my fellow-sarvant, an' we takes up at the inn, a mile or so from the Hall; likewise the coachman and the footman; likewise all the women sarvants—always excepting the cook, and my lady's maid—and an't *them* a few sarvants for to do all the work of that great Hall? An't *that* strange-like, sir?"

"Well, what else? How does Sir Henry pass his time?"

"Pass his time, sir? Why, sir, we hears from cook, as how he boils candles, sir," quoth the fellow, grinning.

"Boils candles, sirrah? What do you mean? Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, sir, I be indeed! He'll boil as many as twenty in a day, in the cook's best saucepans; and then he pours the most precious brandy into the mess—wasting good brandy—and then throws it all into a deep hole every night, that he has dug in the garden. 'Twas no later nor yesterday, sir, cook told me all—how she happened to be squinting through the key-hole, and no harm neither, sir, (axing your pardon)—when a man goes on in sich ways as them—and seed him kneel down upon the dirty hearth, before the saucepan full of candles, as they were boiling, and pray sich gibberish—like!"

"Well!" said I, with a sigh, "but what does her Ladyship all this while?"

"Oh, sir, our poor lady is worn almost, in a manner, to skin and bone. She follows him about like a ghost, and cries her eyes out; but for all that she is so gentle-like, he's woundy starn with her, and watches her just like a cat does a mouse, as one would say! Once he locked her in her bedroom all day, and only gave her bread and water! *But the strangest thing is yet to come, sir; he makes out that it's her that's mad! up that for a long time, we all believed it was so*—for, sir, it's only of late, that we began to see how the real truth of the matter stood, sir. Sir Henry was always, since we've known him, a bit queer or so, but steady in the main; and as our poor lady was always mopish and melancholic-like, it was natral we should give in to believe it was her that was, as one would say, melancholy mad, and so all true what Sir Henry said of her."

"Is Sir Henry ever violent?"

"Lord, sir! Mrs Higgins, that's the cook, tells strange tales of him just latterly. He bolts every door, great and small, in the Hall, with his own hands, every night, and walks about in it with a loaded blunderbuss!"

"Miss Sims," said the further postilion, "that's my lady's maid, told Mrs Higgins, and she told my sister, who told me, as a secret, sir, that Sir Henry always sleeps every night with a bare drawn sword under his pillow, and a couple of loaded pistols stuck into the watch-pockets, as they call 'em, and frightens my Lady to death with his pranks!"

I could scarcely believe what they were telling me.

"Why, my boy, I cannot believe that all this is true!"

"'Deed, sir, we wish it warn't!"

"How long have *you* known it?"

"Only a day back, or so."

"And why did not you set off for London, and tell ——."

"Lord, sir—*us* spread about that Sir Henry was mad! Nobody would believe us, for he's woundy cunning, and can talk as grave as a judge, and as good as the parson, when he chooses; an' that being so, if we'd gone up to town with them stories, the great folk would ha' come down, and he'd a' persuaded them it was all false—and what would have become of *we?*"

"And what is become of the servants? Are they all dumb?"

"Yes, sir, in a manner, seeing as how they have been bound to silence by our poor lady, till she should tell them to give the alarm; an' *he's* been too cunning latterly to give her opportunity of doing so. She'll be *main* glad o' your coming, I'll warrant me, for scarce a fly dare leave the house but he'd be after it!"

"Drive on—drive on, boys, fo

en totally estran-
ths, owing to an
'as now satisfied
ıhappy relative's
angements were
:hanged the cha-
eturned to town,
:arriage, calcula-
ive persons, and
the residence of
.e most eminent
they are some
ily denominated.
but brief. In
r, Dr Y——, Mr
ith two keepers,
s respectively
the vehicle, and
- Hall.
nd I were sad
Dr Y—— was
he were obey-
'inner!
h should grow
fer resistance!"
very pale.
ıly," replied Dr
ɔe done? My
ı athletic man;
ength of mad-

would have called at the schools a gratuitous assumption! Madmen have a vast *penchant* for terrifying with fire-arms; but somehow they always forget the ammunition!"

"But only put the case; suppose Sir Henry should have got possession of a pistol ready loaded to his hand!"

"Certainly, in such a case, something awkward might occur," replied Dr Y——, seriously, "but I trust a good deal to the effect of my eye upon him from the first. 'Tis a kind of talisman among my patients—ha, ha!"

"Poor Lady Anne!" exclaimed Mr Courthrope, "what will become of her?"

"Ah! she must be *reasoned* with, and kept out of the way; otherwise we may expect a *scene!*" replied matter-of-fact Dr Y——.

Now there was a certain something about this my professional brother that was intolerable to me; a calm, self-satisfied air, a smirking civility of tone and manner, that, coupled with his truly dreadful calling, and the melancholy enterprise which he at present conducted, really revolted me. How doleful ——"

pace to the hall-door. I rang the bell; and, after waiting nearly a minute or two, an elderly woman answered our summons.

"Can we see Sir Henry Harleigh?" enquired Mr Courthrope.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"And why not? My good woman, we *must* see Sir Henry immediately, on business of the highest importance."

"Indeed! Then you should have come a little earlier!"

"Come a little earlier?" said I; "what do you mean? Sir Henry himself appointed this evening."

"Then it's clear he must have changed his mind; for he and my Lady both set off in a post-chaise-and-four some two hours ago, howsomever, and I don't know where, either; perhaps you had better go after him!"

We stood looking at one another in amazement.

"In what direction did he go?" I enquired.

"Down the road, sir. He desired me to tell any one that might call, that he was gone off to Wales."

I sighed with vexation and alarm; Mr Courthrope looked pale with apprehension; while Dr Y——, with his eyes half-closed, stood looking with a smiling inquisitiveness at the confident woman that was addressing us. A pretty stand-still were we arrived at! What was now to be done?

"Here!" said Dr Y——, in an under tone, beckoning us to follow him to a little distance from the door. We did so.

"Pho, pho!" he whispered, taking our arms into his—"the woman is trifling with us. Sir Henry is at this moment in the Hall—aye, as surely as we are now here!"

"Indeed! How can you possibly"——

"Ah, he must be very clever, either sane or insane, that can deceive *me* in these matters! 'Tis all a trick of Sir Henry's—I'll lay my life on't. The woman did not tell her tale naturally enough. Come, we'll search the Hall, however, before we go back again on a fool's errand! Come, my good woman," said he, as we reascended the steps, "you have not told us the truth. We happen to know that the *Baronet and his lady are at this moment above stairs,* for we saw him just now at the corner of the window."

This cool invention confounded the woman, and she began to hesitate. "Come," pursued our spokesman, "you had better be candid; for *we* will be so—and tell you we are determined to search this Hall from one end to the other, from top to bottom—but we will find him we come to seek."

"Oh, lord!" replied the woman, with an air of vexation. "You must do as you please, gentlemen—I've given you my answer, and you'll take the consequences."

With this she left us. After a short consultation, Mr Courthrope volunteered to go through the principal rooms alone. In about ten minutes' time he returned, not having seen any thing of the fugitives, except a letter lying on the library-table, in the Baronet's frank, the ink of which was scarcely dry. It proved only, however, a blank envelope. We determined together to commence a strict search over the whole Hall. Every room, however, we explored in vain, and began to despair of success. The back drawingroom we examined again, hoping to find some note or letter that might give us a clue to the Baronet's retreat. It commanded a fine view of the grounds; and after standing for some moments at the window, narrowly scrutinizing every shrub or tree that we could fancy Sir Henry lurking either in, or near—we turned together in council once more. Where could he be? Had he really left the place? We cast our eyes on the mantel-piece and table, on which were scattered various papers, notes, cards, &c., and one or two volumes, with the Baronet's manuscript notes in the margin—and sighed. This, Mr Courthrope informed us, was Sir Henry's favourite room, because of the prospect it commanded. We could, however, see nothing to cast a ray of information upon the subject of our enquiries. We determined, then, to commence a rigorous search of the outer premises, but were delayed for a time by the violence of the storm. The afternoon had been very gloomy, and at length *the rain* came down in torrents. The *thunder* rattled directly overhead, *in fearful proximity,* followed in a

out r" exclaimed Dr
· Henry is travelling,
d a little, I imagine."
he have done with
remble for her safe-
Mr Courthrope.
depend she's safely
ere or other! These
afty beyond"—said
the doors of an old-
cabinet, which we
ut imagined locked,
thrown wide open,
ed the Baronet, in
ne, with a composed

' said he, calmly,
of the consequences
re doing? Do you
Sir Henry Harleigh,
appens to be my
warrant—at whose
ou thus presume to
· privacy?"
s hand continuing
ls us with a com-
His posture would
painter. The sud-
pearance complete-
r Courthrope and
so Dr Y——, the

"Dr Y——," replied that gentl
man, promptly, bowing low.

The Baronet started. "Dr Y——
of ———?" he whispered, after
pause, in a low thrilling tone.

"Precisely—the same, at you
service, Sir Henry," replied the Do
tor, again bowing. Sir Henry's fe
tures whitened sensibly. He turne
aside, as if he could not bear to loo
upon Dr Y——, and sunk into a cha
beside him, murmuring, "Then I a
ruined!"

"Do not, Sir Henry, distress you
self!" said Dr Y——, mildly, ap
proaching him—but he was motio
ed off with an air of disgust. Si
Henry's averted countenance wa
full of horror. We stood perfectl
silent and motionless, in obedienc
to the hushing signals of Dr Y——.

"George," said Sir Henry, ad
dressing Mr Courthrope in a falterin
tone, "*You* are not my enemy"——

"Dear, dear Henry!" exclaime
Mr Courthrope, running toward
him, and grasping his hand, while th
tears nearly overflowed.

"Go and bring Lady Anne hither!
said the Baronet, his face still avert
ed, "you will find her in the sum

all this *your* doing?—Love! love!" addressing her husband—who never once moved from the posture in which he first placed himself in the chair, "I am your wife! Your own Anne!" and she flung her arms round his neck, kissing him with frantic vehemence.

"I thought we should have a scene!" whispered Dr Y—— in my ear, "'twas very wrong in me to permit her coming! Pray be calm, my Lady," said he, "do, for God's sake—for pity's sake—be calm," he continued, apparently unnoticed by Sir Henry, whose eyes were fixed on the floor, as if he were in profound meditation. "You will only aggravate his sufferings!"

"Oh yes, yes," she gasped, "I'll be calm!—I am so!—There! I am very calm now!" and she strained her grasp of Sir Henry with convulsive violence—he all the while passive in her arms as a statue! Dr Y—— looked embarrassed. "This will never do—we shall have Sir Henry becoming unmanageable," he whispered.

"Can I say a single word to your ladyship, alone?" he enquired, softly.

"No—no—no!" she replied, with mournful vehemence through her closed teeth—"you shall NEVER part me from my husband! Shall they, love! dearest?" and loosing her embrace for a moment, she looked him in the face with an expression of agonizing tenderness, and suddenly reclasped her arms around him with the energy of despair.

"Speak to her ladyship—calm her—*you* alone have the power," said Dr Y——, addressing Sir Henry, with the air of a man who expects to be—who *knows* that he will be obeyed. His voice seemed to recall the Baronet from a reverie, or rather rouse him from a state of stupor, and he tenderly folded his lady in his arms, saying fondly, "Hush, hush, dearest! I will protect you!"

"There! there! did you hear him? Were these the words of—of—a—madman?" almost shrieked Lady Anne.

"Hush, Anne! my love! my dearest, sweet Anne! They say we must part!" exclaimed the *wretched husband, in tones of thrilling pathos, wiping away the tears that* showered from his poor wife's eyes, —"but 'tis only for a while"——

"They *never* shall! they NEVER shall! I won't—I won't—won't," she sobbed hysterically. He folded her closer in his arms—and looking solemnly upwards, repeated the words, "Take—oh take her to your care!" He then burst into a loud laugh, relaxed his hold, and his wretched wife, fell swooning into the arms of Mr Courthrope, who instantly carried her from the room.

"Now, Sir Henry—not a moment is to be lost," said Dr Y——. "Our carriage is at the door—you must step into it, and accompany us to town. Her ladyship will follow soon after, in your own carriage."

He rose and buttoned his surtout. "What," said he, eagerly, "has his Majesty *really* sent for me, and in a friendly spirit? But," addressing me, with a mysterious air, "you've not betrayed me, have you?"

"Never—and never can I, dear Sir Henry," I replied, with energy.

"Then I at once attend you, Dr Y——. Royalty must not be trifled with. I suppose you have the sign-manual?" Dr Y—— nodded; and without a farther enquiry after Lady Anne, Sir Henry accompanied us down stairs, took his hat and walking-stick from the hall-stand, drew on his gloves, and, followed by Dr Y——, stepped into the carriage, which set off at a rapid rate, and was soon out of sight. I hastened, with a heavy heart, to the chamber whither Lady Anne had been conducted. Why should I attempt to dilate upon the sufferings I there witnessed—to exhibit my wretched patient writhing on the rack of torture? Sweet suffering lady! Your sorrows are recorded above! Fain would I draw a curtain between your intense agonies, and the cold scrutiny of the unsympathizing world!

From Lady Anne's maid I gathered a dreadful corroboration of the intelligence I had obtained in the morning. True I found it to be, that every domestic, except herself and the cook, had been dismissed by the despotic Baronet; the former retaining her place solely through the peremptoriness of his Lady; the latter from *necessity*. Why did not the disbanded servants spread the alarm?—was explained by the consummate cunning

tion, at all hazards,
earful thraldom in
kept by the mad-
ed apprized of her
fancied, even of
s if by magic;—
l gates, and threat-
r, unless she in-
nd on her knees
ecrecy for the fu-
ot allow a stran-
any description,
e, to enter the pre-
or any member of
as above mention-

He had prayers
, and walked in
lay at noon round
lf, his lady, her
; with many other
nature. He got
araded with fire-
unds! I under-
alpable evidences
ade their appear-
days before the
been summoned.
, had always been
eccentric man;
ough to procure
dy the sympathy
able. He broke one of the carriage windows to atoms, and almost strangled one of the keepers, whom it was found necessary to summon to their assistance, by suddenly thrusting his hand into his neckerchief. He insisted on the horses' heads being turned towards the Hall; and finding they paid no attention to his wishes, began to utter the most lamentable cries—which attracted many persons to the carriage. On reaching Somerfield House, the private establishment of Dr Y——, whither it was thought advisable, in the first instance, to convey the Baronet, till other arrangements could be made—he became suddenly quiet. He trembled violently—his face became pale as ashes, and he offered no opposition to his being led at once from the carriage into the house. He imagined it was the Tower. He sate in silent moodiness for a length of time, and then requested the attendance of a chaplain, and a solicitor. In a private interview with the former, he fell down upon his knees, confessing that he had several times attempted the life of Lady Anne, though he declared with solemn asseverations that he

the question all other considerations —I had not suffered personal injury from the madman. How horrid was my suspense, at several periods of the day, lest he should suddenly produce fire-arms, and destroy either himself or his persecutors! Alas, how soon might I expect the distressing secret to make its appearance in the daily newspapers, to become the subject of curiosity and heartless speculation! I resigned myself to rest that night, full of melancholy apprehensions for Lady Anne, as well as the Baronet; and my last fervent thoughts were of thankfulness to God for the preservation of my own reason hitherto, under all the troubles, anxieties, and excitements I had passed through in life!

I determined, on rising in the morning, to make such arrangements as would leave me at liberty to pay an early visit to Lady Anne; and was on the point of stepping into my chariot, to hurry through my morning round, when a carriage rolled rapidly to the door, and in a few seconds I observed her maid handing out Lady Anne Harleigh. Deeply veiled as she was, and muffled in an ample shawl, I saw at once the fearful traces of her yesterday's agony and exhaustion in her countenance and feeble tottering gait. She almost swooned with the effort of reaching the parlour. I soon learned her object in hurrying thus to town; it was to carry into effect an unalterable determination—poor lady!—to attend personally on Sir Henry—even in the character of his menial servant. It was perfectly useless for me to expostulate—she listened with impatience, and even replied with asperity.

"For mercy's sake, Doctor, why do you persist in talking thus? Do you wish to see me share the fate of my unhappy husband?—You choke me—you suffocate me!—I cannot breathe"—she gasped.

"Dearest Lady Anne!" said I, taking in mine her cold white hand —"try to overcome your feelings! My heart aches for you, indeed; but a solemn sense of duty forbids me to yield to you in this matter. You might gratify your excited feelings for the moment, by seeing Sir Henry —but I take *God to witness the truth, with which I assure you that, in my belief, such a step would destroy the only chance left for his recovery.* The constant presence of your ladyship would have the effect of inflaming still more his disordered—his excited feelings—till his malady would defy all control—and Heaven only knows what would be the consequences, as well to him as to yourself." I paused; she did not reply.

"I thank God, that he enables your ladyship to listen to reason in these trying circumstances. Rely upon it, Providence will strengthen you, and you will prove equal to this emergency!"

"Oh, Doctor," she murmured, clasping her hands over her face, "you cannot sympathize with me; you cannot feel how wretched—how desolate I am! What will become of me? Whither shall I go to forget myself? Oh, my child—my child—my child!" she groaned, and fell back senseless. It was long before our attentions succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. What an object she lay in my wife's arms! Her beautiful features were cold and white as those of a marble bust; the dew of agony was on her brow; her hair was all dishevelled; and thus —prostrate and heart-broken—she looked one on whom misfortune had dealt her heaviest blow! As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she yielded to my wife's entreaties, and suffered herself to be conducted up to bed—and promised there to await my return, when I would bring her tidings of Sir Henry. In two or three hours' time, I was able to call at Somerfield House. I found from Dr Y——, who told me that such cases were always fluctuating—that Sir Henry's demeanour had undergone a sudden change. He had, from great violence and boisterousness, sunk into contemplative calmness and melancholy. On entering his chamber—where there was every comfort and elegance suited to his station—I found him seated at a desk writing. He received me courteously; and but for that strange wildness of the eye, of which no madman can divest himself, there was no appearance of the awful change which had come over him.

"You may retire, sir, for the present," said the Baronet to his keeper

ıuy, " ı must not
ı what I am do-
g politely towards
ıs pen. I sat watch-
for some minutes.
ınconscious of my
ıtely absorbed with
ıg. I was turning
how I could best
ic I wished, when
d me, without re-
om the paper, how
ane.
ask after her, Sir
afraid you are of-

ɔt the least! It is
the offender," he
ı.
adyship does not
! She is in town—
you permit me to

o the regulations
t of females com-
ıith a puzzled air,
ĸ, in a breath—
ther transpired?"
plied, not know-
ıded.
ım?"

posal of her visit: she clasped her hands together, and assured me with a faint hysteric laugh, how *very* happy she was! Presently she began to convince me that I need be under no apprehension for her—and repeated her conviction that she should preserve a perfect composure in Sir Henry's presence, over and over again, with such increasing vehemence, as ended in a violent fit of hysterics. My heart heavily misgave me for the event of the interview—however, there was nothing for it but to try the experiment.

About six o'clock, her ladyship, together with her sister, Lady Julia ——, who had been hastily summoned from the country, and Mr Courthrope, drove with me to Somerfield House. They were all shewn into the drawingroom, where Dr Y—— and I left them, that we might prepare his patient for the visit. Dr Y—— saw no objection to the whole party being admitted: so, in a moment's time, we introduced the wretched couple to one another.

"Ah, Henry!" exclaimed Lady Anne, the moment she saw him, rushing into his arms—where she

louder and louder. "Silence, Anne!" said the Baronet, sternly; "this is foolish!" Her arms instantly fell from around him, for she had swooned—and I bore her from the room—begging the others to continue till my return. I soon restored my suffering patient by a potent draught of sal volatile—and enabled her once more to return to her husband's presence. We were all seated—but conversation languished.

"It is now my bitter duty," said the Baronet, with a serious air, breaking the oppressing silence, "to explain the whole mystery. Have you firmness, Anne, to bear it?"—She nodded—"And in the presence of so many persons?" Again she nodded—to speak was impossible.

"Perhaps we had better leave?" said I.

"No—not one of you, unless you wish. The more witnesses of truth the better,"—replied the Baronet—proceeding with much solemnity of manner—"I am not—I never was—a dishonourable man; yet I fear it will be difficult to persuade you to believe me, when you shall have heard all. The dreadful secret, however, must come out; I feel that my recent conduct requires explanation—that disguise is no longer practicable, or availing. The hand of God has brought me hither, and is heavy upon me—you see before you a wretch whom He has marked with a curse heavier than that of Cain!"

He paused for a moment, and turned over the leaves of his manuscript, as if preparing to read from them. We all looked and listened with unfeigned astonishment. There was something about his manner that positively made me begin to doubt the fact of his insanity—and I was almost prepared to hear him acknowledge that for some mysterious purpose or another, he had but been feigning madness. Lady Anne, pale and motionless as a statue, sat near him, her eyes riveted upon him with a dreadful expression of blended fondness, agony, and apprehension.

"Behold, then, in me," continued Sir Henry, in a stern undertone—"an Impostor. The world will soon ring with the story; friends will despise me; *the House of Commons will repudiate me; relatives will disown me: my wife even*"—raising his eyes towards her—"will forsake me. I am no Baronet"—he paused—he was evidently striving to stifle strong emotions—"I have no right either to the title—which I have disgraced—the fortune which I have wantonly squandered—the hand I have dishonoured." His lips, despite his efforts at compression, quivered, and his cheeks turned ashy pale. "But I take God to witness, that at the time of my marriage with this noble lady," pointing with a trembling hand to Lady Anne, "I knew not what I know now about this matter—that *another* was entitled to stand in my place, and enjoy the wealth and honours—what—does it not, then, confound you all?"—he enquired, finding that we neither looked nor uttered surprise at what he said—"Nothing like agitation at the confession? Is it, then, *no news?* Are you all prepared for it? Has, then, my privacy—my confidence—been violated? How is this, Lady Anne?" he pursued, with increasing vehemence—"Tell me, Lady Anne, is it *you* who have done this?" The poor lady forced a faint smile into her pallid features—a smile as of fond incredulity. "Ha! cockatrice! away"—— he shouted, springing from his chair, and pacing about the room in violent agitation. Lady Anne, with a faint shriek was borne out of the room a second time insensible.

"Yes," continued the Baronet, in a high tone, regardless of the presence of his keeper, whom his violence hurried back into the room, "that false woman has betrayed me to disgrace and ruin! She has possessed herself of my fatal secret, and turned it to my destruction! But for her it might have slept hitherto! Ha!—*this* is the secret that has so long lain rankling at my heart—blighting my reason—driving me to crime—making my continual companion—the Devil—the great fiend himself—and Hell all around me! Oh, I am choked! I am burnt up! I cannot bear it! What, Dr Y——, have *you* nothing to say to me, now you have secured me in your toils? Are you leagued with Lady Anne? *Lady* Anne!—*Lady!*—*she* will preserve her title, but it will be attached to the name of a villain! Ah! what will become of me! Speak, Doctor

aching me—ha, ends Sir Henry member for the , ha, ha! What —, and Z——," individuals in what will they ill my constitu- give me a public ride of the coun- eet me!"

used Lady Anne oon as the for- ed with safety, his own resi- eached, happily, hat Mrs Cour- ly Anne's intl- rned from the uffering relative delicacy and af- st. What *now* this once happy —this once en- nry—in a mad- —heart-broken, refusing to be endour faded— h, rank, refine- t a commentary e Royal Sufferer

said, has not been long in this country, and is in comparatively humble circumstances, has intrusted the prosecution of his rights to an eminent solicitor, who, it is whispered, has at length shaped his client's case in a form fit for the investigation of a court of law; and a very formidable case, we hear, it is reported will be made out. If it should be successful, the present unfortunate possessor, in addition to being stripped of all he holds in the world, will have to account for several hundred thousand pounds. The extensive and distinguished connexions of Sir ——, have, we understand, been thrown into the utmost consternation, and have secured, at an enormous expense, the highest legal assistance in the country."

Wonder, pity, alarm, perplexity, by turns assailed me, on reading this extraordinary annunciation, which squared with every word uttered by the Baronet on the occasion I have alluded to, and which we considered the mere hallucination of a madman. Could, then, this dreadful—this mysterious paragraph—have any foundation in fact? Was it *this* that had

I had proposed calling at Mr Courthrope's that day, to see Lady Anne. I should possibly have an opportunity, therefore, of ascertaining whether this newly-discovered calamity constituted an ingredient of that "perilous stuff" which weighed upon her heart.

What an alteration had a fortnight worked on Lady Anne! In her bedchamber, when I entered, were her sister, Lady Julia, Mrs Courthrope, and her maid; the latter of whom was propping up her mistress in bed, with pillows. How wan was her once lovely face,—how wasted her figure! There was a tearless agony in her eye, a sorrowful resignation in her countenance, that spoke feelingly the

"Cruel grief that hack'd away her heart
Unseen, unknown of others!"

"And what intelligence do you bring from Somerfield to-day, Doctor?" she whispered, after replying to my enquiries about her health.

"I have not seen him to-day, but I hear that he continues calm. His bodily health is unexceptionable."

"Is that a favourable sign?" she enquired faintly, shaking her head, as though she knew to the contrary.

"It may be, and it *may* not, according to circumstances. But how is your ladyship to-day?"

"Oh, so *much* better! I really feel getting quite strong—don't *you* think so, Julia?" said the feeble sufferer. Lady Julia sighed in silence.

"I shall be able to get about in a few days," continued Lady Anne, "and then—don't be so angry, Julia!—once at Somerfield—I—I know I shall revive again! I know I shall die if you do not give me my way.—Do, dear Doctor," her snowy attenuated fingers gently seized and compressed my hand,—"do persuade them to be reasonable! You can't think how they torment me about it!—They don't know what my feelings are"—she could utter no more. I endeavoured to pacify her with a general promise, that if she would keep herself from fretting for a fortnight, and was then sufficiently recovered, I would endeavour to bring about what she wished.

"Poor Sir Henry," *said I, after a pause, addressing Lady Julia, "takes strange notions into his head."*

"Indeed he does!" she replied, sadly; "what new delusion has made its appearance?"

"Oh, nothing new; he adheres to the belief that he is not the true Baronet; that he has no title to the fortune he holds!" No one made any reply; and I felt infinitely chagrined and embarrassed on account of having alluded to it. I mentioned another subject, but in vain.

"Doctor, you must know it to be true, that there is another who claims our fortune!" whispered Lady Anne, a few minutes afterwards. I endeavoured to smile it off.

"*You* smile, Doctor; but my poor husband found it no smiling."—She sobbed hysterically. "And what if it is true," she continued, "that we are beggars—that my child—oh!—I could bear it all, if my poor Henry"—— her lips continued moving, without uttering any sound; and it was plain she had fainted. I bitterly regretted mentioning the subject; but we had frequently talked about other crotchets of Sir Henry's by his lady's bedside, without calling forth any particular emotion on her part. No allusion of any kind had been since made to the topics about which Sir Henry raved on the last occasion of Lady Anne's seeing him, by any member of the family; and I thought my mentioning it would prove either that Lady Anne was in happy ignorance of the circumstances, or that they constituted a chief source of her wasting misery. The latter, alas! proved to be the case! She lay for some minutes rather like a delicate waxen figure before us, than actual flesh and blood. Never did I see any one fade so rapidly; but what anguish had been hers for a long period! And this poor wasted sufferer was relying upon being the nurse of her husband in a fortnight's time! Oh, cruel delusion! I left her, apprehensive that when matters assumed a more favourable aspect, a fortnight would see her more than half-way towards the grave.

"Doctor," whispered Lady Julia to me, as I descended the stairs, "have you seen that frightful paragraph in this day's newspaper?"

"I have, my lady—and"——

"So has my poor sister!" interrupted her ladyship. "We ge-

t begin."
long has her lady-
;?"
out six months after
ıe alarmed about it;
disbelieved it, and
ı to it whatever. He
:, however, that she
source of his anxie-
nd as she saw him
ıling it from her, she
rudent to acquiesce.
rhat my poor sister
red! She is the
in the world, and
: that which has
husband, and quite
ıon. People have
strange manner;
hundred stories to
ooth, which Anne
thout a murmur,
ırt was near break-
fraid she will sink
ırried from me,
emotions, and I
h less oppressed

; few weeks, I vi-
both Sir Henry

able hope of recovery. His case assumed a different aspect almost daily. He wandered on from delusion to delusion, each absurder than the other, and more tenaciously retained. On one occasion, after great boisterousness, he became suddenly calm, called for twenty quires of foolscap, and commenced writing from morning to night, without intermission, except for his meals. This, however, remained with him for nearly three weeks; and the result proved to be a speech for the House of Commons, vindicating his alleged ill-treatment of Lady Anne, and his claims to his title and estates! It must have taken nearly a fortnight to deliver! He insisted on his keeper, a very easy-tempered phlegmatic fellow, hearing him read the whole—good occupation for a week—when the Baronet tired in the middle of his task. He always paused on my entrance; and when I once requested him to proceed in my presence, he declined, with a great air of offended dignity. I several times introduced the name of Lady Anne, curious to see its effect upon him; he heard it with

painfully absurd. This was Sir Henry Harleigh, Baronet, M. P. for the county of ——, husband of the beautiful Lady Anne ——, master of most accomplishments, and owner of a splendid fortune! Thus habited, I have surprised him, mounted on a table in the corner of his room, haranguing his quiet keeper, with all the vehemence of parliamentary oratory; and on my entrance, he would sneak down with the silliest air of schoolboy shame! He became very tractable, took his meals regularly, and walked about in a secluded part of the grounds, without being mischievous, or attempting to escape. And who shall say that he was not happy? Barring a degradation, of which only *others* were sensible, what had he to trouble him? Where, in this respect, lay the difference between Sir Henry, wandering from delusion to delusion, revelling in variety, and the poet, who always lives in a world of dreams and fancies all his own?

And Lady Anne—the beautiful—the once lively Lady Anne — was drooping daily! Alas, in what a situation were husband and wife! I could not help likening them to a noble tree, wreathed with the graceful, the affectionate ivy, and blasted by lightning—rending the one asunder, and withering the other. For so in truth it seemed. Lady Anne was evidently sinking under her sorrows. All the attentions of an idolizing family, backed by the fond sympathies of "troops of friends" —even the consolations of religion —seemed alike unavailing!

The reader has not yet, however, been put into distinct possession of the cause of all this devastation.

It seems that shortly after his marriage, his solicitor suddenly travelled to the Continent after him, to communicate the startling—but in the Baronet's estimation ridiculous—intelligence, that a stranger was laying claim to all he held in the world, of title and fortune. The lawyer at length returned to England, overpersuaded by the Baronet, to treat the matter with contemptuous indifference; and nothing further was in fact heard for some months, till, soon after Sir *Henry's return, he received one evening—at his club—a circumstance which I have before* said appeared to confirm certain speculations then afloat—a long letter, purporting to come from the solicitor of the individual preferring the fearful claim alluded to. It stated the affair at some length, and concluded by requesting certain information, which, said the writer, might possibly have the effect of convincing his client of his error, and conducing to the abandonment of his claim. This shocking letter at length roused the Baronet from his lethargy. Several portions of it tallied strangely with particular passages in the family history of Sir Henry, who instantly hurried with consternation to his solicitor, by whom his worst apprehensions were aggravated. Not that the lawyer considered his client's case desperate; but he at once prepared his agitated client for a long, harassing, and ruinous litigation, and exposure of the most public nature. It cannot be wondered at that a sense of his danger should prey upon his feelings, and give him that disturbed manner which occasioned the speculations, hints, and innuendoes, mentioned in an early part of this paper. He anxiously concealed from his lady the shocking jeopardy in which their all on earth was placed; and the constant effort and constraint—the withering anxiety—the long-continued apprehensions of ruin — at length disordered, and finally overthrew his intellects. What was the precise nature of his adversary's pretensions, I am unable to state technically. I understand it consisted of an alleged earlier right under the entail. To support his claim, every quarter was ransacked for evidence by his zealous attorney, often in a manner highly indelicate and offensive. The upstart made his pretensions as public as possible; and a most imprudent overture made by Sir Henry's solicitor, was unscrupulously—triumphantly—seized upon by his adversary, and through his means at length found its way into the newspapers. The additional vexation this occasioned Sir Henry may be readily imagined; for, independently of his mortification at the circumstance, it was calculated most seriously to prejudice his interests; and when he kept ever before his agonized eyes the day of trial which was approaching, and the horrible

...ay, together
were now become
and the cruel
morning paper
nly the precursor
s, which at length
of hinting, gene-
f the new claim-
rith the grounds
tance.

event of Lady
w with Sir Hen-
imagine the vex-
th which, at the
I had fixed, I
on the perform-
. Backed by the
elatives, and my
nger that might
I positively re-
ain that she im-
in an agony of
lmost frantic at
: were all inex-
nonth's interval,
ly to my surprise
health sensibly
d contrived to
py her attention
suits, and had
oothed her with
Henry Herlittle

gentleman in the establishment at chess. He was walking to and fro, rubbing his hands, detailing his triumph to his keeper with great glee, and received me with infinite cordiality. * *

"What should you say to seeing company, Sir Henry?—Will you receive a visiter if I bring one?"

"Oh, yes—happy to see them—that is, any day but to-morrow—any day but to-morrow," he replied briskly; "for to-morrow I shall be particularly engaged: the fact is, I am asked to dinner with the king, and am to play billiards with him."

"Ah! I congratulate you!—And, pray, does his majesty come to Somerfield, or do you go to Windsor?"

"Go to Windsor?—Lord bless you, his Majesty lives *here*—this is his palace; and I am one of his resident lords in waiting!—Were you not aware of that?"

"True—true; but at what hour do you wait on his majesty?"

"Three o'clock precisely—to the millionth part of a second."

"Hem!—Suppose, then, I take the opportunity of bringing my

"Certainly not; but what can there possibly be to flurry you in seeing Lady Anne?"

"Lady Anne!" he echoed, with a sheepish air—"well, you know, Lady Anne!—well—she can make allowances—eh?"

Aye, indeed—poor madman—thought I, if such a spectacle as yourself does not paralyze her—replying, "Oh, yes—*all* allowances, supposing any to be necessary, you may depend upon it. She's very considerate, and longs to see you."

"Well, I hope you'll be in the room? for, do you know, the thought of it almost makes me sick—don't I look pale?" he enquired of his keeper—"It is so long since I have seen her. Will she—I hope—what I mean, is—has she recovered from the wound?"

"Ha, long ago! She was more frightened than hurt at the accident."

"*Accident!* is that what it is called? All the better for me, you know," he replied, with a serious air "However, I consent to see her at the hour you mention. Tell her to be calm, and not to try to frighten me, considering the king." With this he shook my hand, opened the door, and I took my leave. Dr Y—— greatly doubted the prudence of the step we were about to take; but we were too far committed with her ladyship to recede. I grew alarmed, on returning home, with the apprehension of her mere presence—however calmly she might behave—stirring up slumbering associations in the mind of her husband, that might lead to very unpleasant results. However, there was nothing for it but to await the experiment, and hope for the best.

The following morning, I called on her ladyship about eleven o'clock, and found her dressed and waiting. Out-door costume seemed as if it did not become one so long an invalid. She looked flushed and feverish, but made great efforts to sustain the appearance of cheerfulness. She told me of her hearty breakfast—(a cup of tea, and part of an egg!)—and spoke of her increasing strength. She *could almost, she said, walk to Somerfield. Lady Julia trembled, Mrs Courthrope was* deadly pale, and I felt deeply apprehensive of the effect of the coming excitement upon such shattered nerves as those of Lady Anne.

Into the roomy carriage we stepped, about half-past eleven. The day was bright and cold—the air, however, refreshing. As we approached Somerfield, it was evident that but for the incessant use of her vinaigrette, Lady Anne must have fainted. We were all silent enough by the time we reached the gates of Dr Y——'s house. Lady Anne was assisted to alight, and, leaning on my arm and that of her sister, walked up with tottering steps to the house, where Mrs Y—— received her with all respectful attention. A glass of wine considerably reassured the fainting sufferer; and while she paused in the drawingroom to recover her breath, I stepped to the Baronet's apartment to prepare him for a suitable reception of his lady. Dr Y—— informed me that Sir Henry had been talking about it ever since. I found him pacing slowly about his chamber, dressed, alas, with additional absurdity. In vain, I found, had both Dr Y—— and his keeper expostulated with him: they found that nothing else would keep him in humour. He wore, over his usual green baize dress, a flaming scarlet sash, with a massive gold chain round his neck. An ebony walking-stick was worn as a sword; and his cap, somewhat like that of a hussar, was surmounted with a peacock's feather, stripped, all but the eye at the top, and nearly three feet high. On this latter astounding appendage, I found, he particularly prided himself. I implored him to remove it, but he begged me, somewhat haughtily, to allow him to dress as he pleased. I protest I felt sick at the spectacle. What a frightful object to present to Lady Anne. However, we might prepare her to expect something *outré* in her husband's appearance. "Permit me to ask, Sir Henry," said I, resolved upon a last effort, "why you are in full dress?"

He looked astonished at the question. "I thought, Doctor, I told *you of* my engagement with his majesty."

"Oh, aye, true; but perhaps you will receive your lady uncovered,

nterrupting our mo-
tête. I hesitated; I
clined, at all hazards,
eaded interview; but
ture on such a step.
r Henry, and waite
o throw herself into

l God! throw her-
is! throw herself in-
is there ever such a
' exclaimed the Ba-
nfounded air; "no,
of no such familiari-
ng *rather* too far—
cumstances—eh?"
his keeper, whom
uctantly into a cos-
like that of an Aus-
What do *you* say?"
in acquiescence.
Doctor," continued
ting to his keeper,
ny secretary, must
e while, to take
ses."
' I replied, with an
rin, inwardly cur-
rmitting the use-
us interview. I
the apartment in

.... to approach her. Sir Hen
with a polite but distant air, took
his cap for a moment, and then ca
fully replaced it, without maki
any reply.

"Shall we take seats, Sir Henry
I enquired.

"Yes—she may be seated," l
replied, with an authoritative a
folding his arms, and leaning again
the corner of the window, eyeing h
lady with curious attention.

"Are you come here of your ow
free will?" said he, calmly.

"Yes, Henry, yes," she whispered

"Put that down," said the Baro
net, in an under tone, to his secre
tary.

"Are you recovered?"

"Quite, dearest!" replied his
lady, faintly.

"Put *that* down," repeated the
Baronet, quickly, looking at his "se-
cretary" till he had written it. There
was a pause. I sat beside Lady
Anne, who trembled violently, and
continued deadly pale.

"I am sure, Sir Henry," said I,
"you are not displeased at her
ladyship's coming to see you? If
you are not, *do* come and tell her so
for she fears

either his tone or manner, and Lady Anne perceived the alteration.

"Harry! Harry! Dearest! my love!" she murmured, suddenly stretching towards him her hands, and fell into his arms, where she lay for a while motionless.

"Poor creature! How acute her feelings are!" exclaimed the Baronet, calmly. "You should strive to master them, Anne, as I do. I bear you no ill-will; I know you had provocation! How her little heart beats," he continued, musingly. "Why, she has fainted! How very childish of her to yield so!"

It was true; the unhappy lady had fainted, and lay unconsciously in her husband's arms. Her sister, weeping bitterly, rose to remove her; but the Baronet's countenance became suddenly clouded. He allowed us to assist his lady, by removing her bonnet, but continued to grasp her firmly by the wrists, staring into her face with an expression of mingled concern and wonder. His keeper's practised eye evidently saw the storm rising, and came up to him.

"You had better let her ladyship be removed!" he whispered into his ear authoritatively, eyeing him fixedly, at the same time gently disengaging her arms from his grasp.

"Well—be it so; I'm sorry for her; I've a strange recollection of her kindness: and is it come to this, poor Anne!" he exclaimed, tremulously, and walked to the further window, where he stood with his back towards us, evidently weeping. We removed Lady Anne immediately from the room; and it was so long before she recovered, that we doubted whether it would be safe to remove her home that day. "Well, as far as I am concerned," thought I, as I bent over her insensible form, "this is the last time I will be a party to the torture inflicted by such a scene as this, though in obedience to your own wishes!" As I was passing from the room in which she lay, I encountered Sir Henry, followed closely by his keeper.

"Whither now, Sir Henry," I enquired, with a sigh.

"Going to tell the king that I cannot dine with him to-*day, as I had* promised, *for I am quite agitated, though I scarce know why. Who* whispered. I made him no reply. "I am glad I have met you, however; we'll take a turn in the grounds, for I have something of the highest consequence to tell you."

"Really you must excuse me, Sir Henry; I have"——

"Are you in earnest, Doctor? Do you know the consequences of refusing to attend to my wishes?"

I suffered him to place my arm in his, and he led me down the steps into the garden. Round, and round, and round we walked, at a rapid rate, his face turned towards me all the while with an expression of intense anxiety—but not a syllable did he utter. Faster and faster we walked, till our pace became almost a run, and, beginning to feel both fatigued and dizzy, I gently swayed him from the pathway towards the door-steps.

"Poor—poor Anne!" he exclaimed, in a mournful tone, and starting from me abruptly, hurried to a sort of alcove close at hand, and sat down, covering his face with his handkerchief, his elbows resting upon his knees. I watched him for a moment from behind the door, and saw that he was weeping, and that bitterly. Poor Sir Henry! Presently one of his brother captives approached him, running from another part of the grounds, in a merry mood, and slapping him instantly on the back, shouted, "I am the Lord of the Isles!"

"I can't play billiards with your majesty to-day," replied Sir Henry, looking up, his eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"Embrace me, then!" said the lunatic; and they were forthwith locked in one another's arms.—"You are in tears!" exclaimed the stranger, himself beginning suddenly to cry; but in a moment or two he started off, putting his hand to his mouth, and bellowing, "Yoicks—yoicks! Stole away! Stole away!"

The Baronet relapsed into his former mood, and continued in a similar posture for several minutes, when he rose up, wiped away his tears, and commenced walking again round the green, his arms folded on his breast as before, and talking to himself with great vehemence. I could

...ged to their visits
which he occasionally returned—always accompanied by his "secretary"—and took great pleasure in hearing the sisters play on the piano. He composed verses, which they pretended to set to music; he brought them flowers, and received various little presents in return. For hours together he would sit with them reading, and hearing read, novels and newspapers—and, in short, grew in a manner humanized again. He treated Lady Anne with great civility, but towards her sister Julia, he behaved as if he were courting her! They soon prevailed upon him to discard the absurd peacock's feather he frequently wore, always on Sundays—accepting, in its stead, a small drooping ostrich feather, which also, in its turn, he was by and by induced to lay aside altogether, as well as to assume more befitting clothing. They could not, however, dislodge from his crazed imagination the idea that he was confined in prison, awaiting his trial for the murder of his wife, and high treason!

How can I do justice to the virtues of his incomparable wife, or sufficiently extol her ...

...ngers throngs
l as the man of fa-
ure!

...erat! quantum mu-

...xuvias indutus Achil-

...gios jaculatus puppi-

...er room, I found
...een relieved by a
tears. She conti-
sterically, and ut-
erencies for some
the entreaties or
those around her,
When at length
abated, from ex-
essed a determi-
emoved fromthe
unfortunate hus-
was in vain that
peril with which
was attended, as
Sir Henry; she
citations, regard-
. She requested
m her whether
y occupied; and
ating answer in
...engaged ...

band's humiliation and degradation. Hail, woman, exalted amongst thy sex! Eulogy would but tarnish and obscure the honour that is thy due!

All, however, was unavailing; the unhappy sufferer exhibited no symptom of mental convalescence: on the other hand, his delusions became more numerous and obstinate than ever. He seemed to be totally unconscious of Lady Anne's being his *wife;* he treated her, and spoke of her, as an amiable companion, and even made her his confidant. Amongst other vagaries, he communicated to her a long story about his attachment to a girl he had seen about the premises, and earnestly asked her opinion in what way he could most successfully make her an offer!

He addressed her, one morning, as Queen, receiving her with the most obsequious obeisances. He persisted in this hallucination with singular pertinacity. All poor Lady Anne's little familiarities and endearments were thenceforth at an end; for he seemed so abashed by her presence, that no efforts of condescension sufficed to reassure him, and she was compelled to support a demeanour consistent with the station which his crazed imagination assigned her. His great delight was to be sent on her royal errands about the house and grounds! He could hardly ever be prevailed upon to sit, at least at ease, in her presence; and was with difficulty induced to eat at the same table. The agony I have seen in her eye on these occasions! Compelled to humour his delusions, she wore splendid dresses and jewels; and dismissed him on every occasion, by coldly extending her hand, which he would kiss with an air of reverent loyalty! He believed himself to have been elevated to the rank of a general-officer, and insisted on being provided with a military-band, to play before his windows every evening after dinner. He invited me, one day, in The Queen's name, to dinner in his apartments, some time after this delusion had manifested itself. It was a soft September evening, and the country round about seemed every where bronzed with the *touch of autumn. During dinner Sir Henry treated his* lady with all the profound respect and ceremony due to royalty, and I, of course, was obliged to assume a similar deportment, while his lady was compelled to receive with condescending urbanity attentions, every one of which smote her heart as an additional evidence of the inveteracy of her husband's malady. I observed her narrowly. There was no tear in her eye—no flurry of manner—no sighing: hers was the deep silent anguish of a breaking heart!

Shortly after dinner was removed, we drew our chairs—Lady Anne in the centre, seated on a sort of throne, specially provided for her by the Baronet—in a circle round the ample bow-window that overlooked the most sequestered part of the grounds connected with the establishment, as well as a sweep of fine scenery in the distance. In a bower, a little to our right, was placed Sir Henry's band, who were playing very affectingly various pieces of brilliant military music. By my direction, privately given beforehand, they suddenly glided, from a bold march, into a concert on French horns. Oh, how exquisite was that soft melancholy wailing melody! The hour—the deepening gloom of evening—the circumstances—the persons—were all in mournful keeping with the music to which we were listening in subdued silence. Lady Anne's tears stole fast down her cheeks, while her eyes were fixed with sad earnestness upon her husband, who sat in a low chair, a little on her left hand, his chin resting on the palm of his hand, gazing with a melancholy air on the darkening scenery without. Occasionally I heard Lady Anne struggling to subdue a sob, but unsuccessfully. Another, and another, and another forced its way—and I trembled lest her excitement should assume a more violent form. I saw her, almost unconsciously, lay her hand upon that of the Baronet, and clasp it with convulsive energy. So she held it for some moments, when the madman slowly turned round, looking her full in the face; his countenance underwent a ghastly change, and fixing on her an eye of *demoniac* expression, he slowly rose *in his* seat, seeming, to my disturbed *fancy,* an evil spirit called up by the

. Frankenstein. His
his efforts, could not
nd sometimes altoge-
im. He followed him
niles, and at length
was overtaking the
n he had come up
f him, the madman
nexpectedly, struck
ow that brought him
and immediately
to a great elm-tree
from amidst whose
vas presently heard
ific manner; anon,
ing sound amongst
of a heavy body
em, and Sir Henry
bleeding upon the
tely the prostrate
out loudly for as-
in along; and his
ne or two of the
despatched after
a the three, Sir
it home again, to
ad. An eminent
ighbourhood was
s assistance, for I
chamber of Lady
otally insensible,

I cannot—I need not—dwell upo
the immediate consequences of the
sad night. Suffice it to say, Sir Hen
ry was found to have received severe
but not fatal injury, which, however
was skilfully and successfully treat
ed; but he lay in a state of compa
rative stupor for near a week, at
which period his mental malady re-
sumed its wildest form, and render-
ed necessary the severest treatment.
As for Lady Anne, her state became
eminently alarming; and as soon as
some of the more dangerous symp-
toms had subsided, we determined
on removing her, at all hazards, from
her present proximity to Sir Henry,
to —— Hall, trusting to the good
effects of a total change of scene and
of faces. She had not strength
enough to oppose our measures, but
suffered herself to be conducted from
Somerfield without an effort at com-
plaint. I trembled to see an occa-
sional vacancy in the expression of
her eye; was it *impossible* that her
husband's malady might prove at
length contagious? Many weeks
passed over her, before Lady Anne
exhibited the slightest signs of amend-
ment. Her shocks had

she was asleep, her fingers would unconsciously wreathe themselves amongst his flaxen curls. About Sir Henry she made little or no enquiry; and when she did, we, of course, put the best face possible upon matters. Her frequent efforts to see and converse with him, had proved wofully and uniformly unsuccessful; and she seemed henceforth to give up the idea of all interference, with despair.

But the original, the direful occasion of all this domestic calamity, must not be overlooked. The contest respecting the title and estates of Sir Henry went on as rapidly as the nature of the case would permit. The new claimant was, as I think I hinted before, a man of low station; he had been, I believe, a sort of slave-driver, or factotum, on a planter's estate in one of the West India islands: and it was whispered that a rich Jew had been persuaded into such confidence in the man's prospects, as to advance him, from time to time, on his personal security, the large supplies necessary to prosecute his claims with effect.

There were very many matters of most essential consequence that no one could throw light upon but the unfortunate Baronet himself; and his solicitor had consequently, in the hope of Sir Henry's recovery, succeeded in interposing innumerable obstacles, with the hope, as well of wearing out his opponents, as affording every chance for the restoration of his client's sanity. It was, I found, generally understood in the family, that the solicitor's expectations of success in the lawsuit were far from sanguine: not that he believed the new claimant to be the *bonâ fide* heir to the title, but he was in the hands of those who would ransack the world for evidence—and, when it was wanting, *make* it. Every imaginable source of delay, however—salvation to the one party, destruction to the other—was at length closed up; all preliminaries were arranged; the case was completed on both sides, and set down for hearing. Considerable expectation was excited in the public mind; occasional paragraphs hinted *the probability of such and such disclosures; and it was even rumoured* that considerable bets were depending upon the issue!

I was in the habit of visiting Sir Henry once or twice a-week. He became again calm as before the occasion of his last dreadful out-break; and his bodily health was complete. New delusions took possession of him. He was at one time composing a history of the whole world; at another, writing a memoir of every member that had ever sat in the House of Commons, together with several other magnificent undertakings. All, however, at length gave way to "The Pedigree, a Tale of Real Life," which consisted of a rambling, exaggerated account of his own lawsuit. It was occasioned by his happening, unfortunately, to cast his eye upon the following little paragraph in his newspaper, which chanced to have been overlooked by the person who was engaged for no other purpose than to read over the paper beforehand, and prevent any such allusions from meeting the eye of the sufferer.

"*Sir Henry Harleigh, Bart.* This unfortunate gentleman continues still greatly indisposed. We understand that little hope is entertained of his ultimate recovery. The result, therefore, of the approaching trial of 'Doe on the demise of Harleigh *v.* Higgs' will signify but little to the person principally interested."

From the moment of his reading these lines, he fell into a state of profound melancholy—which was, however, somewhat relieved by the task with which he had occupied himself, of recording his own misfortunes. He had resumed his former dress of green baize, as well as the intolerable peacock's feather. What could have conferred such a permanency upon, or suggested this preposterous *penchant*, I know not—except the interest he had formerly taken in a corps of riflemen, who were stationed near a house he had occupied in the country. He continued quiet and inoffensive. His keeper's office was little else than a sinecure—till Sir Henry suddenly set him about *making* two copies of every page he *himself* composed!

I remember calling upon him o

addressing the jury
:—and you must re-
'. Now!"—
air and table towards
room,—mounted on
'n a cloak over his
:ommenced. Shall I
en I declare that—as
ient goes—I listened
, for nearly an hour,
He spoke, of course,
son; and stated in a
; feeling manner, his
ı, fortune, family,
'arliamentary career
ippiness, prosperity,
ien he represented
us indifference with
l the first communi-
ıe attack meditated
d property, as well
ıtion with which he
scovered the formi-
of the claim set up
Ie begged me—the
self in his place; to
s; and proceeded to
sketch of the facts
lrew a lively picture
iery he had endured
his wife should hear
ıe intelligence his
body—and that between husba
and wife—over whom was besic
impending the chance, if not prol
bility, of total ruin! Oh, Provider
—mysterious and awful in thy d
pensations among the children
men!—who shall enquire into t
purposes, who question their w
dom or beneficence!

"Who sees not Providence suprem
wise—
Alike in what it gives, and what
nies!"

My heart misgives me, however, tl
the reader will complain of l
ing detained so long amongst the
scenes of monotonous misery-
would I had those of a different cl
racter to present to him!—Let r
therefore draw my long narrative
a close, by transcribing a few e
tracts from the later entries in r
journal.

Saturday, November 5, 18—.—Tl
was the day appointed for the tr
of the important cause which was
decide the proprietorship of the tl
and possessions of Sir Henry H
leigh. Much interest was excite
and the court crowded at an ea

cessively pale and agitated. The plaintiff had been found dead in his bed that morning—having been carried thither in a state of brutal intoxication, the preceding night, from a tavern-dinner with his attorney and witnesses. He died single, and there of course was an end of the whole matter that had been attended with such direful consequences to Sir Henry and his lady. But of what avail is the now established security of his title, rank, and fortune to their unhappy owner?—an outcast from society—from home—from family—from the wife of his bosom—even from himself! What signified the splendid intelligence to Lady Anne—perishing under the pressure of her misfortunes? Would it not a thousandfold aggravate the agonies she was enduring? It has been thought proper to intrust to *me* the difficult task of communicating the news to both parties, if I think it advisable that it should be done at all. What am I to do?—What may be the consequence of the secret's slipping out suddenly from any of those around Lady Anne? About the Baronet I had little apprehension; I felt satisfied that he could not comprehend it—that whether he had lost or won the suit was a matter of equal moment to *him!*

As I had a patient to visit this morning, whose residence was near Somerfield, I determined to take that opportunity of trying the effect of the intelligence on Sir Henry. It was about two o'clock when I called, and I found him sitting by the fire, reading one of Shakspeare's plays. I gradually led his thoughts into a suitable train, and then told him, briefly, and pointedly, and accurately, his own history—up to the latest incident of all—but as of a *third* person, and that a nobleman. He listened to the whole with profound interest.

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, with a thoughtful air, as I concluded—"I surely *must* have either heard or read of this story before!—You don't mean to say that it is *fact?*—That it has happened lately?"

"Indeed I do, Sir Henry," I replied, looking at him earnestly.

"And are the parties *living?*—Lord and Lady——?"

"Both of them—at this moment—and not ten miles from where we are now sitting!"

"Indeed!" he replied, musingly—"that's unfortunate!"

"*Unfortunate*, Sir Henry!" I echoed, with astonishment.

"Very—for *my* purpose. What do you suppose I have been thinking of all this while?" he replied, with a smile. "What a subject it would be for a tragedy!—But, of course, since the parties are living, it would never do!—Still I cannot help thinking that *something* might be made of it! One might disguise, and alter the facts."

"It is a tragedy of *very* real life!" I exclaimed, with a deep sigh.

"Indeed it is!" he replied, echoing my sigh—"it shews that fact often transcends all fiction—does it not? Now, if this had been the plot of a tale, or novel, people would have said—'how improbable! how unnatural!'"

"Aye, indeed they would, Sir Henry," said I, unable to keep the tears from my eyes.

"'*Tis* affecting," he replied, his eyes glistening with emotion; adding, after a moment's pause, in a somewhat tremulous tone—"Now, which of the two do you most pity, Doctor—Lord —— or Lady Mary ——?"

"Both. I scarce know which, most."

"How did they bear the news, by the way, do you know?" he enquired, with sudden interest.

"I believe Lady Mary —— is in too dangerous circumstances to be told of it. They say she is dying!"

"Poor creature! What a melancholy fate! And she is young and beautiful, you say?"

"She is young, but not now beautiful, Sir Henry!"

"I wish it had not been all *real!*" he replied, looking thoughtfully at the fire. "What would Shakspeare have made of it! It would have been a treasure to the writer of King Lear! And how, pray, did Lord ——receive the intelligence.—Stop," said he, suddenly,—"stop—How can one imagine *Shakspeare* to have drawn the scene? How would *he* have made Lord —— behave? Let me see—an ordinary writer could make the madman roar, and stamp,

sıusıon! How con-
to nature! How
r wonderfully fine,
scene under SHAK-
!!" continued Sir
igh, folding his arms
eaning back in his
ng thoughtfully into

ıre equal to Shak-
then, my dear Sir

ıt do you mean?"
g and turning sud-
ıe with some excite-
easurable, however,
-" Have I, then"—
escribed it EXACTLY
'

really say so? How
, my dear Doctor?"
ɔle to sit in his chair,
ɔ brightening with

as present, Sir Hen-
ıicated the intelli-
d, while every thing
ed swimming round

Doctor! Are you
?"

in vain; he became paler and pa
his limbs seemed to stagger un
him, and I had scarce time to d
him into a chair, before he fainte
summoned his keeper to my ass
ance, and, with the ordinary me
we soon restored Sir Henry to c
sciousness.

"Ah! is that you?" he exclaim
faintly smiling, as his eye fell u
the keeper. "I thought we had p
ed long ago! Why, where have y
or rather where have I been?"

At length, with the aid of a li
wine and water, he recovered
self-possession.

"Heigh-ho! I shall be fit for
thing all the day, I am afraid! S
shall go and play at chess with
king. Is his majesty at liberty?

My soul sunk within me; and
ing he was uneasy at my stay, I t
my leave; but it was several ho
before I quite recovered from
effects of perhaps the most agita
scene I ever encountered. I fo
it impossible to pay my promi
visit to Lady Anne that even
One such interview as the abov
enough, not for a day, but a life;
I despatched a servant on horseb

tale of 'The Pedigree!' 'Tis quite inconceivable how I could have forgotten it as you went on; but I have gained some valuable hints! I shall now get on with it rapidly, and have it at press as soon as possible. I hope it will be thought worthy by the world of the compliments you took occasion to pay me so delicately yesterday!"

I took my leave of him, in despair.

On reaching ——— Hall, in the evening, I found that the news, with the delivery of which I fancied myself specially and exclusively charged, had by some means or other found its way to her ladyship at an early hour in the afternoon of the preceding day. She had been but slightly agitated on hearing it; and the first words she murmured, were a prayer that the Almighty would make the intelligence the means of her husband's restoration to reason; but for herself, she expressed perfect resignation to the Divine will, and a hope that the consolations of religion might not be withdrawn from her during the little interval that lay between her and hereafter. Surely that pure prayer, proceeding from the depths of a broken heart, through guileless lips, found favour with her merciful Maker. Surely it was his influence that diffused thenceforth serenity and peace through the chamber of the dying sufferer; that extracted the keen thorn of mental agony; that healed the broken spirit, while it gently dissolved the elements of life—kindling, amid the decaying fabric of an earthly tabernacle, that light of faith and hope which shines

"Most vigorous, when the body dies!" *

Come hither a moment, ye that doubt, or deny the existence of such an influence; approach with awful steps this deathbed chamber of youth, beauty, rank—of all loveliness in womanhood, and dignity in station—hither! and say, do you call THIS "the deathbed of hope—the young spirit's grave?" Who is it that hath rolled back from this sacred chamber-door the boisterous surges of this world's disquietude, and "bidden them that they come not near?"

It was true that Lady Anne was dying, and dying under bitter circumstances, as far as mere earthly considerations were concerned; but was it hard to die surrounded by such an atmosphere of "peace that passeth understanding?"

I found my sweet patient surrounded by her sisters, and one or two other ladies, propped up with pillows in a sort of couch, drawn before the fire, whose strong light fell full upon her face, and shewed me what havoc grief had made of her once beautiful features. She was then scarcely eight-and-twenty; and yet you might have guessed her nearly forty! The light with which her full eyes once sparkled had passed away, and left them sunk deep in their sockets, laden with the gloom of death. Her cheeks were hollow, and the deep bordering of her cap added to their wasted and shrunken appearance. One of her sisters—a very lovely woman—was sitting close beside her, and had always been considered her image; alas, what a woful disparity was now visible!

Lady Sarah, my patient's youngest sister, was stooping down upon the floor, when I entered, in search of her sister's wedding-ring, which had fallen from a finger no longer capable of filling it. "You had better wind a little silk about it," whispered Lady Anne, as her sister was replacing it on the attenuated, alabaster-hued finger from which it had dropped. "I do not wish it ever to be removed again. Do it, love!" Her sister, in tears, nodded acquiescence, and left the room with the ring, while I seated myself in the chair she had quitted by her sister's side. I had time to ask only a few of the ordinary questions, when Lady Sarah reappeared at the door, very pale, and beckoned out one of her sisters to communicate the melancholy intelligence, that moment received, that their father, the old Earl, who had travelled up from Ireland, though in an infirm state of health, to see his dying daughter, at her

* *Wesley.*

d her to the contrary.
ut evinced not the
on.
y will tell me all;
I thank God I believe
ut, Doctor," she pur-
e calm tone, "what-
e, let me take this op-
king you a question
Sir Henry. When did
I told her.
much hope of his
ated.
or, be frank with a
' said she, with so-
ven will vouchsafe
bear whatever you
l me!—How is it?"
—that at present—at
worse, and certainly
ill than formerly."
now of the event of
w did it affect him?"
ny lady. He did not
omprehend it." She
slowly, and sighed.
' ladyship has recei-
n from the intelli-

should it avail *me!*
child. Thank God, he

her manner there was the profo
composure of consciously appro
ing dissolution. She seemed bey
the reach of her former agitatio
feeling—shielded, as it were, wi
merciful apathy. I sat beside
in silence, for about a quarter o
hour. Her eyes were closed, a
thought she was dozing. Prese
one of her sisters, her eyes swo
with weeping, stepped softly
the room, and sat down beside l

"Who is dead, love?" enqu
Lady Anne, without opening
eyes. Her sister made no reply,
there was a pause. "He would
been here before this, but for"—
tered Lady Anne, breaking off
ruptly. Still her sister made n
ply. "Yes—I feel it; my fath
dead!" exclaimed Lady Anne,
ing, in a low tone, "if I had
strength to tell you of my dream
night! Call them all in—call t
all in; and I will try, while I
strength," she continued, with
energy and distinctness than I
heard during the evening. Her
opened suddenly, and settled
her sister.

"Do not delay—call them all

sisted in drawing the clothes over her. I followed, and begged her to be calm. Her pulse fluttered fast under my finger.

"I should not have hastened so much," said she, feebly, "but he is beckoning to me!" At this moment her sisters entered the room. "The lights are going out, and yet I see him!" she whispered, almost inarticulately. "Julia—Sarah—Elizabeth—Elizabeth—Eliza—El"—she murmured; her cold hand suddenly closed upon my fingers, and I saw that the brief struggle was over!

Her poor sisters, thus in one day doubly bereaved, were heart-broken. What a house of mourning was —— Hall! I felt that my presence was oppressive. What could I do to alleviate grief so profound—to stanch wounds so recent! I therefore took my leave shortly after the decease of Lady Anne. As I was walking down the grand staircase, I was overtaken by the nursery-maid, carrying down the little orphan son of her ladyship.

"Well, my poor little boy," said I, stopping her, and patting the child on the cheek, "what brings *you* about so late as this?"

"'Deed, sir," replied the girl, sobbing, "I don't know what has come to Master Harry to-night! He was well enough all day; but ever since seven o'clock, he's been so restless, that we didn't know what to do with him. He's now dozing, and then waking; and his little moans are very sad to hear. Hadn't he better have some quieting physic, sir?"

The child looked, indeed, all she said. He turned from the light, and his little face was flushed and feverish.

"Has he asked after his mamma?"

"Yes, sir, often, poor dear thing! He wants to go to her; he says he will sleep with her to-night, or he won't go to bed at all," said the girl, sobbing; "and we daren't tell him that—that—he's no mamma to go to any more!"

I thought of the FATHER—then of the son—then of the precious link between them that lay severed and broken in the chamber above; and with moist eyes and a quivering lip, kissed the child *and left the Hall. It was a wretched November night.* the gloom within. The country all around was wrapped in a dreary winding-sheet of snow; the sleet came down without ceasing; and the wind moaned as it were a dirge for the dead. Alas for the dead! Alas for the early dead! The untimely dead!

Alas, alas, for the *living!*

Tuesday, Nov. 8th.—"On Sunday, the 6th November, at —— Hall, of rapid decline, Lady Anne, wife of Sir Henry Harleigh, Bart., and third daughter of the late Right Hon. the Earl of ——, whom she survived only one day."

Such was the record of my sweet patient's death that appeared in to-day's papers. Alas, of what a sum of woes are these brief entries the exponents! How little does the eye that hastily scans them see of the vast accumulations of suffering which are there represented!

This entry was full before my eyes when I called to-day upon Sir Henry, who was busily engaged at billiards in the public room with Dr Y——. He played admirably, but was closely matched by the Doctor, and so eager in the game, that he had hardly time to ask me how I was. I stood by till he had proved the winner, and great was his exultation.

"I'll play you for a hundred pounds, Doctor!" said Sir Henry; "and give you a dozen!"

"Have you nothing to say to your friend, Dr ——?" replied Dr Y——, who knew that I had called for the purpose of attempting to make Sir Henry sensible of the death of Lady Anne.

"Oh, yes; I'll play with *him;* but before I lay odds, we must try our skill against one another. Come, Doctor," extending the cue; "you shall begin!"

Of course I excused myself, and succeeded in enticing him to his own apartment, by mentioning his tale of the "Pedigree."

"Ah, true," said he, briskly; "I'm glad you've thought of it! I wish to talk a little to you on the subject."

We were soon seated together *before the fire,* he with the manuscripts *lying* on his knee.

"And what have you done with

are you talking of r
ı confounding with
›me patient you have
r wits are wool-ga-

ıs, Sir Henry," said
handkerchief to my
hinking of one who
his day or two ceased
ıt! Believe me—be-
lear Sir Henry, her
ely—resembled the
›e in your story! Oh,
ow beautiful—how

› reply, but seemed
· words—as if with a
ı own fiction.
›u, I think, something
you, Sir Henry!" I

ıt is that? What is

new *you!*"
What, intimately?"
r! She mentioned
her deathbed; she
ıt prayer for you!"
he exclaimed, re-
›ers from his knee,
ım on the table, that

calm—be calm," said I, rising.

"My wife!" he continued claiming, not in the way of an quiry, but simply *shouting* the wo while his face became transfor almost beyond recognition. * I shall, however, spare the rea the scene which followed. He calm and pacified by the time I t my leave, for I had pledged my to come and play a game at billi with him on the morrow. On q ting the chamber, I entered the vate room of Dr Y——; and w he was putting some questions to about Sir Henry, he suddenly came inaudible—invisible, for I fainting with excitement and a tion, occasioned by the scene I h alluded to. * *

"Depend upon it, my dear Doc you are mistaken," said Dr Y— pursuing the conversation, sho after I had recovered, "Sir Hen case is by no means hopeless—b means!"

"I would I could think so! If madness has stood *two* such trem dous assaults with impunity, upon it it is impregnable. It not be accessible by any inferic

unfit, and will call again in a day or two."

"*N'importe*—Be it so—'twill not lose by the keeping," replied the Doctor, good-humouredly; and shaking him by the hand, I hurried to my chariot, and drove off. Experience had certainly not *sharpened* the sensibilities of Dr Y——!

[Bear with me, kind reader! Suffer me to lay before you yet one or two brief concluding extracts from this mournful portion of my Diary. If your tears flow, if your feelings are touched, believe me, 'tis not with romance—it is with the sorrows of actual life. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men—and the living will lay it to his heart."]

Nov. 9th to 14th inclusive.—Between these periods I called several times at Somerfield House, but saw little alteration in Sir Henry's deportment or pursuits, except that he was at times, I heard, very thoughtful, and had entirely laid aside his tale,—taking, in its place, to chess. He grew very intimate with the crazy gentleman before mentioned, who was imagined, both by himself and Sir Henry, to be the king. More than once, the keeper warned Dr Y—— to interfere for the purpose of separating them, for he feared lest they should be secretly concerting some dangerous scheme or other. Dr Y—— watched them closely, but did not consider it necessary to interrupt their intercourse. I found Sir Henry, one evening, sitting with his friend the king, and their two keepers, very boisterous over their wine. Sir Henry staggered towards me, on my entry, singing snatches of a drinking-song, which were attempted to be echoed by his majesty, plainly far gone. I remonstrated with the keepers, full of indignation and alarm at their allowing two madmen the use of wine.

"Lord, Doctor," said one of them, smiling, taking a decanter, and pouring out a glass of its contents, "taste it, and see how much it would take to intoxicate a man."

I did—it was toast and water, of several decanters, complaining all the while of their being allowed nothing but sherry! I need hardly add, that they had, in a manner, *talked*, and laughed, and sung themselves tipsy! Sir Henry, with a hiccup—whether real or affected I know not—insisted on my joining them, and told his majesty of the *hoax* I had lately been playing upon him, by "getting up" his *own* "tale," and mystifying him with telling it of another. His majesty shouted with laughter.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—This was the day appointed for the funeral of Lady Anne, which I was invited to attend. I set apart, therefore, a day for that melancholy, that sacred purpose. I was satisfied that no heavier heart could follow her to the grave than mine.

It was a fine frosty day. The sky was brightly, deeply blue, and the glorious sun was there, dazzling, but apparently not warming, the chilly earth. As I drove slowly down to the Hall, about noon, with what aching eyes did I see here a scarlet jacketed-huntsman, there a farmer at his work whistling; while the cheery sparrows, fluttering about the bare twigs, and chirruping loudly, jarred upon my excited feelings, and brought tears into my eyes, as I recollected the words of the Scotch song,

"Ye'll break my heart, ye merry birds!"

In vain I strove to banish the hideous image of Sir Henry from my recollection—he seemed to stand gibbering over the corpse of his lady! ——— Hall was a spacious building, and a blank desolate structure it looked from amidst the leafless trees—all its windows closed—nothing stirring about it but the black hearse, mourning-coaches and carriages, with coachmen and servants in sable silk hat-bands. On descending, and entering the Hall, I hastened out of the gloomy bustle of the undertaker's arrangements below, to the darkened drawingroom, which was filled with the distinguished relatives and friends of the deceased —a *silent*, mournful throng! Well, *it was* not long before her remains, together with those of her father,

row: but I was pre-
by Lord ———, their
ontinue all night, as
continued agitation
lous consequences.
ate hour that we sepa-
respective chambers.
o me had been the one
upied by Sir Henry
and was a noble, but,
r room. Though past
did not think of get-
but trimmed my lamp,
o the table beside the
ng brought with me
paper, began writing,
things, some of these
hich are incorporated
tive, for I felt too ex-
of sleep. Thus had I
for some twenty mi-
an hour, when I laid
to listen—for, unless
leceived me, I heard
soft music at a little
w solemn was the si-
t "witching hour!"
rimson curtains of the
h I had partially drawn
en the moon, casting
iles upon the sleeping
ceived it was—Sir Henry, accom-
nied by the wretch whom he trea
as "the king!" I stood staring
him unseen, as if transfixed, till
completed his song. He paus
"They all sleep sound," he excla
ed with a sigh, looking up wit
melancholy air at the windov
"Wake, lady-love, wake!" He
gan again to strike the strings of
guitar, and was commencing a mo
air, when a window was ope
overhead. He looked up sudden
a faint shriek was heard from al
—Sir Henry flung away his gu
and, followed by his compan
sprung out of sight in a mom
Every one in the house was
stantly roused. The shriek I
heard was that of Lady Elizabe
the youngest sister of Lady An
who had recognised Sir Henry;
it was providential that I happe
to be on the spot. Oh, what a dr
ful scene ensued! Servants w
sent out, as soon as they coul
dressed, in all directions, in pur
of the fugitives, who were not, h
ever, discovered till daybreak.
Henry's companion was then fo
lurking under one of the arches
neighbouring bridge, half dead

posed that they had mounted some of the very many coaches that traversed the road adjoining, and their destination, therefore, baffled conjecture.

Advertisements were issued in all directions, offering a large reward for his capture—but with no success. No tidings were received of him for upwards of a week; when he one day suddenly made his appearance at the Hall, towards dusk, very pale and haggard—his dress in a wretched state—and demanded admission of a new porter, as the owner of the house. Enquiry was soon made, and he was recognised with a shriek by some of the female domestics. He was, really, no longer a lunatic—though he was believed such for several days. He gave, however, unequivocal evidence of his restoration to reason—but the grief and agony occasioned by discovering the death of his lady, threw him into a nervous fever, which left him, at the end of five months, "more dead than alive." Had I not attended him throughout, I declare I could not have recognised Sir Henry Harleigh in the haggard, emaciated figure, closely muffled up from head to foot, and carried into an ample travelling chariot-and-four, which was to convey him towards the Continent. He never returned to England: but I often heard from him, and had the satisfaction of knowing that for several years he enjoyed tolerable health, though the prey of unceasing melancholy. The death of his son, however, which happened eight years after the period when the events above related occurred, was a voice from the grave, which he listened to with resignation. He died, and was buried in Italy, shortly after the publication of the first of these papers. I shall never forget that truly amiable, though unfortunate individual, whose extraordinary sufferings are here related under a disguise absolutely impenetrable to more than one or two living individuals. They will suffer the public to gather, undisturbed, the solemn instruction which I humbly hope and believe this narrative is calculated to afford, as a vivid and memorable illustration of that passage from Scripture already quoted, and with which, nevertheless, I conclude this melancholy history—"*And in my prosperity, I said, I shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled!*"

character and genius
thren of mankind, of
ur, and under every
character and genius,
st fortunate of all the
s, have grown great
red shelter of Trees
lanted or built by the
Liberty and Religion.
not been suffered to
lay, nor the moon by
pered has been the
beautiful native sky
mpests. Wars have
long and loud, and
ed like water; but
either short nor far
he regions assigned
e, enjoyed the sun-
airs of peace—sun-
settling down as if
for ever—airs often
ir joy, as if every
were itself a home
ectest in a perpetual
ation has been ever
ecay—and out of
hes of death, have
and bolder, new
the spirit of each
he good and wise

an age of poetry, and therefore
take delight in poetry—let the st
it loves, whether of higher or of
er mood, come whencesoever
may—whether now first rising
isles shadowing the remotest se
the sunset, or born long ago in
kingdoms of the Orient, but t
music brought now over the w
to mingle with that of the s
singers native to the West. S
we not delight in the inspiratio
genius that two thousand years
won the ear of Asia, and charm
with a sweet reflection of t
own country's life, the hearts
the Hindus, whose whole hist
seems to us a kind of glimmeri
poetry, in which interesting realit
are too often shrouded in elusi
fancies, but which, in their Dran
shews how Fiction can embody a
embalm Truth, and preserve it fr
decay, for ever lovely in all ey
that desire nothing lovelier than t
lineaments of nature?

That there is a Hindu Drama, a
a noble one, was hardly known
England till Professor H. Wils
published his Select Specimens; a
how few people in England ev

debasing superstitions which they thought had killed all genius, had there the happy and heaven-taught art to beautify nature—and that the Hindus have a Shakspeare in their Kalidasa—such a Shakspeare as was possible to humanity so existing—for as the people are so must be their poet—his inspiration coming from communion between his heart and theirs—and though we call it heavenly—and though in one sense it be even so—yet of verity born of earth.

That Drama was of the loves of an Apsara, or one of the Nymphs of Heaven, sentenced by a heavenly curse to become the consort of a mortal; that mortal was Sun-and-Moon descended; his chariot could cleave the sky—instinct with spirit—like an eagle on the wing—and in his course Pururavas accompanied the Sun. But now we are on the soil of the common earth, in "the light of common day," among the life of common creatures—and you will wonder to feel that you are yourself a Hindu. Yes, you are a Brahman—your name is Charudatta—and you are the hero—no great hero after all—of the Toy-cart. Nay, what is better—a man, and a good one—and fit to shew your face either by the Hoogley or the Ganges, the Tweed or the Thames. For on the banks of one and all—in spite of all jugglery—it is felt that

> "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

But who wrote the Drama with the magnificent name of the Toy-cart? A King. For hear the Manager in the Prelude. "There was a poet whose gait was that of an elephant, whose eyes resembled those of the chakora (the Greek partridge), whose countenance was like the full moon, and who was of stately person, amiable manners, and profound veracity; of the *Kshetriya* race, and distinguished by the appellation Sudra; he was well versed in the Rig and the Sama Vedas, in mathematical sciences, in the elegant arts, and the management of elephants. By the favour of *Siva* he enjoyed eyes uninvaded by darkness, and beheld his son seated on the throne; after performing the exalted Aswamedha, —one of the most solemn rites of the Hindus in ancient times,) having attained the age of a hundred years and ten days, he entered the fatal fire. Violent was he in war, and ready to encounter with his single arm the elephant of his adversary; yet he was void of wrath; eminent among those skilled in the *Vedas*, and affluent in piety—a Prince was Sudra."

He wrote the Toy-cart; and when did he flourish? Some think about the end of the second century after Christ; the traditional chronology places him about a century before our era. But Professor Wilson rightly observes, that the place which the Mrichchakati holds in the dramatic literature of all nations will be thought matter of more interest by most readers than its antiquity or historical importance. That it is a curious and interesting picture of national manners, every one will readily admit; and it is not the less valuable in this respect, that it is free from all exterior influence or adulteration. It is a portrait purely Indian.

The Manager, in the Prelude, tells us that in Avanti lived a young Brahman of distinguished rank, but of exceeding poverty—by name Charudatta. Of his many excellences, a courtezan, Vasantasena by name, became enamoured; and the story of their loves is the subject of King Sudra's Drama, which will exhibit "the infamy of wickedness, the villany of law, the efficacy of virtue, and the triumph of faithful love." What better ends can the legitimate drama have in view? And it is a legitimate drama, in Ten Acts, giving a picture of Hindu domestic life—its manners and its morals—in much different from ours, but exhibiting the power of the same passions, for good or for evil, and the authority of Conscience presiding over them all—and that, too, majestically, in the midst of the most trying and appalling miseries. The state of society represented is one, Mr Wilson says, "sufficiently advanced to be luxurious and corrupt, and is certainly very far from offering a flattering similitude, although not without some attractive features." There is meanness, baseness, cow-

sdom, that "from heaven
on the low-roof'd house
" He taught in the Toy-
thing was good but vir-
aracter of Charudatta is
preserved in all he says,
ffers, and without the
dency to exaggeration;
of the whole being a
le-mindedness, and a
grity which never for
he in danger of let-
which being in him re-
rs in worst extremities
vironed with death and
htful accompaniments,
Hindu as he is—sup-
resignation and faith
ristian martyr. When-
irs, during the progress
all ranks of men, and
naracters, do honour to
nd his name is never
ed from beginning to
praise. Yet he is de-
e consciousness of his
change. Yet he is as far as
be from a misanthrope; and
manifest that were he again wea
his hand would be as lavish as
He is very sensitive, but n
the least soured; and his str
of mind under all trials shews
misfortune had not taken awa
prope on which his character
been borne up, but merely the m
of being in outward act what he
is in his own inward spirit—a
whose happiness lies in making o
happy—and what higher happi
can there be either for Brahma
Christian on that side of the g
where all miseries grow rankly,
their seed seems sometimes t
scattered far and wide over the
est fields where what we call joys
trying to grow—even by airs so
and sweet, that one might well
lieve they were breathed from
ven!

Here is the Brahman:

is supposed to represent a street on one side, and on the other the
of Charudatta's house. The outside of the house is also seen in the
he street.)

AITREYA *enters the court with a piece of cloth in his hand.*

ya, your condition is sad enough, and well

Char. Maitreya, friend of all seasons, welcome, sit you down.

Mai. As you command. (*Sits down.*) This garment, perfumed by the jasmines it has lain amongst, is sent to you, by your friend Churabuddha, to be worn by you at the close of your devotions.

Char. (*Takes it, and appears thoughtful.*)

Mai. On what do you meditate?

Char. My friend—

The happiness that follows close on sorrow,
Shows like a lamp that breaks upon the night.
But he that falls from affluence to poverty
May wear the human semblance, but exists
A lifeless form alone.

Mai. Which think you preferable, then—death or poverty?

Char. Had I the choice,

Death, and not poverty, were my election:
To die is transient suffering; to be poor—
Interminable anguish.

Mai. Nay, never heed—it is but a trial—you will become more eminent than ever; and although your kind friends have consumed your property, it may recover, like the moon, which grows to fulness from the slender fragments to which the daily draughts of the Gods for half a month reduce it.

Char. I do not, trust me, grieve for my lost wealth:

But that the guest no longer seeks the dwelling,
Whence wealth has vanish'd, does, I own, afflict me.
Like the ungrateful bees, who wanton fly
The elephant's broad front, when thick congeals
The dried up dew, they visit me no more.

Mai. The sons of slaves! Your guest is ever ready to make a morning meal of a fortune. He is like the cow-boy, who, apprehensive of the virana grass, drives his herds from place to place in the thicket, and sets them to feed always in fresh pasture.

Char. 'Tis true.—I think not of my wasted fortune.

As fate decrees, so riches come and vanish.
But I lament to find the love of friends
Hangs all unstrung, because a man is poor.
And then with poverty comes disrespect;
From disrespect does self-dependence fail;
Then scorn and sorrow, following, overwhelm
The intellect; and when the judgment fails,
The being perishes: and thus from poverty
Each ill that pains humanity proceeds.

Mai. Ah, well, it is but waste of thought to send it after the wealth hunters—we have had enough of this subject.

Char. But poverty is aye the curse of thought.

It is our enemy's reproach—the theme
Of scorn to our best friends and dearest kin.
I had abjured the world, and sought the hermitage,
But that my wife had shared in my distress—
Alas! the fires of sorrow in the heart
Grow impotent; they pain, but burn not.
My friend, I have already made oblation
Unto the Household Gods—Go you to where
The four roads meet, and there present it
To the Great Mothers.

Mai. Not I indeed.

Char. Why not?

Mai. Of what use is it? You have worshipped the Gods: what have they done for you? It is labour in vain to bestow upon them adoration.

Char. Speak not profanely. It is our duty—
and the Gods
Undoubtedly are pleased with what is offer'd
In lowliness of spirit, *and with reverence*
In thought, *and deed, and pious self-denial:*
Go, therefore, and present the offering.

) heard behind the
ısantasena appears,
sthanaka, the king's
ılong with the Vita,
panion and minis-
ıures, and his ser-
nce, "an ignorant,
ruel coxcomb," is
he beautiful Cour-
:s her after a royal
e called her," quoth
"the taper lash of
:oad pieces, *Kama;*
the figurante, the
ıeable shrew. I have
:'s dining dish—the
r man's substance—
pery—the hussey—
) wanton. I have ad-
l these pretty names,
have nothing to say
ita, too, wastes his
ın. "You fly like
ıe that starts away
l of thunder. The
nts in your ears toss
your cheeks, and
ic as the lute to a
Believe me, you
rdian goddess of the
your slender waist

upon the branches of the sam
creeper. The Brahman, the Ksh
triya, the Vaisya, and all of ever
caste are ferried over in the sam
boat, and like the boat, the creepe
and the stream, the courtezan
equally accessible to all."

And is this the heroine of a mor
drama? Even so—the heroine
the Toy-cart; and despicable a thir
as you may think her, even fro
your eyes, before all the play is ove
haply she may draw tears. To the
brutal words she meekly replie
"*What you say may be just—b
believe me, merit alone, not brut
violence, inspires love.*"

Vasantasena is a courtezan; b
we are not, says the learned an
enlightened Translator, "to unde
stand by that name a female wh
disregarded the obligations of la
or the lessons of virtue; but a ch
racter reared by the state of manne
unfriendly to the admission of we
ded females into society, and openin
it only at the expense of reputatio
to women, who were trained for a
sociation with men, by personal an
mental accomplishments to which t
matron was a stranger. The Vesy

home cheerless; and a courtezan of this class in Greece inspired no abhorrence. She was brought up from infancy to the life she professed, which she graced by her accomplishments, and not unfrequently dignified by her virtues. Her disregard of social restraint was not the voluntary breach of moral or religious precepts. The Hindu principles were more rigid; and not only was want of chastity in a female a capital breach of social and religious obligations, but the association of men with professed wantons was an equal violation of decorum, and, involving a departure from the purity of caste, was considered a virtual degradation from rank. In practice, however, greater latitude seems to have been allowed; and in this drama, a Brahman, a man of family and repute, incurs apparently no discredit from his love of a courtezan. A still more curious feature is, that his passion for such an object seems to excite no sensation in his family, nor uneasiness in his wife; and the nurse presents his child to his mistress, as to its mother; and his wife, besides interchanging civilities, a little coldly perhaps, but not compulsively, finishes by calling her sister, and acquiescing, therefore, in her legal union with her lord. It must be acknowledged that the poet has managed his story with great dexterity; and the interest with which he has invested his heroine, prevents manners so revolting to our notions from being obtrusively offensive. 'No art was necessary,' in the estimation of a Hindu writer, 'to provide his hero with a wife or two more or less; and the acquisition of an additional bride is the ordinary catastrophe of the lighter dramas.'"

It would not be easy to state the case more truly than it is stated in these philosophical sentences; and the purest minded may, we think, with no other sentiments than those of pity and compassion—not unaccompanied with something of kind regard, and even of admiration—follow the fortunes of Vasantasena in this interesting drama. She belongs, indeed, to a class of Infortunates; but her sins were the sins of her country; and 'tis certainly a *harsh, probably a false judgment, that with the*

other virtues of her sex. It is not true even where women are most honoured, as in Britain;—utterly false, if pronounced of women in ancient Hindostan. 'Tis wrong to seek to exalt one virtue by the degradation of the whole of that nature of which it is the loveliest attribute; and not in the spirit of the Christian Faith. In our own poetry, the frail and fallen are not spoken of as excommunicated from all intercommunion with our best sympathies; than their sorrows there are few or none more affecting; and we are glad to see them sometimes partaking of that peace which, in its perfection, is our holiest idea of happiness here below the skies. Vasantasena in this Hindu drama is humble in her humiliation—to the poor she is charitable—in every creature in distress she acknowledges a brother or a sister—malignity or hatred have never found access to her heart—and she venerates the virtue of the happier matron, in the dishonoured lot to which it may be said she was born—there is sadness in her smiles—and she seems mournful, even when arrayed in all her allurements. Of her life we are shewn nothing—except her love for one man, which is disinterested and sincere; and, so far from there being any thing of coarseness in her manners, or grossness in her mind, these are all natural elegance and grace, and that, but from our knowledge of what is her lot, is felt to be pure. Gentle and tenderhearted, yet she has spirit to repel what she loathes; and even if she were less good, surely her sufferings bring her within the inner circle of our humanities, and believing she is dead, we weep over her beneath that heap of leaves when thought dead, and doubt not that her spirit is received into heaven.

But to return to the story of the Drama.

The King's brother is aware of Vasantasena's love for Charudatta, whom he calls a miserable wretch, because he is poor; but the Vita has more discernment, and remarks, "It is truly said pearls string with pearls." Meanwhile she overhears her pursuers speaking of Charudatta's house as being close at hand; and taking off her garland,

iale can change her
e will, as the cat mews
ey, when she attempts
" Maitreya, the Brah-
having relit the lamp,
aying, " How funnily
s! it goes flutter flut-
ning breeze, like the
at just caught in a
liscovery now takes
e worthy Vidushaka,
the disturbers of his
estic privacy, deter-
them all a sound drill-
y the King's brother.
think it necessary to
eat of a cudgelling by
. " On! you King's
! You abominable
lave you no decency?
know, that, notwith-
worthy Charudatta be
ornament to Ujayin;
you think of forcing
o his house, and mal-
ople? There is no dis-
toward fate; disgrace
ict; a worthy man may
." The sight of a cud-
wonders, but cannot
ind: and Samsthanaka

hasena, who must have en
the breeze long enough, and
be chilled with the evening
It is to Vasantasena he is
ing; and she takes from his
a cloth to cover the child
—saying, " Scented with ja
flowers—ha—then he is not all
losopher!—*Char.* Radanika
ry Rohasena to the inner
ments.—*Vas.* (*apart.*) Alas
fortune gives me no admiss
them!" An eclaircissement
place—and in the lamp-light
tasena stands revealed in
charms.

" *Char.* (*To himself.*) She wo
come a shrine! The pride of
Presents no charm to her, and she
The palace she is roughly bid to
Nor makes she harsh reply, bu
leaves
The man she scorns, to waste
words.
Lady! I knew you not, and thus
tingly
Mistaking you for my attendant
you
Unmeet indignity—I bend my h
In hope of your forgiveness.
Vas. Nay, sir, I am the offe

home; but Charudatta is too gallant to employ a substitute for that pleasing duty, and leads her off in a fit of descriptive poetry.

"Pale as the maiden's cheek who pines with love,
The moon is up, with all its starry train,
And lights the royal road with lamps divine;
Whilst through the intervening gloom, its rays
Of milky white like watery showers descend. (*They proceed.*)
This, lady, is your dwelling. (*Vasantasena makes an obeisance, and exit.*)"

And so ends the First Act—which, besides being bustling and amusing, makes us familiar with the characters of the chief persons of the drama, and prepares us to take an interest—of very different kinds indeed—in their fortunes.

The opening of the Second Act shews us Vasantasena sitting in her own house, much in love with Charudatta—and conversing about him with her female attendant. She bids her guess his name—and Madanika, being knowing in such matters, says, "his well-selected name is Charudatta. But, lady, it is said he is very poor.—*Vas.* I love him, nevertheless; no longer let the world believe that a courtezan is insensible to a poor man's merits." She then confesses that she left her ornaments in his house, that she might have an excuse for another interview. Meanwhile, a row has been taking place in a gambling-house; and an unlucky wretch, by profession a Samvahaka, or Joint-rubber, having sold himself to a winner for ten suvernas, attempts making his escape, and flies for refuge to the house of the courtezan. She finds that he had once been a servant of her beloved Brahman, whom he warmly eulogizes, and, springing from her seat, she cries, "Girl, girl, a seat—this house is yours, sir—pray be seated—a fan, wench—quick—our worthy guest is fatigued." This, says the ingenious translator, might be thought a little extravagant; but it is not without a parallel in European flattery, and from motives less reputable. Louis XIV. having one day sent a footman to the *Duke of Monbazon with a letter, the Duke, who* happened to be at dinner, made the footman take the highest place at his table, and afterwards accompanied him to the court-yard, because he came from the King. Vasantasena then sends a bracelet to the dun, and the joint-rubber, to shew his gratitude, forswears gambling for ever, and resolves to become a Bauddha Mendicant,—in which character he plays, as we shall see, an important part in the drama. As he goes out, the lady's man-servant, Karnapuraka, enters hastily, and begins describing an achievement he had this day performed in taming with an iron bar her ladyship's fierce hunting elephant Khuntamoraka, the post-breaker, who had killed his keeper, snapped his chain, and rushed, "tearing every thing to pieces with his trunk, his feet, and his tusks, as if the city had been a large tank full of lotus flowers. Big as he was, like the peaks of Vindhya, I brought him down, and saved a holy man, whom he was holding up between his tusks. Every body said well done, Karnapuraka, well done; for all Ujayin, in a panic, like a boat ill laden, was heaped on one spot; and one person, who had no great matter of dress to boast of himself, turning his eyes upwards, and fetching a deep sigh, threw his garment over me." Vasantasena looks at the garment, and sees inscribed on it the name—Charudatta. She throws it round her with delight, and Madanika exclaims, "how well the garment becomes our mistress!" Karnapuraka is sulky, and can only utter "Yes—it becomes her well enough" The lady gives him an ornament, and he says, "Now, indeed, the garment sits as it should do." But where, where—eagerly asks she—where did you leave Charudatta? "Going home, I believe, along the road." "Quick, girl; up on this terrace, and we may catch a glimpse of him!" and so ends the act.

On the night of next day, we find Charudatta and Maitreya just returned home from a concert, and preparing to go to bed. Vasantasena's jewels during the day have been in the care of Verdhamana, a male-servant, but they are now intrusted to Maitreya—and they all fall asleep. A dissipated Brahman, called Servil-

den spear teaches four
ching a house; picking
icks; cutting through
; throwing water on a
d boring through one
ıis wall is of baked
ıust be picked out; but
ɛm a sample of my skill.
ach be the lotus blos-
sun or the new moon,
Swastika, (a magical
the water-jar? It must
to astonish the natives;
looks best in a brick
all be the shape. In
ıat I have breached by
ghbours have had occa-
censure and approve
During the rest of an
oquy he is at work, and
h his favourite figure in
he water-jar. Maitreya
very patly to the occa-
eves are breaking into
nd addressing Charu-
'My friend, if you do
casket, may you incur
sappointing a cow, and
a Brahman." The rob-
These invitations are
Mait. (*still half asleep.*)

control. That his person is unna
is well—but better—she exclai
it had suffered, "than his fair
incur disparagement. Destiny,
potent deity, thou sportest wit
fortunes of mankind, and renc
them as tremulous as the watery
that quivers on the lotus lea
Charudatta is quite overpower
this kindness of his wife.

"*Char.* Out on it—that I sho
reduced so low
As, when my own has disappear
need
Assistance from a woman's wealth
true
It is, our very natures are transfor
By opulence; the poor man h
grows,
And woman wealthy acts with
vigour.
'Tis false; I am not poor; a wife
love
Outlives my fortune, a true frier
shares
My sorrows and my joy, and hone
Unwarped by indigence, these s
mine."

On the opening of Act Four
discover Vasantasena absorb
contemplation of a miniatur

nance and horror. "Tell her, if she would not have me dead, she must send me no more such messages." Faithful all her future life will she be—whether it be her lot to suffer or enjoy—to Charudatta. The courtezan hopes to be his handmaid—according to law—and will be as tender and true as any wife. Servillaka now visits his mistress, Madanika, and shews her Vasantasena's own jewels, with which he proposes to purchase her manumission! The lady—overhearing all from above—at first is dreadfully alarmed—fearing the robber may have murdered Charudatta; but, finding that her beloved Brahman is alive and well, she pretends to believe Servillaka's made-up tale with his mistress below, that Charudatta had sent him to her with the casket, lest his house should be broken into; and giving him some jewels to take back to her dear Brahman, says she had arranged with Charudatta that the person who presented them should from her receive Madanika as a present from herself, for his sake! Servillaka is ready to leap out of his skin for joy, and exclaims,

"May all prosperity bless Charudatta!
'Tis politic in man to nurture merit,
For poverty with worth is richer far
Than majesty without all real excellence.
Nought is beyond its reach; the radiant moon
Won by its worth a seat on Siva's brow."

A litter is brought to the door, and Madanika, weeping, receives manumission from her gracious mistress. Servillaka bidding her with grateful looks survey her bounteous benefactress, and bow her head in gratitude to her, to whom she owes the unexpected dignity that waits upon the title and the state of wife. That is, a wife for the nonce—or *amie de maison*—the marriage being such as is still sanctioned in Germany, as it would have been impossible to contract any other with a woman of Madanika's past life and servile condition. They salute Vasantasena as she departs, and ascend the car; but the honeymoon is not suffered to shew her budding-horns, for there is sound of proclamation from the Governor, in consequence of a reported prophecy that the son of a cow-herd, named Aryaka, shall ascend the throne, commanding all and sundry to apprehend him, that he may be detained in confinement. Aryaka is a bosom friend of Servillaka, and that unprincipled but spirited personage gives vent to sentiments that must have been far from pleasing to his bride. "Now the king has seized my dear friend, Aryaka, and I am thinking of a wife!

This world presents two things most dear to all men:
A friend and mistress; but the friend is prized
Above a hundred beauties. I must hence
And try to liberate him. (*Alights.*)"

Madanika in vain beseeches him not to leave her—but he is inexorable—tells her to put herself under the protection of his friend Rebhila, the chief of the musicians, and scampers off to the rescue of the Son of the Cow-herd. By and by we shall hear more of the insurgents—for there is a double plot, and the management of it shews great ingenuity and skill—both actions being naturally interwoven, and mutually assisting each other's fulfilment in one united catastrophe.

Maitreya now appears before Vasantasena's dwelling, with the jewels in lieu of the stolen casket; and the lady being informed by her attendant of his visit, exclaims, "This is indeed a lucky day!" and bids her chamberlain be called to do him honour. Maitreya is delighted with such a reception—"Here's honour! The sovereign of the Rakhasas, Ravana, travels in the car of Kuvera, obtained by the force of his devotions; but I am a poor Brahman, and no saint, yet am I conveyed about by lovely damsels." We are sure all our readers will be much interested by a complete picture of a Hindu house—it is no less than a palace.

Attendant. This is the outer door, sir.

Mai. A very pretty entrance indeed. The threshold is very neatly coloured, well swept and watered; the floor is beautified with strings of sweet flowers; the top of the gate is lofty, and gives one the pleasure of looking up to the clouds, whilst the

is the second court—enter. (*They enter the second*
here are the stables; the carriage oxen are in good case, pamp
clare; and straw, and oil-cakes, are ready for them—their l
grease; here we have a buffalo snorting indignantly like a Br
whom somebody has affronted; here the ram stands to have
like a wrestler after a match—here they dress the manes of t
monkey tied as fast as a thief—andhere the mahauts are plyin
balls of rice and ghee—proceed.
, sir, is the third gateway. (*They enter the third*
this is the public court, where the young bucks of Ujayin a
eir seats, I suppose—the half-read book lies on the gaming-t
ch are made of jewels—oh, yonder are some old libertines
seem to have pictures in their hands, studying, I conclude, t
the peace and war of love—what next?
is the entrance to the fourth court. (*They enter the fourth*
ho, this is a very gay scene—here the drums, whilst beaten
, like clouds, a murmuring tone; there, the cymbals beating t
end like the unlucky stars that fall from heaven. The flute her
of the bee, whilst here a damsel holds the vina in her lap, an
ier finger-nails, like some wild minx that sets her mark on t
g swain—some damsels are singing, like so many bees intoxic
ar—others are practising the graceful dance, and others are em
s and poems; the place is hung with water jars, suspended to
ze—what comes next?
is the gate of the fifth court. (*They enter the fifth*
how my mouth waters; what a savoury scent of oil and a
sighs softly forth its fragrant and abundant smoke—the odour
fill me with rapture. The butcher's boy is washing the skin
in, like so much foul linen. The cook is surrounded with di
are mixing—the cakes are baking. (*Apart.*) Oh that I could
do me a friendly turn; one who would wash my feet, and say
!) This is certainly Indra's heaven, the damsels are Apsar
re Gandharbas. Pray, why do they call you Bandhulas?
inhabit the dwellings of others, and eat the bread of the stra
ring of parents whom no tie connects; we exercise our ind

Att. This is the seventh court—enter. (*They enter the seventh court.*)

Mai. This is the aviary, very handsome indeed—the doves bill and coo in comfort; the pampered parrot, stuffed with curds and rice, croaks like a Brahman Pundit chanting a hymn from the Vedas; the maina chatters as glibly as a housemaid issuing her mistress's commands to her fellow-servants, while the koil, crammed with juicy fruit, whines like a water-carrier. The quails fight; the partridges cry; the domestic peacock dances about delighted, and fans the palace with his gem-emblazoned tail, as if to cool its heated walls; the swans, like balls of moonlight, roll about in pairs, and follow each graceful maid, as if to learn to imitate her walk, whilst the long-legged cranes stalk about the court, like eunuchs on guard. Some birds are in cages, either carried about or suspended from the balconies, so that the lady lives here amongst the winged race, as if she tenanted Indra's garden. Well, where do you go now?

Att. Enter, sir, the eighth court. (*They enter.*)

Mai. Pray, who is that gentleman dressed in silken raiment, glittering with rich ornaments, and rolling about as if his limbs were out of joint?

Att. That, sir, is my lady's brother.

Mai. Humph—what course of pious austerity in his last life, made him Vasantasena's brother? Nay, not so, for, after all, though smooth, bright, and fragrant, the champa-tree, that grows on funeral ground, is not to be approached. And pray, who is that lady dressed in flowered muslin? a goodly person truly, her ankles have drank up all the oil of her well-greased slippers; she sits in state—high on a gorgeous throne.

Att. That is my lady's mother.

Mai. A very portly dame indeed; how did she contrive to get in here? Oh, I suppose she was first set up here, as they do with an unwieldy Mahadeva, and then the walls were built round her.

Att. How now, slave? what, do you make a jest of our lady—affected too as she is with a quartan ague?

Mai. A what?—Oh mighty Siva, be pleased to afflict me with a quartan ague, if such are its symptoms.

Att. You will die, slave.

Mai. No, hussey; better that this bloated porpoise, swelled up with wine and years, die; there will then be a dinner for a thousand jackalls—but no matter—what do you know about it? I had heard of Vasantasena's wealth, and now I find it true—it seems to me that the treasures of the three worlds are collected in this mansion. I am in doubt whether to regard it as the dwelling of a courtezan, or the palace of Kuvear. Where is your lady?

Att. She's in the arbour. Enter. (*They enter the Garden.*)

Mai. A very lovely scene: the numerous trees are bowed down by delicious fruit, and between them are silken swings constructed for the light form of youthful beauty. The yellow jasmine, the graceful Malati, the full-blossomed Mallika, the blue clitoria, spontaneous shed their flowers, and strew the ground with a carpet more lovely than any in the groves of Indra. The reservoir glows with the red lotus blossoms, like the dawn with the fiery beams of the rising sun; and here the asoka-tree, with its rich crimson blossoms, shines like a young warrior bathed with the sanguine shower of the furious fight. Where is your lady?

Att. Look lower, and you will see her.

Mai. (*Approaching Vasantasena.*) Health to you, lady.

Vas. (*Rising.*) Welcome, Maitreya; take a seat.

Mai. Pray keep you yours. (*They sit.*)

Vas. I hope all is well with the son of the Sarthavaha.

Mai. Is all well with your ladyship?

Vas. Undoubtedly, Maitreya. The birds of affection gladly nestle in the tree, which, fruitful in excellence, puts forth the flowers of magnanimity, and the leaves of merit, and rises with the trunk of modesty from the root of honour.

Maitreya tells the lady that his friend has been plundered of the Casket at the gaming-table—and produces the jewels. *What! the grave Charudatta turned gambler! She knows that the Casket has been* stolen—yet her Beloved says it was lost at play. "Even in this I love *him!*" She at once fervently seizes *on the* jewels, and presses them to *her heart.* "Maitreya—tell that sad gambler Charudatta I shall call

uds gather, and dark night
l,
all unintermitted showers.
not, wench, when I haste to

e, whose loved image warms
rt—
e of these, and lightly trip

pens with a view of Cha-
arden. He enters—soli-
n the impending storm—
is fancy sees semblances
nd soaring swans, of dol-
the monsters of the deep,
s vast, and pinnacles, and
d temples. His sublime
is broken in upon by
ka, Vasantasena's stew-
takes a different view of
. " I wish," quoth he,
e to take notice, that the
ains the more thoroughly
st, and the colder the wind
down my back, the more
bs shiver. A pretty situa-
nan of my talents—for one
play the flute with seven
vina with seven strings,
ke a jackass, and acknow-

—but the scene changes to
side of the garden, and there
Vasantasena, splendidly dre
tended by her Vita, a female
and one carrying a large u
She has an establishment li
of a queen—steward—chamb
Vita—elephant-keepers—an
women—and now—we sup
give Charudatta time to pre
things for her reception—she
attendant indulge, under th
brella, in dialogue, to the e
some hundred and fifty line
descriptive of the rainy seas
cannot afford room for the
sions—but they talk well of
ing frogs quaffing the pelluc
with joy—of the peahen shri
her delight—of clouds that,
wieldy elephants, roll their
masses grumbling on, or whi
the migratory troops of l
cranes—of the stork's shr
sounding like the plaintive
of scattered ant-hills shrinki
the shower—of lightning dar
liant rays, like golden lamps
temples—of the timid m
peeping amidst the clouds,
consort of an humble lord

Are drench'd with rain, her gentle nerves are shaken
By angry tempests, and her delicate feet,
By cumbering mire and massy anklets wearied,
She pauses to refresh with cooling streams."

Maitreya now informs her that Charudatta is sitting in the arbour. "Is it dry?" she asks. "Quite—there is nothing to eat or drink in it—enter." She does as she is bid, and approaching her lover, throws flowers at him—a delicate avowal of her devotion. She then takes her seat by his side, and he says to Maitreya—

"From the flowers that grace her ear,
Surcharged with rain, the drops have trickled down,
And bathed her bosom, like a young prince install'd
The partner of imperial honours—haste and bring
A vest of finest texture to replace
This chilling robe."

The Lady then shews the Casket to the astonished Brahman, and playfully applies to herself, through the lips of her attendant, the same story he had told her through the lips of Maitreya, about his having lost it at play. She has lost at play the jewels he sent her, and brings him the Casket—wishing to know if it be of equal value! The mystery is now explained in whispers—and all is joy. We must quote the close of the act, for it relates to very delicate matters.

Vas. And now, worthy Charudatta, believe me—when the casket was stolen, it was quite unnecessary to send me this equivalent.

Char. Had I not sent it, lady, who had trusted me?
I and my wealth in most men's eyes are equal—
And poverty will ever be suspected.

Mai. A word, damsel; do you mean to take up your abode here?

Att. Fie, Maitreya, how you talk!

Mai. My good friend, the clouds are collecting again, and the heavy drops drive us from our easy seats.

Char. 'Tis true, they penetrate the yielding clouds
As sinks the lotus stalk into its bed
Of plashy mire, and now again they fall
Like tears celestial from the weeping sky
That wails the absent moon.
The clouds, like Baladeva's vesture, dark,
Profusely shed a shower of precious pearls
From Indra's treasury—the drops descend,
Rapid and rattling, like the angry shafts
From Arjun's quiver, and of like purity
As are the hearts of holy men.
See, lady, how the firmament anointed
With unguent of the black Tamala's hue,
And fanned by fragrant and refreshing gales,
Is by the lightning tenderly embraced,
As the loved lord whom fearlessly she flies to.

Vasantasena gesticulates affection, and falls into Charudatta's arms.

Char. (*Embracing her.*)
Louder and louder still roar on, ye clouds!
To me the sound is music, by your aid
My love is blessed, my heart expands with hope.

Mai. (*As to the cloud.*) You foul-faced rascal, you are a worthless reprobate, to have so scared her ladyship by your lightnings.

Char. Reprove it not, for let the rain descend,
The heavens still lower, and wide the lightning launch
A hundred flames; they have befriended me,
And given me her for whom I sighed in vain—
Happy, thrice happy, they whose walls enshrine
The fair they worship, and whose arms enfold
Her shivering beauties in their warm embrace.
Look, love, the bow of Indra arches heaven;
Like outspread arms extended with fatigue,
It stretches forth; the yawning sky displays
Its lightning tongue—its chin of clouds hangs low—

...believed there, that they
...day among the blos-
...der the shade of the
...s. She fears the family
led with her for having
ght in the inner apart-
assured by her female
she has found her way,
these apartments, but
...e's heart. They will
...th her when she offers
...en—says she—"it is
... first afflicted. Here,
necklace to my re-
..., (*i. e.* Charudatta's
from me—'I am Cha-

Vas. Go—do as I bid you; he not be offended.

Ser. As you command. (*Exit, returns presently*

Madam, thus says the Lad "You are favoured by the son my Lord; it is not proper for m accept this necklace. Know that only ornament I value is my h band." And now ensues the sc that gives name to the drama—a v pretty and even pathetic one—s well deserving—as it is short—to quoted entire.

Enter RADANIKA *and* CHARUDATTA'S CHILD.

long, my child, let us ride in your cart.
...t want this cart; it is only of clay, I want one of gold.
ere are we to get the gold, my little man? Wait till your father
hen he will buy you one: now, this will do. Come, let us go a
Lady, I salute you.
e, Radanika; whose charming boy is this? although so ill attir
...ite fascinates me.
Rohasena, the son of Charudatta.
ng out her arms.) Come here, my little dear, and kiss me. (*Tal*
How like his father!
e him too in disposition. Charudatta dotes on him.
s he weep?
l of our rich neighbour, the great landholder, had a golden ca
fellow saw and wanted

stage, and in the works of experienced play-wrights. It so happened that Sthavaraka, the servant of the coxcombical, cruel, and cowardly Samsthanaka, the rejected wooer, was driving his master's carriage to the gardens of Pushpakaranda, which belonged to that infamous wretch, who had received them from his brother-in-law the Rajah. The road before Charudatta's house was blocked up by country carts—and the coachman leaves his horses, to clear away the clod-hoppers. Vasantasena running flurriedly out, supposes it to be the carriage of her lord and master—and, though her right eye twinkles—an unlucky omen for a woman, but lucky for a man—steps gracefully into it, and draws the curtains. Coachee, on retaking his seat, hears a tumult, and drives off at the rate of ten miles an hour towards the gardens. The tumult is caused by the escape of Aryaka, son of the cow-herd, who has been liberated from prison by the daring Servillaka, and appears on flight across the stage,

"Like a tame elephant from his stall broke loose,
I drag along with me my ruptured chain."

At that moment Verdhamana, who had gone off for the missing cushions, returns with Charudatta's carriage, and, hearing the ringing of Aryaka's chains, (being deafish) supposes it to be that of Vasantasena's anklets. Aryaka jumps up—and off rattles the coach after its predecessor. In another street it is stopped by the watch—and two captains, Viraka and Chandanaka, have a sharp quarrel about the propriety of searching it. Chandanaka is a friend of Aryaka—Viraka of the Rajah—and, after much mutual abuse, the former gives the latter a severe *kicking*, which draws forth this query, "What do you mean by this treatment of me?" The fact is, that Chandanaka, on looking into the carriage, had seen Aryaka bundled up in a corner; and his antagonist having run off to lodge a complaint with the Rajah, he says, "Lady Vasantasena, I give you this as a passport"—putting into Aryaka's hand a sword. The son of the cow-herd promises *to reward him on a brighter day; and Coachee, thinking* tits go off at a hand-gallop. And such is the Sixth Act.

Act Seventh is in the gardens of Pushpakaranda, where Charudatta is waiting most anxiously for the arrival of his beauteous handmaid. The car drives up, and Verdhamana receives a sharp scold for having been so lazy—the story of the cushions not getting any credit. Maitreya, hearing a strange noise in the car, exclaims, "What! has she got fetters on her feet, that she cannot come down by herself?" And looking in, he cries, "Hola! what have we here—a he-Vasantasena!" Charudatta rushes to take into his arms his lady-love—but

"How! Who is this?
His arms are like the elephant's vast tusks—
His breast, his shoulders, brawny as the lion's—
His eyes are copper-red, and roll in anger—
His limbs are chain'd—Who could have overpower'd
Such more than human strength?"

Aryaka avows himself, and Charudatta, who abhorred the tyrant, strikes off the fetters, and orders the coachman to see the rebel safe over the boundaries. The Son of the Cow-herd swears to him, as he did to Chandanaka, the Captain of the Guard, that he will remember his preserver on a brighter day. Charudatta, afraid that he may be implicated in the escape of the fugitive, proposes to Maitreya immediately to return home, not doubting that he will find his Vasantasena in the inner apartments—and such is the Seventh Act.

The Eighth Act is still in the same gardens—and Sramanaka, he who had formerly been a servant of Charudatta's, afterwards a gambling joint-rubber, and after his redemption for ten suvernas by Vasantasena, had become a Bauddha mendicant, enters chanting a moral song.

"Why shave the head and mow the chin,
While bristling follies choke the breast?
Apply the knife to parts within,
And heed not how deform'd the rest;
The heart of pride and passion weed,
And then the man is pure indeed."

His song is cut short by the hateful

so—for I make a prac-
g assafœtida, cummin-
ot, treacle and ginger—
st necessarily be very so
lo! the coach—and in
ers his servant to drive
all! The poltroon peeps
lays hold of the Vita in
! dear, I am a lost man;
f or a she-devil in the
f a devil, we shall be
a thief, we shall be de-
" It is Vasantasena! The
ished, but believes the
as been at last won by
ghs—

the cygnet fly her distant

it as autumn's moon, to
crow?"

the wretch is afraid to
is own coach, and the
making himself merry
ster's fears. At last he
at the she-devil or thief
than Vasantasena! The
ls to her, and invokes
bombast worthy of his
ccept him as her slave.
s—"Away—your regard

These all bear witness to the good
That men perform; and these w
the deed.

Sams. Throw a cloth over her
and hide her.

Vit. Fool, you are crazed.

Sams. And you are an old go
nothing dastardly jackall—Very
shall find some one else. Stha
shall do it. Here, Sthavaraka, m
will give you gold.

Stha. Thank your honour; I w
it.

Sams. You shall have a gold s

Stha. I will sit upon it.

Sams. You shall have every
dish from my table.

Stha. I will eat it; never fear

Sams. You shall be head over
slaves.

Stha. I shall be a very great m

Sams. But attend to what I or

Stha. Depend upon me in ever
that may be done.

Sams. It may be done well enc

Stha. Say on, sir.

Sams. Kill this Vasantasena.

Stha. Excuse me, sir; I brou
here.

Sams. Why, you villain, am
your master?

Stha. You are, sir; my body i

Stha. Beat me if you will—kill me if you will—I cannot do what ought not to be done. Fate has already punished me with servitude for the misdeeds of a former life, and I will not incur the penalty of being born again a slave.

Vas. Oh sir, protect me, (*to the Vita.*)

Vit. Come, come, be pacified, (*to the Prince.*)

Sthavaraka is right; revolving fate
Has doomed him to a low and servile station,
From which, he wisely hopes, a life of virtue
Hereafter sets him free. Do you too think,
Though degradation wait not close on crime,
And many, obstinately foes to virtue,
Suffer not here the punishment they merit,
Yet destiny not blindly works—Though now
Her will gives servitude to him, to you
A master's sway—yet in a future being,
Your affluence may his portion be assigned,
And yours, to do submissively his bidding.

Sams. (*Apart.*) The old dastard, and this fool of a slave, are both afraid of futurity; but what shall I fear—I, who am the brother of a prince, and a man of courage, as well as rank? (*To Sthavaraka.*) Begone, slave; retire into the garden, and wait apart.

Stha. I obey, sir, (*to Vas.*) Lady, fear not me. [*Exit.*

Sams. (*Tightening his girdle.*) Now, Vasantasena, die. (*Goes to seize her, the Vita stops him.*)

Vit. In my presence! (*Throws him down.*)

Sams. Ah, villain, would you kill your prince? (*Faints.*) Ah, you who have so long fed at my cost, do you now become my foe? (*Rising—apart*) Let me think; this will do. I saw the old scoundrel give a signal. I must get him out of the way, and then despatch her. (*Aloud.*) My good friend, how could you so mistake what I said? How could you suppose that I, born of so high a race, should seriously purpose such an unworthy action? I merely used those menaces to terrify her into compliance.

Vit. Believe me, sir, it is of little import
To boast of noble birth, unless accord
The manners with the rank. Ungrateful thorns
Are most offensive *in a goodly soil.*

Sams. *The truth of the matter is, that Vasantasena is bashful in your presence.*

fellow Sthavaraka too, I am sure, intends to run away. Go, bring him back; and I dare say, when we are alone a little, she will relent.

Vit. (*Apart.*) It may be true, that, valiant in my presence,
Vasantasena may continue still
To drive this fool to madness by denial.
Passion in privacy gains confidence.
I will consent to leave them for a while.
(*Aloud.*) I shall retire and obey your orders.

Vas. (*Laying hold of his garment.*)
Oh leave me not, I have no hope but you.

Vit. You have no cause for terror; hear me, sir,
I leave Vasantasena as a pledge,
And safe expect her from your hands again.

Sams. Be assured of it, she shall be so accepted.

Vit. In truth?

Sams. In truth.

Vit. (*Apart.*) He may deceive me.
I'll at first retire,
But so, that unobserved I may behold
His acts, and satisfy me of his purpose.

Sams. He is gone, and now she dies: but hold——perhaps he juggles with me; the sly old fox, and now lies watch to see what I am doing: he shall meet his match—the deceiver be deceived. (*He gathers flowers and decorates himself.*) Come, Vasantasena, child, why so pettish? come, come.

Vit. I see his love revives, I now may leave them. (*Departs.*)

Sams. I will give you gold, I will treat you tenderly, I will lay head and turban at your feet. Oh if you still disdain me and will not accept me as your slave, what have I to do longer with mankind?

Vas. Why should I hesitate—I spurn you—
Nor can you tempt me, abject wretch, with gold.
Though soil'd the leaves, the bees fly not the lotus,
Nor shall my heart prove traitor to the homage
It pays to merit, though its lord be poor.
To love such excellence exalts my life,
And sheds a lustre on my humble lot.
And why should I forego it—can I leave
The mango's stately stem to twine around
The low and worthless dhak?

Sams. What, dare you compare the beggar Charudatta to a mango-tree, and me to the dhak, not even a kinsuka. Is it thus you treat me and cherish the recollection of Charudatta?

Vir. How can I cease to think of or

er, he could not aid you.
slain by Chanakya, as
tayu, so art thou by me.

ıy dear mother, oh my
'udatta!
l too imperfect are our

ıh, I will cry for succour—
Vasantasena's voice be

that were infamy! No

ıs—bless my Charudatta.
lo you repeat that name,
(*seizing her by the throat.*)
struggling tone.) Bless

ıarlot, die. (*Strangles her*
) 'Tis done, she is no
dle of vice, this mansion
met her fate, instead of
came in her love to meet.
compare the prowess of
ıly calling on her mother,
ike Sita in the Bharat.
res, she perishes in my
'he Garden is empty—I
way unperceived. Who-
will say it was not the
ıer man's son. The old
here again presently. I

Stha. Revive, sir; it is I who a
blame, my inconsiderately bringing
hither has caused her death.

Vit. (*Reviving*) Alas, Vasantas
The stream of tenderness is now drie
And beauty flies us for her native sp
Graceful and lovely wast thou, ha
wench,
And fascinating in thy playful spor
ness:
Mirthful thy mind, affectionate thy l
And gentle as the moonbeams wer
looks.
Alas! love's richest store, a mine
haustless
Of exquisite delights, is here b
open,
Plundered with reckless hand, and
in ruins.
This crime will amply be avenged.
deed
Done by such hands, in such a
committed,
Will bring down infamy on all the s
The guardian goddess of our city fli
For ever from its execrated walls.
Let me reflect—this villain may inv
Me in the crime—I will depart
hence.
(*The Prince lays hold of him.*)
Detain me not, I have already been
Too long your follower and friend.

Sams. Come, good master, be appeased. Let us go bathe.

Vit. Whilst you were free from crime you might exact
My duty, but obedience to you now
Would but proclaim myself alike unworthy.
I cannot wait on guilt, nor, though I know
My innocence, have courage to encounter
Those speaking glances every female eye
Will cast abhorrent upon one who holds
Communion with a woman's murderer.
Poor, poor Vasantasena! may thy virtues
Win thee in after life a happier portion;
And may the days of shame, and death of violence,
That thou hast suffered in existence past,
Ensure thee honoured birth, the world's regard,
And wealth, and happiness, in that to come. (*Going.*)

Sam Where would you fly? In this my garden, you have murdered a female; come along with me, and defend yourself before my brother-in-law. (*Seizes him.*)

Vit. Away, fool. (*Draws his sword.*)

Sams. (*Falls back.*) Oh, very well, if you are afraid, you may depart.

Vit. I am in danger here; yes, I will join
Servillaka, and Chandana, and with them seek
The band that Aryaka has assembled.
[*Exit.*"

The murderer bribes his coachman, with costly ornaments, to hold his peace, and orders him to conduct the carriage to the porch of his palace, and there wait his coming. Nothing can be more natural and consistent with his character than the behaviour of the murderer. He has not the sense to fear the flight of the Vita, and says with a chuckle, "My worthy preceptor has taken himself off in alarm, and will not probably trust himself here again. As to the slave, as soon as I return I will put him in confinement; so my secret is safe, and I may depart without apprehension." He then handles the body to be sure that it is dead—offers to cover it with his mantle—a wise suggestion of the heart—but recollects it bears his name. He then covers it with a heap of withered leaves, and *will be* off to the court *to enter an accusa-*

lo! the rascally mendicant whom he had beaten and threatened to decapitate with the sword like a radish. How now? "I can leap the broken wall—thus I fly as the monkey Mahendra leaped through heaven, over earth and hell, from Hanuman Peak to Lanka. (*Jumps down.*)" The mendicant enters, and goes to hang his mantle, newly washed and ochre-stained, to be a badge of his profession, on the heap of leaves. Murder will out—and here right speedily. "I covet not the other world," quoth the mendicant, "until Bauddha enables me in this to make some return for the Lady Vasantasena's charity. On the day she liberated me from the gamester's clutches, she made me her slave for ever. Hola! something sighed among yon leaves—or perhaps it was only their crackling, scorched by the sun, and moistened by my damp garment. Bless me! they spread out like the wings of a bird. (*One of Vasantasena's hands appears.*) A woman's hand, as I live! with rich ornaments—and another! Surely I have seen that hand before—it is—it is—it is the hand that was once stretched out to save me!" He scatters the leaves, and Vasantasena stirring, expresses by signs the want of water. He applies the wet garment to her face and mouth, and fans her, and she revives. "Do you not remember me, lady; you once redeemed me with ten suvernas? —*Vas.* I remember *you*; ought else I have forgotten. I have suffered since.—*Mend.* How, lady?—*Vas.* As my fate deserved." He bids her drag herself to the tree she is lying below, and take hold of a creeper which he bends down to her; thus she is enabled to rise to her feet. To a Bauddha Ascetic, female contact is unlawful; and his observance of the prohibition, remarks the translator, in spite of his gratitude and regard for Vasantasena, is a curious and characteristic delineation of the denaturalizing tendency of such institutions. In a neighbouring convent, he tenderly tells her, dwells a holy sister, with whom she may rest for a while; and they walk away, he calling on the people on the streets to make way for a young female and a poor beg-

asm" which must be
And with what? He
erfectly happy, till he
Court, and registers an
ainst Charudatta of the
asantasena by strangu-
ily the Court is sitting
t the gate. The Ninth
occupied with the trial
ation of Charudatta—
emely curious, and in
essor H. Wilson knows
ther exist he would
it), a solitary picture
cal administration of
nder Hindu govern-
we have the door-
ries "here comes the
t attend." Then the
with the Provost and
others—and the Crier
r, all men, the Judge's
The Judge then de-
of the judicial cha-
ist the conflicting de-
engaged in legal con-
s difficult for the
ain what is really in
len accuse others of
nd even though the

Rajah—I have a plaint to ent
The Judge oracularly remarks '
eclipse of the rising sun forew
the downfall of some illustri
character"—but puts off the pl
till to-morrow. The great r
threatens to tell the Rajah—and
Judge remembers that it is one
his prime duties—"*to keep aloof fi
the anger of the king.*" "The blockh
has it in his power to procure
dismissal—his plaint shall be hear
Samsthanaka then *puts his hands
the Judge's head, and sitting do
by his side*, says, "I will sit ev
here." He then states his char
against Charudatta, plainly imp
cating himself by his blunders, an
at one unlucky word, putting h
foot on the record, and wiping
out. Vasantasena's mother is calle
and most reluctantly confesses th
her daughter had gone the nig
before to the house of Charudat
The Judge now thinks it time to c
der the attendance of the accuse
—"Officer, repair to Charudat
and say to him, the Magistrate, wi
all due respect, requests to see hi
at his perfect convenience." I
immediately appears—appalled

Are deep engulf'd in thought; its tossing waves
Are wrangling advocates; its brood of monsters
Are these wild animals—death's ministers—
Attorneys skim, like wily snakes, the surface—
Spies are the shell-fish cowering 'midst its weeds,
And vile informers, like the hovering curlew
Hang fluttering o'er, then pounce upon their prey:
The bench, that should be justice, is unsafe,
Rough, rude, and broken by oppression's storms.
(*As he advances, he knocks his head against the door frame.*)
More inauspicious omens—they attend
Each step I take—fate multiplies its favours."

For a while things do not look very black, and the Judge is anxious to establish his innocence. "How can such a man have committed such a crime? He has exhausted in lavish munificence the ocean of his disregarded wealth, and is it possible that he, who was among the best, and who has ever shewn the most princely liberality, should have been guilty of a deed most hateful to a noble mind, for the sake of plunder?" But Charudatta had at first hesitated—from shame—to acknowledge his *liaison* with the Courtezan—nor would nor could he say more—than "that he did not see her depart from his house, and knew not how." At this juncture in comes Viraka, the kicked Captain of the Watch, and swears to having heard the driver of Charudatta's coach say that he was driving Vasantasena to the gardens of Pushpakarandaka to meet his master.

But where is the body of the murdered woman? Viraka is sent to look for it in the gardens, and returning *instanter*, says, "I have been to the garden, and have ascertained that a female body has been carried off by the beasts of prey.—*Judge.* How know you it was a female body?—*Vir.* By the remains of the hair, and the marks of the hands and feet." The Judge is at a loss what to believe—and thus gives *vent to his perplexity before a crowded court:*—"*How difficult it is to discover the truth!* The more one investigates, the greater is the perplexity; the points of law are sufficiently clear here; but the understanding still labours like a cow in a quagmire." In this quandary he turns to the prisoner and says, "Come, Charudatta, speak the truth." He deplores affectingly the death of his beautiful and beloved handmaid; and the murderer now tells the Judges they will be held as the defendant's friends and abettors, if he allows him longer to remain seated in his presence. The officers remove him from his seat, and he sits down on the ground. The murderer then ejaculates to himself, "Ha! ha! my deeds are now safely deposited on another's head. I will go and sit near Charudatta. Come, Charudatta, look at me—confess; say honestly, I killed Vasantasena."

"*Char.* Vile wretch, away. Alas, my humble friend—
My good Maitreya, what will be thy grief
To hear of my disgrace, and thine, dear wife,
The daughter of a pure and pious race!
Alas! my boy, amidst thy youthful sports,
How little think'st thou of thy father's shame?
Where can Maitreya tarry? I had sent him
To seek Vasantasena, and restore
The costly gems her lavish love bestowed
Upon my child—where can he thus delay?"

Maitreya is passing the court gate, and hearing of the jeopardy of his best friend, rushes in, and after some touching appeals to the Judge on the impossibility of such a crime by such a man, he strikes Samsthanaka, who had called him "a hypocritical scoundrel;" and in the struggle which ensues, out of his girdle fall Vasantasena's jewels given by her to the little lad to purchase a GOLDEN TOY-CART. The proof is complete, and Charudatta is condemned to death. "Let the ornaments of Vasantasena be suspended to the neck of the criminal—let him be conducted by beat of drum to the southern cemetery, and there let him be impaled, that by the severity of this punishment, men may be in future deterred from the commission of such atrocious acts." He bequeaths his helpless family to Maitreya—asking him to befriend his wife, and

... what do you stare at? a good man whose
:d off; a tree that gave shelter to gentle birds to be cut down.·
tta.
ho can foresee the strange vicissitudes
i's sad destiny—I little thought
ch a fate would ever be my portion,
ıld have credited I should live to be
l like a beast to public sacrifice,
with the ruddy sandal spots and smeared
eal—a victim to the sable goddess.
pass along, my fellow-citizens
me with their tears, and execrate
:l sentence that awards my death;
:o preserve my life, they pray,
ıven await me, and reward my sufferings.
Stand out of the way—what crowd you to see? There are four
ced at. Indra carried forth—the birth of a calf—the falling of a
rtune of a good man. Look, brother Chinta—the whole city is
What! does the sky weep, or the thunderbolt fall, without a cloud
No, brother Goha; not so: the shower falls from yonder clo
iem weep—their tears will at least help to lay the dust.
ı every window lovely faces shed
ly drops, and bathe me with their tears.
Here, stop, strike the drum, and cry the sentence—Hear ye—
harudatta, son of Sagaradatta, son of Provost Vinayadatta, by
Vasantasena has been robbed and murdered: he has been con
l, and we are ordered by king Palaka to put him to death: so w
ınish those that commit such crimes as both worlds abhor.
dful reverse—to hear such wretches herald
, and blacken thus with lies my fame:
y sires—for them the frequent shout
the sacred temple, where the crowd
rahmans to the Gods proclaim

You are not cruel, and a gentle nature
Ranks you above your sovereign. I implore you,
By all your future hopes, oh! once permit me
To view my son, ere I depart to death.

1st Chan. Let him come—Men, stand back, and let the child approach—here, this way.

Enter MAITREYA *with* ROHASENA.

Mai. Here we have him, boy, once more; your dear father, who was going to be murdered.

Boy. Father—Father!

Char. Come hither, my dear child. (*Embraces him and takes his hands.*)
These little hands will ill suffice to sprinkle
The last sad drops upon my funeral pyre—
Scant will my spirit sip thy love, and then
A long and painful thirst in heaven succeeds.
What sad memorial shall I leave thee, boy,
To speak to thee hereafter of thy father?
This sacred string, whilst yet 'tis mine, I give thee.
The Brahman's proudest decoration, boy,
Is not of gold nor gems, but this—with which
He ministers to sages and to Gods.
This grace my child, when I shall be no more. (*Takes off his Brahmanical cord, and puts it round his son's neck.*)

1st Chan. Come, you Charudatta, come along.

2d Chan. More respect, my master—recollect; by night or day, in adversity or prosperity, worth is always the same. Come, sir, complaints are unavailing; fate holds her course, and it is not to be expected that men will honour the moon, when Rahu has hold of him.

Roha. Where do you lead my father, vile Chandala?

Char. I go to death, my child; the fatal chaplet
Of Karavira hangs around my neck:
The stake upon my shoulder rests, my heart
Is burdened with despair, as, like a victim
Dressed for the sacrifice, I meet my fate.

1st Chan. Harkye, my boy, they who are born Chandalas are not the only ones—those whose crimes disgrace their birth are Chandalas too.

Roha. Why, then, want to kill my father?

1st Chan. The king orders us; it is his fault, not ours.

Roha. Take and kill me; let my father go.

1st Chan. My brave little fellow, long life to you.

Char. (*Embracing him.*)
This is the truest wealth; love equal smiles
On poor and rich: the bosom's precious balm
Is not the fragrant herb, nor costly unguent—
But nature's breath, affection's holy perfume.

Mai. Come now, my good fellows, let my worthy friend escape: you only want a body—mine is at your disposal.

Char. Forbear—Forbear.

1st Chan. Come on; stand off; what do you throng to see? a good man who has lost his all, and fallen into despair, like a gold bucket whose rope breaks, and it tumbles into the well.

2d Chan. Here stop, beat the drum, and proclaim the sentence. (*As before.*)

Char. This is the heaviest pang of all; to think
Such bitter fruit attends my closing life.
And, oh! what anguish, love, to hear the calumny
Thus noised abroad, that thou wast slain by me. [*Exeunt.*

Samsthanaka surveys the scene below from a window of his palace—saying, "I have had a most sumptuous regale in the palace here; rice with acid sauce, and meat, and fish, and vegetables, and sweetmeats.—The destruction of an enemy is a banquet to the heart. He is dressed like a young steer—and they are taking him to the south." His soliloquy is broken by discovering that his slave, who saw the murder, has made his escape, and he runs after him towards the station. One o

m'st a virtuous friend to the afflicted.
not, thy cares are vain, whilst destiny
my liberation, all attempts
ine, will profit nothing.
As your honour has already chastised this slave, you should let h
me—come. What is this delay: why do you not despatch this fe
If you are in such haste, sir, you had better do it yourself.
me, and let my father live.
both; father and son perish together.
answers to his wish—Return, my child,
y mother, and with her repair
asylum, where thy father's fate
e no stain on thee—my friend, conduct them
ithout delay.
not, my dear friend, that I intend to survive you.
ood Maitreya, the vital spirit owes not
to our mortal will: beware
presume to cast that life away:
iine to give, or to abandon.
.) It may not be right, but I cannot bear to live when he is go
ie Brahman's wife, and then follow my friend. (*Aloud.*) Wel
is easy. (*Falls at his feet, and, rising, takes the child in his arms.*
did I not order you to put the boy to death along with his fath
resses alarm.)
have no such orders from the Rajah—away, boy, away. (*For*
Rohasena.) This is the third station, beat the drum, and procla
As before.)
.) The people seem to disbelieve the charge. (*Aloud.*) Wh
ownsmen doubt all this: be honest; say at once, I killed Vasant
tta continues silent.) Ho, Chandala, this vile sinner is dumb; mal
our cane across his back.
k, Charudatta. (*Strikes him.*)

claimed—perhaps an elephant may break loose, and the prisoner escape in the confusion—or perhaps a change of rulers may take place, and every one in bondage be set at large.

Sams. (*Apart.*) A change of rulers.

1*st Chan.* Come, let us finish our reckoning.

Sams. Be quick—be quick, get rid of your prisoner. (*Retires.*)

1*st Cahn.* Worthy Charudatta—we but discharge our duty—the king is culpable, not we, who must obey his orders: consider—have you any thing to say?

Char. If virtue yet prevail, may she who dwells
Amongst the blest above, or breathes on earth,
Clear my fair fame from the disastrous spots
Unfriendly fate, and man's accusing tongue,
Have fixed upon me—Whither do you lead me?

1*st Chan.* Behold the place—the southern cemetery, where criminals quickly get rid of life; see where jackalls feast upon one half of the mangled body, whilst the other yet grins ghastly on the pointed stake.

Char. Alas, my fate! (*Sits down.*)

Sams. I shall not go till I have seen his death. How, sitting?

1*st Chan.* What! are you afraid, Charudatta?

Char. (*Rising.*) Of infamy I am, but not of death.

1*st Chan.* Worthy sir, in heaven itself the sun and moon are not free from change and suffering; how should we, poor weak mortals, hope to escape them in this lower world? One man rises but to fall, another falls to rise again, and the vesture of the carcass is at one time laid aside, and at another resumed;—think of these things, and be firm. This is the fourth station, proclaim the sentence. (*Proclamation as before.*)"

But make way for the Bauddha Mendicant and the dead-alive—the strangled Vasantasena! She flings herself on Charudatta's bosom, and the executioners stand aghast. The murderer absconds—but the one of those grim personages says to the other, "Harkye, brother, we were ordered to put to death the murderer of Vasantasena—we had better then secure the Rajah's brother-in-law." The rescued says to his deliverer—

"Behold, my sweet! these emblems that so late
Denoted shame and death, shall now proclaim
A different tale, and speak our nuptial joy,
This crimson vesture be the bridegroom's garb,
This garland be the bride's delightful present;
And this brisk drum shall change its mournful sounds
To cheerful tones of marriage celebration."

Loud shouts are now heard from a distance—and cries of "Victory to Vrishabhaketu, the despoiler of Daksha's sacrifice. Glory to the six-faced scatterer of armies, the foe of Krauncha; victory to Aryaka, the subjugator of his adversaries, and triumphant monarch of the wide-spread, mountain-banner'd earth!" Servillaka, the night-robber, insurgent, and patriot, appears, and cries,

"This hand hath slain the king, and on the throne
Of Palaka ascends our valiant chief,
Resistless Aryaka, in haste anointed."

He joins hands with Charudatta, and raises them to his forehead. "In me behold the plunderer who forced his way into your mansion, and bore off the pledge intrusted to your care—I ask you mercy. To you who enabled the Son of the Cow-herd to escape from death, he gives authority in Ujayin, along the Veni's borders, Kusavati;"—but another uproar—"Bring him along—bring him along—the Rajah's villanous brother-in-law." Enter mob dragging along Samsthanaka, with his arms tied behind his back.

"*Sams.* Alas, alas—how I am maltreated: bound and dragged along as if I were a restive ass, or a dog, or any brute beast. I am beset by the enemies of the state; whom can I fly to for protection?—yes, I will have recourse to him. (*Approaches Charudatta.*) Preserve me. (*Falls at his feet.*)

Mob. Let him alone, Charudatta; leave him to us, we'll despatch him.

Sams. O, pray, Charudatta, I am helpless; I have no hope but you.

more.
m, kill him,—why should
ıe suffered to live? (*Va-*
the garland off Charudat-
hrows it round Samstha-

daughter of a courtezan,
me, I will never kill you
ever.
ır commands, sir, that he
l, and how we shall dis-

ou obey in what I shall

of it.
th?
truth.
or the prisoner—
—
n free.
?

clinging to her raiment, seeks to
the fatal fire, in spite of the entr
of the weeping crowd. She
heard that her husband was
demned to death, and desired
before him, and though inform
Chandanaka, the kind Captain
Watch, that he was safe, "yet w
the agonies of despair, is susce
of consolation or confidence?"
scene in which she is beheld
Rohasena holding her garment,
treya and Radanika with the
kindled, is supposed to be an
polation—but to conjecture fro
style, Professor H. Wilson says
still ancient, and genuinely Hi
Charudatta embraces his wife,
turning to Vasantasena says, "
come, happy sister." The curta
about to drop on a happy endin

santasena, with your worth
well acquainted, and requests
a as his kinswoman.
a grateful. (*Servillaka throws a veil over her.*)
all we do for this good mendicant?
Sramana, your wishes.
ow still the path I have selected,
e is full of care and change.
ich is his resolve, let him be made

Are mine once more, I have no further suit
That asks for your indulgence, and no wish
That is not gratified.—Fate sports with life,
And like a wheel the whirling world revolves;
Where some are raised to affluence, some depressed
In want; where some are borne awhile aloft,
And some hurled down to wretchedness and woe.
Then let us all thus limit our desires:
Full uddered be the kine, the soil be fertile,
May copious showers descend, and balmy gales
Breathe health—be every living thing exempt
From pain—may reverence on the Brahman wait,
Whilst truth and piety ensure prosperity:
And may all monarchs, vigilant and just,
Humble their foes, and guard the world in peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Of a Drama in Ten Acts, full of character and incident, description and reflection, it is perhaps not possible to give an adequate idea in one article; yet we cannot doubt that our analysis and extracts will be read with great interest, for they give many animated pictures, not of Hindu life alone, but of human life at large, wherever it breathes and burns, acts or suffers, sinks or soars. It might be made an English play. But let it be as King Sudraka and Professor Horace Wilson have made it. The Translator has nobly done his duty; and his volumes are an important addition to Dramatic Literature. The strong and enduring charm of this extraordinary composition lies in the truth of its moral sentiments—in the perspicacity and fidelity of Conscience seeing and trusting in the Right. Charudatta is no perfect character—he had been too munificent, else had he not been so destitute; but in our respect and pity we can but gently blame the noble prodigal. Selfishness we so hate, as to love generosity, even when through excess it becomes a fault; and he who errs from an overkind disposition, seems, in most moods of our mind, to deserve praise, not pardon. We forget his weakness in their ingratitude who requite not his benefactions; and in his want see a reproach. The state of society shewn in the Drama in much is corrupt; but not rotten at the heart, for his virtue *tells;* painful as the sense of his poverty is to himself, it has not here its severest sting—it does not "make him *ridiculous;*" the poor *Brahman of the Hindu is a more dignified character than the* "Poor Gentleman" of the English stage—for *he*, if we misremember not, is dressed in a suit of napless sables, and is the Impersonation of a Whine.

We need not say a single word more for Vasantasena. Yet we hope that the poor creature is not now excluded from thy sympathies—Thou who art pure as a flower and bright as a star! Alas! think what this world has made of women! and bless God that the Christian religion has kept thee his unspotted child. What if thou hadst sprung like a violet on unguarded ground, and heaven's dews had imbued thy leaves with beauty, while vilest hands were privileged to pluck them, and no pale was there between them and vilest feet! Lovely still must thou then have been—even like Vasantasena; but woe to the Flower that in all its loveliness is treated—like a weed!

Maitreya is worthy of being Charudatta's friend. True, he is a Viduskaka—a Gracioso; but he is as far as possible from a buffoon. He has humour and good humour—good temper—good disposition—good nature, and that comes close upon being a good man. He does not spunge on the bankrupt; but pays him for bed and board—both spare—in pleasantry and merriment, pitched to such a key as soothes melancholy thoughts, and his presence has all the restlessness and animation of sunshine dancing in a dark apartment. Leave but a chink, and it will steal in to gladden. He is a laughing philosopher. But believe it on our word, that there never was a laughing philosopher who knew

...ence; yet we are bur-
...se, and cannot regard
exploits without some
...d much admiration. He
...re; and by a purloined
mits a slave. He takes
...rties with Charudatta's
attels, that he may take
...es with Madanika's per-
; and to do him justice
he time that he is acting
...els it afterwards—sin-
conduct proves—for he
l deedful friend to that
...my insurgent the Cow-
...nd asks Charudatta's
...hom he has helped to
ake, not with remorse
repentance. He was
ate—may he not now
-as assuredly he is a

...hink you of Sams-
s a true Oriental cha-
ainted by a master's
...t the East can we be-
...ossibility of such—a
...d been suffered from
kill flies—among the
...blue-bottles an infant
...d fed tame spider-

...ther-in-law, and not a brothe
nature had he—let us hope—i
Hindostan. Twisted, distorted,
formed in his moral and intellec
being; his soul in the rickets—
with a shocking squint. Yet he wa
witty in his wickedness, and fo
fun in weeping and wailing
gnashing of teeth. He danced,
sung, and crowned his head w
flowers, and believed himself be
tiful in women's eyes, and the
ducer would fain too be a ravish
but was forced to be satisfied w
murder. Like a panther that in
mestication loses all his little c
courage, but acquires new crue
from his cowardice, and crouching
fear of the lash, keeps lapping aw
at blood. Frivolous in the midst
all enormities—his conscience sh
velled away like a drunkard's liver
sometimes sized like a hazel-n
and containing but dust. Laughir
weeping, crying, quaking, fainting
and all for his own miserable self
slime in lubrication or in cru
Irreclaimable to humanity by r
chain, or stake; and when pardon
on the brink of death, running aw
in gratitude composed of fear. a

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

Contents.

Sotheby's Homer. The Odyssey. No. II., . . . 153
The Sketcher. No. VII., ... 175
The Brothers, ... 191
The Irish Union. No. II., ... 204
Progress of Social Disorganization. No. I. The Schoolmaster, 228
Shane O'Neill's Last Amour, ... 249
The Wine Cup. A Vision. By C. M., ... 266
The Heart's Prison. By C. M., ... 267
Scenes and Hymns of Life. By Mrs Hemans. No. VIII. Prisoners' Evening Service, ... 269
Keene, or Funeral Lament of an Irish Mother over her Son. By Mrs Hemans, ... 272
Edmund Burke. Part VIII., ... 273
Aria, ... 291

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

SOTHEBY'S HOMER.

THE ODYSSEY.

No. II.

Were not the first Four Books of the Odyssey felt to be in themselves a Poem? Perhaps you might liken them to the porch of a palace. We would rather liken them to the arms of a tree. Part only of the green umbrage is visible, but sufficient to show that it belongs to a noble bole; and erelong we shall behold the whole Wonder, proportioned in the perfect symmetry of nature, with broad crown familiar with storms, yet a pavilion for the sunshine, and in its magnificence rooted among rocks.

A tender and profound interest has been breathed into our hearts in all that concerns Ithaca; it is invested with the hallowed charm of Home—we love the rocky yet not unfruitful isle as if it were our own birth-place—and the smoke seems to ascend from our own hearth. In the midst of all that trouble, we are conscious of a coming calm. 'Tis a stormy day, but not a cloud—we are assured—will disturb the serenity of sunset. We believe the Seer and the Eagles. Penelope is no object of pity now—not even when seen sitting on the stairs, stupified into stone by the voice telling her that her *Telemachus has left her alone in her widowhood among all those lawless* men. For that doleful and delusive trance is succeeded by a delightful and faithful Dream; her Ulysses is not dead—her Ulysses will return—and what matters transient misery to any mortal, when it purchases steadfast bliss?

Homer is fond of Dreams. And not one of them all is more apparently heart-born than the Dream that appears to Penelope in the shape of her sister. Ipthima tells her that the Gods will restore her son. "But what canst thou tell me of Ulysses?" Of his fate the phantom will make no revelation. Eustathius says that if she had, the poem would have been at an end. But that was not the reason of her silence. Ipthima was Penelope. Telemachus had left her, and her soul was troubled; but she had seen the young hero in his pride, unappalled by the Suitors, and knew that he had gone on a holy quest to Pylos and Lacedemon—to Nestor and Menelaus. Her heart, cheered by the thought in sleep, felt her brave boy would escape the ambush. But Ulysses! he had been away from her for twenty years. Hope was almost dead in her *waking*—as now in her sleeping dreams. Her heart asked her heart, "Oh! tell me of my Lord?" But in he

with tears. Her son's
comforts her—the seer's
omforts her—and com-
eyond all else her own
art. Yet how blind—
ed by glimpses—are the
ow! How idle often all
ears! What if Penelope
lysses sitting on an en-
re, and forgetful of hea-
s weeping for her sake!
struggling with the tem-
rives him—homewards!
towards an unknown
and night—all for her
saved from sinking by
iven him by a compas-

the Greek Mythology; but n
see but Love and Mercy; a
Deities assembled on Olymp
like

" Blessed angels pitying human c

At one council Minerva ha
mission from Jove to carry c
to Ithaca; and now at anothe
cury is sent to Ogygia—a mes
bolder if not so bright as Iris—
the word of Jove, we behold
Homer, as in an after vision v
hold him in Shakspeare, " the
Mercury, new-lighted on a h
kissing hill."

Book v. 43—96.

: nor did the messenger (*of the gods*), the Argicide, disobey:
hwith he bound on his feet beautiful sandals,—
den:—which were-wont-to-bear him, whether over the deep,
nlimited earth, along with the blast of the wind.
is rod, by which he lulls the eyes of men,
e wills, and when sleeping rouses them up again.
is hands the brave Argicide flew:
ighted on Pieria, from the ether he fell into the sea:
waves hastened, like the bird the sea-mew,
he mighty bosom of the immeasurable ocean,
er fishes, oft moists its wings with spray.
sea-mew) was Hermes wafted over the multitudinous waves.
ed he came to the island placed at a distance,
t-coloured ocean ascending to the main-land
ll he reached a spacious cave, in which the nymph

Would have admired (*it*) as he gazed, and had been delighted in his spirit.
And there standing, the messenger, the Argicide, gazed.
But when he had admired the whole in his heart,
Forthwith into the spacious cavern he entered: nor him in her presence
Did Calypso, the divine one among goddesses, when she saw him, not recognise.
(For gods are not unknown to each other,
The immortals,—not even if one dwell-in mansions remote.)
But the great-hearted Ulysses he found not within,
For he sitting on the shore was weeping: where formerly indeed (*it was his wont to do so*),
Torturing his heart with tears, and groans, and griefs,
Pouring out tears (*while*) he looked on the immeasurable ocean.
Calypso the divine one among goddesses questioned Hermes,
Having seated him on a brilliant shining throne.
"Why, oh! golden-rodded Hermes, hast thou come to me,
Thou venerable, and loved (*one*)?—for erst thou camest not often.
Speak whatever thou hast-in-thy-mind: my heart impels me to bring-it-about,
If I can indeed bring it about, and if it be practicable.
But follow (*me*) further-on, that I may place before thee the rites-of-hospitality."
Thus having spoken, the goddess placed before him a table,
Having filled it with ambrosia, and mingled the ruddy nectar.
But the messenger (*of gods*), the Argicide, drank and eat.
And when he had regaled and refreshed his heart by eating,
Then indeed did he answering thus address her.

This is the most elaborate description of natural scenery in all Homer. In the Iliad, the bard but illumines the visual sense by a few sunny strokes, that make start out tree, glade, or rock. Here we have a picture. Say rather a creation. In a moment the poet evokes the enchanted isle out of the violet-coloured ocean. There it is hanging in air. But all we know is, that it is beautiful—for we are Mercury, and see nothing distinctly till we find ourselves standing at the mouth of a spacious cave. The light of a magical fire—the odour of sacred incense—the music of an immortal voice—Calypso herself plying the golden shuttle as she sings! All felt at once—yet in loveliest language evolved in a series of words expanding like a flower with all its bright and balmy leaves — an instantaneous birth. We must not disturb the daughter of Atlas—but gaze and listen—till by degrees the congenial beauty of the place withdraws our soul and our senses from the tones and tresses of the Divine among Goddesses, and, still conscious of her living enchantments, we are won by delight to survey the scene in which she enjoys her immortal being, yet about to be disturbed by visitings like our own mortal *grief!* The scene is *silvan*. "*A wood in full luxuriance had grown around the Cave!*" One line gives the whole wood—another its composing trees—another their inhabitants—and all together breathe of the sea. Look again at the Cave. The entrance is draperied with green and purple—for in such sunny shelter luxuriates the vine! The beauty of nature is nowhere perfect without the pure element of water wimpling in peace. And there it is—flowing fresh as flower-dews—in mazy error—through blooming meadows—its "sweet courses not hindered"—and happy to blend its murmurs with the diapason of the deep. True it is that earth is as beautiful as heaven. So felt now the Argicide—"standing there till he had admired the whole in his heart." Beauty begets love—and love admiration—and admiration hushes the heart of Gods and men till they are still as statues—and not till the passionate trance subsides can Mercury himself move a footstep—though his sandals are golden and ambrosial, and bear him over earth and sea like the breath of the wind.

Whereabouts—in what latitude lies Calypso's Isle? To what bright neighbourhood of stars is it dear with its yellow woods? Of what constellation beholds it, during calm nights, the image trembling in the sky-seeming sea? The flight of Mercury betrays not the secret o its birth-place—from Pieria's top

understanding surren-
ege of questioning, and
ighted believes that all
ygia! A glimpse of the
d of old that still fluc-
ingly between sense
l was constructed by
ealized realities, that
be seen on troubling
ut can never cease to
e immortal. Ogygia!
"self-withdrawn into
lepth" of seclusion!
t the soil and pure the
scenery composed of
jects, yet is the region
st as preternatural as
narine—and Calypso's
irous as a Mermaid's

till! No screen to the
cave, but a few vine-
low as it may on the
around the isle, (and a
t hither Ulysses,) on
lown—merely breath
p the pure air for ever
enable the leaves to
ow and then upon the
me Æolian harp ca-
ying in the shade.
ueen—but she has no
her attendant nymphs

before Ulysses, such as are
and drunk by mortal men—b
know not whence they come-
seem served by invisible hands
of kitchen or cellar there is no
A charm is over all—yet 'twou
hard to say by what spell it has
wrought. 'Tis all the doing c
finest possible spirit of poetry
works wonders without appe
to be at work at all; of genit
stinctively knowing how far fi
may be interfused with truth
within the domain of wildest
gination be brought all the h
liest, and therefore holiest, sy
thies of nature. Is it not t
Ogygia?

But whose English is likes
Greek? Perhaps, after all, ou
prose—faithful to the mea
if false to the measures of
words—yet not false even t
measures—for we have them i
heart—as we hope you have in y
nor can there be ever more
than a faint echo of such music
even the highest harp—humble
highest when struck in rivalry
Homer's—and powerless to im
the gold and silver of those hes
tempered strings.

Then, swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd;)
She sate and sung: the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various silvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven; he stay'd
Entranced, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
For Powers celestial to each other's view
Stand still confest, though distant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he sate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;—
Tow'rd his loved coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.

COWPER.

He ended, nor the Argicide refused,
Messenger of the skies; his sandals fair,
Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,
Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,
Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable Earth;
Then took his rod, with which, at will, all eyes
He softly shuts, or opens them again.
So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.
Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd
To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd
In form a sea-mew, such as, in the bays
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,
But reaching now that isle remote, forsook
The azure Deep; and, at the spacious grot,
Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph, arriv'd,
Found her within. A fire on all the hearth
Blaz'd sprightly, and, afar-diffus'd, the scent
Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood
Odorous, *burning, cheer'd the* happy isle.
She, busied at the loom, and plying fast
Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice

at sight, and having all survey'd, at length
ıter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph
m knew not soon as seen, for not unknown
ch to the other the Immortals are,
›w far soever sep'rate their abodes.
t found he not within the mighty chief,
ysses; he sat weeping on the shore,
rlorn; for there his custom was with groans
sad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,
›king continual o'er the barren Deep.

SOTHEBY.

Nor Hermes disobey'd, but swiftly bound
› ambrosial sandals his fair feet around.
› golden sandals that his flight upbear
r earth and ocean, fleet as fleetest air:
m, took his wand, of power at will to close,
raise the lid of mortals from repose.
ıs graced, the god to high Pieria pass'd,
nce downward 'mid the main his body cast,
ft as the sea-mew, whose voracious sweep
hes on flight the fish that cleaves the deep,
dips his wing in brine: thus Hermes sped,
ıt-ruffling as he skimm'd the ocean bed.
now, when reached the island's distant strand,
god ascending fix'd his foot on land,
'd on, and found within her spacious cave
fair-hair'd nymph, the goddess of the wave:
fire wide blazed, and o'er the isle outspread
r and incense fragrant odours shed.
o'er her web the goddess sweetly sung,
› thro' the threads the golden shuttle rung,
ıs round her grot, the poplar, alder wreathed,
ıs the cypress waved fresh odours breathed:
of broad pennons there their plumage

He found not there Ulysses: far apart
Lone on the beach he fed with grief his heart,
Sore groan'd, and gazing on the boundless deep
Where oft the wretch had wept, return'd to weep.

LEIGH HUNT—(FROM "FOLIAGE.")

He said; and straight the herald Argicide
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
O'er seas and lands, like waftage of the air;
His rod too, that can close the eyes of men
In balmy sleep, and open them again,
He took, and holding it in hand, went flying;
Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying,
Down to it sheer he dropp'd, and scour'd away
Like the wild gull, that fishing o'er the bay
Flaps on, with pinions dipping in the brine;
So went on the far sea the shape divine.
And now arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
Where dwelt the Goddess with the lovely locks.
He paus'd; and there came on him, as he stood,
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle;
And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a lovely song, that made him hark and smile.
A silvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued waterfowl.
The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine;
And from four springs, running a sprightly race
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refresh'd the place;
While all about, a meadowy ground was seen,
Of violets mingling with the parsley green:
So that a stranger, though a god were he,
Might well admire it, and stand there to see;
And so admiring, there stood Mercury.

M. T. CHAPMAN—(TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.)

He said; nor disobey'd the messenger,
Slayer of Argus; to his feet he bound
Sandals, ambrosial, beautiful, of gold,
Which ferry him over the flood, and o'er
The vast round earth, quick as the wind-breath goes;
And took his wand, with which he charms men's eyes,
Whom he would lull to sleep, or else at will
Wakens the sleeping; having which he flew.
Standing on the Pierian-top, he shot
From ether on the sea, and skimm'd the wave
Quick as a sea-gull; which in the deep folds
Of the untill'd salt sea-surge hunts for fish,
Dipping his feathers in the briny foam;
Not less quick o'er the white wave Hermes rode.
But when he reach'd the island far-apart,
Forth from the violet-colour'd deep he went
On dry land; where dwelt in her cavern'd home
Well-tress'd Calypso; her he found within.
Blazed on the hearth a mighty fragrant fire
Of fissile cedar *and of incense-wood,*
Far through the island odorous as they burn'd;
And her sweet voice kept murmuring into song,
As she with golden [illegible]

or to Immortals not at sight unknown
mortals are, though one may dwell apart.)
gh-heart Ulysses found he not within,
r he upon the sea-shore sat and wept;
ere was his wont, with tears and groans and griefs,
look upon the sea, dropping down tears.

WRANGHAM.

ıe Argicide obey'd;
t his sandals made,
en—through the skies
r lands and seas he hies,
ind—his rod then takes,
e or the slumberer wakes,
with slumber seals
So prepared, he wheels
ng his airy flight,
Pieria's height;
ng, o'er the billows sweeps:
vast ocean's deeps
ng in quest of prey—
e God the salt sea-spray.
'each'd the distant isle,
ıced the beach awhile;
ous cave he came,
hin a bright-tress'd dame:
hearth a cedar pile,
gh-scented, o'er the isle
rs far and wide:
olden shuttle plied,
while a witching lay,
reads her fingers play.
groves their summer-dress
iant loveliness—

Alder and poplar quiver'd there,
And fragrant cypress tower'd in
And there broad-pinion'd birds w
Nesting amid the foliage green;
Birds, which the marge of ocean
Gull, prating daw, and cormoran
And there, the deep mouth of th
Fringing, the cluster'd vine-bough
Sprung from near sources, bright
Four limpid fountains urge their
Divergent, o'er the parsley'd me
Where the sweet violet droops its
A scene, should Gods survey the
E'en Gods might gaze on with d
Raptured stood Hermes and ama
And long and fondly round him
The cave then enter'd. Straight h
Calypso knew—for Gods confest
Are known of Gods, though sunde
In distant mansions they abide.
But no Ulysses was within—
On the lone shore, his sorrow's s
His longing eyes he frequent thr
O'er the wild ocean tossing blue,
With many a tear and deep-draw
Heaved to the thought of days g

Pursues his fishy prey with rapid glance
O'er the rough bosom of the vast expanse:
Like him his wings in ocean Hermes laves,
And rides like him in triumph o'er the waves.
But where the lonely isle its shore extends,
From the blue waters he the path ascends:
He came to where the spacious grotto show'd
The fair-hair'd goddess' beautiful abode.
Within she sat—before her clear and bright
The blazing cedar pour'd its fragrant light;
And as the slender fagots cheer'd the gloom,
Rich incense rose, and delicate perfume;
The golden shuttle ran the weft along;
She cheer'd the labour with her sweet-toned song.
In verdant harmony around the cave
Poplar, and alder, and sweet cypress wave;
Here broad-wing'd birds erect their airy nest,
Owls, and sea-hawks, and croaking ravens rest;
All of that strong-plum'd tribe here safely sleep
Who hunt their prey across the stormy deep.
Thick o'er the front was spread a shady vine,
Rich in rife clusters of the promised wine.
Four founts in order gush'd with crystal clear,
Turn'd to each other, and each other near;
Meadows enamell'd with sweet flowers of spring,
Eternal verdure o'er the landscape fling.
A deity might bend his downward flight,
View the rich scene—and view it with delight.
The herald-god in admiration stay'd
His hasty course: till all its charm survey'd,
The grot he enters:—him at earliest view,
Fairest of goddesses, Calypso, knew;
For should their dwelling e'en be far and lone,
To each immortal are the immortals known.
But there was not Ulysses:—on the strand
He mourns in solitude his native land;
With sighs and groans and choking griefs his heart
Pants from this sweet imprisonment to part.
O'er the wide sea his longing gaze he threw,
Till rising tears bedim the hopeless view.

WILLIAM HAY.

The messenger of gods, the Argicide,
Obey'd, and on his feet the sandals tied,
Sandals of gold, ambrosial, useful these
To waft him swiftly as the winged breeze
Across the boundless earth, or the far-rolling seas.
That rod, wherewith he lulls the eyes of men,
And as he lists, from sleep can rouse again—
Great Hermes seized:—down to Pieria's steep,
Thence, sheer through air, he plunged upon the deep,
Whose waves he skimm'd along,—(like the sea-mew
That doth o'er ocean's lap the fish pursue,
And dips his closely-feather'd wings in spray)—
Thus o'er the numerous waves, great Hermes sped his way.
The violet-colour'd sea he leaves for land,
Since the sequester'd isle is now at hand,
Straight to the mainland, and the cavern borne
Where dwells the nymph whom lovely locks adorn.
Within the cave a blazing hearth he found,
Diffusing heat and fragrance all around,
By fissile cedar, and rich incense fed,
Which o'er the isle refreshing odours shed.
Plying the loom she trills her warbling song.

The soft blue violet and the parsley green.
Oh! had a god but only lighted there,
Enraptured had he viewed a scene so fair!
There Hermes gazed upon the wondrous sight,
Feasting his soul on beauty and delight,—
Then sought the cave;—which not unknown he trode,
Divine Calypso saw, and knew the god:
Or not unknown, though far apart they dwell,
Are gods to gods, they know each other well.
Ulysses, the great-hearted, was not there;
Or to the beach he would full oft repair,
There seated would he gaze, with streaming eyes,
Wasting away his soul in groans and sighs.
"Why, Hermes," said Calypso the divine,
While on a seat she bade the god recline;
"Why, Hermes, famous for the golden rod,
You much beloved, thou much respected god,
By this unwonted visit? Speak thy mind,
Mine the power,—to that am I inclined;
But first our hospitable rites be shared."
As spoke the goddess, and the feast prepared;
Ambrosia, food of gods, was now served up,
And blushing nectar sparkled in the cup,
Which he eat and drank till satisfied,—
The messenger of gods,—the Argicide.

Milton is on the whole a fine
perhaps may please you
Pope, or all the others—
shall not find fault with
Then why should he be per-
sisting on Homer? He
in the rapid original. He spoils,
confusion, the cave. He had
right all at once to say that Calyp
"sate and sung"—no right to s
"the rocks resound her lays
for Homer

Pope wished to show his knowledge —nôt very recondite—of the habits of those trees. Neither does Homer say the cypresses "nodded"—nor that their high branches were "waving to the storm." All was then still—nor was it possible for Mercury to think of a storm in such perfect peace. Pope is here most impertinent. "Their mansion form" is absurdly pompous; and he would fain be more picturesque with his "scream aloft" than the Prince of Painters. What immediately follows is better—but in nothing very felicitous; and the translator entirely mistakes the meaning of the line about the gods always knowing one another; yet so pleasant to the ear is something sonorous, and to the eye something splendid, that we cannot help more than liking—absolutely loving this version—with its manifold defects and vices—and hope that all good critics will pardon our bad taste for sake of our excellent judgment. "Pope is always so correct—so elegant—so polished!" quoth a gentleman of the old school. Elegant and polished he may be—for these are epithets we do not pretend precisely to understand—but here he is very incorrect, whether you look to the passage as a translation, or as a description. He had not a steady vision of the scene—and dealt with words rather than things—as have done almost all his admirers, proud as they have ever been of their knowledge and love of reality and truth.

In Cowper we see so little to object to that we give his version our unqualified praise. How could such a passage be translated in aught amiss by the author of the Task? He wanted nor force nor fire; but here nor force nor fire were needed; only a fine sense of beauty, and a command of fitting words, and both are here conspicuous—to our eyes and those of Allan Cunningham.

Sotheby's version, with much of the musical flow of Pope's, has much of the vivid precision of Cowper's; yet cannot be said to unite the beauties of both, for it wants ease, and some sacrifices are made to rhyme. The repetition of the word "*sandals*" is *heavy, where all should have been light as air; "his fair feet* of mortals" not good; "voracious sweep" we do not like; and it is a strange nominative to "dip his wing in brine." Calypso was not a "goddess of the wave." "O'er the isle outspread" is awkwardly placed, and does not clearly apply to the odours. Sotheby makes the cypress "wave," as Pope made it "nod." "Feast the ravished sight" is all unlike Homer; and "tranced his view" is not English. The lines move languidly in couplets; and the whole wants fusion. Sotheby manifestly had the scene more steadily and distinctly before his eyes than Pope; but he seems not to have been sufficiently inspired with an emotion of beauty, and therefore failed fully to express the spirit of the scene—though, where there are so many fine touches, it would be wrong to call his version a failure.

Leigh Hunt's version is far superior to Pope's and Sotheby's; and we feel inclined to prefer it even to Cowper's. It is so very vivid. The putting on of the sandals is admirable; and nothing can be happier than "like waftage of the air." The power of Mercury's rod is expressed quite in the spirit of Homer; and "holding it in hand, went flying" is itself a picture. Every word he uses about the sea-bird is as good as can be; and the imagination is delighted, as the simile has done its duty, with the sudden restoration of the Godhead—

> "So went on the far sea the shape divine."

"Springs oblique," though not in the original, is more than pardonable, it is so very picturesque; so is "landing with subsided wings;" and so is the walking "'twixt the tall green rocks." Mr Hunt has a vision given him by Homer, and so delighted is he with it that he does not hesitate to express more than the magician did in words, not more than the scene contained of various enchantment. "He paused" is deeply felt, and the effect on the Godhead of all he saw, and breathed, and heard—only we miss the Fire. The Goddess, too, is spinning, instead of weaving—so there is no golden shuttle—yet to spin is the work of an enchantress. "That made him hav

ı were certainly as pur-
could be—and perhaps
would not have looked
but for the thought
nerous wine"—sorrow-
joy-brightener — and,
it bedew the cheeks of
ve. Begin well—and
ɔst sure to end well;
f the other versions do
asantly, as in this one,
between the motion of
his rest—between the
ich he ties on his san-
l away, and the still-
ion in which he stands
ɔrgetful of his mission
break away from all
d enter the cave.

who has translated
finest things of anti-
many measures, has
ıere the octosyllabic
as if we were read-
ıost picturesque pas-
ly of the Lake. Not
ɑ the original has he
a single additional
eamt of giving; the
ɔ, yet rich—and how
ı know right well, if

other passages in the Odysse
markable for their strength and s
ness, and for which we are
sorry we have not room; but w
much mistaken if this specime
his blank verse—though it n
have been more harmonious-
not equal to Cowper. But
perhaps you too—are getting w
of our criticisms—and there
leave you all—classical reade
to compare the various versions
yourselves—not overlooking Ha
Indeed, it will not suffer itself t
overlooked; and we have place
last—because perhaps on the wh
best of all;—for while inferior to n
of them in particular touches—
cept perhaps Mr Hunt's—and to n
in ease—except perhaps Wra
ham's—the spirit of the original
we think, more uniformly sustain
than in any one of the others—a
fewer expressions to be found in
that are not equivalent with
Greek—and as far as English can
so—without violence done to
genius—Homeric.

Alas for poor Calypso! Her eig
years dream of love is broken by t
cruel rod

no sailors—have I wherewith to send him home—yet yield must I to the sovereign will of Jove." Hermes counsels instant submission, for fear of the fiery wrath of Heaven, and vanishes. Alas for poor Calypso! Penelope herself might well forgive, and almost pity her now—for the Divine among Goddesses is about to be deserted—the immortal nymph of the lovely locks has all this while been but Ulysses' paramour, imposed upon him by shipwreck—but the daughter of Icarius, she, twenty years ago, was his bride—and is still his wife—and she is the mother of his Telemachus—and she will yet clasp him to her faithful bosom—and when she dies, she will be buried where his body may be laid by her side, in that still inland region fated to be their final resting-place, beyond reach of the murmur of his old enemy the Sea!

The God is gone—and Calypso will seek Ulysses sole-sitting on the shore. The God is gone—but how changed now to her is all the isle! But her extreme passion of grief dies away—for such cannot abide against the known will of Jove, "in mortal or immortal minds." She no longer deludes herself with the vain belief that she it was who saved the shipwrecked; that sophistry of love will not avail her now; and now that she has been commanded to let him go, she behaves with the dignity of a divine nature, and her face begins to wear its wonted serenity of smiles. She had loved the Sea Eagle, and cherished him in her bosom as if he had been a soft-plumed Bird of Calm—but long has the ungrateful been aweary even of that spicy nest. She had nothing to reproach herself with in loving Ulysses. The unconquered in war—the matchless in wisdom—the fertile in genius—the poet who could rehearse so eloquently all the disastrous chances that his youth had suffered—the man who could patiently endure all that Heaven could inflict—except endless separation from home and kindred—wife and son—and, longing for them far away, loathed the proffered boon of immortal life! And can it be that Ulysses never loved her—that he had never been happy in her arms? Aye he had loved Calypso—he loves her still—and will for ever love her—for no vile cup of enchantments had she like Circe—and though her songs were almost sweet, no malice was in their music as in the singing of the Sirens. But in the core of his human heart lay a whole world of sweet remembrances that could never die—that could not be charmed into oblivious sleep even if a lullaby were sung by a voice divine. The love of glory may leave his great heart, and Ulysses care not though he die without his fame. The love of pleasure charms no more—and passion palls now—pure as it ever breathed from that celestial bosom. But the love of home is the concentrated love of life—and were he to bleed to death, the rocks of Ithaca would reel before his dying eyes, and the last image that seemed steadfast before their last dim gaze, would be the faded or unfaded face of his Penelope bent down to kiss him—the sound sweetest to him in death, the Spartan accent still hanging on her lips as she bade an everlasting farewell to her Ulysses!

Thus having spoken, the mighty Argicide departed.
But the venerable Nymph to the great-hearted Ulysses
Went, when she had heard the behests of Jove.
Him she found sitting on the shore; and never were his eyes
Wiped-dry from tears: and his sweet life was melting-down
While-he-wept for his return (*home;*)—for no longer did the Nymph delight him.
During the night indeed he slept from necessity
In the hollow cave,—he unwilling, with her willing:
But during the day sitting on the rocks and the shore,
In tears and groans and griefs wasting-away his own soul,
He gazed-upon the immeasurable deep,—dropping tears.
Standing near him the divine one among goddesses addressed him:
" Ill-fated one, no longer weep here, nor let thy life
Be-wasted-away: for now most willingly will-I-send-thee forth.
But come, having cut *long planks, fit with the steel*
A broad *skiff: but make on it a close-compacted* deck
(Rising) high, so that it may carry thee through the gloomy sea.

iare indeed, goddess, to swear a mighty oath,
gainst me any evil affliction."
ake: and Calypso, the divine one among goddesses, laughed,
r hand stroked him, and spoke and addressed him:
indeed an incorrigible one, and art knowing not uninstructedly:
h is this which thou hast presumed to premise?
of this Earth, and wide lofty Heaven,
r of Styx gliding below,—(and this the greatest,
mn oath is to the blessed gods,)—
ot plot against thee any evil affliction.
ink, and what I advise, *that* for my
ounsel—if such a necessity should beset me.
honourable, nor in me
t of-steel in my breast, but (*one*) of-compassion."
spoken, the divine one among goddesses led the way
he then followed the footsteps of the goddess.
the hollow cave—the goddess and the man:
seated-himself on the seat from which had arisen
before him the nymph placed every kind of food
nd drinking,—such as mortal men eat.
er-against the god-like Ulysses,
maidens served-up ambrosia and nectar.
ched-forth their hands to the good-things lying ready.
were satisfied with food and drink,
ds Calypso, the divine one among goddesses, began:
on-of Laertes, fertile-in-expedients, Ulysses,
homeward to thy father-land
wishest to go? nevertheless mayst thou be happy.
knewest in thy mind, how many it is thy fate
of calamities, before thou canst reach thy father-land,
hou remain and keep to this home,
houldst thou be: how much soever longing to see
whom thou regrettest?"

heart. Achilles is possessed with wrath, Ulysses with sorrow; and both alike feed their sufferings on the hollow-sounding deep. The son of Peleus desires that the sea shall sympathize with his rage in gloomy heavings and fierce dashings congenial with the tumult of his own insulted and scornful spirit. He loves the breakers on the rocks—the din and the foam—and his thoughts, like winds let loose, "tempest the ocean." He flings himself upon the beach, and writhes in convulsions that transfigure the most beautiful of the sons of men into a terrible demon. In that dreadful trance he would fain see the whole Grecian host strewed along the plain,

> "Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,"—

trodden like sand and shells under the feet of Hector at the head of a victorious sally from Ilion of all the Trojan Power. Ulysses—he rushes not in madness to the lonesome shore—there long has it been his wont to sit motionless as the stones that surround him—quiet at times even as the sea-bird afloat in the sunny calm. But "never were his eyes wiped dry from tears." "In tears, and groans, and griefs wasting away his own soul!" And this is the much-enduring hero—ashamed not to weep like a woman or a child—all his patience—all his fortitude—all his pride utterly overcome—humiliated into an abject wretch by the weary weight of endless expatriation! He heeds not whether the sea be hushed or howling; the calm to him is as impassable as the storm; the ripplings on the yellow sand to him are all one with the billows broken on the black rocks—for he feels in them alike his perpetual imprisonment—and as he "gazes on the immeasurable deep," he knows that Fate has commanded Nature to destroy all hope—because all possibility of his ever seeing Ithaca any more! He does not ascend a watch-tower on the cliffs to look from morn to night for some glancing sail. For he knows that that sea is shipless—that the echoes of that isle shall never be awakened *by the clank of* oars. The Isle of Secrecy—untrodden since the birth of Time by any human foot but his own—undiscoverable—and incommunicable to all that die. From his dungeon of stone the prisoner may be brought into the blinding light of day, and again guess that the trouble on his brain is shot from the sun; but from these beautiful groves, and violet-coveredmeadows,and rills of amber, never shall Ulysses be rescued—nor from the nightly pressure of that loveliest but most cruel breast.

All this, and a million times more, is contained in a few lines of Homer. But when was ever misery just? Calypso is not the cruel one he thinks—and at this moment is at his side—"Ill-fated one! no longer weep!" Was it unnatural for her—Goddess though she were—to desire his stay as passionately through all her being as he desired his return? Never had she loved mortal or immortal but Ulysses—and in him was all the bliss of the undying one. Of her own free will she will let him go! Not a word does she say of Mercury or of Jove. From her own exceeding love she will make the sacrifice—send him away for ever and ever far beyond the seas—and left all to herself and her immortality, to her golden shuttle never will she sing again.

Ulysses is still Ulysses—and suspects some love-wile—but the oath by the Awful River opens his heart to the truth—and following the gracious Goddess to the Cave, behold him sitting on the seat from which Mercury had arisen—more beautiful in Calypso's eyes than the messenger of heaven. No transports agitate him—he falls into no ecstasy—in thanksgiving he embraces not her feet—he is unable as yet to comprehend the extent of his own happiness—the burden he had borne for so many years is taken off—and yet he bounds not up into the air of joy—he eats and drinks like a man to whom nothing of great good or great evil had befallen—he calmly confesses that his Penelope is in nothing to be compared with Calypso—that much he has yet to suffer, he doubts not, ere he see *home*—if ever indeed home he shall

M. T. CHAPMAN, (TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.)

But when the rosy-fingered Queen uprose,
Light-flowered Aurora, mother of the dawn,
His tunic and his vest Ulysses donned;
Her full white-tissue robe the Nymph put on,
Of texture thin, and rich embroidery,
And fastened round her glittering golden zone,
Then set her head-dress on. Now to dismiss
High-heart Ulysses she addressed herself.
A brazen axe, well-fitting to the hand,
And double-edged, (of the wild-olive made
Its handle,) gave she him; also an adze
Well-polished; to the green end of the Isle
Then led the way, where grew the tallest trees;
Alder and poplar, and heaven-kissing fir
There grew, close-grained, and of a hard dry core,
Which would swim lightly for him on the wave:
But when she shewed him where the tall trees grew,
Back to her home Calypso went her way.

› her home Calypso went
How full of nature that
She could not bear to
work—felling the very
whose shade they two
›n sat—that they might
away for ever! She
ike Miranda with her
assist in carrying the
is was no romantic love-
re mimicry of a worky-
›e succeeded by life-long
the sound of every

own world—for in the bos
growing into shape, the w
might go out by themselves
with their fishing-nets, or to tak
pastime on the waves. As
they were better apart—yet C
came to him again as soon
knew twenty trees had falle
how often she came and wer
how long at each time she sta
ring those four trying days,
written in Homer. But it is
in Homer how the King of

craft less crank never glanced with her clean-cut spritsail along the moonlit Mediterranean sea.

There is no description of the parting of Ulysses and Calypso. If you wish for a parting—read that of Hector and Andromache. What pathos is flung back on that beautiful scene of love and sorrow by the shrieks from the city-walls, when the wife falls down as one dead at sight of her husband's body in that gory whirlwind, and again by the lamentations of all Troy going forth to meet the hero lying in the composure of his glory in his old father's chariot. But here there is no occasion for any big grief. If "some natural tears she shed," Calypso "wiped them soon,"—and high-heart Ulysses was not the man to behave at that hour with insincerity—with hypocrisy—to her who had admitted him to a celestial bed.

"He finish'd all his work on the fourth day;
And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,
Dismiss'd him from her Isle, but laved him first,
And clothed him in sweet-scented garments new.
Two skins the Goddess also placed on board,
One charged with crimson wine, and ampler one
With water; nor a bag with food replete
Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste;
And yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale,
And manageable, which Ulysses spread,
Exulting, all his canvass to receive."

Ogygia, with all its woods, soon sinks into the sea—but as he sits at the helm, think not that Ulysses forgets Calypso. Homer it was who made her immortal—for true it is that such heavenly sweetness, gentleness, tenderness, and loveliness, shall never die. Strange had been that seclusion—and though we cannot reveal it all—profound is its meaning in this moral song. Eight years out of the ten since Troy was fired had the hero been lost to all the duties of life. All that long term—passive; worst trial of all to such a man endowed with powers of mind so transcendent—the active, restless, ingenious, energetic, sagacious, life-studying, world-knowing, eloquent and wise Ulysses, doomed so long to pine away, for The nobility of his nature had been there his curse. Human life, with all its woes and all its troubles, is made dearer to us who read, seeing how far dearer it was to him than the love-soothed stillness of promised immortality, hearing him sighing for sickness, decay, death, and burial in the bosom of his own native earth—for what else sighed he for!—not for joy—not for bliss—not for transport—but for return to Ithaca—if it were but to see his wife and son—and then to lay him down and die! For seventeen days and nights sleep never sealed his eyes—and still he steered obedient to the advice of the wise daughter of Atlas. Intent he watched the watery Pleiades—Bootes slow to set—the Bear, called else the Wain, which, circling ever there, looks towards Orion, and of all these luminaries alone never partakes of the ocean-baths. That constellation the Goddess bade him keep for ever on his left; and on the eighteenth day—as it is finely said in Mr Chapman's MS.

"In the distance loom'd
The skyey-cloud-like mountains of the land
Of the Phæacians, where it nearest was,
And like a bull's hide look'd on the dark sea."

The good Homer—it has been said by high authority—sometimes nods—*dormitat*; that is, grows drowsy—forgets himself—and maunders in his doze. We say—never. Not Horace—we hope—but critics who thought themselves Horatian—have instanced this eighteen days uninterrupted wakefulness of Ulysses as a proof that the Bard himself had been taking a pretty long nap. Ulysses kept the Calypso full by a touch of his little finger—for the wind was on her quarter—and blew steady as between the tropics. He had plenty to eat and drink—and as Helen drugged the bowl to Telemachus and Pisistratus, that no feverish dreams might disturb their sleep beneath the porch of the palace, so mayhap did Calypso infuse into that wine-skin a few wakeful drops that kept the large eyes of her mariner, as he sat in the stern-sheets, unwinking as the stars. We knew a girl, eight years old, who lived for eighteen days without shelter or suste-

...ave seemed the green
...aca, and he would have
...rboard to kiss his imagi-
...r-land. But perhaps, after
...l sometimes sleep—with-
...f knowing he did so any
Homer. A strange dim
influence—sleep-and-no-
neither feverish nor un-
—comes and goes over
...f the solitary student—
a close cell poring on his
...n an open boat perusing
...t sea, 'tis as if a mist for
tes or moments shrouded
...r as if the wing of some
wavering between the
watcher and the Wain.
mber—if it indeed inva-
...on eyes of Laertiades—
e Calypso either fall off
nto the wind—for if a
k, and ride, and play the
ng—so can he steer—
...a great hulking land-
horse-marine.
ne, "traversing, on his
Ethiopia's sons, the
ghts of Solyme," espies
" as she were dancing
shaking his brows at
...

...wrecked in a
on fresh water, and we know
description of a struggle of t
at all comparable in pow
truth to this in the Odyssey
escape is prodigious—but sur
therefore incredible—and the
mer Ulysses.

> "Two nights of terror and two
> ful days
> Bewilder'd in the deep!"

To have made that nothing m
lous—though it would still have
wonderful—all that was wantin
—a plank or an oar. In a
jacket a man may float till he d
inanition. Ulysses had Leucot
life-preserver, the most poetical
worn—and Minerva bade the bi
subside before him—and Boreas
him drifting on towards the P
cian land. He was saved by his
vast strength and magnanimou
rit, encouraged and assisted by
nymph, and heavenly Goddess,
the will of Jove. If such a stru
and such an escape be not w
the rightful use of imaginatio
"a wild and wondrous tale," the
poets write of ponds and pits,
not of the Sea. Now...

fully, and piously "kissing the life-giving Earth."

Numb and naked—lying on ooze among rushes—perhaps in the haunts of wild beasts—on an unknown coast—what a contrast is his condition to what it was within that quiet cave on Calypso's bosom! But he rues not the hour he left that repose—he was prepared to suffer—and seeks the shelter of a wood near the river, up whose mouth he had swum—and creeps into a close covert formed by two olive-trees.

"A covert which nor rough winds blowing moist
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun
Smite through it, or unceasing showers pervade,
So thick a roof the ample branches form'd,
Close interwoven; under these the chief
Retiring, with industrious hands amass'd
An ample couch, for fallen leaves he found
Abundant there, such store as had sufficed
Two travellers or three for covering warm,
Though winter's roughest blast had raged the while.
That bed with joy the suffering chief renown'd
Contemplated, and occupying soon
The middle space, heap'd higher still the leaves.
As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch
Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme
Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,
He saves a seed or two of future flame
Alive, doom'd else to fetch it from afar—
So with dry leaves Ulysses overspread
His body, on whose eyes Minerva poured
The balm of sleep, and eager to restore
His wasted strength soon closed their weary lids."

And there, coiled up like some animal of the wood—beneath a huge heap of leaves—lies Ulysses—chief of all the chiefs of Ithaca—of old chosen companion of the King of Men—and in front of Troy—with his wiles and his valour—in power of destruction second but to Achilles!

There let the magnanimous sleep—while we with Minerva glide into the sumptuous chamber of the Princess Royal in the palace where King Alcinous reigns—the divine Nausicaa. She is smiling in her sleep—for she is dreaming of her nuptials. Her dearest companion seems to say—"Awake! awake! Nausicaa! Oh! wherefore hath thy mother born a child so negligent! Up, up—and away with us all to the fountains—where midst of merry-making we shall cleanse thy robes and garments all—for the days of thy virginity are numbered. Awake! awake! the prime of the land have long been wooing Nausicaa to become a bride!" Apparelled is she—quickly as a rose-tree seems apparelled by the dawn; and meeting her father on his way to council, asks if he will lend her for a day the use of mules and a carriage to convey *his* wardrobe, and that of her brothers, to the sea-side Fountains? "Welcome art thou to mules and carriage—or to aught else thou choosest to ask"—replies her father, who sees through the lids of his Nausicaa's eyes, too transparent to hide the truth that comes in innocent revelation from her heart. As is the king of a land, so are his people—and these few words dispose us kindly towards the Phæacians. The tempest-tost—we now know—has fallen neither among savages nor barbarians; and his sleep next night will not—we are assured—be among withered leaves, between two olive-trees, in a wood—but perhaps among soft folds of purple, on a sculptured couch, beneath the portico of a palace.

Thus having spoken, he gave orders to the slaves, and they obeyed,
They, on the one hand, the well-wheeled mule-drawn car outside
Were-preparing, and they brought out the mules, and yoked them to the vehicle.
But the virgin, on the other, from her chamber was bringing beautiful vestments,
And placed them on the well-polished car:
And her mother put-up in a *chest desire-gratifying* eatables
Of-every-kind, *and in (it) she placed kitchen* (ὀψα), and wine she poured
In a bottle of-goat-skin; and the maiden mounted the car.
(The mother) also gave in a golden

...ying stream
-sweet couch-grass: while they (*the maidens*) from the car
ands took the vestments, and bore them into the dark water.
th challenging to a contest, they *tramped* them in tanks.
ey had washed them, and purified them from all filth,
ıey spread-them-out by the shore of the sea, where especially
ved the pebbles on the main-land.
bathed and anointed themselves with rich oil,
ook dinner by the banks of the river.
ıited while their clothes were-being-dried by the brightness of the
en the maid-servants, and herself (*the princess*), were satisfied with
laying at ball, having laid-aside their head-gear.
the beautiful-armed Nausicaa began a song:
na delighting-in-arrows bounds along a mountain,
extremely-steep Taygetus, or Erymanthus,
ırself with (*in the pursuit of*) boars, and swift stags,
th her the Nymphs, the daughters of the Ægis-bearing Jove,
ldesses) sport,—and Latona exults in her soul:
ım all bears her head and front,
listinguished-beyond (*all*), and all are beautiful,
er was the unsubdued (*unmarried*) virgin (*Nausicaa*) pre-emi
her attendant maidens.

ras the Isle of Secrecy
ul, singing at her web
ense of the cedar-fire,
ueen. But more touch-
human heart, the sight
s at their playful em-
ng the silver springs
it was, had Calypso's
fect sweetness as hers

What a Scotch picture! Perl
to us therefore is it so pleasan
look upon—for change that vi
into one of humbler rank and
a homelier name—and let the p
be
" A flowrie howm between twa ve
braes,
Where lasses ...

sportive train are dispersed in terror—all but Nausicaa. A lion? Aye—a lion. For every thing, for the time being, is what it seems—and a lion seems—Ulysses.

"Like a huge mountain lion forth he went,
Whom winds have vexed and rains; fire fills his eyes,
And whether flocks or herds, or woodland deer
He find, he rends them, and athirst for blood,
Abstains not even from the guarded fold.
Such sure to seem in virgin's eyes the chief,
All naked as he was!"

Nausicaa alone fled not—for Minerva quelled the fear quaking at her heart—and from her fine limbs took away all tremors—in other words she behaved like a king's daughter. Lion-like as was Ulysses, her attendants probably after all saw he was a man—a mother-naked man—and while they fled knew that he was not going to devour them; but Nausicaa, constitutionally brave—a great happiness—having never yet once in all her life met with evil—having been brought up by a sensible mother, Arete, her sex's pride—and seeing, at the hasty glance she had ventured to take, wretchedness but not wrath in the countenance of the man and not monster—waited his approach—unappalled—should he approach; but Ulysses—with a spreading bough held between him and the virgin—kept aloof in suppliant posture—and the noble virgin—after her short fright—became calm as a dove.

Genius—some one said—is of no sex—neither is Mercy—here willing to minister in the shape of Innocence. Homer does not say Nausicaa blushed, nor did she blush; she was, we daresay, "something more pale than wonted"—the fine flush of exercise was blanched on her cheeks—and her eyes fell without seeing them on the wild flowers at her feet. But the wretch before her was not an object from which modesty was now to avert her sight, but humanity to look at and to relieve. And a hard trial this for Ulysses the Leonine! In such guise to stand before and accost a virgin whom he must have known could be no other than a Princess. But he knew—yet all in honour—the way of womankind—he who had woo'd and won Penelope from all Sparta—he who had been admired by Helen—nor by her yet forgotten, as she shewed by her Tale of the Wooden Horse to Telemachus—he who had ascended the bed of Circe—and had yet, in spite of all the seabrine, the fragrance of Calypso's kisses lingering on his lips—he accosted well the high-born nymph, whom, in his magnanimous heart, he felt was as pure as her own zone; and the fine-souled sculptors of Greece working in the spirit of Homer, fixed them, as at that moment they stood there, in the Parian marble.

"Suppliantly-embrace-I-thy-knees, oh! princess: art thou a goddess, or a mortal?
If thou art one of (*those*) goddesses who dwell in the wide heavens,
Thee, do I, to Diana the daughter of great Jove,
Both in appearance, and stature, and disposition, most nearly liken:
But if thou art one of those mortals who inhabit earth,
Thrice-blessed in thee truly (*are*) thy father and venerable mother,
Thrice-blessed are thy blood-relations: much truly must their hearts
Be always exulting with delight, on thy account—
When they look-upon such an shoot entering-upon the dance.
But blessed beyond all in heart, conspicuously above all (*is*) he (*blessed*)
Who prevailing (*over his rivals*) by bridal-presents may lead thee to his home.
For never such a mortal (*as thou art*) saw I with these eyes,
Neither man nor woman: veneration fixes me gazing.
Once indeed, by the altar of Apollo in Delos, such
A young shoot of a palm-tree starting-up observed I.
(Thither also went I, and much people followed me
On that journey,—which *verily was about to be* (*the source*) of many vexing sorrows:)
Gazing *on it, just as (on thee now I gaze)*, amazed-was-I in soul
For-a-long time: for never from the earth such wood upsprang:
Thus lady thee do I admire

suggest for in thy soul,
(*for thee*) a husband, and a family, and sameness-of sentin
r than this nothing is better or more excellent,
ing-of-the-same-mind in their counsels, their house should man
nd wife: for many evils have the ill-assorted (*pair*),
e well-disposed: and above all do they hear the report of themse

suasive to pity in that fair
ke the place of fear! And
or the suppliant, how na-
ie Princess should at such
ords feel pride in herself
ned to Diana! Nowhere
there a more appropriate
here that of the palm-
iows Nausicaa motion-
, and stately—while
a holy beauty—breath-
ion—hovers around her
petition for himself is
love and admiration,
rs for the felicity of her
begs a boon—and his
diction how compre-
lome—husband—con-

hou seemst not worth-
I am daughter of the
e Alcinous." Forth-
rs her attendants to
ients—and wine and
or the bath. "For a
erer is he—and the

body of the son of her father's
But here was an utter stranger
the sea had vomited—be
with ooze and mud—squalic
his bed of withered leaves—
presence of a Princess, and he
of well-robed maidens—nak
drowned death. Time—place-
sons—circumstances—all are
rent—and therefore a different
ing and another law. Pity and
prevailed with Nausicaa, but Ul
felt shame—and therefore, ret
apart,

"the hero in the stream
His shoulders laved and loins incr
rough
With the salt spray; and with his h
the scum
Of the wild ocean from his locks
pressed.
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his f
Dilated more, and from his head dif
His curling locks of hyacinthine flo
As when some artist

Is this man to mingle with the god-like Phæacians.
Formerly indeed he appeared to me an unseemly (*person*),
But now is he like the gods who dwell in the wide heavens.
Oh! would that such an one were to be called my husband,
To dwell here, and that it might please him to abide here.
But, my maidens, give to the stranger food and drink."
Thus she spake: and they earnestly listened to her and obeyed her:
And before Ulysses they placed food and drink.
And Ulysses indeed, the much-enduring god-like one, eat and drank
Rapaciously; for long had he been fasting from food.
But Nausicaa the fair-armed devised another (*plan*).
Having folded up the clothes, she placed them on the handsome car,
And yoked the powerful-hoofed mules, and herself mounted,
And roused-up Ulysses, and spoke and addressed him:
"Rise up now, (*our*) guest, to go city-ward, that I may send thee
To the house of my valiant father, where methinks thou
Shalt see of all the Phæacians as many as are the noblest.
But strictly thus must thou act,—(for thou seemest not one that-lacks-understanding:)
Whilst we are travelling through the fields and the labours of men,
So long with the maidens, behind the mules and the car,
Step-on quickly, and I will guide you on the way.
But when we shall-be-approaching near the city, around which (*is*) a fortification
(*That is*) lofty, and on-both-sides of the city (*is*) a beautiful harbour,
But narrow the inlet: and ships on-both-sides-(*by ours*)-impelled, by this way
Are hauled, and to each of all of them is there a mooring-place.
There too have they a forum, and around it (*is*) the beautiful sanctuary-of-Neptune
Reared of drawn, quarried stones.
There too they attend to the tackle of the dark ships,
Ropes, and cables, and (*there*) they smooth the oars.
For neither the bow nor quiver is the concernment of the Phæacians,
But masts, and oars of vessels, and equal-sided ships,
In which exultingly they bound over the hoary deep.
Their (*the people's*) bitter tattle I avoid, lest any one behind (*my back*)
Should scoff: for there are very-overbearing persons among the people.
And perchance some of-the-baser-sort meeting us might thus speak,
'Who is it that follows Nausicaa—that handsome, tall
Stranger?—where met she with him?—assuredly he is to be her husband:
Some wanderer hath she taken from his ship,
Some (*one*) of those from foreign regions:—for none such (*as he*) are near.
Or some god earnestly-supplicated hath come to her supplicating,
From heaven come-down: she will have him for all (*her*) days.
Better (*had it been*), had she gone and found a husband
Elsewhere: for assuredly she disdains those among the people
—The Phæacians,—who numerous and noble court her.'
Thus will they speak; and such things were a reproach to me:
I should be indignant at any other (*female*), who should do such things,
Who, indeed, against the will of her beloved father and mother,
Should hold intercourse with men, before marriage should come openly.
Stranger, do thou thus understand my words, that as soon as possible
Thou mayst obtain from my father the power-of-departing, and returning (*home.*)
We shall-meet-with a magnificent grove of Minerva, by the way-side,
Of-poplars: and in it flows a fountain, and around it (*is*) a meadow.
There are my father's separate grounds, and blooming orchard,
(*Distant*) so far from the city, as one is who has to shout aloud:
(i. e. *to be heard by another at a distance.*)
There seating-thy-self-down, tarry for a time, till we
Come to the city, and reach the mansion of my father.
Then mayst thou wend thy way to the city of the Phæacians, and enquire for
The mansion of my father, the great-hearted Alcinous.
For very very well-known it is, and a child even could conduct thee,
—A mere infant, (*to it*);—for not the least like to it are
The houses of the *Phæacians*,—(*no*) *house like* that of Alcinous
The hero: but when the mansion and hall shall have received thee,
Quickly further on go into the palace, that thou mayst come to

... , she lashed
... speedily left the current of the river,
-they-onward, and well lifted-they-foot-after-foot,
managed-she-the-reins, that those-on-foot might follow togeth
and Ulysses: and with judgment she applied the lash.
setting, (when) they reached the illustrious grove,
ierva, where forthwith sat down the divine Ulysses,
tely he supplicated the daughter of mighty Jove:
, indefatigable daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove,
deed hear me, since never erst hast thou heard me
about,—when the illustrious Earth-shaker (Neptune) tossed me,
come among the Phæacians,—an acceptable and a pitied (*guest.*)"
he, praying, and Pallas Minerva heard him.
red not before him: for she feared indeed
eptune): for he raged furiously against Ulysses.

ot delight to read that,
elight to read the Old
Has Nausicaa fallen in
sses? No—though it
y all the critics; she is
body; and that wash-
ts was for no man's
. Pure of all thoughts
Jephtha's own daugh-
heless wept her vir-
mountains. It was
be wedded—though
en lost—and all Phæ-
ing to get impatient
s. She knew that,
to know it: and
repmt of the ell...

creature says, "Would that such
one were to be called my husban
She was familiar with them as
they had been her sisters; and t
gentle wish was as natural as co
be, born as it was of admiration
wonder at the majestic beauty of
stranger, from a hideous out
transfigured into a God. "Forme
indeed, he appeared to me unseer
—but now is he like the Gods
dwell in the wide heavens!" N
his words—then not unwelcom
come back upon her heart with
titude and pride. "By this god
being was I like...

she thought—all the feelings that kept rising there, like fair birds of calm floating or flying on a sunny sea. No design had she to let him understand what was passing in her heart, by telling him what the people would say were they to see them two together; she said but the simple truth; and had her bosom been disquieted, she would have held her peace. But she keeps prattling away prettily and gracefully, with the most perfect ease of mind and manner; her injunctions are altogether proper, and equally free from prudery and coquetry—words indeed that are felt, soon as they are pronounced, even to scout them—almost an offence to the highborn and fine-souled child of nature—for she is sincere as the fountain that reflects the skies. How filial the proud delight with which she describes her father and her mother in their palace! To them she wishes the illustrious stranger may endear himself—that they may incline their ear favourably to his prayers, and send him in safety to his father-land—"though very far from hence thou mayst dwell;" and so saying—happy as a bird, she glides beneath a sky beautiful in sunset into her car, and so regulates the pace of her strong-hoofed mules, that the stranger and her attendants—at double-quick time—are just able to keep close to the whirl of the wheels till he—as she bade—dropped behind, and sat down in the grove sacred to Minerva. This may be what *we now* call Love; but it is not what men called Love in the earnest ages before the rising of Homer.

A great poet painted the isle and the island-life; but where is the philosopher who comprehends the entire nature of this bright creation? Primitive manners in the midst of magnificence of power and state—virtue uncorrupted by wealth—and all the richest and rarest splendours of art shining undisturbingly among the simplicities of nature. On her arrival at her father's palace, her five brothers, "all godlike youths," assemble quickly around Nausicaa, unyoke the mules, and bear in the raiment; she goes to her chamber, and her nurse lights a fire; yet almost might we say

> "Not Babylon
> Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
> Equall'd in all their glories,"

as we read the description of the Palace. Sotheby has given nobly the entrance there, and the reception of Ulysses.

On stepp'd the chief, but with deep thought o'ercast,
Paused, ere his foot the brazen threshold pass'd.
Resplendent as the moon, or solar light,
Alcinoüs' palace awed the o'erdazzled sight.
On to its last recess, a brazen wall
That from the threshold stretch'd, illumined all,
Round it of azure steel a cornice roll'd,
And every gate, that closed the palace, gold.
The brazen threshold golden pillars bore,
A golden ringlet glitter'd on the door,
The lintel silver, and to guard his gate,
Dogs in a row, each side, were seen to wait,
In gold and silver wrought, by Vulcan made,
Immortal as the god, and undecay'd.
From the far threshold, to its last retreat,
Ranged round the wall, rose many a lofty seat,
With fine-spun carpets strow'd, by virgins wrought,
Where, as each new-born day new pleasures brought,
Phæacia's chiefs from thought and care released,
Sat throned, and lengthened the perpetual feast.
Stood on bright altars golden youths, whose hands
Lit thro' the night, the guests, with flaming brands:
And fifty maids administering around,
Some, the *ripe grain, beneath* the mill-stone ground,
Some, whirl'd the distaff, and the fleeces wove
Swift as the leaves, that shake the poplar grove:
And ever as they plied their [illegible]

... fruits the bowe
... pears, the apples apples breed,
ollow figs, to grapes the grapes succeed :
ruitful vineyard there, where, spread to-day
aisin dries beneath the solar ray :
jocund labour gathers in the fruit,
the stamp'd clusters gush beneath the foot,
while the grape here blossoms on the spray,
welling orbs there blacken day by day.
at its confine many a cultured bed
lowers, all kind, undying fragrance shed.
ountains there, this in perpetual play
all the garden winds its order'd way ;
lides beneath the threshold of the king,
lls each urn from its o'erflowing spring ;
ere the gifts that they whose realm is heaven
that favour'd man profusely given.

stood the chief, with awe each wonder view'd,
the palace swift his way pursued,
nd the chiefs, who, mindful of their bed,
mes now their last libation shed.
he pass'd unseen, in mists obscured
ll around his path Minerva pour'd,
h'd the royal thrones, where bending low
'd Arete's knees, and breathed his woe :
dess then at once the night dispell'd,
n silent awe the chief beheld :

ign," the suppliant said, " Arete, hear,
ivine Rhexenor, bow thine ear !
t thy knees I bend, with woe oppress'd,
hy lord, and each high-honour'd guest ·

The monarch clasp'd Ulysses' hand, and raised
The suppliant from the hearth that brightly blazed,
Displacing for the stranger from his throne
The young Laodamas his favourite son.
From a gold chalice on a silver stand
A maid shower'd water on Ulysses' hand,
And a smooth table fix'd the guest before,
Where the house-guardian heap'd his ready store;
And when the chief sat satiate at the board,
Thus to the herald spake Phæacia's lord:

"Pontonoüs! mix the wine, and pass around
From guest to guest the cup with nectar crown'd,
Then pour it forth, and to the Thunderer pray,
The God who guards the wanderer on his way."

No fear now of Ulysses. The power of such an Apparition would have subdued a tyrant on his barbarous throne—but Alcinous is a gracious king, and Queen Arete a gracious Queen—an Adelaide to all the loyal island dear—and an example to all matrons.

"Onwards he passed unseen in mists obscur'd."

But when the veil of concealment was withdrawn, what a shiver and what a hush must have stirred and stilled the Presence Chamber! The Apparition must have been remembered by Milton—till out of the remembrance rose a still sublimer imagination—while he, telling of Satan's return to Pandemonium from the ruin of our race, said—

"He through the midst, unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd, and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen.
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape, star-bright, appeared, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they hoped beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd."

'Tis thus one great Poet *inspires another—all of them from one another's* golden urns drawing light — till burns the firmament more gloriously with the large lustre of unsetting stars. Lucifer suddenly revealed "star-bright or brighter" on his throne —Ulysses, soon as beheld in his majesty, sitting down in the ashes of the hearth!

In an hour and less he has gained a conquest over King, Queen, and Court. For they at first thought —perhaps he may be a God.

But soon is Alcinous so won by the hero's recital of his abode on Calypso's Isle, and of his perils by shipwreck, that he offers him Nausicaa in marriage, if he will settle among them, and become for the rest of his life a Phæacian! Nausicaa is with her nurse, sitting by the fire; and 'tis as well for her peace, perhaps, that she did not hear the proposal; and Ulysses contrives delicately to elude it, and to avail himself of a turn in the King's discourse to repeat his desire for far-off home. The subject is dropped for ever—and he is conducted to his couch, leaving all in the palace in admiration and awe of the mighty stranger-guest.

Next day all the island is astir to see the hero of whom such bruit has gone abroad; and in full senate it is decided in his presence, that a fifty-oar'd barge shall convey him home —wherever may be his father-land —across the sacred deep. A mighty feast is prepared in the palace for multitudes of young and old—and when two beeves, twelve sheep, and eight fatted brawns, have been devoured,—no doubt with bread and vegetables in proportion—awaken to the Harp the Song.

...their hands; but when the feast was o'er
muse inspired the bard of noble deeds
sing an hymn, whose glory reached the sky:
sang Ulysses' and Achilles' strife.
v at the godlike banquet once they strove
h words of fearful import, and the heart
Agamemnon king of men was glad
use the bravest of the Greeks were wroth.
that to him Apollo had foretold,
n he the Pythian threshold crossed, to seek
oracle; then burst the fount of woe
Greece and Troy, by Jove's almighty will.
ng the bard. But great Ulysses then
stalwart hand his purple mantle seized,
o'er his head, and hid his manly face,
the Phæacian chiefs should see him weep.
when the godlike bard gave o'er his song,
ero dried the fountain of his tears,
from his head withdrew the mantle's shade:
having raised a double-handled cup,
ured a rich libation to the Gods:
hen again the bard took up his song,
e Phæacian nobles loved the strain;
Ulysses veiled his head and wept.
ow the weeping hero none observed,
t Alcinous, who, sitting near,
from his bosom burst the deep-drawn sigh,
raight the chiefs around him, thus addressed:—
ulers, and lords of proud Phæacia, hear!
rom the finished banquet let us rise—
be the voice of music and of mirth,
gymnasium let us bend our way,
rive in friendly conflict for the prize."

forum like a thundercloud. But the speech in which he reproves Eurya-lus is full of wisdom and majesty, being meant not for him alone, but for all in the Forum.

" Heaven, it seems,
Imparts not, all to one, the various gifts
And ornaments of body, mind, and speech.
This man in figure less excels, yet Jove
Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd
Behold him, while with unassuming tone
He bears the prize of fluent speech from all;
And when he walks the city, as they pass,
All turn and gaze as they had passed a God.
Another, form'd with symmetry divine,
Yet wants the grace that twines itself around
The listening hearers' hearts. Such deem I thee:
Thy form is excellent—not Jove himself
Could mend it—but the mind is nothing worth."

So saying, he seized a huge stone, and swiftly swinging it, sent it while it sang far beyond the farthest mark of a heavy three-pound Phæacian quoit! The natives were astonished; and then with another frown bent chiefly on Euryalus, he stepped into the middle of the ring, and cried,

" Then come the man, whose courage prompts him forth,
To box, to wrestle with me, or to run;
For ye have chafed me much, and I decline
No strife with any here—I CHALLENGE ALL
PHÆACIA, save Laodamus alone.
He is mine host."

You might have heard a mouse stirring—and though he was no boaster—looking around on the silent sea of heads all fear-frozen, he exclaimed

" There is no game athletic in the use
Of all mankind too difficult for me."

He soon lets out that he was at the siege of Troy—and acknowledges no superior among mortal men—in the use of the bow—save Philoctetes. To a few of ancient times he yields the palm—to Hercules—to Œchalion Eurytus, who dared defy to *archery the Gods themselves, and whom therefore Apollo slew. Alcinous applauds his* speech, and confines now his praises of his people's feats to light-footedness in the race—skill in navigation—feasting—harping—singing—changing of garments—dancing—the tepid bath—and the delights of love. And Demodocus adapts his tuneful chords to a sprightly strain—singing the loves of Mars and Venus enveloped in that invisible web by Vulcan—among the jibes and jeers of all the Gods and Goddesses—a voluptuous lay—and all unfit for the ears of Nausicaa—but she is in her chamber, pensively thinking perhaps of him with the locks of hyacinth.

" Such was the theme of the illustrious Bard."

And Ulysses heard the song with delight—for, as all the world knows, he was no woman-hater—and no remiss worshipper of Venus, who soon recovered from the shame of that exposure in her Paphian home,

" Where deep in myrtle groves
Her incense-breathing altar stands em-bower'd."

By this time the temper of Ulysses had become quite amiable—and there is something very pleasant in the sly humour of his panegyric on the astonishing dancing-feats of the agile and ball-catching Phæacians.

" 'ILLUSTRIOUS ABOVE ALL PHÆACIA'S SONS!
INCOMPARABLE ARE YE IN THE DANCE,
EVEN AS THOU SAIDST. ASTONISH'D I BEHOLD
FEATS UNPERFORM'D BUT BY YOURSELVES ALONE.'
HIS PRAISE THE KING ALCINOUS WITH DELIGHT RECEIVED."

All hearts are opened, and all hands. The King and his Twelve Peers make splendid presents of gold and garments to Ulysses; and Euryalus generously makes friends with him by the gift of a steel-bladed, silver-hilted, ivory-sheathed sword, which the hero slings athwart his shoulders. It is now near sunset, and they all return to the palace, where golden gifts are heaped on golden gifts—and above all, " one splendid cup elaborate," that what time he pours libation to Jove and all the Gods in his own house at home, the stranger may remember the giver, and bless the roof-tree of Alcinous.

g throng—she who was
ative ere she mounted
the river-side, cannot
to say a few words of
d a few she does say to
ing beside the portal of
admiring eyes, she be-
tering bold, bright, and
n the bath—

r! at thy native home ar-

! thy first deliverer here."

ll her last words—and
s preserver in as few—
ring her, that while he
dore her as he adores

it is all before them,
us must resume his
g them another lay.
the song is again of
es! Again the hero
w Alcinous feels he
sk the name of the
nger. The time is
revelation—and for
e tale of all the ex-
atures of the much-
since he and the
in the dust. Not at
nswer the question
t in language the
gives utterance to

seems,
Thy thoughts hast turn'd to a
whence my groans
And tears, that I may sorrow sti
more.
I AM ULYSSES!

What sensation must have
created by that announcement!
had they begun—the more thou
ful among them—to conjec
which of the heroes this migh
who had fought before Tr
"Famed o'er all the earth for nob
wisdom, and renowned to heav
could it be that Ulysses himself
been storm-blown to Phæacia? A
Demodocus the divine, rushed on
Apollo in all his power, has he fil
the great hero's eyes with tears,
a song recording his own triumj
—during the night of that great co
flagration,

"through the aid
Of glorious Pallas, conqueror over all

But have we succeeded—as w
or as ill—in attempting to give y
AN IDEA of the Second Four Boo
of the Odyssey—as of the Firs
The Twenty-four Books seem
"in quaternion run"—the Poem
consist of six Constellations. T
may be a mere imagination

THE SKETCHER.

No. VII.

How very rare are the spots of real beauty on the surface of this earth—the greater part of which is waste and wilderness! At least such Sketchers find it; and travellers who go beyond the range of art and gentle civilisation, do not present more flattering accounts. We have for the most part notices of interminable and thick forests, swamps, bleak moors, rugged mountains, and impenetrable morasses. There may be indeed in all these, at times, more of the sublime, for the sweeping shadows of departing day, and the moon's uncertain light ("luce sub incertâ lunæ") invest with grandeur scenes that the scrutinizing sun detects at once to be monotonous and minute even in and to their widest extent. But beautiful scenery, luxuriant, refreshing, enticing, and tangible, where you would be content to make your domicile, is but rarely to be met with. Such are retreats, guarded retreats, retiring spots, that escape the eye of the turbulent, the traffic-driven, and the boisterous.

Yet, to hear some admirers of the picturesque, you would be made believe all the world is the Garden of Eden, never forfeited. But since our great progenitors were driven from that home of happiness, and the flaming sword waving every way forbade their return, such scenery as that of the garden of the Creator's own planting has never been seen by human eye; and the farther mankind were driven from that blessed place, the more degenerate they were, and, as suitable to their deterioration, the more barren and dreary the wilderness that lay before them. The earth became the territory of punishment, that needed no prison but itself. Was it a paradise to Cain, "the fugitive and vagabond in the earth," for whom "the ground should not henceforth yield her strength?" The conscience-smitten was too restless to seek secluded spots of peace, that *might even yet, though rarely, have been found, where to lay him down in happy shelter.* "A fugitive and a vagabond" he wandered, till, weary, he built him a city in the waste—the first city; and his posterity, as if inheriting an envious hatred of flocks and herds and rural innocence, built them more, and became skilful artificers, adorers of the works of their own hands. And what were cities but wildernesses of another kind? —and so are they still. The general surface of society, as of the earth, has little beauty, is little cheering. To the lonely, the stranger, and the afflicted, what is a populous city? Its atmosphere is chilling or suffocating; there man passes his fellow man with a cold or suspicious aspect, as if he were indeed a descendant of Cain. Then is there a feeling of loneliness, of desolation of heart, more than in the desert. And too often a closer acquaintance with the congregated mass exposes fraud, injury, pride, selfishness, and violence. The proudest city is swept by the tempest of human passions. Then, what though the wild earth be tormented by the howling winds?

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude."

Nay, is not man's own heart a wilderness, with its few spots of beauty—original beauty, though not unimpaired—left within it, wherewith under a blessed influence to improve the whole? All nature, whether within us or without us, is not as it should be; and yet will the poet's enthusiasm pass for truth, "God made the country, and man made the town," as if the first were all perfect, the latter all evil. Both have their bright spots. In the most vicious, most turbulent cities, amidst the confusion of the great Babel, there is many a retired, endeared, and endearing home, of taste and elegance, social refinement, sweet affections, and holy communings; as over the bleakest country there are some descents with scenery of absolute fascination. Both scenery and homes, as it were, shut the door

the effects spread over
atmosphere, and rejoice
less at their communica-
ie clouds that "drop fat-
eir happy gilding of the
ig up, and the vivid hues
lter of hedge-rows pro-
iproves. But these are
for humbler talent.
cher or painter should
sight of the truth, that
earth is deteriorated in
atmosphere, and every
sequent upon the per-
iperfection of these, and
ulty of imagination is
supply, as he may, much
and which the inspira-
lus will enable him to
he ought to believe his
isions imparted glimpses
orld, such as once was,
ewhere in eternal space
ay, such as he may con-
y earth, when more blest,
; when the wastes shall
itable, and the accursed
irely changed; when
he thorn shall come up
nd instead of the brier
p the myrtle-tree, and
he Lord for a name, for
g sign, which shall not
when "the wild-

But—*quorsum hæc?* I have
led to make these remarks by
of preface or introduction to
brighter scenery of the Sketc
ground, bearing in my mind
dreary ways to be travelled ove
fore those happy shelters of be
can be reached. If the wide w
has its "antres vast and deserts i
so has each particular region,
this our small island, uncouth, rug
or dismal wilds broadly spr
whose frowning, forbidding as
might arrest the wanderer's feet,
keep from intrusion the sweet s
that lie beyond. Every Hesper
has its hideous dragon to guard
golden fruit. Our own beau
lakes are surrounded by dr
moors. But none have perhaps
perienced the gloom of bog
mountain more than the visitor
the far and justly famed Killar
Never shall I forget my passage
some years ago, when perhaps
eye was less nice. From Ca
Island, (where we first encounte
the Irish howl, and witnessed
beating of the breasts, tearing
hair, and thumping the coffin, I
formed by the hired professio
criers,) all was as dismal as need
Nor was the journey without

danger of having to return some twenty wretched miles, or risk one's life in the torrent. But it must be confessed the Lakes of Killarney afforded ample compensation. But I am not now going to describe Killarney; though it be very tempting, with its stag-hunt, its echoes, and pursuit, to the very water that mirrors mountains blue, brown rocks, and tufted trees. But I will here point out one beauty peculiar to Killarney, at least such as I have not seen so striking elsewhere. There are in the lakes recesses, small bays, inlets, formed by projections of rock, covered with trees, rich and beautiful, and so shown on ledges edged by declivities and precipices, that you feel sure the axe has *never* been there; they seem so inaccessible but by a labour that would not repay, and, as if conscious of their liberty, throw out even in the reflections in the lake, an air of wild security. But, as I said, I am not going to open the portfolio at Killarney. Let me give one more example, how wretched is the whole road from "The Eternal City" to the beautiful Tivoli, whose exquisite Grecian temple remains a proof of its origin, "Tibur Argivo positum colono;" pleasant Tivoli, with its cascades, and the vineyards and gardens moistened by irrigating streams, so truly explaining the passage of Horace—the

"Uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis;"

where the ductile streams, after performing their fertilizing office, bound over the rocks into the Anio, and form the Cascatelli. The road is melancholy, and the mephitic disgusting sulphurous vapours that attack the traveller midway are intolerable. But I do not intend to speak of Tivoli, its Temple, or its Grotto of Neptune, and must hasten to the scene which I intend to make the subject of this number of *The Sketcher* —Lynmouth, in the North of Devon.

I had engaged to meet my friend Pictor at my old lodgings at Lynmouth. I will not weary the reader with a description of a wearisome ride over Exmoor. For upwards of twenty miles, whatever way you approach Lynmouth, *unless it be by water, you have to encounter most* steamer, in which was my friend, steadily coasting her way—and I knew we should reach Lynmouth about the same time. As I approached Countisbury hill, the range of our sketching ground opened before me. The wooded hills folded and intersected each other with their dips and green descents into the valley of the Lyn, alternately darkened by the running shadows of fleeting clouds and again illuminated, affording a living moving variety to the whole. Light and shadow seemed to chase each other as in sport;—then would both vanish, and leave the scene of one sombre hue, that wanted the depth of shadow. The earth and the sky were like children in their play, and now in a wayward mood; and like them had, as it were, hastily snatched up all the bright things, the relics of their sport, to pelt the intruders that came within their ken —and unfortunately within their reach. Being in an open carriage (not alone), we were pretty well peppered before we reached the top of Countisbury hill. The misty vapoury clouds then swept away like dun smoke in their passage over the moor, followed by faint gleams; as the timid and bright-winged birds, with affected courage, follow at a respectful distance the dusky kite, gorged with his quarry, and sailing away leisurely and regardless over the territory of his dominion. When we had arrived at the brow of the hill, the storm cleared away, like the drawing up of a curtain, and the scene of the Sketcher's transactions lay illuminated before us. Linton was above, Lynmouth below, and the Channel broadly spread before us with its high horizon; and there, to the right lay the steamer, from whose sides a small skiff was departing, conveying the passengers ashore. Having seen the rest of the party to the gate of our lodgings, I went to greet my friend Pictor, whom I took by the hand as he was stepping from the boat. In our walk to our lodgings, we were not unpleased to see many signs of improvement in this little place. Some good houses had been built since the last visit. "Do not you recollect," said Pictor, pointing to some new stabling, and an o

d I gave you as a reason,
ıe on the stern of the
: cause, for I was told
ʒ story respecting the
'e it on the sketch, as it
letters on the boat.

some few years ago,
ɐ of a lady, who with
as adventurously cross-
ım, somewhere above
voods. The lady lost
ınd was carried down
t. There was apparent-
ut the man hearing the
· companions, rushed
ıe wood, where he hap-
e, and providentially
ery spot, where, at the
: of his life, he saved the
erstand she rewarded
ıely, and probably en-
· be the owner of the
sketched, and I did so,
ecollect an incident so
ıo creditable to him. If
e useless to me as a
t may be beneficial in
' humanity."

'eached our lodgings,
d, to my mortification,
necessary innovations.

agreeable word and pleasant sn
a ready endeavour that all shoul
to the comfort of her lodgers.

Having taken some refreshm
as it was yet some hours to sun
Pictor and I ascended the hill
Linton, and from thence with
purpose of reaching the "Valle
Rocks" that way, we took the
cut in the side of the hill, whic
very precipitous down to the wat
edge. The castellated rocks ab
our heads on the left are certa
striking, but they are not on a s
to be *very* grand, and require the
cidental effect of partial relief,
ving the more rugged and promir
parts to break bold and dark into
sky, to give them importance;
the scene, as a whole, is fine, is gre
The expanse of water is great,
the distant Welsh mountains ac
the Channel were at that mom
seen in a remarkably favour
light. They were of a beautiful
tramarine colour, blended with w
hues, and separated here and th
from each other by vapour or sm
shewing range behind range. Th
outlines were mostly marked u
the sky, though delicately but

just before us, with their peculiar cry, and their white wings silvered with light, as they soared and floated in the air over the waters, so tenanted the scenery, that we scarcely perceived the distant vessels whose white sails dotted the bosom of the Channel. The colour of the water and distant mountains would have delighted Claude, but he would have made a far other use of the rugged parts of the rocks and cliffs than any correct view would have allowed him; he would have thrown them forward into the picture, softened their ruggedness, and covered them with foliage, and thrown out magnificent trees from the very foreground. And he would have improved the picture, for the view was soft in its beauty, and ill accorded with the bleak and barren ruggedness which we knew was at our backs and about us. This would, therefore, have been a fine study for him, for it would have left him free to improve where his genius would be most effective. He would have made of it an embarkation to some enchanted land. The picture should then have been seen fresh from his easel for I never saw in any picture of his the varieties of colour, though here they were so exquisitely blended under one tone.

After remaining some time at this spot, we followed the path, till it led us round into the "Valley of Rocks." Where the path suddenly turns to the left, we marked some sombre rocks below us in shade, and a small sandy beach; we intended to wind our way thither, to visit a cavern of which we had heard, but had neither of us seen. Instead, therefore, of returning by the valley, we walked further on, until we came to a steep and winding pass, that without much difficulty brought us to the bottom of the cliffs. Huge fragments lay all about, where they had been hurled at their dislodgment from the great masses. We found our way over these, and reached the cavern. It is not large, but all caverns are imposing; and this was rendered more so from its sheltered solitariness. It was retired from the water, the whole mass in which it was formed *being* itself a recess *in the cliff; consequently, there were huge projections* was, in a great measure, occupied by the large fragments mentioned; beyond these lay the small sandy beach, which did not appear to extend to any distance on either side, and seemed formed as an arena for the entertainment or transactions of whatever beings might inhabit or come as visitants to this rocky seclusion. The gentle plash of the waves upon the shore was much in character with the scene. The interior of the cavern presented a curious appearance. A large mass of stone had, by some means, been conveyed into the centre, and been so cut away, as to form a very tolerable round table, resting upon a base much smaller than the upper circumference, nor was it without its rude stone seats. We were not sorry to rest here.

Sketcher. Who could have thus furnished this drawingroom of Nature's architecture?

Pictor. Say, rather, of ocean's fabricating; but little shall I care who furnished it, lest truth, or rather matter-of-fact, (for there is a difference,) should mar the fictions which the imagination can so readily supply in such a spot. Nor will I pickaxe the rocks, to see of what they are made, and should be sorry to know how they were made.

Sketcher. Then you are no advocate for knowledge; you are surely very unlike the common race of enquirers. Most tourists would never rest satisfied, until they had learned where the tools were bought that helped to hew the table.

Pictor. But I am no enquirer. I don't like enquirers. More than half the things enquired into and known are not worth knowing.

Sketcher. Though "Knowledge is Power."

Pictor. Here it would take away power; for if we knew the whole history of this cavern, or how Nature performed her secret part of the work, our intellectual curiosity would be satisfied, and there would be an end of the pleasure, but the fire of imagination would be quenched. And would the exchange be good? O, I could wish imagination were oftener judiciously fed, than systematically starved, as it is. W

All true, all true, good
en have I condemned in
nd the absurd pratings
ily made about know-
ow little of it is actually
e collectors. It should
required in the art of
e should discard much
e good for another, but
ourselves, because it is
away from the path our
ld pursue. But the bare
n of dull matters of fact,
brought to any applica-
taste of the day; and
these are but supposed
fact, and children are
nass them, though they
o interest for them, and
ave none. They are not
wonder at any thing,
ey should be left, and
t, to wonder much, and
at deal. They learn alo-
gies, and to prate chrono-
the kings and queens of
gypt, when they should
of the King and Queen
hen they should prefer
to Semiramis. The me-

nineteen, because I would n
company her to scrutinize int
secret machinery of a manufa
I am willing to take cottons fo
tons, silks for silks, and to lea
detail to those whose business
for, depend upon it, said I to
will never be yours or mine.

Sketcher. And if *her* mind
really occupied upon these t
was it not at the expense of
thoughts,—nay, purer thought
minine thoughts; because we
check the growth of evil pas
we must begin with a moral co
ice, and deaden the source, forg
that the chill of selfish, dull
rian knowledge, is as much an
as the passions, when unruly,
fevers of the heart. Both ar
eases. The fancy, the imagi
are not evil thought; they m
deed, receive it; but cultivat
highest gifts, and they will
disgust of evil, have high
tions, and imbibe resolution,
bility, from pure fountains.

Pictor. The whole soul of
should be poetry, in its best
ing and power; it should
charm, all elegance, and gifte

and bring up her family in peace—what has she to do with any other sciences, when that one is rendered so difficult to acquire? Is she to captivate her lover, or retain the affection of her husband, with bismuth or manganese? If he ask for a song, is she to trouble him with categories; if he ask for a kiss, receive but cold pity for his ignorance?

Sketcher. I must say we have chosen an admirable theatre for our lectures, and it would seem as if we had turned our whole audience into stone.

Pictor. And with as little chance of *moving* any, as the "uncouth swain," that

"Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills."

But it is time to indulge in such ideas as this scenery should more naturally give rise to.

Sketcher. Yet such conversation may have its use; it may confirm the painter in his resolution what to pursue, and that he should not be ashamed before the world of his ignorance of that which is of no use to him. It is, therefore, a lesson of art.

Pictor. This should be a scene for moonlight, when the waters are still, or give only a sound that is of the same character as, and more expressive than, stillness, an intermitting lazy sound, that leaves meditation free.

"Oh, had I a cave on some wild distant shore!"

The "distant shore" of the poet conveys well the seclusion of this.

Sketcher. Now, this would be a fit scene for the nymphs, the daughters of Ocean. Here might they come, and having hung up their Æolian lyres on the rocks, lie in the light of the silver moon, and listen to the wild and fitful strains of pain and passion, and sympathize with the suffering Prometheus, whom they have recently visited, and left chained to the appalling Caucasus. This scene would well suit the tenderness of commiseration, if under such a light that would soften all that is rugged in it.

Pictor. Yes, by moonlight. Or, would it not do for these strange ding in the vasty deep," and drop intelligence in sea-shells from far-off lands in ocean's girth, to be gathered by the pure, the faithful, and the gifted?

Sketcher. What think you of this being the cave of Proteus, whose indefatigable care of his Phocæ has something so strange in it, that, if the sea-god were not gifted with prophecy and power of metamorphosis, would be but whimsical; but being what he was, it is wild and poetical. Now evening is coming in, and you may expect his return; but he will only just look round the corners of the rocks, for he is shy, and seeing us, will be quickly off, and you will hear the plash of his herd into the sea again.

Pictor. Where would you place a choir of mermaids more satisfactorily than on that smooth sand? It is the mystery and wonder about all these imaginary beings that delight us. We may soon go into the common world, where there is no mystery, no wonder, but all is bare, and here we exercise a new faculty. It is in such places as this one really enjoys the sea, not in noted and frequented watering-places, where the hiding shells are poked out of their sandy beds by regiments of walking-sticks and parasols.

Sketcher. Sitting here, as we are, we enjoy this scene before and around us; but how difficult would it be, by any sketch, to convey the subject! The fact is, it is in no one point of view. We cannot be in the cavern and paint it, and the sea too, and the rocks on all sides, facing the sea; the surrounding enclosing character must be lost. It is of little use to sketch here. This is a place wherein to imbibe ideas, to impress a general something, which the forms, as they are placed, in any one view, will not give. The *most* faithful representation of such a spot would be the ideal.

Pictor. The eye, they say, retains for a time the images of objects after they are removed, and the mind's eye, without doubt, retains them longer still, so that after we have looked about us at any beautiful scenery, we have painted to us and for us, a whole which we can never

cent of the steep pass by had reached it. Pictor, nd, was much struck with cast of a human counte- ignated in the form of the e us. It occupied, per- it one-third of the great ctor resembled it to the emnon, waiting the stroke eam. There is something dental forms assumed by clouds, that appeals di- ie imagination, which in- ibines them with the whole must inspire. The castella on this sight are not impo seemed piled there just to the cheerful light, and the c escape, fit residences for ev fowl, and bats obscene; m riness, without the dignity commanding. Somewher reach might have been the of despair, for it was the e ritory of Melancholy. Th might dwell somewhere by right grey cliff to the right-

" Low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggie cliff ypight,
Darke, doleful, drearie, like a greedie grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wand'ring ghostes did waile and howle

prising this place should so long spoken of, not eauty, but as *the* beauty and Lynmouth. It was a uly evening, and we were lengthen our walk on our stead, therefore, of keep- ith through the Valley of ascended a steep hill to might be the Valley of Ly and the little bay beyond it the idea as if it had been er the temporary purpose spectacle of deadly coml chance with the monster the days of the Seven Cl infested every region, and l become habitations of the l

down on the left upon the tops of the cliffs, that, shooting out into the channel, formed within or between them the inlets, one of which we had just left. To the right we could just see the low land of the opposite coast, here distant. The horizontal line of the water was scarcely distinguishable from the sky, excepting at the termination of the broad road of light made on it by the sun, which, as I observed, ran the whole length of the perspective line of the water, nearly from the base on which we stood. The body of the sun was not visible, being behind a long band of cloud, above and below which its immediate brilliant golden colour was spread, intercepted at some short distance below by bluish grey voluminous clouds, that rose directly above the water, and above blended with the cooler tints of the sky, till it was lost over our heads in that beautifully intense ultramarine greyish purple, into which one delights to look, lying on the earth, face upwards, to watch the coming of the stars; but as they would not immediately appear, there was no occasion to wait their approach in silence.

Pictor. How little is there here to sketch, and how much to admire! What materials could we use that would give any adequate idea of this sublime scene, before its beauty would vanish? Does it not look as if the glorious sun had passed over the earth, and over the sea, and had left on the waters the light of his chariot-wheels?

Sketcher. The great high-road of the gods, such track as they made when they went to feast with the distant Ethiopians; and how wondrously must the celestial steeds have bounded over the gorgeous golden road—for the moment we forget the liquid! Homer saw them, when he was sitting on a hill, looking over the great expanse as we are now. Hear his wondrous Greek, as it burst from the mouth of the great Improvisatore, of which Longinus remarks that it measured the bound of the immortal horses by the space of the world, and that another bound would find no space for them.

Ὅσσον δ' ἠερόεις ἀνὴρ ἵζει ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἥμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λιὺσσων ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·
Τόσσον ἐπιθρῴσκουσι θεῶν ὑψαύχενες ἵπποι.

As much aerial space as a man is wont to behold with his eyes,
Sitting on a high hill looking over the purple sea,
So far bound the lofty-neck'd horses of the gods.

Pictor. But is it not the domain of Neptune? Imagine him passing, as when he took three strides from Ida, and with the fourth arrived in Ægæ, and then—

"He to his chariot join'd his steeds,
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold.
Himself attiring next in gold, he seiz'd
His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime
Ascending, o'er the billows drove; the whales,
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
Around him, not unconscious of their king:
The sea clave wide for joy; he lightly flew,
And with unmoisten'd axle skimm'd the flood."

Sketcher. And all the pageant is passed, and he has left behind him the light of all his golden self, and of his "dazzling incorruptible abode." Such was the use the grand old Grecian bard made of his sketches from Nature; and, I doubt not, he saw some such scene as this, shut his eyes, and, composing the grand spectacle, poured it instantly forth in his

Pictor. What vessel would not delight to sail upon that glorious path, under Neptune's license of protection?

Sketcher. So thought Homer; and, I dare to say, after the vision had passed, composed a hymn to the God of Sea. Let us sing it; and let it be—I forget what number it should be of "Homer's Hymns"—and thus

'raise the Lord, O my soul; O Lord, my God, thou art bec
xceeding glorious; thou art clothed with majesty and hon

ou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment,
preadest out the heavens like a curtain.

10 layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; and ma
1e clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wi

1age was paid. "A change
the spirit of the dream;"
closed; the light depart-
rge expanse before us be-
1e hue. We left the hill,
ttle conversation until we
nton. "I think," said I to
is about six years ago, that
our of us standing in this
d, looking in admiration at
before us. It is now as it
but of *us*—two out of the
10 more. One of the de-
a very dear friend, of ex-
te, a high and noble mind,
to me by many ties, and
any recollections. With
departed I had only some
s before become acquaint-
llect when we were stand-
spot, just on the other side
ll, hearing him express a
1is bones might lie in such
1d there they lie. He was
)od health. I never saw

Sketcher. "The rude fore
of the hamlet" were little s
him. He was a stranger to
parts; and though in truth like
genius—one "to fortune and t
unknown," yet not altogether
serving of being known—h
been a practicable man. H
strange, possessing some geni
scarcely was it under domin
judgment. He may rather b
to have been possessed of or
genius; and it was wayward
his manner of working was p
to himself. Were you to se
his sketches in their first u
state, you would have pronc
them the veriest daubs, pla
with dabs of white and grey
he would work them up so
surprise you. There was occ
ally some poetry, but in gener
a scorn of detail. He would
his pictures in a manner qu
own; and before he would p

and sometimes in a manner unlike his own. I have seen old white-headed men worked in with loads of colour, yet with great truth. There is or was a white-headed rustic about these parts that must have been his companion many an hour, for the studies from him are without number.

"Haply that hoary-headed sage may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn."

Then again would he delight to paint some youthful village beauty, with a true feeling of her simple innocence, and touch in the delicate hues and features with a nice discretion, that would make his other works appear the more strange; and looking over his room, your eye would be directed from some gentler beauty to a powerful sketch of the Weird Sisters. He came here, not so much for the scenery, as to paint, for a few months, in a quiet and inexpensive place. But he became charmed with the spot, took a lease of some ground, and built, or began to build, for it remains still unfinished, that odd-looking house, apart from the village, which you saw to the left of the road to the Valley of Rocks. The interior, by all accounts, shewed the man—rude unplastered walls, and rooms whimsically formed, and the whole building oddly planned and constructed. In a place that was intended for, and might have been called a room, if the stair did not ascend directly into it, without the precaution of a landing-place, I saw, after his death, a highly ornamented and probably valuable organ. But as to furniture, I believe there never was at any time much more than a bed, a chair, and a table. Every thing without the man, and belonging to him, was somehow or other characteristic of the man within. But there he lies—peace be with him.

Pictor. And what are become of his sketches?

Sketcher. I know not; they were not such as to be much valued. Whatever was good in them, in the state in which I saw most of them, would not be understood but by artists; but unless in a rather advanced state, little beauty would be perceptible. And, latterly, when he was involved in building, and its expenses and annoyances, he painted but little. I should be inclined to think the sketches are destroyed.

I now left my friend in the Churchyard, while I went to the Valley of Rocks Inn, to make enquiry of Mr Litson, a very civil and liberal landlord, respecting letters, and to make some other arrangements for the comfort of our party below. On my return to the Churchyard, I found Pictor sitting opposite the grave, with pencil and paper. "What is your sketch?" said I. He rose to meet me, and put the paper into my hand. It contained the following lines.

THE PAINTER'S GRAVE.

Where shall the sunbeams play?
Where shall the moonbeams light?
For him who bade them stay,
With hand of power and might—
Upon the Painter's grave.

Where the stormy pageant rise,
And the harmless lightnings fly?
Where the magician lies
That fix'd them in the sky—
Before the Painter's grave.

Where shall the flowrets shed
Sweet odours? O'er his earth
Who from their lowly bed
Gave them immortal birth—
Upon the Painter's grave.

Where *shall the aged* rest,
And own one friend he found,
That thought grey hairs were best,
And sav like holy ground?

proceeding to the water-
path that commenced a
p the hill, in preference
its improved state, may
alled the street of Lyn-
his walk was chosen, be-
e sun was now setting in
ificence, it presented a
ng view of the effects of
luminary over the world
as blessing at his depar-
path was a little above
gs and the Quay, and
them in agreeable per-
ie broad Channel and the
ntains bounded the view.
river was both seen and
n tints of pinkish grey it
its restless and earnest
e great bosom of its rest.
t, the rich bank of the
overed with foliage, and
ated by high and spread-
between whose leafage
es the golden light was

As we proceeded nearer
the path was in deep
ened by the high wooded
ne side, and high trees
of broken ground on the
shot out their branches
ermination of the little
w. These trees are bold
d I never saw this passage
dark, covered with sea-weed
tered everywhere about. N
there was a very great sea her
the coming in of the tide is
where grand, from the huge
and driving wave, to the rus
the pebbles up to your very fe
backward play, whirling abo
looser stones, as it were
them and frying them (for su
their noise) for old Triton's s
with the white flakes and b
of the fat and froth comming
they retire, to be again slush
ward by the break of the inc
transparent green swell. Pict
ed us to the little Quay, whos
juts out some little way, makin
the little harbour within it.
mounted the steps that join
belonged to a little look-out
The termination of the pier w
below us, of no great length,
yet covered, but the waves
every now and then send a
wash over it; every repeated
was with a greater body and
sometimes it was doubtful
water thrown on it should rec
go over into the little bay
other side; sometimes there
separation, part receding an
washing over.

Pictor. This is beautiful;

your impertinent scrutiny. There is something much more noticeable in the waters in this state, than in their greater fury.

Sketcher. Yes, because the idea of your having recently desired the footing, from which you are now cut off, brings yourself into connexion with the element; it has made you for a moment its playmate, and you are feelingly convinced of the strength of the monster's paw. But had you seen him at once put out his whole power in one great dash of foam and fury, you would not have felt the smallest inclination to subject yourself to his wrath; the idea would not have crossed your mind, and you would have seen the display comparatively unmoved. Whatever is more powerful than ourselves, and has life and action, is always grand to us; and the more we can bring ourselves in imagination within its reach or vortex, the more grand it becomes. There is little sublimity where there is no sense of our own inferiority, no fear, no sense of danger.

Pictor. Water generally conveys to my mind a feeling of terror, or something akin to it. Even a small cascade overpowers me,—but that may be with its sound; but a deep, still, dark pool in a mountain stream amid the solitary woods, fills me with horror. And even a shallow, creeping, insinuating, almost silent stream, with a few white bubbles on the transparent surface, that by their passage just shew the motion and progress over a dark-brown bed, all stealing its designing way through dark shade, has often chilled me, as by the presence of a hydra gifted with fascination. I have so often mentioned this feeling, and have met but with ridicule for my imaginary hydrophobia, that I must suppose it to be a peculiar weakness—a superstition.

Sketcher. Painters and poets have keen eyes and ears, and see and hear sights and sounds, that would be audible and visible to many others, if they would walk abroad to *study* these things as you do. But they look mostly to general views; in which, by the by, nature is *most deficient, scattering about her poetry in her materials and in parts, offering* her more extended general pictures to draw away from the search those whom she less favours.

Descending from the steps, and leaning over the wall of the little Quay, we for some time watched the coming-in sea from that point. We saw a black mass of stone, with its head just above water, that looked like an object of sport for the waves, that would at some distance slowly approach, and swell, and threaten, and curl darkening under their brows, then with a rush pounce upon the black object, and washing over it, steal aside and retreat in comparative quiet, again to repeat the sport.

Pictor. How like tigers at play! and see, within our view what variety there is! Here it is sport;—here again a succession of waves come on like pawing foaming horses. There again, at a little distance to our left, the element steals like an insidious serpent, licking the pebbles that shine at the feet of that half-fascinated daughter of Eve, who is coquetting with its approach, now flying and now returning, and allowing her delicate feet to be wetted by its deceitful tongue. Small regard has he, the villain, for her beauty, and would willingly bear her away with a hiss, to gorge his monstrous ravenous brood, all waiting, lurking out of sight in the blue deep, for their daily meals.

Sketcher. Watch that broken plank, part perhaps of some heretofore fair bark, that has proudly and triumphantly buffeted the stormy main, and visited the "vex'd Bermudas." See how the waves seem to stretch out for it, as it lies on the very edge; and now they have reached it; they have washed over it—they have moved it; and now they rush in with greater force and confidence. They have it; and see how they bear it back with them into the mass of foam, where is the conflict of the inpouring and the receding. Who would venture to the rescue? Go, bid the fair one read the lesson, and draw a moral from it.

Pictor. How forcibly does it remind us of the prophetic vision of Isaiah:

"Their roaring shall be like a lion, they shall roar like young lions; yea they shall roar and lay hold of the'

vibrating and adapted to
ir, blended with the voice,
the ear with great tender-
el might have listened to
rmaids have dropped their
It is music draws the
e circle. It influences all
hings, and characterises
For here the very rocks
arch themselves to hear it;
med in stillness to receive
ters to glide in more gen-
ll to its cadence; it brought
stars; and their winking
inly, "Softly tread:" so
e we stood still. *There* is
At the conclusion of the
oined the fair musicians;
and whose converse I am
permitted to speak. We
ing our plans for the mor-
in an inconceivable degree
be out of instant reach may be e
for the imaginative; but now the
are so near us, and we know th
be under the deep veil of an
awful solitude, buried in n
sleep, so like death, the fancy
instantly from the brightness
darkness. The transition is s
and painful. The more viv
description or the recollectio
deeper the gloom in contrast.
the sunniest, the brightest
throws the darker shadow."
was a pause; to break whi
guitar was placed in Pictor's
He bent his head to the instru
few seconds, as in deep th
touched a few chords; and fee
with subdued voice, sang th
lowing

SONG.

O, lay me not by the clear fountain's brink,
Where sweet flowers intertwine and kiss,
And the pure crystal drink—
To dream of bliss.

Lay me not under where the green trees grow,
And the wild bees hum ever round,
And waving branches throw
Poetic sound.

To me they seem like a forsaken feast,
That still the bridal lustre wears—
Where Death the only guest
The garland wears.

"We must break this spell," said I. 'Pictor has been visiting the Painter's Grave, and ruminating 'sweet and bitter melancholy.' Let us return. We have yet one social pleasure that will dissipate all gloom; when the clear transparent pure white China cups shall throw up their perfumed incense to the 'Good Genius,' we shall be cheerful again." We rose, and moved homewards. As Pictor was desirous of seeing the effect of the low light over the scene from the little pier, we walked aside to the steps of the look-out house. Since we had left it, a great change had taken place. The high hill, on which Linton stands, had now lost the marks of all petty divisions, and appeared one wooded dark mass, yet varying in depth of shade and tone of colour, as it was nearer to, or receded from the eye. At the foot of this hill lay the little street; the whitewashed walls sufficiently marked it, but as all was in the repose of deep shade, not obtrusively so. The very high rocky hill, that rose above the little valley of the West Lyn, was separated from the other by its lighter tone. The one being woody, the other grey rock, gave them distinction of colour. Yet they were happily blended, and the outlines of separation so soft, as scarcely to obtain notice. The pier on which we stood, meeting the line of the street nearly at right angles, gave the charm of enclosure to the little harbour. The water was very dark with the reflection of the hills. Immediately under our eyes were a few small vessels, whose masts and cordage were relieved against the darkness, though not too nicely seen. All was stillness. It was a little harbour of peace and rest; we could just hear at intervals, and much softened, the break of the waves without. Presently there was a plash in the water below us as of a rope thrown in, then the noise as of a chain in a boat. It was not long ere we could indistinctly see it, quietly, but with a little stir of the water, that made the illumination of a few flakes of light from the reflected sky to break across the deeper shadows, make its way to one of the little vessels, on board of which a lantern was soon visible on its deck, and when brought near the stern, was seen again a bright and wavy red in the water, beautifully contrasted with the colder tints in the dark mirror. There were lights in one or two windows, but not near; they went and came. Above Linton was a bright star, shining, as Pictor remarked, upon the Painter's grave. The scene was extremely fascinating; and whoever may be pleased by daylight with the lines of this view, let him be careful to visit it at such a light. It gave a perfect idea of secure rest—repose, upon the confines of the most dangerous element. Every house was a nest of security, and the blessed balm and influence of sleep might be within, and Heaven's ample protecting curtain over all. Pictor would have remained here hours, but it was time to retire, and we were soon in our simple rustic Gothic cottage room. All was now bright and cheerful within; our tea refreshed us, and we yet passed an hour or two delightfully. To shew the change in his feelings, Pictor offered us another song. He in his turn took the guitar.

PICTOR'S SONG.

O, who would sit in the moonlight pale,
Mock'd by the hooting owl?
O, who would sit in the silent vale?
—There, let the winds go howl.
Our parlour floor, our parlour floor,
Is better than mountain, moss, and moor.

This lamp shall be our orb of night,
And large our shadows fall

And at our open casement, see!
How the rose it is peeping in,
As it were a fairy, with half-closed eye,
That on this our pleasanter world would spy.

O, who would exchange a home like this,
Where sweet affection smiles,
For the gardens, and banks, and "bowers of bliss,"
In Beauty's thousand isles?
O that Kaisar or King the peace could find
Within four bright walls and a cheerful mind!

ired to rest, I trust not Another day's proceedings m
for the enjoyment of the for another paper.
r many other blessings.

Knowledge is power—commonly meant scientific, and only scien
n of religious acquirement. With what consummate skill has
the delusive arguments upon this subject, and put them into the
: Tempter! The promise of that knowledge was to teach o
e regardless of their Maker, to set themselves up in a power e
r though it may be, it is nowhere pronounced to be Virtue or
visdom to be derived from a far other fountain than that "s
hus are described the intoxicating deleterious effects of that "

"Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly flames, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them. Up they rose,
As from unrest—and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds

THE BROTHERS.

On a cold harsh evening in the month of January, some years ago, I went to the chambers of my friend M. in Lincoln's Inn, to meet a party of wine-drinkers. M. had been called to the Bar the same day, and we met to drink success to him, and wish him a Chancellor's wig and the Woolsack, as the reward of his professional labours. There were some ten or a dozen of us sat down to table, and most of the company, seemed, by their jovial manner, well disposed to make a joyous night of it; but among the drinkers, I observed one who took my attention above the rest, not indeed for his joyousness, but the contrary. He had one of those countenances that fixes an interest—one cannot well tell how. He was neither ugly nor handsome, but his face was strikingly indicative of vivid thought—while a certain air of neglect in his general appearance—an occasionally abstracted look, and a clouded brow, conveyed the impression that some inward trouble preyed upon him, and prevented him from sharing in the general convivial tone of the company. I observed, however, that he did not stint his glass when the bottles came round, but gulped down his wine like water, nor did he seem, except from a deep flush now and then upon his brow, to be more affected by it, than if the pure element had been his drink. M. sometimes addressed him cordially, but, as it seemed, rather less familiarly than the rest of us, and was answered with a correct courtesy in well-chosen words, but few. When our host's health was drank, as a new member of the Bar, the congratulations of our more serious companion rivetted the attention of the whole company. He spoke with peculiar force and fervour, and justness of expression—his mind shone out, and the cloud that had overcast his countenance passed away; but the light was brief, and seriousness, amounting almost to gloom, sunk upon him as before.

There sat beside our host a man, who was in many respects a striking contrast to the person I have just described. He was remarkably handsome, yet the expression of his countenance was far from pleasant—there was an air, half of suspicion, half of scorn, which, to me, marred the effect of his faultless features; and from the first time I looked at him, I felt that I did not like him. He was dressed with particular care and elegance, and the ease of his manner shewed him well accustomed to society, but shewed still more that he was on excellent terms with himself. My first impressions to his prejudice were soon heightened by the matter of his conversation—he talked with an airy volubility of his intrigues and his conquests; but this was not the worst—he treated libertinism as though it were a science, and discussed the various devices of sensual depravity with as much cool precision, as readiness. What he said was evidently not the momentary impulse of vain and thoughtless sensualism—he had manifestly deliberated upon the revolting arts, in the recollection of which he revelled—he was, if what he said of himself was to be believed, both skilfully and systematically vicious. Yet withal it could not but be confessed that he talked well, and, Belial-like, "he pleased the ear," while he disgusted the moral sense.

I had met very few men of this description before, and have not met many since, though I have been told by those who go into society more than I do, that in these "march of intellect" times, they are much increased. I can well believe it, yet both for the sake of such unhappy individuals and of society, I cannot but lament it, since I know no sort of character more utterly hateful. If Providence has been pleased to make a man a fool, or if unruly passion, getting the better of reason, hurries its victim into error, our pity is excited as much as our indignation, and we feel desirous to reclaim as much as to punish; bu when cool craft and sensual dep

f the Saint James's Street
o do nothing but pursue
tures from year's end to
ut we all know that you

' replied the gay gentle-
ind time for some recrea-
h they particularly attach
I know one man that,
er what inconvenience,
town for a fortnight or
s every season to hunt
estershire, and he works
for it, for six months
Another spends all Sep-
half of October in shoot-
he can so ill spare the
ıtil summer comes again,
ive hours' rest out of the
enty; and a third, not
s a week every now and
e can but badly afford
ıtific pursuits, but courts
ot cholera, wading up to
in the running brooks,
o rob the waters of their
k. Now, I neither hunt,
r fish, except now and
ident; but I pursue a
more exciting, and pro-
ore vivid pleasure, with
which latter I know not
ı of sense and calcula-

a joke, what you have just now
saying. I have strong feelings
the subject, and I must confess
so far from there being, in my
nion, any just comparison betv
the libertine pursuits, which
have sometimes the misfortun
fall into, and the other amusem
which you have so unaccount
classed with them—I should say,
posing both to be systematically
sued, that there was just as n
difference between them as the
between healthful exercise, or h
less idleness, and deliberate sc
drelism."

There was something in the
phatic manner with which this
said, that produced a silent atten
from every one in the room. E
word, although uttered, as I
said, in a suppressed tone, as if
speaker had been struggling aga
a greater explosion of wrath,
heard by all as distinctly as it
possible for articulate sounds to
upon the ear. The perfect sile
which followed, although but
mentary, was very embarrassing.'
gentleman who had undergone
reproof arose, his handsome featu
assuming an aspect perfectly sata
—wrath was burning on his br
and fury and revenge glared from

might have been expected; and, though there was not the same *freedom* of conversation during the rest of the night that there had been before, the society was, to my thinking, none the less agreeable, and we did not break up until the small hours of the morning.

The severe rebuke administered to the gay gentleman by my serious companion led me to address him. I assured him that I sympathized fully with all he had said, and that he had anticipated that which I wished to have said myself, if I could have hit upon a method of doing so without appearing to make a personal charge.

"Then you think me wrong, doubtless," said he; "for have not I made something like a personal charge?"

"Something very *like* it," I replied; "and yet I do not think that those who are critically skilled in the nice distinctions between personal and general observations would so construe it."

"I am not sorry," he rejoined, "to have said what I felt to be true in such a cause; but I already feel that I ought to have better considered several collateral matters, before I took upon myself to speak as I did in this place. I may have given pain and uneasiness to my friend, who very pressingly invited me here to-night. I had no right to do that."

"Nay," I said, "he is too just and well-principled himself, not to feel that the fault was not with you, but in the occasion given. But you do not seem well," I added, seeing my companion put his hand to his throbbing temples, as if in pain.

"No," he replied, "not quite well. But it signifies little—I ought to have remained at home to-night, as I have for a long time, and I ought not to have drunk wine; but it is too late to decide upon these things now."

After an interval of silence, the conversation was commenced anew in a more cheerful tone, upon general subjects; and the more I heard of my new friend's remarks, the better reason I had to admire the virtuousness of his sentiments, and the vigour and grace with which he expressed them.

We rose to go away, and in the lobby I observed Mr H., who had so and put a short question to him, which he quickly answered, by saying he would be found in the Gray's Inn Coffee-House at ten o'clock in the morning. I understood this to have reference to the words which had passed between them at table, and felt not a little uneasy at the thought of the serious consequences which might result from this slight ebullition of warm feeling, but upon the instant I could see no way of interfering with propriety. I resolved, however, to call upon M. in the morning, and endeavour to enlist his good offices in the task of preventing any serious rencontre between his friends.

We had now got down stairs into the wide square of Lincoln's Inn;—it was a dreadful night—the rain and sleet pelted in our faces as we left the door, and the wind howled horribly through the passages. My serious companion, who seemed to be hardly fit to encounter such a night, even with the best appliances of coat and umbrella, had neither. As I was better furnished, and a hackney-coach was out of the question, I offered him my escort if he was going towards the Temple. He took my arm with thanks, and we pushed on together, getting miserably drenched and chilled, for there was no resisting such weather. It was pitch-dark—the moon and stars were obscured by dense and driving clouds of sleet—most of the lamps were blown out by the sudden gusts of wind, and every living thing, save ourselves, seemed frightened out of the streets. Even the hackney-coaches seemed to have deserted the town—no sound of wheels was heard, nor of any thing except the harshly-roaring wind, and the dismal echoes of our footsteps as they went plash, plash, over the pavement. I felt that my companion shook violently.

"You are quite unable to encounter such a night as this," said I; "I am afraid you are very unwell, and chilled to death with this bitter storm."

"No, no," he replied; "I am really ashamed of this weakness; it is merely a nervous infirmity, the consequence of excitement, and will soon go off."

ve came out, was to learn
ht be found this morn-
not like to name this
and told him I would be
he Gray's Inn Coffee-
en o'clock. What is to
It is agony to seem to

proceed no further, and
face with his hands.
," I said; "I will go to
ou have appointed, and
id; but is this not your
with him?"
I have suspected that I
l by him; but it is my
heart to which I owe
He may not have been
I never spoke to him
ht."
I will now go. I have
the medical profession
ar this. I will send him
ickly as possible; but—
e I shall look for a card
ldress?"
; you act a brother's
and yet do not know
It is Charles R——.
vas Major R—— of the
nt; he fell at Waterloo."
ered that I had heard
fore, though not in con-
Waterloo: but there

lity of Mr R. meeting you, o
one else, at present, except
sick chamber. I believe him
very seriously ill."
"It is a pity," he replied,
those who are liable to such s
attacks are not more careful i
use of expressions for which
may be called upon personal
answer."
"That observation," I said
hardly necessary to me. I
here merely to pledge myself
the reason of Mr R. not m
your friend this morning is
inability; and having so pledge
self, you will perceive that
allow no insinuation of want o
position on his part to keep h
pointment. I myself restraine
in an attempt to rise from his
"Well, sir," said Mr H., "
matter must rest for the presen
it cannot end thus: when Mr
well, it must be settled."
"I much doubt that he will
get well," I replied.
"In that case the affair will
itself," he rejoined.
And this is humanity and
life, thought I, as I turned awa
went to the chambers of my
M., where we had been the
before. I found him arravine

When I met him the other day, he said he had been ill, but was much better; and I pressed him to come and be of our party last night, as a personal compliment to me. I am very sorry for what has happened. I thought H. had forgotten it; but he is *so cool*."

"But," said I, "can you tell me if R. has friends in London—connexions, I mean — or intimate friends?"

"Not that I know of at present," he replied. "He was very intimate with two friends of mine in the Temple, where I used to meet him; but they are now both on the Continent."

In the course of the day, I returned to the chamber of my sick friend. He was no better; he insisted on trying to write a letter, but found it impossible, as he said, to think of what he wanted to say.

"This is very dreadful," he added, catching hold of my hand; "but when I cannot, *you* will write to my mother. Promise me that you will."

"Certainly," I replied; "but tell me where I shall write to."

He told me the name of the place in Sussex, and then, after a long silence, he began:—"You asked where my mother lived—in the clouds—in the clouds—up high in the clouds, to be sure; and my father waving the colours of his regiment over her."

How awful is delirium! To face a frantic man waving a drawn sword, would give me little feeling of terror, compared with that which freezes my blood, when the invisible mind exhibits its derangement, and wild words are poured out without the government of reason. For a moment I could hardly comprehend what was the matter. "What do you mean?" I said, turning to the bedside.

"It was not my fault," he again burst forth, "she was so very beautiful—and talked so gently—but then that horrid black cloud; and the serpent"—

"My God!" said I, "this is dreadful;" and I seized my hat and rushed out of the room, to bring my medical friend without delay. Fortunately I met upon the stairs *a nurse whom he had sent, for he had been at the house, and seen his patient in the*

"He is delirious," said I, as I entered my friend the Doctor's room.

"So soon!" he replied, with a coolness, that half provoked and half comforted me; "delirium was to be expected—his fever was violent when I saw him—the inflammation was very great in the vessels of the head."

Poor R.'s delirium lasted for a good many days—his complaint was a severe brain fever; and the Doctor said, that but for a very strong natural constitution, the exhaustion must have killed him. I wrote for his mother the second day of his illness, and she instantly came up to town. She was indeed a woman for a son to love, and oh! with what untiring vigilance and tenderness she watched over him—what dignity and sweetness of demeanour did she maintain all through that terrible scene of doubt and danger, while the being she loved and respected most in the world lay tossing delirious upon his bed of pain—perhaps his deathbed. The ninth night he fell into a sleep. I called to enquire for him about eleven o'clock; and while he slept, I prevailed upon his mother to go to rest in an adjoining room, I keeping watch meanwhile by his bedside, for the nurse had to be turned out of the room—she could do nothing but sleep and snore.

I shall never forget the still awe of the two hours that followed—the sick man before me, pale as death, and sleeping, it might be his last sleep—no sound save the small tick, tick, of the watch upon the mantelpiece—the very dead hour of the night, and no foot stirring in the street, for it is not a thoroughfare. I felt oppressed, as if I myself could hardly breathe. I tried to read, but could not; prayer was the fitting occupation for such a time and place. I knelt down at the bedside. When I lifted up my head, to arise from my kneeling posture, I found the sick man's mother kneeling with me, her gaze intently fixed upon her son's face, and her lips slightly moving, but without a sound. She had come into the room and knelt down so quietly, that I had not heard her. As we arose together, the huge bell of the clock of Saint Paul's boomed forth the hour of one; and considerable as the

ectation. His eyes open-
he faintly articulated—
I, mother?—something
een going on, I know—
e been with me—am I

my son!" exclaimed
and tears that had not
g all his illness, now
her eyes. "You have
but God has been mer-
are now better—but I
ll to-morrow—you must
re now." She kissed
ank again into slumber.
t and fearful joy, she
me to the door of the
she clasped my hands,
The danger, I trust, is
od be praised! and oh,
ne if I have not before
ou a mother's grateful
an anxious heart did
feel. May Heaven's
l a grateful parent's
g peace and joy to your
ert from you all evil."
home in tears that
y heart was full; but it
rious happiness.
night R. slowly but
better. It was nearly
wards, and his mother
e home some days, that

that brings me to the point at
I wished to arrive. I want to te
—for such a friend as you have
deserves all my confidence—
has been my course of life, and
it has been interrupted."

"Nothing could interest me m
I said.

"You are aware," he conti
"that I lost my father at Water
I was then ten years old—there
four of us—I have two brother
a sister. My mother's heart
almost broken, and for a long
all was woe and gloom and c
sion in our house. At lengt
mother roused herself from the
and distressing stupor of her
for it was necessary to attend t
worldly affairs, and see to our f
support. Upon a settlement o
father's affairs, there was fou
be no more than barely enou
maintain us respectably. It
been intended that I should be
cated for Oxford—that was nec
rily given up, but still no pains
spared on our education. The
sion which, as an officer's widov
mother was allowed, she devot
the payment of a private tutor,
lived in the house with us; an
fault was our own, if, under his
we did not imbibe enough of the

ness of a country friend who had literary connexions in the metropolis, were favourably introduced to some London publishers. They were praised and paid for far beyond my highest expectations, and I was soon induced to quit my home for a residence in London, where the path to literary fame and emolument seemed open to me, and where it was at all events necessary I should reside, in preparing for my profession. My mother was, of course, full of anxiety about the place in which I was to fix myself in the great city, and we were all highly pleased when the clergyman of our parish proposed to introduce me to the house of the widow of an old college friend of his, who lived in London, and helped out the expenses of her housekeeping by taking two or three persons to board and lodge with her.

"At first when I arrived in London, all went well, and but too happily. I had as much as it was convenient for me to do in employment which I liked, and my circumstances were easy; but the charm of my existence was in the new home to which I had been introduced."

Here my friend paused, and tears filled his eyes.—"My nerves have been so weakened by this illness," said he, "that I cannot tell my story without more emotion than I expected; but I will go on.

"The lady of the house, a very excellent person in her way, had a niece living with her, and who had lived with her, as I understood, for about a year before I came to reside under the same roof. She was an orphan; her father, who was a clergyman, had been dead a good many years; her mother, who had been, I was told, a very accomplished woman, died also a short time before the young lady of whom I speak had come to live with her aunt. I heard that much pains had been bestowed by her mother upon Maria's (I mean the young lady's) education; and I can well believe it. Never were exquisite beauty, and the most touching sweetness of disposition, more worthy of whatever culture could do to adorn them with all womanly accomplishments. Gracefulness hovered about *her* every step and *motion—elegance and gentleness were combined in all she* did and said. When she spoke to me, I listened to music—

——'I did hear her talk
Far above singing.'

It seemed that love and tenderness had made their dwelling in the depths of her eyes, as blue as heaven; and when she smiled and was glad, an atmosphere of joy was round about her, and all within its influence rejoiced. I speak as one who loved—for I did love—though then I knew it not, or cared not to examine what the reason was of the happiness that I derived from her presence. We spoke of many things, for she seemed to like to converse with me; but of love we never spoke. I thought our feelings towards one another were the same—but oh! the fatal mistake! They were as different as is the thunder-cloud from the softest vapours that float athwart a summer sky. Mine wanted but the touch of jealousy to burst out into flame and agony—hers were but the calm sentiments of liking and esteem, if they even went thus far.

"The Mr H. whom you met the other night, came to live in the house. How he happened to be received there I cannot tell; for its mistress was particular to admit no one that was not well recommended; but he came, and won from me that which I then found how much I prized. I hated him from the moment I saw him enter the door. I never spoke to him—the light scornfulness of his talk made me despise him too much; but he had studied the art of pleasing womankind, and his personal attractions made the task all the easier. I need not go over the history of his attentions to Maria, and the gradual appearance of her dislike—yes, her dislike for me. I left the house in despair. I cared not where I went, so that I might be alone. I could no longer apply my mind to my accustomed avocations. My finances sunk in consequence, and I therefore contented myself with the badly furnished and worse attended place to which you assisted me on that unfortunate night. It was the first time I had been in society for six months, and I endeavoured to force myself *into* spirits fit for it. You know the *rest.*"

"And have you heard," asked I,

eature, and I doubt not he
. Perhaps he was wretch
aim at the ruin of her
ier soul, for the gratifica-
s fiend-like lust; but in
ull sure he would never
Once she knew his impuri-
uld flee from him as from
st; but her affections may
won, and then trampled
her heart may have been
rushed, as mine has been."
voured to turn my friend's
ore cheering thoughts, and
im, much interested in his
and future fate.
irs about this time called
f town for a week. The
ing after my return I called
whom I had left fast at-
perfect health. I found
a number of papers on the
which he had been writing.
red, he was walking up and
room. He ran to me, and
e earnestly by the hand.
God you are come," said he.
t is the meaning of this agi-
I replied; "you alarm me."
en," he said; "I am going
further demands upon your
ip—but first let me explain
is happened. My cousin,
M came to town yesterday
you will easily account,
proceed without interruption.
fact is, that Mr H. thought it
sary to get you out of the hous
cause you could understand
and were a check upon him. H
us the worst stories of you.'-
then, sir, she went into a de
slanders that set me mad. Sh
fessed that she and her niece h
lieved this villain, and had
quently treated me with cooln
induce me to leave the hou
month or two, however, disc
to them the character of the
doned libertine they had liste
and he was turned out of the
with indignation; the introd
he had come with was discov
be false, though he took care t
forgery, by making it a verl
merely, which, with his pl
manner, was sufficient. Part
he had said about me was disc
to be a lie, and the rest was
lieved. 'My niece,' said t
lady, and with this, conclud
story, 'has scarcely held up h
since the discovery of the bas
infamous intentions.'

"You may judge the state
into which I was driven by
cital," continued R., as he
about the room in the utmos

this? Why should you expose your life to the fire of one who has thus injured you?"

"There is no other method to wipe out the stain," he answered passionately, "but at all events it must be done. I may not, and I cannot reason now. I have a request, and whether I shall ever make another I know not. You see these papers—I shall seal them up to-night; if I fall, let them be conveyed to my brother, —and you will say to my mother,— but that way madness lies, or something worse, a faltering of the man within me. You will do what I ask —I know you will. And now—for I must sit down to write again—now farewell! God bless you—forgive me all this trouble."

He wrung my hand—I promised, —I hardly knew what I did, or where I stood.

"Farewell!" he said again.

"No," I replied, "say good-night. I will be on, or near the ground, to-morrow morning."

"Thanks, thanks—more than I can utter," he said; "I wished it, but dared not ask it—good-night!"

That night I did not sleep. I knew not what to do. I thought a hundred times of going to the police, but was deterred by fear that in so doing I was betraying my friend's honour, and leaving him open to the further sneers and calumnies of his adversary. Morning came at length. It was the middle of March; a cold dry black wind blew in my face as I went forth, the sky was scowling, and gloomy forebodings took possession of my soul. As I reached Hyde Park, the gates were just opening. Soon after, two carriages passed; I followed them as closely as I could, and reached the ground just as the two combatants were led to their respective places by their seconds. I saw the self-confiding air, the cool, demoniac pride in superior skill, which appeared in the face and whole deportment of H. He took his attitude with the air of an officer saluting on parade. R. was perfectly steady, but with an air of deep seriousness, far beyond that of his adversary. The seconds left them—the moment of suspense was agonizing. The *word was given—they fired, and my friend R. tottered and* down beside him, raising his head with my arm. The ball had struck him, as if directed with the most murderous duellist's aim, between the lowest rib and the hip joint. He was bleeding inwardly, the damp of death was already on his face, and the glassiness of his eye shewed that it was soon to close for ever. Oh! horrible, horrible, is such a sight. He held out a hand to me, and to his cousin, and murmured, "I expected it would end thus;" then disengaging his hand from me, he put it in his bosom, and pulled forth two little packets. "These, these," he faltered, "for my sister and my mo—— Oh God! be merciful—comfort her, comfort her, my friend—farewell!" The blood gushed up his throat, from the inward wound. I can describe no more; we bore away the lifeless body from the ground.

* * * * * *

Who shall paint, or by what similitude shall be conveyed even a slight idea of the misery unutterable —the tearless agony—the swelling of the heart that will not burst and end the pain—the burning sword within the bosom, that tortures but will not kill—the intensity of grief that overwhelmed that widowed mother, when by cautious and slow degrees the full extent of her calamity was made known to her? Her eldest born, that first lay upon her bosom and drew suck—her consolation in her former great sorrow—her hope, her pride, her joy; he whom she had lately watched upon his bed of sickness, and had seen snatched from the jaws of death; he to whose renown she looked as the honour of her old age, was dead! dead! and lost to her—to all, not by the visitation of God, but by the hand of a villain who had slandered him, and before whom he then stood up to be slain! Many a night in darkness she paced about her room, trying to say, "Thy will be done, O Lord!" but the words stuck in her throat, for she could not reconcile her soul to what had happened. At length, however, came tears and resignation, and she confessed before high Heaven, that her heart had been too proud of her son, and that the chastisement, bitter, bitter as it was, and almost killing, yet was just. Nor was she

idolized him—he was
instructor, his friend.
. had had a thousand
ld have given them all,
which was lost. The
rles utterly changed his
hour. He read the long
had been written for
nceforward, he seemed
on, or marble. He came
ediately, and as soon as
funeral was over, asked
rn coolness that amazed
r of questions about H.
him very little beyond
ader of these pages is
rith, except that imme-
the duel he had set off
In two or three days
ame back to me.
found out a good deal
urderer," he said; "he
nd will be back in two
seems safe for him then
Of course no impedi-
placed in his way. I
out too, that for six
ding my brother's *mur-*
every second day to a
rcise ground, and prac-
e pistol; he was sure of
hing." All this was said
erceness that confound-

look did not tend to expel the
—his hair had in two months
ged from black to grey—his
flamed with revenge and defi
his noble features—for he wa
of the handsomest men I ever s
had all lost their former expre
of tranquillity and sweetness.
moved towards the door, but tu
round, and, I suppose, observin
surprise and horror, he said, "
not *assassinate* him—I will brin
into the field, or beat him to
in the public streets with my
as I would a mad dog;"—and
uttered these words, he struc
stick with such violence again
floor, that it shivered like pipe
and fell out of his hands in
ments.

I started up. "You do not
what you are doing," I said;
have no chance with him—you
self told me what a shot he wa
you have no chance but that of
killed, and your mother will
her heart."

"I can feel but one thing
answered, "and that is, that I
kill him. Look you, this day
months I had never fired a pist
two or three times in my life
when a brother is murdered

heard of it the same evening, and that a meeting had been arranged to take place, out of town, the next morning but one. I determined that there should be no hesitation on my part about applying to the police this time, and had arranged, before I went to bed, that both parties should be taken up at nine o'clock the next morning.

It was now the height of summer, and the mornings were beautiful. I got up early, as was my custom, and walked out between five and six o'clock towards Knightsbridge. As I passed the Park gate, I saw, to my horror and amazement, a carriage pass with H. in it, and two others, and in a minute after, another rapidly followed, in which I recognised Richard R. The fact was, that after having settled the day following but one, as a blind to all but the parties concerned, they had agreed that the very next morning they should meet in Hyde Park. I looked about for assistance, but could see none, and, like a distracted man, I ran to the very spot where the former duel had been fought. As I went very quickly, and across the ground, I gained upon the second carriage, which had to go round by the road, and when I arrived at the spot, H. was bathing his right arm with cold water. The morning was so warm, that it appeared he found it expedient to steady the muscles by cooling them.

"Hold, murderous wretch!" I cried; but just then the second carriage drove up, and Richard R., with a military friend, alighted. It was in vain to expostulate; both parties were determined to fight, and they took their ground. Never were two finer-looking men set opposite to one another for a deadly purpose. Richard R., the moment he took his ground, fell into a position like a soldier mounting guard, and stood firm as a piece of iron, coolly looking at the spot where his antagonist stood. I thought that for a moment something like an appearance of terror crept over H.'s countenance, but it soon gave way to the expression of cool Satanic hate. The pistols were handed to the duellists. I *stood transfixed with I know not what of horror and fear. I could not look away, and yet it seemed as if my* at the pistol as he took it, and the slightest imaginable trace of a bitter smile played about his mouth. The pistols were raised—the word "fire," had hardly reached me when both pistols went off. Merciful heaven! H. leaped into the air, as it seemed to me, the height of himself, and fell upon the earth as lifeless as the earth on which he fell. Richard R. stood still, as though he were an iron statue. He had sent his bullet into the ear of his antagonist, and right through his brain.

I rushed up to him. "Is not this horrible!" I said.

"Very," he replied; "but do not think me unfeeling that I contemplate it without emotion. This sight has been constantly before me for the last sixty or seventy days and nights. I felt and knew that I was to do this, and I have seen many a time, or it seems to me that I have seen all that I now see before me—that miserable man dead, in this very place where my brother was slain, and you to whom I speak, beside me. And now my work is done. My brother died here, and *now* I can weep for *him*." And he bowed his head upon my shoulder, and wept as a strong man weeps, when his grief can thus find vent.

It appeared probable that close together as the two shots appeared to be, Richard R. had fired first, and to the immeasurably short period of time which his fire had preceded that of his antagonist, he owed the preservation of his life. As H.'s pistol was levelled, it seemed certain that the ball would take effect under his adversary's arm; but before the charge had left the muzzle of the pistol, he had doubtless received the death-shot in his brain, and his weapon fell a little, for the ball went through the legs of Richard R.'s trowsers, but without giving him even a scratch.

In three days from that awful morning, R. was on the Continent, where he lived in deep retirement for two years. For more than a year his mother did not know the real reason of his going abroad, though she had heard that he who slew her son, had fallen in a similar manner himself.

When Richard did return, it was to call me brother, to which title

be found now only in
faithful attachment of
his landlord is changed
cy against his house;
ıg reliance of the land-
tachment of his tenant,
judged of only by the
he is compelled to
movement of the pea-
Protestant minister,
able of exercising hos-
neighbours, or charity
is now starved by the
usal of his right, or
the country for de-

ce are the masters; and
e full benefit of their
ulgar praises of their
n the general flight of
ls; in flagrant incite-
olt, and in the hourly
means of subsistence;
ltaneous discovery of
all power, and in the
nevitable pauperism of
ty. Yet the fertility of
ındergone no change;
ıces enough for twice
ın, and could produce
n times more. In the
bounty of Providence,
of man interferes; the
ts the newspaper into

when men laughed, and sported,
their jest, and enjoyed their holi
if they had not the supreme hon
of clubbing their last farthing fo
exported generation of orators i
Stephen's. One of the conspicu
characters of those past days was
Lord Mountmorris, who is cha
teristically introduced as the inn
of a Dublin boarding-house for yo
students and templars. His peer
did not prevent him from hou
himself in this moderate establ
ment, nor his personal dignity f
furnishing its society with some
amusing caricatures of the orig
Irish Noble. Sir J. Barrington
scribes him to the life, as a
clever and well-informed, but ec
tric personage, perpetually disp
ing the most curious contrasts, am
which ostentation and parsim
were chiefly remarkable. He consi
ed himself by far the greatest po
cian in Europe, to which he ad
in his own opinion, the fame
first-rate orator. The latter dist
tion was one which his Lordship
peculiarly anxious to sustain,
which once brought him into
dilemma, of which there have b
so many instances in the anna
ambitious oratory. Some topic w
peculiarly stimulated his fancy,

broke up without a debate. The noble lord's rambling recollection was diverted to some other subject; the rapid operations of the press were forgotten; and on the breakfast-tables of Dublin appeared next morning, to the astonishment of his Lordship, and the infinite mirth of every one else, his unspoken, spoken speech, in all the glories of premature fame. But even this unclouded genius had now and then his troubles of a more commonplace order.

"One day after dinner, he seemed rather less communicative than usual, but not less cheerful. He took out his watch, made a speech, as customary; drank his *tipple*, as he denominated his brandy and water, but seemed rather impatient. At length, a loud knock announced somebody of consequence, and the Marquis of Ely was named. Lord Mountmorris rose with his usual ceremony, made a very low bow to the company, looked again at his watch, repeated his *congé*, and made his exit. He entered the coach where Lord Ely was waiting, and away they drove. Kyle, (the master of the house,) a most curious man, instantly decided that a duel was in agitation, and turned pale, at *the dread of losing so good a lodger!* Lieutenant Gam Johnson (a naval officer dependent on his Lordship) was of the same opinion, and equally distressed by the fear of losing his Lordship's interest for a frigate. Each snatched up his hat, and with the utmost expedition followed the coach. I was also rather desirous to see *the fun*, as Lieutenant Gam, though with a sigh, called it, and made the best of my way after the two mourners; not, however, hurrying myself so much, as, while they kept the coach in view, I was content with keeping them in sight. Our pursuit exceeded a mile, when, in the distance, I perceived that the coach had stopped at Donnybrook-fair Green, where, on every eighth of June, many an eye seems to mourn in raven grey for the broken skull that had protected it from expulsion. I took my time, as I was now sure of my game, and had just reached the field, when I heard the firing. I then ran behind a large tree to *observe further.*

"*Lieutenant Gam and Kyle had flown toward the spot, and had* had received a bullet from the Honourable Francis Hely Hutchinson, (late Collector for Dublin,) on the right side, directly under his pistol arm. The peer had staggered, and now reposed at his length on the greensward, when I certainly thought all was over with him. I stood snugly all the time behind my tree; not wishing to have any thing to do with the coroner's inquest, which I considered inevitable. To my astonishment, however, I saw my Lord arise, slowly but gracefully, and after some colloquy the combatants bowed to each other, and separated. My Lord got back to his coach with aid, if not in as good health, certainly with as high a character for heroism as when he left it. But never did man enjoy a wound more sincerely. It was little more than a contusion, though twenty grains more of powder would probably have effectually laid his Lordship to rest on the field of battle. He kept his chamber a month, and was inconceivably gratified by the number of enquiries daily made respecting his health; boasting ever after of the profusion of friends who thus proved their solicitude. His answer, from first to last, was 'no better.' To speak the truth, one-half of the querists were sent in jocularity, by those who knew his passion for public sympathy.

"But this Cervantic Lord was not the only ornament of the House of Peers. He had his rivals; one of these was the late Earl of Kilkenny, as memorable for his lawsuits as for his belligerency. This peer's contrivances for first getting rid of the lawsuits and then of the lawyers, deserve to figure among the curiosities of the human mind. Like many other proprietors in the county which supplies his title, his Lordship was much troubled with that national disease, tardy payment of his rents. The generality of landlords in earlier days took them as they could get them; and desultory and dilatory as the expedient was, it somehow or other succeeded tolerably in the end. The tenant grew ashamed of never paying, or took a *fit* of punctuality for the mere whim of the thing; in other cases the tenant seldom suffered. The landlord did without th
rent until he broke his neck over

e may that was never to
; till they too died, and
ter to be settled by their
he landlord to get what
ut of their bodies, for
is time constituted the
le property of the heir.
; must be acknowledged,
ne cases; and the time
here were few happier
id few more willing ten-
e Irish. *Paying to the day*
y not among the failings
ial character at any time.
ey could not give in mo-
ve in what is better, zeal,
f heart, and fidelity that
v the master to the death.
ds now get better rents,
et them at all; and some-
rent-day followed by the
a of their own houses."

arl of Kilkenny was not
e heavy spirits who are
llow in the track of the
d the way; and deter-
ake his tardy tenantry
as much of the law of
vas to be taught by civil
rdingly, he commenced
t a whole posse of his
l debtors. The debtors of
e a prodigious clamour,
ich follows on all occa-

that there were generally eight
counsel pitted against him; b
he would have much more re
on the advice and punctual a
ance of *two* certain, than of *ten*
gling gentlemen; and that, unc
full conviction that one of us, a
would always attend the Court
his causes came on, and not
him in the lurch, as he had
been left, he had directed his
ney to mark on our two bri
times the amount of what th
should be on the other side.
cause,' said he, 'if you don't s
to a certainty I must engage ten
sel, as well as my opponents.'
singularity of the proposal s
laughing, in which his Lo
joined.

"Fletcher and I accepted the
We did punctually and zealou
tend those numerous trials, and
most liberally fee'd; but most u
cessful, being never able to
single cause, verdict, or moti
our client. The principle of
justice certainly was with his
ship; but certain formalities
law were against him; he had, i
adopted an absolute mode o
ceeding, as a *short cut*."

His Lordship's character as
of genius has been already

quite out of *our* line, namely, to *fight* it out, muzzle to muzzle, *with the Attorney and all the Counsel on the other side!* His first procedure on this determination was a direct challenge from his Lordship to the Attorney, Mr Ball. It was accepted, and a duel immediately followed, in which my Lord got the worst of it. He was wounded by the attorney at each shot, the first taking place in his right arm, which probably saved the solicitor, as his Lordship was a most accurate marksman. The noble challenger received a second bullet in his side, but the wound was not dangerous. The attorney's skin remained quite whole."

Strange as this commencement was, the principle was followed up with equal eccentricity. The tactique of rebutting actions at law by actions in the field, and retorting the pen by the pistol, was pursued without deviation or delay, and his Lordship found the enemy's barristers as ready to answer to his suit in arms as the chivalrous and lucky solicitor. "My Lord and the attorney having been thus disposed of for the time being, the Honourable Somerset Butler, his Lordship's son, now took the field, and proceeded according to due form, by a challenge to Mr Peter Burrowes, the senior of the adversaries' counsel, now Judge Commissioner of Insolvents. The invitation not being refused, the combat took place, one chilly morning, near Kilkenny. Somerset knew his business well. But Peter had yet had no practice in that *line of litigation*, being good-tempered and peaceable. Few persons feel too *warm* on such occasions, of a cold morning; and Peter formed no exception to the general rule. An old woman who sold spiced gingerbread-nuts in the street they passed through, accosted the party, extolling her spiced nuts to the skies, as being fit to warm any gentleman's stomach as well as a dram. Peter bought a pennyworth by the advice of his second, Dick Waddy, a well-known attorney in his day, and duly receiving the change of his sixpence, marched off to the scene of action, munching his gingerbread. *Preliminaries being soon arranged, the pistols given, the steps measured, the flints hammered, and the feather-springs set,* Somerset, a fine, dashing young fellow, full of spirit, activity and animation, after making a few graceful attitudes, and slapping his arms together, as hackney-coachmen do in frosty weather to make their fingers supple, gave elderly Peter, who was no posture-master, but little time to take his fighting position. In fact, he had scarcely raised his pistol to a wabbling level, before Somerset's ball came *crack dash* against Peter's body. The halfpence rattled in his pocket. Peter dropped; Dick Waddy roared murder, and called out to Surgeon Pack. Peter's clothes were ripped up, and Pack, *secundum artem*, examined the wound. Something like a black spot designated the part where blue lead had penetrated the abdomen. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced but one short word—'Mortal.' It was, however, more expressive than a long speech. Peter groaned, his friend Waddy began to think about the coroner, his brother barristers sighed heavily, and Peter was supposed to be departing, when Surgeon Pack, after another '*fatal*,' taking leave of Peter, and leaning his hand upon the grass to assist him in rising, felt something hard, took it up, and looked at it curiously. The spectators closed-in the circle, to see Peter die. The patient turned his expiring eye towards the surgeon, as much as to say, 'Good-by to you all;' when, lo! the doctor held up to the astonished assembly the *identical bullet*, which, having rattled among the heads, and harps, and gingerbread-nuts in Peter's waistcoat pocket, had flattened its own body on the surface of a penny, and left his Majesty's bust distinctly imprinted in black and blue shading on his subject's carcass. Peter's heart beat high; and finding that his gracious Sovereign and the gingerbread had saved his life, lost as little time as possible in rising from the sod. A bandage was applied round his body, and in a short time, he was able, though, of course, he had no reason to be *overwilling*, to renew the combat.

"His Lordship having now, on his part, recovered from the Attorney's wounds, considered it high time to recommence hostilities, according to his original plan of the campaign, and the engagement immedi-

:ciseiy a similar compli-
Counsellor Burrowes's;
difference, that as the
no gingerbread-nuts, the
)eared more serious. I
during his illness, how
n he received the *crack;*
·d—just as if he had been
· the main-mast of a man-
ertainly a grand simile;
ır my friend Byrne was
form the comparison, he
lged to me."
ıs as all this was, and im-
ly as much extravagance
of his Majesty's Counsel
:he law, as on that of the
nd his wild offspring, the
:nt on. His Lordship had
, and by him the cause of
was now to be sustained.
having got through two
, and his son a third, it
duty of Captain Pierce
ther to Sômerset, to take
the list. The barristers
not much to relish this
argument, and a gentle-
)llowed next but one on
ned fairly to me, that he
:r be on *our* side of the
But it was determined by
lient, as soon as the first
mbats should be finished.

"But it was to be otherwise.
took Dick's part, and decided
there was to be no coroner's in
held on his body. The Honou
Pierce injudiciously put his *on*
Dick in open court before the J
An uproar ensued, and the Hc
able Pierce hid himself unde
table. However, the Sheriff l
him out, and prevented that en
ter effectually. Pierce, with
difficulty, escaped immediate
ceration, on giving his honour
to meddle with Dick or his me
for three years, commencing
the day of his *onus*. This was
terruption which the Kilkenny f
could not have foreseen. And at l
his Lordship, finding that neith
laws of the land, nor those of h
were likely to adjust affairs t
satisfaction, suffered them to t
nate with the three duels."

But the Peerage of Ireland w
no means exhausted of its oddity
when the Kilkenny dynasty c
peared from the scene. The
family of the Stratfords, who
figured largely in Irish high
would deserve a sketch by the l
riographer of any St Luke's t
the moon. The Irish brain i
doubtedly different in its cons
tion from all other national h

of fifteen paces, are perfectly divided in the apprehension of the more tardy intellects beyond the borders of the "Gem of the Ocean." But within those borders the connexion was established by all the rules of indigenous reason. The lawsuit and the duel were distinguished from each other, only as the five-act comedy is from the farce of one. It was the more expanded form of that which constituted the national occupation; and as no man could be a gentleman without having exhibited his contempt for the laws in the field, so no man could be satisfied with his personal career, unless it was diversified with a routine of appeals to the laws in every court where a plaintiff and defendant might be turned alike into beggars. The present propensities of Ireland differ from those ancient ones, yet more in their form than in their spirit. The private love of lawsuits has magnified itself into one great popular litigation against all that takes the name of English authority or Irish government; and the original fondness for individual performances on the hair trigger is now invigorated and amplified into popular riot, where it can display its tastes at its ease, and popular conspiracy where it cannot, the spirit not being in the least diminished in either case, but the whole forming a national preparative for a furious and general explosion of civil war.

Robert Stratford, Earl of Aldborough, was a collection of qualities that would have delighted a dramatist. Crafty and simple, bold and timid, witty and absurd, possessing a great variety of information, yet often ludicrously ignorant. Shakspeare might have cut him up at once into Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Parolles, and Falstaff. He was called the Lord of "a Hundred Wills," from a propensity which alone was sufficiently indicative of the compound of subtlety and simplicity which formed this miscellany of a man. "It was a general rule with him to make a will or codicil in favour of any person with whom he was desirous of carrying a point; taking especial care that the party should be acquainted with his *proceeding. No sooner, however, was the end accomplished, and other game started, than a fresh instrument annulled* all the provisions of the preceding one! Thus, if desirous of obtaining a lady's hand, he *made a will in her favour*, and let her find it *by accident*." Whether this were the final charm of his marriage, he at length succeeded on a scale which must have gratified his regard for money and for alliance in a remarkable degree. He won and wedded the granddaughter of the Duke of Chandos, with a dower of L.50,000, enough to have purchased the fee-simple of an Irish principality. His successor, Earl John, was equally amusing in his peculiarities, equally shrewd and simple, equally narrow and extravagant, equally dexterous in laying traps for other men, and equally apt to entangle himself in the first that was set before him. The first act of his successor was to impeach the sanity of Earl Robert. On this occasion fifty-one wills were produced of his Lordship's inditing, from which the counsel on one side proposed to establish the fact that he was mad, and the counsel on the other side that he was sane. The quantity of provisions, the contradictions, the verbal extravagances, were a strong hold for the insanity; yet the skill, the knowledge of nature, the humour, and the general cajoling of mankind, which the same documents exhibited, were equally irresistible in the hands of the opposing counsel. The Bench and the bystanders enjoyed an unrivalled treat, but the Jury were prodigiously perplexed. At length they decided the case on the known character of the man, and brought in a verdict of *sane*, on the expressive ground, "that all knew that he was more knave than fool."

But he distinguished himself still more in a contest with that very remarkable man, Lord Clare, the Chancellor. Lord Aldborough had, among his predominant fancies, one which, as men who know the world say, is, in itself, evidence of unsound mind,—a fondness for building. In the indulgence of this passion, he had purchased a fragment of ground in the most unsightly and desolate spot in the suburbs, an actual marsh, and there erected a very shewy mansion, with a chapel in one wing, a theatre in another, and as many Latin mottoes fixed upon every part of the architecture, as would be

ıp with his sawing and
a perpetual din, that
riven any man but a mad
his senses. But the grie-
he carpenter was not
ow out of this tenement.
the ground belonged to
Beresford family, then
ul, deeply engrossed in
which his Lordship dis-
osely allied to the Chan-
n he very thoroughly
law the parties went
ay. The cause was in
nd, by a rare fate in that
sue was not of the Alex-
;th, that sees both par-
r graves. His Lordship
pidly, and very summa-
, with full costs. No-
have been more irrita-
ved money, he loved to
ear down every body,
long looked on himself
greatest lawyers in the
was stung by the deci-
point of his sensibility;
d his purse must first
next his taste, for the
ılved the fate of at least
his building. Still the
ortunately open to him,
ed into the gulf without
He appealed to the
cause, and such as did being
much the wiser for the hearing
being the province of counsel
puzzle, not to inform noblemen.'

In the course of his publicatior
humorously stated a case in po
in which he himself had been
actor when travelling in Holl
" He was going to Amsterdam i
trekschuit, the skipper of which
ing a *very great rogue*, extorted fi
him for his passage much more t
he had a right to claim. My L
expostulated with the fellow in
—he grew rude. My Lord persi
—the fellow grew more abusive.
length he told the skipper, tha
would, immediately on landing,
to the proper tribunal, and get
dress from the judge. The skip
snapped his tarry fingers in his f
Lord Aldborough paid the dem
and, on landing, went to the l
officer to know when the cour
justice would sit. He was answ
ed, at nine next morning. Ha
no doubt of ample redress, he
not choose to put the skipper on
guard by mentioning his intent
Next morning he went to court,
began to tell his story to the juc
who sat with his broad-brimmed
on in great state. His Lordship
cied that he had seen the man bef

ence alone, meek and re-
held the element devour his
perty, piously and audi-
ting the evil solely to the
of Providence, for having
nother some years before,
was troubled with a dropsy.
urable and reverend Paul
n equally pious method of
ing the conflagration. He
knees in front of the bla-
and with uplifted hands,
tone of a suffering saint,
that the flame might be
ied, which, as it obviously
human power, was in his
natural object for miracle.
conflagration went on, un-
he kneeling Saint; and the
ought out the furniture as
ey could, and ranged it on

But Paul's supplication,
had not extended to those
for he no sooner perceived
t of their labours, than he
, 'Stop, throw all the fur-
ck into the fire; we must
the face of Heaven. When
rmined to burn my house,
ly intended to burn the fur-
I feel resigned. Throw it
again.' The Saint's orders
eyed, and as *he* was satis-
was every body else on the

the Court of Exchequer, which
was renowned for any great ski
ecclesiastical affairs. He there
declined this species of appeal,
left the Ensurance Office to e
their premium, and the world to
joy its laugh."

Whatever construction ough
have been put on the matter
sank in general estimation b
"In fact," says Sir Jonah, "the
of Holy Paul was a love of mo
He had a very good property,
was totally averse to paying
thing. He was at length put
prison by his niece's husband, w
he long remained, rather than
der an account; and when at l
he had settled the whole den
refused to pay a few pounds o
and continued voluntarily in
finement until his death." Y
had the good as well as the e
eccentricity. With all his pa
for money, he now and then
away large sums in charity.

Earl Robert's freaks were
higher order, for he had always
object, connected with his pe
dignity, in view. The borou
Baltinglass was in the patron
the Stratfords. But his Lord
brothers, John and Benjamin,
generally in possession, and a

of a *change*, and a double return ensued, a man acting for the brothers, the lady for the nobleman. This created a great battle. The honourable ladies of the family got into the thick of it; some of them were well trounced; others gave as good as they received; the affair made a great uproar in Dublin, and informations were moved for and granted against some of the ladies. However, the brothers fought it out, and kept the borough; and his Lordship could never make any further hand of it."

One of his characteristics was that of getting into a scrape on all possible occasions; and another was the more unusual one of getting out of it in general with a high hand, by a certain kind of imperturbable dignity, or adroit insensibility to his ever being in the wrong. "As he always assumed great state and professed great loyalty, he once proceeded in great pomp in his coach and six, with outriders, &c., to visit a regiment of cavalry which had been sent down to the neighbourhood of his estate in the threatening year 1797. On entering the room, where he found the commanding officer alone, he began by informing him, 'that he was the Earl of Aldborough, of Belan Castle; that he had the finest mansion, demesne, park, and fish-ponds in the county; and that he frequently did the military gentlemen the *honour* to invite them to his dinners:' finishing this speech with what he perhaps conceived the consummation of dignified civility, 'I have come from my Castle of Belan, where I have all the conveniencies and luxuries of life, for the especial purpose, Major M'Pherson, of saying, I am glad to see the military in my county, and have made up my mind to give you my countenance and protection.' The Major, who happened to be rather a rough soldier, listened to the early part of this curious address with ill-repressed indignation at his Lordship's arrogant politeness. But, when the *personal* promise was made, he could restrain himself no longer. 'Countenance and protection!' he uttered contemptuously two or three times. 'As for *your protection, my Lord, Major M'Pherson is always able to protect himself*; and as for your *countenance*, he wad na tak it for your *Eerldom*.' His Lordship withdrew, and the angry Major spread the story, as a singular piece of lordly assurance. But here was exhibited the presiding genius of the Peer, the dexterous imperturbability which always enabled him to go through. An inferior diplomatist would have taken the retort as a rebuke, have given up the matter, and been thenceforth the general laugh of the country. But Earl Robert knew the world too well, to let the Major's answer stick against himself. As if the whole conference had been one perfectly to his satisfaction, he next day invited *every* officer of the regiment to his house, and treated them so sumptuously, that the Major lost all credit with his brother officers for the surliness of his reply to so accomplished a nobleman! Nay, so powerfully had his Lordship's urbanity turned the tables, that it began to be whispered at mess, that the Major had actually *invented* the story, in order to shew off his own wit and independence. The triumph was all on his Lordship's side.

"Another occasion of similar dexterity, in a still stranger case, is recorded of this singular personage. He was churchwarden of Baltinglass parish, and by some means or other became entangled with the rector, in his mode of accounting for the money in the poor's box. Whether this result arose from carelessness in the peer, or from other causes, the rector Bob Carter's remonstrances were treated with the greatest contempt. The parson, who felt no sort of personal respect for my Lord, reviewed his insinuations of his Lordship's *false arithmetic*; until the latter, sorely galled, grew wroth, and would give Bob no further satisfaction on the matter. On this, the rector took the only revenge, at the moment, in his power; by giving out a *second* charity sermon—'Inasmuch as the proceeds of the former had not been *productive*.' The hint went abroad, the church was crowded, and, to the infinite amusement of the congregation, though certainly with a very blamable spirit of trifling with the sacred text, Bob began with 'Whosoever *giveth* to the poor, lendeth to the *Lord*!' The application was instantly made. Bob followed up the

l finally begged of him
ermon *printed!*
ship was several times
had a picture-gallery,
ait of the new wife al-
over its mantel-piece.
ture of parsimony and
hich characterised him
ig else, had its place
icture was in the most
ame imaginable, but the
always the same. How
accounted for? The
ployed to paint only a
ew wife's face was put
wife's figure; thus his
the advantage of getting
ollections, without the
iew petticoat, or even a
to the petticoat. All
downwards was the ve-
ry of fifty years back.
l was put upon old
thout the expense of
obe; and his Lordship
e of his living love be-
tinguishing, in every
word, the past wife of

e proverbially an ima-
i, fond of public dis-
that curious vividness
ich often prefers the

tastes of a national mind, the artific
topics of party, and the metaphori
agonies of popular orators. A sli
glance at this phantasmagoria
public suffering will shew of wl
shadowy materials it was compose
how totally the exhibition was in
power of the public showman, a
how deeply the national passi
would have been chagrined by
absence of the national display. T
"old original" standing grievance
Ireland, the quarry at which all
orators of 1780 let fly their falcon
the brand burnt into the fair fo
head of Ireland, the shackle on Iri
industry, the utter stain on Irish
nown, the total submergence of Ir
land in the Slough of Despond, w
the act of Henry VII., commor
called Poyning's Law, as being fi
med by Sir Edward Poyning, the
torney-General. By this statute, t
Irish Parliament was restrained fr
embroiling the public peace, su
as it was, by bringing forward ign
rant and barbarian measures, a
from destroying the connexion wi
England by acts of direct rebellio
or of alliance with the hostile cou
tries of the Continent. No man th
thought of the severity of the statut
but every man of common unde
standing must have looked upon it

another order, and in all our sorrows for the deserted halls of Ulster, and decayed banquets of Tara, she bids us ask our common sense, what must have been the condition of a country cut up into fragments of dominion, in every fragment a little despot, fierce in proportion to the narrowness of his territory, a tiger-cat in a cage; and the whole, less ruled than irritated and tortured by four paramount unlicensed barbarians. The English invasion was undoubtedly a blow to the pride of those barbarians; but the fourfold crown was, most happily for the people, merged in the British diadem. The mere fact that a Parliament was given to Ireland, is one evidence, among thousands, of the zeal of England from the beginning to identify the institutions of the two countries. The principal members of those assemblies were the English descendants of the conquerors. But their community of religion with the natives, the disturbances of England, still Popish, and but slowly recovering from the struggles of the York and Lancaster factions, both operated to dissolve the connexion by blood, and cement the connexion by birth, until the English settlers had become the most unruly of the population. Poyning's Law, to such a legislature, was only the salutary restraint on doing themselves mischief, the superintendence of power vigilant to prohibit universal wrong. But there was one evil in the very life and blood of Ireland, which turned all her light into darkness—Popery. This cloud covered the land with a perpetual chill. From the first hour of Popish supremacy in Ireland to this, the country has defied all the healing powers of legislation. In direct intercourse with the most vigorous people of Europe, she has exhibited a perpetual propensity to the indolence of the feeblest; in the very sight of the most extraordinary improvements in every course of human activity, genius, and manliness, she has shewn a strange and morbid tendency to shrink from effort; and while England has reaped the most copious and magnificent harvest of national renown and imperial power, she still remains marked only by the sinister *distinction of* being the *blot on the escutcheon of the empire, the scene of outrages* upon law unknown in the land of the Turk and the Tartar; and the deepest slave of Popery to be found within the circuit of the globe. Poyning's law, and all law, was quickly forgotten in the feuds excited by Popery. The rival tribes plunged into furious hostilities, envenomed by the Rescripts of Rome, fed by Italian money, and often headed by Legates and Cardinals. Rebellions, beaten down only by the English sword; massacres of the rival tribes, extinguished only by the exhaustion of the slaughterers, or the extirpation of their victims, were the history. Every wild passion of barbarian life, stimulated by every subtle invention of Italian intrigue, made its free way over the face of the land, until the soil was saturated with civil blood, and the ferocity which had baffled the noble legislation of Elizabeth, and the superstition which had perverted the still nobler religious labours of her successors, were equally bequeathed to our living age, as the fatal legacy of Rome to a people of native generosity and genius, capable of the manliest feelings, and apparently marked by nature for the happiest fortune.

The next grievance which figured in the harangues of the orators was the Protestant religion. That the religion of the Scriptures should be propagated through a land where the Pope had declared that the Scriptures should not be read, was the grievance of the priesthood; that the populace, holding in hatred the government as much as the religion of the empire, should not be put in possession of the power to defy the one, and persecute the other, was the grievance of the Popish multitude; that a ministry should exist in Ireland, which excluded the hungry zealots of mob influence, the clamorous hypocrites for popular claims, and the almost despairing expectants of office from seats on the Treasury Bench, was the grievance of the trading patriots of a trading faction. All those grievances were long contemptuously repelled by a Government that knew Ireland well, and set its heel on the neck of faction, and prospered accordingly. All those grievances were subsequently, in an evil day, respectfully acknowledged by a Government of Conciliation,

tury, that ever overwhelm-
ion;—an infliction less of
he malice of some power
ne human race; a political
n, consummating the last
litical impurity; a *peine*
of legislation, not mere-
g the neck of the country,
g the very marrow in its
easure which, combining
e, artifice, and malignity
tyrants of the ancient
worthy of the combined
ery man of the present,
, be the means what they
generation of the Hydra
ardy to this prolific mon-
guish one Irish grievance,
red spring from the spot
on. Partisanship lives
e; and while some men
nes by it, and others
never be suffered to die

standing grievance, how-
all its varieties of form,
fluence of the English
t, an influence which it
been the wisest policy of
crease; an influence of
ell administered, of good
of good intentions, se-
power which gave Ire-
ty from all foreign ag-

its appropriation. The Irish
ment insisted that the royal c
was necessary only *subsequentl*
dispute was one of law, and
supported on both sides unt
year 1753. The conclusion aff
one of the ludicrous exemp
tions of the process of long law
The Commons fought out thei
ciple; but in the meantime th
ney, which was but L.53,000
been drawn, the greater part
probably exhausted in the exp
The question then expired.
the Commons had their grie
The Lords, perplexed with
niary affairs, had their grie
too. The British Peers consi
themselves entitled by law t
right of appeal in suits decid
the Courts in Ireland. This the
Peers resisted. The question
to trial before the Irish Judges.
gave their opinion practically,
taching the Sheriff of Kildare,
had refused to execute an ord
the British Peers in an appeal c
But the Irish Peers took up the
of the Sheriff, and committed
Chief Baron and Judges of the
chequer for the proceeding.
Irish Peers in this instance
acting illegally; and not merel
but with such imminent peril t

macy, in 1698, exactly a century from the Rebellion which originated in the attempt to throw off English connexion, was the text-book. Lucas, the Dublin demagogue in 1753, was the commentator. The popularity of the topic, of course, created a succession of clamorous illustrators of national rights, when this babbler sunk into the grave; and from the moment when it became a popular test of the patriotism of placemen expectant, and the fitness of young barristers for seats in Parliament, which were to be exchanged for seats on the bench, the topic was blazoned with all the ornaments of patriot oratory.

Yet, as there is no more salutary corrective of indignant metaphor than plain fact, the state of Irish productiveness, under this calamitous influence, will best shew the true nature of the misfortune. In the commencement of the last century, Ireland was but recovering from a condition in which she had the full enjoyment of her panacea for all evils of nature or fortune, freedom from English influence. She had been Papist and Jacobite, with a King of her own, the heroic James, and a Parliament of her own, the Popish Parliament, which, beginning by promising universal toleration and respect for property, was not a month in power before it confiscated Protestant property to the most unsparing extent, and persecuted its owners. This plague was at length cast out by the vigour of English influence, aided by the vigour of Irish Protestantism. The country was left to make its way unmolested, by that greatest of all curses, the trading politician. According to Sir Charles Whitworth's Statement of Irish Commerce, the exports from 1723 to 1729 amounted to L.2,307,772. In the succeeding period, and up to the close of the century, the exports varied, in proportion as the country was tranquil. But Ireland deeply felt, not the pressure of English influence, but the ravages of Irish faction. To the first year of the Union, with all her independence, her orators, and her freedom from every thing but the follies and falsehoods of her pseudo-*patriots, her whole exports amounted to but L.8,850,000. The Union had been* the constant source of declamation, and the man who dared to doubt that it would totally extinguish all trade, would have been looked on as a lunatic, or what was a much worse thing, an enemy to the fame and name of the "Emerald Isle." In a quarter of a century after this death-dealing measure, the Irish exports amounted to no less a sum than L.8,500,000. And this amount, large as it is, has been going on, until, in 1829, the exports from the port of Waterford alone amounted to L.2,136,934! So much for the predictions of partisanship; so much for the foresight of political seers; and so much for the calamity of English influence.

But if we are to be told that a portion of this money returns, in the shape of rents to absentees, no man who knows any thing on the subject will calculate this sum at more than from a million and a half to two millions. Here are nearly seven millions of English pounds poured annually into Ireland—a sum greater than the revenue of half the Governments of the Continent. The unquestionable fact is, that from the time when Ireland lost her Parliament, she has been thriving. We are not to fix our faith on newspaper correspondents and tourists in search of the picturesque, but look to the unanswerable evidences of her growing wealth; and if there be an impediment to her progress, it is *not* in the pressure of English influence, but in its intermission. A vigorous Government is the great requisite of Ireland—a Government that would grasp the Agitators, break up that whole conspiracy against the State, which insults all government, in the shape of harangues at chapels and charity dinners; pass by the wretched printer, and grasp the audacious libeller; turn out from the Magistracy every incendiary speech-maker, and remember that Protestantism in Church and State is the sheet-anchor of English connexion and Irish safety. Such is the principle on which Ireland would suddenly become a security instead of a perpetual hazard to the Empire. Such would be the path of duty, and therefore the path of wisdom. Such would be the path of political virtue, and therefore the path of salutary

of rebel insurgency; that
and its bigots, and knaves,
ot stand an hour before the
of the true strength of the
d that, if the British Cabinet
lesire at once to relieve its
y of the enormous expense
r establishment in time of
to relieve England of the
azards of a civil war, to re-
Irish Protestant of his re-
et growing alienation from
, and not less relieve the
l Irish Roman Catholic of a
rpetual misery through the
of his own faction, of quar-
his landlord, of disgusting
o the demands of superstí-
ie persons of a race of men
ranny and extortion are to
ed only by their hatred of
and their ignorance of all
e only expedient is to call
id encourage the latent
of Protestantism, to give the
a of the country into the
e Protestant Magistracy and
y, and to shew, by a plain
t exhibition of promptitude
ecution of justice, that no
hold his head above the
this be done and Ireland

English connexion, and will
last drop of their blood to
it sound and firm for ever.

In those remarks, we a
the general system pursue
British Cabinet for the last
years. The present holders
are out of the question. It
yond them. It is a legacy
Liverpool Administration,
paid by the Wellington. T
and guilty measure of 182
its proposer in the House
mons acknowledged to be a
of the Constitution," and its d
in the Peers sustained only
tyrant's plea, necessity—a n
of which, neither then nor sinc
has been given the slightest
was the letting loose those
which no subsequent Admini
could expel, without a total
of the false and pernicious p
concession to claims, which
is to invite new claims, ex
to the division of the Empire

The rising turbulence of p
the progress of the America
had made it of importan
Ireland should be more vi
watched. Lord Townshen

to draw or drive. In Ireland, the Law Officers of the Crown were once personages of great moment; they virtually filled the duties which in England belong to the Secretaries of State. They were the chief authorities on all local legislation, the advisers in those numberless statutes which were perpetually in demand in a disorganized country; and on them lay the still more essential ministerial office of defending the Cabinet measures in Parliament. The Lord Lieutenant's Secretary was, in nearly all instances, an Englishman, of course but little acquainted with the peculiar modes of the Irish mind, coming to the country merely as a preparation for office in England, a kind of country rehearsal for the great Westminster Theatre. The affairs of Government took their initiative with him in the House of Commons, where he filled the relative rank of Prime Minister. But the support, the steerage, the substantial progress of his measures, must depend on the vigour of his auxiliaries. Townshend's first object was to find out among the lawyers a man fit to be fabricated into his Attorney-General. The choice was characteristic of the man. The three principal favourites of the Courts were Hussey Burgh, Prime Sergeant, a man renowned for elegance of manner, pleasing declamation, and a voice whose captivation gained him the appellative of "Silvertongue." Yelverton was a man of large attainments, an able lawyer, a great humorist, a capital general scholar; and possessed of a power of public speaking that often rose to grandeur. The Attorney-Generalship would have naturally fallen to Burgh under a government of routine. But times were of another calibre. His excessive polish was not congenial to the temper of the Lord Lieutenant, and Townshend dismissed him instinctively from his meditations, and enquired what was to be done with the two others. His mode of selection was equally prompt and inartificial. He asked them both to his table, found Yelverton accomplished, amusing, and intelligent; as he always was; found Scott rough, bold, vulgar, but vigorous and sarcastic, and instantly fixed on him for the office. He was not disappointed. Scott made an Attorney-General after his own heart. He had been introduced by Lees, the secretary of the Post-office, whose commission from Lord Townshend, was "to find out some hard-bitted, stout barrister, who would neither give nor take quarter." Lees himself, like almost every man in that time of oddity, was a character. He was a Scotsman, who had gone to Ireland, holding some situation in the family of a Lord Lieutenant. His shrewdness, and no doubt, his good conduct, carried him on from one little office to another, till he began to find himself within sight of competence. He now became in some degree a confidential servant of Government, and found the advantages of confidence in the sweets of office. He was at length raised to the lucrative place of Secretary to the Post-office, was made a Baronet, and closed his clever and fortunate career, the head of a family, all of whom he had provided for in public employments, and whom he left opulent. His maxim for success in official life is worth transcribing for the sake of future seekers after the good things of the Treasury; "Get every thing you can, and *keep grumbling!*" He was the father of the present Sir Harcourt Lees, so conspicuous as a politician. The sketch of Scott given by Sir Jonah is too pedantic, but not untrue in its principal points: — "Sprung from the humbler order of society, he adventured upon the world without any advantage, save the strength of his intellect, and the versatility of his talents. Courageous, vulgar, humorous, artificial, he knew the world well, and he profited by the knowledge; he cultivated the powerful, he bullied the timid, he fought the brave, he flattered the vain, he duped the credulous, and he amused the convivial. Half liked, half reprobated, he was too high to be despised, and too low to be respected. His language was coarse, and his principles were arbitrary; but his passions were his slaves, and his cunning was always at hand. He recollected favours received in adversity, but his avarice and his ostentation contended for the ascendency. And though a most fortunate man, and a most suc-

of surprise, and the scandal
ty was loud on the subject.
was fitted for his office as a
much knowledge of law;
rtier by the most dexterous
on of the foibles of the suc-
lonors of preferments; for
ltuous life of his profession
ng front, and a more daring
and for a ministerial law
the most unmeasured con-
every opinion, man and
it exhibited the absurdity
ing on the losing side.

turn from his politics to
life, Scott was a *fire-eater*,
every other man of his
himself bound to give *sa-*
o every man on every sub-
inable. His manners, of
ve frequent provocation,
as naturally followed by
s to the field, all of which
pirit of the man obeyed
ny *formality* whatever.
uel with Lord Tyrawly
a extravagance, and well
rding in the madness of
lry. Lady Tyrawly had
lislike to her husband,
onourable James Cuffe.)

pretended friend of his famil
the culprit, and that, however
less the woman was, his
was so deeply concerned, t
death of one or the other was
sary." A message was acco
sent, for mortal combat, to the
ney-General, urging the lady
fession, his own dishonourab
duct, and Mr Cuffe's determin
avenge himself in the field. T
torney-General stared at the m
ger, expressed surprise at the c
of the billet, paused for a m
with an expression of counte
not unlike that of a man pon
whether the writer of the not
mad, the bearer mad, or h
mad. But he was a gentlema
moreover, his Majesty's Attc
General; either of them poten
sons, but doubled, irresistible f
combat. He knew that a *decla*
nay, an oath, of innocence, wou
the world, be considered eith
a pious fraud to screen the
surviving reputation, or a beg
contrivance for screening hi
from the husband's wrath, (a
no case be believed by the
natured part of society.) he

There could be no cause for doubting this now; and on comparing notes, Mr Cuffe began to suspect that he had been tricked by his wife. She was now sure of a *separation*, for he had turned her out: and if he had fallen on the field, she would have been sure of a noble jointure; so that she was *in utrumque parata*, secure under every chance, death or Dr Duiganan, (the Judge of the Irish Ecclesiastical Court.)

On his return he sent her a severe reprimand, and announced but a moderate annuity; which she instantly and haughtily refused, positively declaring that she "*never had made any confession of guilt*, that the whole was a scheme of his own vicious habits to get rid of her, and that she had only said, that he might *just as well* suspect the Attorney-General, who had never said a civil thing to her, as *any body else*." She *dared* him to prove the least impropriety on her part, and yet he had "cruelly turned her out of her house, and proclaimed his innocent wife to be a guilty woman," &c. Mr Cuffe was fairly outwitted. He found that the lady had been too many for him, and to prevent further publicity and trouble, he agreed to allow her a very large annuity, on which she lived a life much to her own satisfaction, and died some years after at Bath.

There was an episode to this story. Mr Cuffe, thus cast out from matrimony, adopted the course not unusual among men of the world, and placed Miss Wewitzer at the head of his table. She was a remarkably pretty actress, a popular favourite, and celebrated as the Rosetta of "Love in a Village." He declared that he considered her as his wife, and only waited the legal opportunity to entitle her to the name. The death of the separated wife at length gave the opportunity, after twenty years of this alliance, and the birth of many children. Mr Cuffe, now Lord Tyrawly, realized his long-delayed promises and intentions, and the actress being regularly married, became Lady Tyrawly. But no sooner did the knot become indissoluble, than both parties longed to untie it. No sooner did they become man and wife, *than Madam Discord introduced herself. With my Lord and Lady Tyrawly, every hour* added fresh fuel to the flame. She had been Lady Tyrawly only in *remainder* and expectancy. At length, the chain became *red-hot*—neither of them could bear it any longer, and the affair ended in a voluntary and most uncomfortable separation.

From the fantastic tricks of the higher orders of this singular country, to the quick retorts and unhewn wit of the lower, is like Napoleon's step from the "sublime to the ridiculous." Yet the descent may not always be very precipitate from the Peer to the chimney-sweeper and the chambermaid. In one of the elections for Dublin, subsequently to the memorable and melancholy year 1798, in which one of the Beresford family was a candidate, a chimney-sweeper, at the head of his *profession*, of the outlandish name of Horish, came forward to give his vote. This man, known to have strong interest in his tribe, had been closely besieged by the several candidates, but would promise none, nor give the least hint how he intended to act on the hustings. John Claudius Beresford, the candidate, was a name in infinite ill odour with the populace. A member of a family who had contrived to draw on themselves all the odium of the Opposition in Parliament, by their active support of Government; of the general community, by their extraordinary success in obtaining the favours of the Crown; and of the populace, by their reported tyranny; John Claudius had concentred on his head all the scattered hostilities of his family, by very peculiar prominence in those measures, which, in the time of public hazard, were suffered to supersede all law. During the Rebellion, he had commanded a troop of cavalry, formed chiefly of the principal persons connected with the Customhouse, of which his father, a man of a different class and character, had been Chief Commissioner. The natural unpopularity attached to Customhouse officers had not been in the slightest degree palliated by seeing them decorated with sabres and pistols, and acting under the orders of a Beresford. The troop, who were violent in their politics, and, of course, fully aware of the popular opinion, returned it with sufficient reciprocity; and by

...fluence of the Beresford
...ring the Rebellion, the ri-
...of the troop had been, un-
...their reputation, a chosen
...ging the suspected. This
...pronounced by the mul-
...the express work of the
...purpose of making them-
...tant to Government; it, of
...ed an endless outcry, and
...ized in all the popular
...new Inquisition, an in-
...infamous perversion of
...seless as it was tyranni-
...lting only in turning the
...lf-accusers, and harden-
...d into direct rebellion.
...xtent was this opinion
...some Irish wags (who
...t the occasion be how-
...holy, to exercise their
...ng up, one night, over
..., a signboard painted,
...lone here, by J. Beres-
...

...d that Horish had been
...who had paid to their
...ntry a full share of skin
...of being *anonymously*
...his man's case was one
...ng hundreds, of the

...dow by morn. Horish, the con
...first man of his fraternity, w
...course, fixed on by the quick
...suspicion as the future comm
...in-chief of this descending inv
...He was seized accordingly, que
...ed as to his plans: he knew no
...This was of course an aggravat
...guilt by falsehood. He was a
...if he was a loyal subject; th
...lucky sweep pledged himself th
...man could be more so. This
...hypocrisy, and therefore an
...tional crime. He was finally
...manded to give a full and ex
...detail of his whole house-top
...spiracy. He protested, that he
...as innocent as the child unb
...There could now be no doubt o
...being a hardened conspirator, ar
...he was thus insensible to persua
...the only resource was to encou
...the growth of his candour by
...cat-o'-nine-tails. They were co
...quently applied with due vigour,
...Horish was sent out to follow
...profession again, with a lesson
...loyalty scored on his back that n
...have fondled him into a remarka
...attachment for his King, whatev
...might do for his country

dates,—"Let me see! who shall I vote for? I'm very hard to please, gentlemen, I assure you." He hesitated—all the candidates pressed: "Fair and easy, gentlemen," said Horish, looking at each of them again. "Don't hurry a man."—"Barrington," cried impatient Beresford, "I know that honest fellow, Horish, will vote for me."—Horish stared, but said nothing.—"Indeed he will not," replied Barrington; "eh, Horish?"—He looked, but remained silent.—"I'll lay you a rump and dozen," exclaimed Beresford, "on the matter."—Horish now started into a sort of animation, but coolly replied, "You'll lose that same rump and dozen, Mr Beresford, for the sake of the *dozens* I got in your riding-house; but if ever I have the honour of meeting you up a chimney, depend upon it, Mr Beresford, I shall treat you with all the *civility* imaginable.—Come, boys, poll away for the Counsellor." Under Horish's influence every chimney-sweeper in Dublin voted *against* Beresford.

Our next trait is from the gentler sex:—A handsome young woman, the servant of a Mrs Lett, in Wexford, who was considered as a great patriot, (rebel,) was sitting one summer's evening at her mistress's window, singing words to certain airs which were not regarded as orthodox by the opposite party. The Marquis of Ely, with the High Sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were returning, after their wine, from the Grand Jury, and heard the young siren warbling at the window. But, as the strain sounded in their ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs Lett's house-front without delay; and accordingly, my Lord, the High Sheriff, and their friends, to preserve the Constitution from all traitorous maid-servants, forthwith commenced proceedings: and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of great utility to the glazier, and had wellnigh put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner. *However, on this occasion, justice was not so far off as the parties had been persuaded; my Lord,* the High Sheriff, and others, being indicted and tried. His Lordship's counsel did their best for their noble client, and tried to mystify the singer; but the Marquis, conceiving their delicacy too great in reference to this witness, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted. "Now, girl," said the Marquis, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say, you would *split my skull open?*"

"Why, then, by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the Judge, "it would not be *worth my while* to split his skull open, my Lord."

"Ha, ha!" said the Marquis, "now I have her," (supposing that she made some allusion to a reward for killing him.) "And why, girl, would it not be worth your while?"

"Because, my Lord," answered she, "if I had split his skull open, by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain, I should have found *nothing inside of it.*" The laugh against the noble Marquis was now too great to admit of his proceeding with his cross-examination. He was found guilty, and fined.

Ireland had thus her exhibitors in all ranks. Hamilton Rowan, well known afterwards for his bustling in the insurrectionary period of her unhappy history, had been conspicuous long before for a love of making himself remarked on all occasions. Possessed of a considerable fortune, and a high conviction of his being born for a regenerator, he had overmeasured his talents, and mistaken his time. His Herculean make, and daring manners, would have fitted him for a chieftain, when the Irish chieftain was only the more prominent barbarian of his tribe. But his ignorance of mankind made him always the tool of others, as his ignorance of his own deficiencies inflated him with the vain conception that he was fitted to guide, when Nature had destined him only to follow. Respectable as a private character, he became ridiculous as a public one, and failed, as he ought to fail, in every object except that of bringing himself within the lash of Government. If he influenced the insurrection at all, he influenced it only to its overthrow by his premature boastings. If he harassed th

government distrustful of
tions, contemptuous of his
urned to his country, and
ued as loudly and as im-
ever. In the year 1788,
before the catastrophe of
al absurdities, Hamilton
ced himself upon public
y his extravagant patron-
oung person, Mary Neil,
id to have been ill-treated
an of rank. The circum-
ted much indignation at
an indignation not at all
its being reported that
l of Carhampton was the
nobleman possessed the
alification of being an
opular hatred in both
d Ireland. Yet he was
intelligent, acute, and
d individual, sagacious
irs, witty in society, and
y any peculiar exces-
England he had made
oxious by the bold at-
down a popular scoun-
the aid of the mob, was
umph over the law; and
s family name of Lut-
red with hereditary ab-

[illegible] Rowan had g
far in vindication, that he ha
made the cause his own. T
credulity hurt not only his fe
or the credit of his understa
but the quality of which he
much greater share than of
—his pride—and he vowed pe
vengeance against all her calu
tors, high and low. At that
about twenty young barrister
formed a dinner club in Dublin,
had taken large apartments fo
purpose; and, as we were no
troubled with *too much* bus
were in the habit of faring lu
ously every day, and taking a l
of the best claret that could be
cured."

Even on the procuring of thi
bottle hangs a trait of the time.
Ireland, at all periods, the E
laws have been looked on not
as a burden than as an affront.
years ago, there was a kind of
bute to national dignity in def
them, which was in some degre
manded from every Irish *gentle*
Those who lived in towns yie
as scant obedience as they c
and if they could not smuggle in
[illegible]

the Zuyder Zee. Thus the Irish backwoodsman feasted on good things of which the London lord was only a second-rate partaker, had Burgundy and Champagne on his table at the price of London beer, and by the help of the West Indiamen which dropped their rum and turtle into the family fishing-smack, as they slipped along by the high western wall of Ireland against the rush of the Atlantic, was able to lay under his rude ceiling a feast to which not the luxuries of a Lord Mayor's day, or a Cabinet dinner, could put to shame. In the instance of the present story the source of the luxury was nearer the metropolis. The Isle of Man was free from the visits of the customhouse officer, and, therefore, was the grand depôt of the wines intended for introduction to the Irish *bon vivant*, without the irksomeness of paying its passage through the hands of Government. One of the party had a pleasure cutter, which he despatched regularly to the Isle of Man for the claret of the club, and a nameless understanding being contrived for the purpose with some of the underlings of the Customs, the transit was accomplished without molestation, much to the benefit of the funds of the club and to their general enjoyment, whatever it might have been to any tenderness of conscience remaining among them.

"There never existed a more cheerful, witty, nor half so cheap, a dinner club. One day, while dining with our usual hilarity, a servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be admitted *for a moment*. We considered it to be some brother barrister, who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shewn up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself! a man who might have served as a model for a Hercules; his rough countenance overshadowed by enormous black brows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of care, or thought, or character, completing one of the most formidable figures imaginable. He was very well dressed; close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach; as he entered, indeed, he looked alternately at us, and up at his master, as if only awaiting his orders to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his huge wrist, and he had also a long small-sword by his side, adorned by a purple ribbon.

"This apparition walked deliberately up to the table; and having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he looked round on all the company with an aspect, if not stern, yet ill calculated to set our minds at ease as to *his* or his *dog's* ulterior intentions. 'Gentlemen,' at length said he, in a tone and with an air so mild, nay so polished, as to give the lie, as it were, to his threatening figure, 'I have heard with very great regret, that some members of this Club have been so indiscreet as to calumniate the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own. If any gentleman present has done so, I doubt not he will have the candour and courage to avow it—*Who* avows it?' The dog looked up at him again; he returned the glance, but contented himself *for the present* with patting the animal's head, and was silent. So were we. He repeated, '*Who* avows it?'

"The extreme surprise with which our party was seized, rendered all *consultation*, as to a reply, out of the question; and never did I see the old axiom, that 'what is everybody's business is nobody's business,' more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered, each his neighbour; and I perceived one or two steal a fruit knife under the tablecloth, in case of extremities. We were eighteen in number; and as no one would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant's single query. And I fancy some of us could not have replied, to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

"He repeated his demand, elevating his tone, a third time, 'Does any gentleman avow it?' A faint buzz now circulated round the room but there was no answer whatev

remonious, Mr Rowan
extraordinary interview.
t of his departing bows,
taneous impulse, we all
eturned his compliment,
hing the table with our
till in profound silence;
ng on both sides was re-
he was fairly out of the
ee or four of the com-
an to the window, to be
and his dog were clear
street. And no sooner
atisfactory *dénouement*
ined, than a general roar
nsued, and we talked it
ndred different ways;
f our argument, how-
upon the question,—
behaved the *politest* on
?' "

vas that the whole affair
e. The giant protector
l had pounced upon
hey had any idea of his
thus instead of calling
d to throw him down
companying this meri-
by a general contribu-
hips, which an intru-
ch circumstances, so

... Volsacks, shine again in

Hamilton Rowan's histor
makes one of the public docu
of his country. He was the
agitator of his time. His spee
pistol, or his cudgel, was alw
the service of what he called
sacred cause of Humanity." B
Mary Neils could not rise
day, and he probably, from afte
cumstances, even in her inst
began to feel the ridicule o
Quixotism in so suspicious a c
he looked for a more active im
in his ascent to popular fame. I
land, unhappily, this impulse is
found by every body. The candi
for renown has only to protest
Ireland is the loveliest, most fe
most generous, gallant, and glor
spot that the sun shines on; th
is also the most degraded, und
hideous, wretched, beggared,
trampled on, of any since the di
very of Africa; and that this ti
of calamities, this web of afflict
this shroud of despair, wrapping
palpitating limbs of the land, w
it chills into a corpse, is wholly
solely the work of England! of Sa
England, of the soil of Bigotry
Bishops of ...

exhibited no signs of being the better for its new clientship; and the generous patron was soon evidently much the worse. Some of his expedients in "the sacred cause of Humanity" now began to exhibit that solitary consideration for his own security, which fell rather beneath the dignity of a determination to be hanged. On one occasion an auction at his house was made the dexterous contrivance of telling his mind. A bundle of printed papers was thrown into the fireless grate, which of course every comer was at liberty to take, and which thus conveyed his opinions in the most innocent and accidental manner. But this could not go on for ever. Government at last grasped him; he was convicted of publishing a paper which brought down a sentence of fine and imprisonment, and he was thrown into Newgate. And those were the first fruits of his labours—this the career of a man, whom fortune, birth, education, and habits marked out for a life of usefulness and honour; no low-born adventurer, no dastardly malignant, no hater of the society that scorns and excludes him, but a gentleman, in every sense of the word but that which includes common loyalty and common understanding.

But while he lay in his dungeon, new discoveries of a deeper nature were announced, evidence was alleged, which made the patriot feel that even in prison he must not wait for the law. Before the charges could be put into shape, he contrived to evade the vigilance of his jailers, fled to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and finally was smuggled off in a fishing-boat to France. He gave himself great credit for the adroitness, whatever he might do for the intrepidity, of his conduct on this occasion. But the probability of the case is, that his escape was connived at, if not actually suggested, by Government. Escape from a French jail is, like every thing French, a melodramatic affair, and the turnkeys are all heroes of romance. But English, and even Irish, jailers are made of sterner stuff; and if it were their will to have held him fast, no dexterity of his could have opened his prison gates. The truth is, that the public opinion was in favour of this foolish man's heart in contempt for his head; he was considered as an enthusiast, and as such, there was no wish to mingle his blood with that of the wilful conspirators. He was never pursued. After a slight investigation, the subject was dropped. And at the close of an exile in America, he made his submission, received the King's pardon, was suffered to return and resume his property, and left to meditate thenceforth, on the difference between the mercy of a King, and the massacres of Republicanism. He is now old, or dead; in either case, he is, as he ought to be, forgotten.

...political im-
...ut in itself, it is not only
...rd against the introduc-
...r amongst them, and un-
...uarded, the greatest of
to the depraved princi-
...nature. Like the Am-
...i Kehama, it is the great-
essings, or the greatest
, according to the cha-
rcumstances of the peo-
vhom it is introduced :
t diffuses the principles
d the habits of industry,
mple and religious, does
ıe poison of infidelity,
:ravagance of passion
ɔre corrupted commu-
ıwer of reading in itself
ılessing nor a curse: it
ı instrument of vast
ɔthe hands of the people,
ay be rendered an en-
ıe or the other, accord-
se which is made of
direction which it re-

hat the vast, the irre-
fatal error of the pre-
be found. It consists
which has not only
ıed, but acted upon

magnitude, it betrayed a total
rance of the practical workin
the human mind, and it has
attended with the most disas
consequences. Experience,
bought woful experience, has
proved its futility; and demon
ted that in measures intende
act generally upon society, not
than in those destined for the
provement of the individual,
must equally calculate upon th
herent weakness of our natural
pravity, and guard against kn
ledge becoming the inlet for the
mission of evil, not less scrupulo
than prepare it for being the cha
for the introduction of good.

The reason of this necessity i
be found in the *fact* which is
nounced to us in the earliest wo
of Revelation, which was coe
with the birth of man, and is
dently destined to continue as l
as he exists, viz. the corrupt
wayward tendency of his natu
and the absolute necessity for
most strenuous efforts, to counter
the disposition to evil, which see
to be as natural to him as for
sparks to fly upward. We are

act their influence. This doctrine is not peculiar to Christianity, it is to be found in the Philosophers, Moralists, and Sages of every age and country in the world; in Xenophon and Plato, in Cicero and Aristotle; in the dreams of the Hindoos and the Enigmas of the Talmud, in the Proverbs of Solomon and the Maxims of Confucius. When the rival Goddesses of Pleasure and Virtue, in the beautiful Grecian Fable, stood before the infant Hercules, the one was clothed in the garb and arrayed in the colour likely to captivate a youthful fancy; but the other was severe and forbidding in aspect, and terrified the beholder by the awful severity of her brow; and the emblems will continue to the end of time to distinguish the Siren, whose bewitching smiles tempt to the path of perdition, and the sober matron who guards the narrow way, which leads in the end to temporal and eternal happiness.

"The corrupt nature of man," says Archbishop Tillotson, "is a rank soil to which vice takes easily, and wherein it thrives apace. The mind of man hath need to be prepared for piety and virtue; *it must be cultivated to that end, and ordered with great care and pains; but vices are weeds that grow wild and spring up of themselves.* They are in some sort natural to the soil, and therefore they need not be planted or watered; 'tis sufficient if they be neglected and let alone. So that vice having this advantage from our nature, it is no wonder if occasion and temptation easily call it forth. Our corrupt hearts, when they are once set in motion, are like the raging sea, to which we can set no bounds, nor say, 'Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther.' Sin is very cunning and deceitful, and does strangely gain upon men, when once they give way to it. It is of a very bewitching nature, and hath strange arts of address and insinuation. For sin is very teeming and fruitful, and though it hath no blessing annexed to it, yet it does strangely increase and multiply. As there is a connexion of one virtue with another, so vices are linked together, and one sin draws many after it. When the Devil tempts a man to commit any wickedness, he does, as it were, lay a long train of sins, and if the first temptation take, they give fire to another." * If any of our readers feel that these principles are not applicable to themselves, we congratulate them on their condition, and sincerely hope it will long continue so: we can only say, that is not the case with ourselves, nor any class of men, in any climate, rank, or age of the world with whom we are acquainted.

Observe the precautions which the experience of all ages and countries has proved to be necessary for the protection of youth, from the contamination to which they would otherwise be exposed by the corruptions or errors of knowledge. How carefully are the minds of the young preserved from the mass of infidelity, profligacy, and vice, with which the press abounds; how guarded is the selection of authors put into their hands; how great the efforts made to save them from the evident and easy irruption of falsehood, and prepare them by laborious efforts, and the study of the great authors of our own or other countries, for the duties, the trials, and the temptations of the world! Would any one expect that by simply teaching the young to read, and immediately allowing them to devour every thing, good, bad, and indifferent, which came in their way, they would either extend their knowledge, improve their habits, or fortify their minds? Is any thing more certain, than that by such conduct the minds of the great majority of men would be depraved instead of being improved, inflamed instead of being calmed; that they would choose not that which was most useful, but most agreeable; not that which promised ultimate benefit, but that which was attended with immediate amusement; not that which strengthened the understanding, but that which excited the passions? It is the universal experience of this truth, which in all ages and countries has rendered it indispensably necessary to place the education of the young under

* *On the Deceitfulness* of Sin.—Sermon X.

r deluded by the idea, that
the world, to check the
f vice, purify the admini-
government, it was only
to educate the people; to
the means of reading, and
ore, and to bring know-
eir doors by the publica-
ıp editions of many works,
useful and valuable infor-
he idea was plausible; it
nany of the best of the
; it was founded on a
view of human nature;
ɔd a lamentable want of
cquaintance with man-
bove all, a total ignorance
ness of the fundamental
of religion. What has
sult? Exactly that which
great divines, judging
ple, would have prophe-
any practical man, judg-
xperience, would have
but what the Whigs,
n theory, never dreamt
large proportion of the
rs of mankind have
tumultuous crowds to
that was exciting, in-
nd vicious, to the entire
[illegible] is a most characteristic c
stance, these symptoms of c
tion have become most appar
the lowest classes of the state
merly, the progress of evil wa
the higher to the inferior ra
society; vice began to overflo
in the most elevated regions
state, among those whom weal
corrupted, and idleness unn
and it spread to the inferior c
in a great degree from the infl
or example of their superiors.
the case is reversed. The mo
praved class of society, beyo
question, at least in the great t
is the lowest; the corruptio
rank and opulence have been
outdone by those of penury an
content; entering by the gates op
by the schoolmaster, degenerac
intrenched himself in the dens
pulation of the great towns,
whence as to many centres, th
prosy is rapidly overspreading
land. How is this deplorable
so opposite to what *à priori*
expected, to be accounted for?
ply in the multitude of inlets w
the power of reading and the
have opened into the human n
when [illegible]

The effect would be exactly the same upon the higher orders, if they were to be exposed without the influence and preparation of previous and *long continued* education, to the action of the same causes, and the sedulous care taken at the great seminaries of education, to impress them with religious truths. If the rich and affluent were taught to read, and instantly turned adrift into the world, and the corruptions of great cities, sent to London, or Paris, or Naples, without any farther preparation, or the influence of any severer habits, the result would be the same, though the process of corruption would be somewhat different. They would not, in all probability, read republican or democratic journals, but they would devour trash not one whit less demoralizing. The profligate and licentious novels of France and Italy, Faublas, Laclos, Janin, and Victor Hugo, not to mention still more infamous productions, would be their instantaneous and constant food. What protects the higher ranks, and most persons of real education from such an inundation, is the formation of the habits, and the purifying of the taste, during the ten years of school and college education, in the study of the great writers of our own country, and still more of the classical times, and, above all, the constant efforts made to impress them with religious feelings. In the course of these precious years, the grandeur, the heroism, and magnanimity of Greek and Roman thought, is poured into the mind; a taste is formed for the corresponding and equally ennobling writers of our own country, and of the continental states; and before a young man is turned adrift into the world, exposed to its temptations, and assailed by its sophisms, he is in general tolerably guarded against the poison lurking in the inferior strata of the press, by the taste and the habits formed in an acquaintance with the greatest works of human intellect. Notwithstanding this, we every day see how many of them are swept away by the torrent; how frequently they turn their knowledge into poison, and their taste into corruption; and if so, can we wonder if nearly the whole of the lower orders, *who never have received such safeguards*, and are debarred by their poverty from ever obtaining it, are carried down the stream, and use the power they have acquired only to promote the worst passions of the human heart?

The language we have used is strong, but it does not appear, on reflection, stronger than the subject calls for and requires. Whoever will make the lower and more popular parts of the press as much a subject of study as we have done, and attend, as we have, to the language which is received with most applause at public meetings, cannot, we are persuaded, arrive at any other conclusion, or express their opinion in less energetic language. The mass of infidelity, ribaldry and abuse; of indecency, vituperation, and slander; of treason, anarchy, and licentiousness, with which the inferior stages of the press now abound, and which is greedily swallowed by the people, would be deemed incredible, if it were not the subject of daily and painful observation to every one who observes the signs of the times. And the lower journalists are perfectly right when they say, that they are not the authors of this portentous state of things; that the public must have been predisposed to the food, or they would not have swallowed it with such avidity, and that they merely fall in with a disposition, which they find already existing among their readers. No doubt, by their incessant pandering to these corrupt and vicious inclinations, by the vehemence with which they feed the flame of virulence and discontent, and the innumerable falsehoods by which they pervert and bewilder the minds of their readers, they powerfully increase and react upon these ruinous desires; but the foundation of them must have previously existed, the stock was to be found in the original depravity and weakness of our nature. We rest our objection to the *irreligious* Schoolmaster, upon the experienced corruption of the human heart, and the certainty, that without due regulation, he will admit more evil than good; a foundation from which it is neither Lord Brougham, nor all the Lord Chancellors to the end of the world, that will be able to drive us.

To shew that these are no peculiar or exaggerated ideas of our own,

ie rising generation. The very
gether so many low-born chil-
, without some plan being first
ı for a moral guardianship over
tifies the assertion, that they are
morality, and I will add (for I
crime, at these establishments.
nothing of a mental nature per-
ı them: a hundred boys at one
taught to bawl out Lon—lon—
, London, with a few more
hich leads them in the end to
t enough of reading to enable
peruse a twopenny Life of Tur-
ınathan Wild, proceeding to the
the bandits in regular course,
ith this, and they have taught
r such matter as they all gather
ir *honest* and *virtuous* parents,
ıcation is completed, they being
ılified to figure on the *pavé* as
ets. It needed not inspiration,
ıhetic powers, to see that the
rian schools must necessarily be-
rticipes criminis in disorganizing
ons of society, the very *locale* of
does it."

—

n the national schools, I never
with a lad who had the least
f any self-exercise of the mind.
nd rigid system of moral educa-
tion of tyros in crime ever seen o
of in the history of it." *

The next witness, to the sa
fect, is from the Dorset County
nicle of December 12, 1833.

"For some twenty or thirty
the *Edinburgh Review*, and its
journals, inculcated little other
than the benefit of farming upon
scale—the benefit of educating
large scale—the benefit of legisla
the poor upon comprehensive pri
and such stuff. This doctrine
fortunately been too successful.
and farm houses have been desol
order to give full sweep to the in
of capital. *Children have been*
into schools as capacious and al
densely crowded as criminal prison
to acquire some knowledge of read
writing, possibly, but *certainly* n
the morals of the gaol. Beer-she
been opened under every hedge, l
dent and locality should interr
easy course of vice; and the wo
the whole system is found to be
able degradation of the state, and
melancholy depravation of the m
the labouring class. In every
the word, man has decayed as we
accumulated. All this ought
been foreseen. There is, in fo

with consummate wisdom, appoints that no such separation shall exist in the great mass of mankind—appoints that parents and children shall live in constant association, presenting a reciprocal censorship upon the morals of both; for, let it not be supposed that such censorship is wanted only for the child, or that, in domestic life, it is exercised only by the parent. Whoever considers the subject will see that the *presence of a child* is the best possible monitor for the conduct of a parent—a better monitor even than the *presence of a parent* is for the conduct of a child. This has particular reference to what is commonly understood to be purity of morals and conversation. It is scarcely necessary to advert to the constant remembrance of the duties of energy and assiduity presented by the company of a dependent offspring. 'I was,' said the late Lord Erskine, 'constitutionally an indolent and bashful man; but when I put on my gown, I habituated myself to think that my little children were plucking at the skirts; and this taught me to overcome the love of ease and the fears to which a diffident man is subject.' There is nothing like domestic life to sharpen industry; otherwise, indeed, the human race would become extinct, for the men without families would soon starve those encumbered with a wife and children. Now the system of the philosophers and economists has been, if we may coin a word, to *undomesticate* the labouring classes. The parents are hurried to the field, or to the mill, in droves like cattle—the children driven to the factory or to the Lancasterian school, *there to learn all that is bad in morals*, with little that can be even for their temporal benefit—'to engender by compression,' as Mr Burke has said, 'the gaol-fever of the mind.' In the evening, the adults, male and female, retire to the beer-shop, leaving the children, if so early let loose, still to their own fatally exclusive society. This is to reverse the natural social state—to 'put asunder' those whom the Creator has, for the wisest purposes, united in domestic association. A recurrence to the Cottage System, which we are delighted to see becoming fashionable, will, as far as it shall proceed, do much; but even to give the recurrence to the Cottage System fair play, A GREAT CHANGE MUST BE MADE IN THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION. It is notorious that the *gigantic schools* provided for the humbler classes have done nothing but EVIL."

Another vigorous intelligent provincial paper, the Bath Herald, makes the following observations:—*

"The system of education, without industry and without labour, has assuredly been tried long enough, and we would fearlessly appeal to the honest observer whether it has not completely failed—whether the criminal courts will not demonstrate that crime has extended in a fearful degree to that portion of society in which the want of knowledge cannot be adduced as the origin of the evil—whether, after the multiplication of schools and the myriads of tracts which have been disseminated, we have not, at this present moment, *three millions of paupers, beggars, thieves, and prostitutes, to attest the failure of this national scheme*, however plausible and however well-intentioned—whether we have not frightful instances of the unfeeling indifference of our *educated* children to any moral responsibility, even in that moment of awful import, when the terror of approaching judgment ought to be supposed to affect the most hardened insensibility—whether, even according to the admission of the most strenuous advocates of education, *irreligion and infidelity have not recently spread their contagion so widely as to make them shudder at the results of their own intended benefit*—whether, until the present day, they had ever heard, in this country, of two men professing, in an open court of justice, their utter disbelief in the existence of a Deity—whether a vast proportion of the disciples of Hetherington, Carlile, and Robert Taylor, are not the actual *élèves* of National Schools—and, finally, whether, in the present temper and demoralized condition of the labouring classes, the doctrines of these men are not fatally working into the very vitals of Christianity?

"For ourselves, we can positively assert that, attending punctually as reporters at public meetings, we have, of late years, not been present at one, connected with sacred subjects, at which this spread of infidelity has not been at once the subject of reproach, lamentation, and dismay. And, we should be glad to know among what classes do these infamous publications find a vent and a circulation? Is it among the higher or the middling classes? We answer unhesitatingly—No—It is *among the poorer and the working classes*, to whose worst passions and feelings they are especially addressed. And where have

* Bath Herald

is, and will he find that their
ave ever been made up of any
rest and most desperate cha-
he mass, with the few excep-
e half dozen persons who have
ended from curiosity, or for
e of combating their doc-

ie now to the results of this
ducation upon Society, and
actually overwhelmed with
g mass of deep-dyed crime,
trage, and violation of pro-
disregard of the laws, and
itude towards those who are
ally every means in their
nder Providence to amelio-
ition of the labouring classes,
profitable advantage to in-
ood conduct. And here we
red to ask, as we have had
sion to do before, when in-
e causes of the present de-
at what period within the
ian, the poor labourer was
off, either as regarded the
necessaries and comforts of
ccour of the wealthy in the
Low as the present rate of
, and is, we confess, in some
ural districts—we answer,
ority of the most competent
ed—Never. The proper-

regularly provided with rules and
ments as the National Schools the
—and far better acquainted wi
doctrines of Carlile, Robt. Tayl
the 'Journeyman Bootmaker,' tha
their moral and religious obligatio

"The last branch regards their
to *themselves*; and here we wou
whether riotous excess and sensu
bauchery, *in both sexes*, were ever,
memory of man, carried to such
as at the present day? Whether the
Palaces' of London, Birmingham
Manchester do not speak volumes
truth of our reproaches against th
sent system of National Education?
ther the dishonesty in situations
servants have every want suppli
them, without any care or foreth
on their part, does not tell against
tem which gives education without
cating the necessity and without su
ing the practice of labour? Whethe
shameless and menacing applicatio
parish relief do not finally indicate a
disregard and loss of all those fe
which distinguish the honest and h
trious from the profligate and the
bate?"

These striking and emphatic
timonies from many other parts o

1812— 6,576	1823—12,263
1813— 7,164	1824—13,698
1814— 6,390	1825—14,437
1815— 7,818	1826—16,137
1816— 9,091	1827—17,924
1817—13,932	1828—16,564
1818—13,567	1829—18,675
1819—14,254	1830—18,107
1820—13,710	1831—19,647
1821—13,115	1832—20,829.
1822—12,201	

Thus it appears that crime has more than *tripled* in the last twenty years, during which time more has been done for the education of the poor, than in the whole previous periods of English history; and that the increase has gone on at an accelerated ratio during the last seven or eight; when the children upon whom the great experiment was made, may be supposed to have been growing up to manhood, and engaged in the business of life. Nor can it be said that this extraordinary increase has been owing to any greater vigilance in the prosecution of crimes, or any greater laxity in the committal of prisoners, for every practical man in England knows, that the unwillingness to give information concerning offences, has greatly increased of late years, from the apprehension of being involved in expense; and the proportion of convictions to committals, as shewn in the same Parliamentary paper, is pretty uniform through the whole period, being throughout about two-thirds of the committals.

In Scotland the same accurate data do not exist for an estimate of the progress of popular corruption, because Parliamentary Returns of all committals and convictions have only recently been commenced; but enough is to be found to shew that it has been still more rapid. In 1803, the Lord Advocate Hope stated in his place in Parliament, that there were more persons convicted in one Quarter Sessions at Manchester, than in Scotland in a whole twelvemonth; and the experience of every person who recollects those days of comparative innocence, must bear out the assertion. It was not unusual for the Circuit, even at Glasgow, to have only three or four cases to dispose of; and within the memory of man, it met and separated, even in the great western metropolis, *after one case only*, which was that of an unhappy young woman for concealment of pregnancy. Since that time, however, the progress of crime has been so rapid, that not a Circuit now elapses without from one hundred to a hundred and fifty persons being brought to the bar in that city; and notwithstanding all this, the inferior judges are equally overwhelmed by the increase of their criminal labours. Four years ago, a winter circuit was, from the vast accumulation of prisoners, established at Glasgow: but already the drain which it opened has become imperceptible, and the Spring Circuit has its array of a hundred and twenty criminals as before. Mr Alison has stated in the Preface to his Treatise on the Scotch Criminal Law, that "probably as many prisoners have been tried in Scotland from 1814 to 1832, as from the institution of the Court of Justiciary in 1532 to that time;" and every one practically acquainted with these matters, must be convinced that the remark, how startling soever, is too well founded. But it is needless to accumulate authorities; a recent Parliamentary Return establishes the fact beyond dispute.

It appears from a Return, 4th March, 1833, that, in 1832, there were committed for trial in Scotland,

no less than . .	2431
Convicted, . .	1577
Acquitted, . .	164
Liberated shortly after committal,	539

Now, the population of England and Wales by the Census of 1833, was . . 13,894,000*

The committals,	19,647
Population of Scotland,	2,365,000
Its committals,	2,431

Thus the population of England and Wales is to its committals as 14,000 to 19½, or as 1 to 700 nearly, while that of Scotland is to its committals as 2,350 is to 2½, or as 1 to

---

* *England*, . 13,089,000
Wales, . 805,000

13,894,000

ıtion is *as high in Scotland*
l; an astounding and al-
mprehensible fact, consi-
w large a proportion of
is in a simple agricultural
state, where crime is ex-
ıre, and clearly demon-
at the depravity of its
ı, to make up the average,
ven greater than in the
lon of the Southern Em-

another deplorable fact
trates the same change.
the number of public
e fifty-sixth of the whole
Glasgow, it appears from
ı late invaluable publica-
w *one-twelfth.** In Eng-
has more than tripled
last twenty years; in
has during the same
n average, increased at
the great towns probably
Whatever the School-
have done for our ma-
population, he has at
but a feeble safeguard
emptations of vice and
or whisky.
the greatest possible

[illegible], but that they were s
totally destitute of any book
could do them good, and th
adventures of Moll Flanders, or
such edifying history of a pros
or robber, was generally the on
tellectual food which they rece
Since that time the efforts ma
educate the Irish have been uni
rupted and incessant; and sc
have they penetrated, that Mr \
tells us, in his interesting accou
Killarney, that it is not unusu
see little schools in the wild
Kerry, in which the fern form
roof, and the rocks the seats and t
of the humble establishment, a
which the author himself witne
in that county twenty years
How have these prodigious eff
for the education of the poor h
rewarded by their results upon
moral and political condition of
people? We will not appeal to
Coercion Act; we will not appe
the admission in the late ministe
pamphlet, that "the only ques
was, whether the whole of Irel
was to relapse into the sanguir
barbarism of Abyssinia;"† we wc
only request our readers to cast t

liamentary Return, 14th March, 1833, from which they will see that the sum-total of *crimes* in Ireland is about 15,000 in a year, of which, in the year 1832, no less than 248 were murders, 1,172 robberies, attacks on houses 1,675, burning houses 571, burglaries 844, rapes 212.

Now, it is in vain to say that Ireland, so far as the power of reading goes, is not a highly educated country. Whether they read any thing which will do them any good is a totally different question. Perhaps most of our readers may think that they read rather more of agitating speeches and inflammatory addresses than either their Bible or Prayer-book, but be that as it may, it is certain that so far as *mere education goes*, they have made unparalleled strides in the last twenty years, and such as never was witnessed in Ireland, or perhaps in any country before. Now, in order to perceive the proportion which the offences of Ireland bear to Great Britain, we must recollect that, by the late census, its population in 1831, was 7,784,000;* and that the Table given below is, not of the *criminals*, but the *offences* in the Emerald Isle. Now, as most of the Irish crimes are committed in large bodies or gangs, it is certainly no exaggeration to say, that if there were 13,753 *crimes* committed in Ireland in 1832, there were at least double that number, or 27,506 *criminals* engaged in their perpetration. Probably there were a great many more; but as we wish rather to be within than without the mark, let us take it at that number.

It results from this, that there were in Ireland in 1832
At least . 27,506 criminals.
Population, 7,784,000.

Which gives a proportion of 7,984 to 27½, or 290 to 1 nearly. It is true the Irish return is of crimes perpetrated, not persons committed, like the English and Scotch; but when it is recollected what vast numbers of persons are generally engaged in offences in that country, it is certainly no exaggeration to say, that the committals, if the police of the country had been such as to render the apprehension of the criminals tolerably certain, would have been at least in the same proportion.

These facts are of the utmost, we may add, the most paramount importance upon this subject. They prove that crime is *tripling* in twenty years in England, increasing at least *five fold* during the same period in Scotland, and probably multiplying *six fold* in the same time in Ireland. This proportion is in the highest degree alarming. Mr Malthus has long terrified the world by his cele-

Brought forward,	4015		4411
Illegal notice, - -	1,798	-	2,086
Rape, - - - -	200	-	212
Illegal meeting, - -	1,792	-	422
Injury to property, -	657	-	729
Stealing cattle, - -	486	-	387
Abduction, - - -	30	-	38
Attacks on houses, -	2,296	-	1,675
Serious assaults, - -	121	-	161
Firing with intent to kill,	125	-	209
Illegal oaths, - -	981	-	171
Robbery of arms, -	678	-	186
Demanding of arms, -	135	-	24
Appearing in arms, -	30	-	17
Firing into dwellings, -	24	-	8
Waylaying, - - -	7	-	16
Levelling ground, -	247	-	79
Turning up ground, -	66	-	20
Cutting and maiming, -	1	-	4
Infanticide, - - -	5	-	17
Compulsory driving, -	4	Resistance to tithe,	49
Assaults, - - - -	2,981	-	2,790
	16,669		13,701

* *Parliamentary Returns*, 8th May, 1833.

ury 4,860,000, or nearly a
he whole existing popula-
is needless to say that
sult is utterly inconsistent
ial existence; a system
with such consequences
short time destroy itself;
illustrates the fearfully
gress which crime is ma-
ngst us in an age when
has existed to an unparal-
it among the people, and
aritable exertions have
e for their improvement
ration than in any former
world.

d increase of crime is out
rtion to the augmentation
e numbers of the people,
l wealth, or the national
From the Tables quoted
ppears that since 1812 the
has increased somewhat
a half; that the national
has declined from nine-
ty millions, nearly a half
r amount; that the ex-
have risen from thirty-
ty millions, or nearly
e imports only increased
enth; the poor's rates

of a long-continued peace;
vast increase of manufactur
growth of our large cities, and
other circumstances, in produc
general effect. But what we tal
stand upon is this: That expe
has now proved that the mere
cation of the poorer classes, w
any care of their religious prin
has had no sensible effect in
teracting the influence of thes
moralizing circumstances, or
venting, by the extension of k
ledge and mental resources,
growth of human depravity.
is demonstrated as clearly as
two and two make four; hap
it could be safely said that th
fluence of such merely scie
education has only been neg
and that it has not positively
ed to the sum-total of general w
edness.

It is not surprising that such
been the result. The whole sy
of the Educationists has been l
upon a wrong foundation.

The chief object of Lord Broug
and the philosophic set of ed
tionists has been to extend the *i*
lectual powers and scientific kn

on Natural Philosophy, Astronomy made Easy, Treatises on Political Economy, and every sort of institution and composition set on foot, by all classes of Whigs, from the Lord Chancellor downwards, in order to give full developement to the intellectual powers and reasoning faculties of the lower orders, and enable them all to understand Bacon, Newton, and Adam Smith. That these efforts were philanthropic, we admit; that they were natural to men of studious and learned habits, who judged of others by themselves, may be conceded; but that they were founded upon a gross misconception of human nature, must be evident to every one practically or theoretically acquainted with the human mind is evident, and that they have totally failed, is now placed beyond dispute by the result.

Sense and imagination hold forth instant gratification, to which all are alive, because they are the lever by which nature intended the great mass of mankind, in every class of society, should be governed. Thought and intellect hold forth instant labour and difficulty; require years of toil and erection; promise in the end a gratification intelligible only to a most limited class of men in any rank of life, because they were never meant to guide more than a small portion of society. It is utterly preposterous to suppose that intellectual pleasures, never at any time capable of being felt by more than one in ten, and attended in the outset with such distasteful qualities, can, when left to themselves, stand for a moment in competition with those of sense or fancy,—with licentious novels, demoralizing poetry, infidel abuse, levelling misrepresentation. No doubt, among every thousand of mankind, there may possibly be found a hundred who will derive pleasure from the discoveries of science, or the pursuits of literature and philosophy, but unquestionably there will never be found more than that number. The remaining nine-tenths will be accessible only to physical enjoyments, or excitation of the fancy. This is not peculiar to the lower orders; it pervades alike every walk of *life,—the Peers, the Commons, the Church, the Bar, the Army. No man ever found a fifth* part of his acquaintances, even in the most cultivated and intellectual classes, who really derived pleasure from the pursuits of the understanding, or would prefer them to other enjoyments, if they could abandon them without risk to their professional prospects. We cannot expect in ploughmen or weavers, a degree of intellectual capacity which we look for in vain at the Bar or in the House of Commons.

A father sends his son to Paris, and those acquainted with the seductions and allurements of that great mart of profligacy, warn him of the dangers to which he would be exposed in the midst of every thing calculated to entrance the imagination, and captivate the senses. But the sturdy old educationist replies, "Never fear the gambling-houses, he has got Locke with him; never fear the theatres, he has the Labourers' Institutes; never fear the Palais Royal, he has the Penny Magazine; never fear the *Danseuses*, he can read Bacon." What should we say to a man in private life who should speak and act in this manner? Yet this is precisely what Lord Brougham and the education-mad set have done, when they poured at once and universally into the minds of the working-classes the means of reading, not only without any effort to induce them to select what is good in preference to what is bad in human composition, but a *complete and careful abstinence* from the only antidote really capable of grappling, among the multitude, with the allurements of passion,—the influence of Religion.

If you do not instruct the people, say the advocates of the Education System, you leave them to the undisturbed control of their senses, which require no tuition; you debar them from all intellectual enjoyments which might counteract or counterbalance their influence, and necessarily subject them to the government of their passions. The argument is plausible, and has misled many a benevolent and good man; but the sophism it contains is obvious. It presupposes that the educated are admitted only to pure and *mental* pleasures; that no corruption or sensual excitement can enter the portals of the Press; that at the

principles of religion,
it disease and death can fol-
ast. It is demonstrated by
of the experiment, tried on
it scale in this country, that
, in an old and complete
y, if not perpetually placed
safeguard of Religion,—
nded with rigorous safe-
ainst the intermixture of
be perverted from the
all blessings to the great-
urses; that the Press will
engine of vast power for
uction of infidelity, dis-
rofligacy, and corruption
people; and that, under
ce of this mighty solvent,
eguards of religion and
speedily give way, and
led torrent of licentious-
helm the land.
t error of the philosophi-
n this subject, consists in
hey supposed that what
pleasure in themselves,
else would take pleasure
at Bacon, Newton, and
ild prove as effectual a
ie to sensual allurements
citation in the whole la-
pulation, as it did in Her-
rewster, or Babbage, or
r Professor Forbes, or

less extravagant than the Visic
Sir Thomas More, or the El Do
of Sir Walter Raleigh. No d
there will always be found a ce
number of individuals in the l
blest, equally as the highest ra
who will take an interest in s
pursuits, and feel, in the recrea
they afford, a counterpoise to
allurements of sense; but their n
ber can never exceed three or f
in the hundred. Upon the rem
ing ninety-five or ninety-six, t
will produce no sort of impres
whatever; they will never effect
slightest lodgment in their mi
but, disregarding such dry and
interesting topics, the great bulk
mankind will fly to the journalis
the romance-writer, to abuse of th
superiors, raillery at the Church,
invectives at the Government, wh
never fail to console them for
inequality of fortune; or stimula
to the passions, which the weak
intellect can understand.

The Penny Magazines, Penny C
clopædias, &c. which have rece
ly issued under the direction of t
great Central Societies in Lond
for the Diffusion of Useful Kno
ledge, are certainly a great acqui
tion to the amusement of such
the poor as will read them. and th

sions, the subjugation of their wicked propensities, or the means of withstanding the innumerable sensual temptations by which they are surrounded. They may amuse an hour, but they will not improve a life; they may interest the imagination, they will not correct the heart. Such desultory and diverting scraps of knowledge form a great fund of entertainment when superadded to the foundation of a thorough moral and religious education; they are very amusing to all ranks; but is it by amusement that the duties of life are to be learned, or the fortitude acquired to resist its temptations and discharge its duties? No; it is religion which must form the basis of every system of education which is to be really beneficial, and if that one ingredient is awanting, all that is mingled in the cup will be speedily turned to poison.

The circumstance which so soon brings about the woful change, and speedily obliterates all the beneficial effects of mere intellectual information, when addressed to mankind in general, is the infinite superiority of the *immediate attractions* which inflammatory and alluring publications present to any which works of knowledge or utility can offer, and the total inadequacy of mere intellectual pleasures to stand their ground, in the great mass of mankind, against the seductions of a romantic or corrupt imagination. This is an element in the case which the philosophic educationists appear to have never for one moment contemplated, but which, nevertheless, lies at the foundation of the whole question. They seem to have taken it for granted that they were for ever to have the entire moulding of the public mind, the exclusive direction of their studies, and that the labouring classes would never read any thing but what issued from the presses of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. They never imagined, what has turned out to be the fact, that no sooner were the portals opened without any precautions against the admission of evil, than vice and corruption would rush in; that the inherent depravity of the human soul would give them a hearty welcome; and that at the gates formed by philosophic benevolence, sensual corruption or political extravagance would find a ready entrance. They never recollected, that while they were printing the Penny Cyclopædia, another press might be throwing off Harriet Wilson; while they were circulating the Labourers' Institutes, another set might be disseminating the Black Dwarf: while they were dreaming of Bacon, a more numerous body might be thinking of Paine; while they were composing the Penny Magazine, a more popular publication might be got up in the shape of "The Woman of Pleasure."

It is an observation, as Captain Hall observes, which is to be heard on board every steam-boat, that "steam navigation is as yet only in its infancy." With equal truth, and still more important consequences, it may be observed, that the Press is but in its infancy; and that all the great effects which we have witnessed and are witnessing from that discovery, are nothing to what may be anticipated from it at no distant period. Hitherto the torrent of popular passion has been mainly directed to political objects; it is against the boroughmongers, the Peers, the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Landholders, that the tempest has been turned, and we have seen with what facility it has already accomplished a prodigious revolution in Government. The Church, as the chief guardian of public morals, is the next object, and it is not difficult to prophesy what erelong will be its fate. But suppose all these enemies destroyed, and political animosity stilled by the acquisition of all its objects, what is to be the *next* result of the movement? Will the educated millions, habituated to the strong and highly seasoned food of political excitation, return to the simple and homely though salutary fare of former times—to the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, or Blair's Sermons? We ardently hope it may prove so, but experience forbids the expectation that such will be the case. There is too much reason to fear that a very different result will follow; that the myrmidons of the Press who now live by fanning the gales of political, will then seek a subsistence in exciting the sensual or malignant passions; that the tempest which has overthrown all poli

cal, will next be directed against all moral restraint; that private scandal, individual abuse, obscene excitation, or profligate interest, will become the universal objects of desire; and the nation of Shakespeare and Newton sink under the vulgarity of American journalism, or the corruptions of Parisian sensuality.

Already this second effect is becoming conspicuous. Contemporary with the political excitement, which forms its main stay and support, what a mass of profligacy, obscenity, infidelity, and calumny, is now issuing from the lower departments of the Press! You can hardly take up one of the popular newspapers of the lower class without finding an unceasing tirade against every thing that is sacred in religion, or venerable in the State; against the Bishops, the Clergy, the Aristocracy, the Government. What signifies it to the editors of such journals that their falsehoods are exposed, their calumnies refuted, their arguments answered next day by the respectable portion of the Whig and Tory Press? *Their* readers never see or hear of such productions any more than of the Greek or Roman writers; and their unceasing calumnies and abuse are deemed unanswerable, because their supporters never will read an answer. But this is not all. It is not generally known to our readers out of the metropolis, what immense manufactories of infidelity and exciting sensuality there exist, and to what an extent they are diffused in the cheapest form through the great towns of the empire.* But the truth is, that a *periodical* licentious literature is established in London, which issues as regularly weekly from the Press as Saturday comes round. Great part of these publications profess to detail the intrigues and vices of the aristocracy, illustrated, of course, by appropriate cuts and innuendos. They are sold for a few pence each, and thus serve the double purpose of exciting the passions, and increasing the revolutionary sentiments of the labouring classes. The host of works of that description with which the Parisian Press abounds are instantly translated; lithography lends its aid to the powers of description, and colouring completes what imagination had figured. The most popular licentious works of the age of Charles II., from Rochester's Poems downwards, are reprinting, and regularly issued in weekly numbers, to a class never reached by the profligacy of the Cavaliers; and memoirs, narrating, with appropriate engravings, the sixty-eight intrigues of one of the most licentious of their valets with his mistresses and their ladies' maids, are regularly issued in weekly numbers, for the edification of the footmen and *femmes de chambre* of London, and the numerous class whom the Schoolmaster has trained to mental activity in the metropolis.†

As any one might have anticipated, but the Whig educationists never foresaw, the people, accustomed to the excitement of political or sensual extravagance, have little taste for the philosophical disquisitions and learned tracts with which they

---

* The labours of these metropolitan propagandists have extended to Scotland; and the deluge of immoral publications, through the agency of pedlars and packmen, has been so great, that it has attracted the notice of our legal authorities, and for the first time in the history of our criminal jurisprudence, several convictions of persons for vending obscene publications appear in the Scottish Parliamentary Return for 1832. See Return, 4th March, 1832.

† The exertions of the Parisian Press in this line are known over all the world. Captain Bower, a liberal writer, mentions, in his late Voyage in the Pacific, that as soon as the revolution in South America was complete, these works were all *translated into Spanish*, and adorned with appropriate coloured lithographic prints, and sent out by ship-loads, to improve the morals and cool the passions of Chili and Lima. Dumont mentions, that such was the spirit of propagandism of the French in the outset of the Revolution, that the Constituent Assembly would willingly have charged itself with the formation of constitutions for all nations. With equal truth it may *be said, that the* Parisian Press would now willingly undertake the furnishing of *licentious works for every nation on* earth, and in the language of every people; they *have set up a manufactory for nobelot* obscenity.

are furnished by the scientific coadjutors of the Lord Chancellor. The operatives of Manchester lately stated in one of their public manifestoes, in allusion to the Penny Magazine, and such productions, "we are anxiously looking for a new system of social organization, in harmony with the lights of the age, and Lord Brougham thinks to stop our mouths with *kangaroos*." If it were not for the unfortunate consequences with which this *mania* has been attended, and the total inefficacy of the scientific barrier which its authors are now seeking to oppose to its devastation, it would be one of the happiest subjects of the novelist's satire, or the poet's ridicule. They put us in mind of the admirable picture in Old Mortality of the corresponding frenzy of the Covenant: would that we had a Sir Walter to crush by ridicule, the still more perilous mania of the present times! Well may the political fanatics of these days say to their scientific instructors, with old Mause and the religious fanatics of Bothwell Brig, "The mouths of fasting multitudes are crammed wi' fuzenless bran, instead of the sweet word in season; and mony a hungry starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that may warm him to the great work, has a dry clatter of *science* driven about his lugs."*

It is but too apparent, therefore, to what the heedless education of the people, and the deplorable delusion that they would be sufficiently protected from the corruptions of the press, by being well crammed with Locke and Bacon, science and philosophy, is rapidly leading. In the higher ranks, it has induced a general infirmity of judgment; a distaste for the exertion of the intellect or the reasoning powers; an undue ascendency of the imagination, and a most prejudicial preference of works of fancy or speculation over those of reason and information. In the lower, it has produced effects of a similar kind, but infinitely more disastrous. Falling suddenly upon a dense and corrupted population in great cities, who were destitute of all the safeguards against the abuses to which it might be perverted, it has aggravated tenfold the demoralizing circumstances of their situation; established a *great steam-power-loom for the production of profligacy*, and opened millions of portals for its speedy and easy introduction into the human mind. No sooner were the gates opened, without any precautions against the perilous inmates who might find an entrance, than the inherent depravity of the human heart asserted its wonted and well-known ascendency over the virtuous propensities; vice and profligacy advanced with a geometrical progression, and the age in which the greatest exertions on record had been made for the education of the people, was that in which falsehood and error made the most alarming progress, sophistry and delusion most extensively prevailed, vulgar licentiousness most enormously increased, and religion and morality were most effectually banished from their sway over the human heart.

It is to the combined influence of these circumstances, increasing at an accelerated ratio of late years from the arrival at manhood of the millions awakened into political activity by the education mania, that we ascribe the recent overthrow of the Constitution, and the present deplorable prospects, not only of order and freedom, but religion, morality, science, and philosophy, in the British empire. Although the literature addressed to the higher and middling orders was of a more refined and elevated kind than in any former era, their manners unquestionably more pure, and their conduct more upright than in any former period of our history, yet they were in a great degree destitute of the firmness and solidity of judgment which was requisite to bring them safe through the perilous and disorganizing period which was approaching. Imagination, refined and elegant imagination, if you will, but still imagination, had been nursed up to an undue and perilous degree; and it is not by the imagination that the decision of character is acquired which is ne-

* *Old Mortality.*

urious assault from the pas-
d the prejudices suddenly
ed in the great body of the
by the fatal, because un-
, extension to them of ge-
lucation, and a licentious
Thus imagination and phi-
y unnerved the higher, while
nd corruption let loose the
nks; and between the two
brought about that deplo-
astrophe, which so sudden-
rew the British Constitu-
has poured into the mighty
ts empire those streams of
n, which must eventually
em to the dust, coverlng,
ey do, the earth with their

re merely the infirmity of
philanthropic speculation,
iary innovations of the
es, which were to be dread-
vil, how serious soever,
ll appearance, cure itself.
religion and virtue, wis-
ste, knowledge and learn-
e over the education of
instructed classes, and
aid the lights and the
ormer days, the process

sufficiency, pride and prejudic
ignorance and presumption, scep
cism and calumny, falsehood a
scandal

proaching dawn, in the deep
murky gloom which the School
ter has thrown over the lowe
ders. Here all is darkness thic
midnight; darkness that may be
By the aid of national schools,
Mechanics' Reading-rooms; of
bourers' Institutes, and scientific
tures; of Penny Magazines, and
boured informations, the people h
been generally and fatally withdra
from the only species of knowle
which can be universally useful—
study of their moral and religious
ties. The consequence has been,
increase of crime, an extension
profligacy, a growth of infidelity,
spread of corruption, unparallel
perhaps in so short a time in any a
or country. In the general tumu
science and philosophy, the boast
guardians of popular virtue, ha
been instantly beat down, and tro
den under foot; and over the
prostrate but venerable remai
licentiousness and profligacy, ins
lence and irreligion, conceit and se

destined to be verified, that the British Constitution would perish when the legislature was more corrupt than the executive. It may be added, that the British empire will perish, when the lower orders are more corrupt than the higher.

What, then, it may be fairly asked, is to be done in the present circumstances? Would you stop the education of the poor? Would you bring back the night of ignorance, with all its attendant horrors, upon the human race? Is such a design practicable? Is it desirable? In answer to these questions, we answer, *certainly not.* We are perfectly aware, that it is impossible to make the human race recede in this particular; and that if it were practicable, it is not desirable. Unquestionably education and the press must work out their own impurities; the fermentation must take place, if the British empire should perish during the process.

But what we maintain is this, that public instruction must be aided by a very different safeguard, and antidotes to evil very different provided from the scientific efforts of the educationists. It is neither by Bacon nor Newton, nor the Labourers' Institutes, nor the Penny Magazine, that the tendency of popular education to admit evil and run riot is to be corrected. A phantasmagoria of curious and amusing scientific tracts, or scraps of information, compiled for the diversion of the labouring classes, and drawn rapidly by the periodical press before their eyes, is utterly nugatory as an antidote to evil. It is RELIGION which must stand guardian at the gate: it is the Cherubim, whose flaming sword turns every way, that guards the entrance. Philosophy and science must be left to philosophers and the learned: the great body of mankind must be reached by that only branch of knowledge, which was delivered to all indiscriminately—the knowledge of the Gospel. We hear little of this from the educationists: it is studiously excluded from the course of study by the liberal founders of the London University; but, nevertheless, it is the only species of knowledge which is universally *intelligible, which is universally useful, which is universally desirable. Nature* has destined three or four in every thousand to be philosophers; thirty or forty in the same number to be learned men; but seven or eight hundred to be virtuous citizens, faithful husbands, kind parents, and good men. She has communicated to a few gifted spirits in every age the power of enlarging the boundaries of knowledge: to a wider, but still narrow circle, the faculty of acquiring and enjoying it; but to all, the means of discharging their moral and religious duties, and passing with as little stain as human frailty will admit through this scene of trial. It is on this basis that every rational and useful system of public instruction must be founded; any other is contrary to the intentions of Nature, at variance with the capacities of mankind, productive in the end of more evil than good.

It is rumoured that a great project for the consolidation and concentration of public instruction is in contemplation. The details of the alleged project have even made their way into the public prints. We shall speak to the details of the project when they are officially announced. We cannot give credit to the allegation that a design of corporate robbery, and invasion on charitable bequests, under the specious name of concentration and improvement, is ever to emanate from a British minister. But, assuming that nothing unconstitutional is intended, infinite irreparable mischief may be done, if due attention is not paid to the due regulation of any general system of public instruction which is introduced. We have had enough of philosophy and the philosopher. It is high time that we should learn wisdom from experience, and not while eternally prating about the lights of the age, shew ourselves inferior in knowledge and observation to the most illiterate of Christian states. Unless religion is made the groundwork of education—unless it is interwoven with all its stages from first to last—unless public instruction forms a part of the Religious Establishment, and *the Schoolmaster is made the outwork of the Church,* all that is done for the extension of knowledge will be worse than useless. It will be only opening still wider the doors for the admissio

ord Bacon and the Labour-
titutes—if the extension of
n is to be made contempo-
h a diminution of the Esta-
Church, or a truckling to the
cry which is raised for its
on—it does not require the
rophecy to foresee, that the
e will be incalculable and
le; that the causes of de-
ion, already in such active
amongst us, will be in-
ourfold in efficacy; and that
e general applause of the
nists, and incessant eulo-
e lights of the age, we shall
ly and for ever into igno-
usuality, profligacy, and

that we could stop here,
ide that the Schoolmaster
fely intrusted to the sole
ip of the Church and its
and that no restraints on
are necessary to counter-
the young *leave school* and
e business of life, the se-
nd corruption which are
ly thrown in their way.
owever, that this cannot
nd that experience will

ow their strife; that armed b
ions must be subjected to a
rigorous discipline than unai
citizens; that sailors must nc
permitted to carry lighted ca
into the spirit-room, or the po
magazine; and that the power
steam must be watched with a
gree of attention nowise requisi
superintending the exertions of
or animals. Whether or not tl
principles should be applied to
portion of the press which is
dressed to the comparatively ig
rant and inflammable millions of
lower orders—or whether kn
ledge can work out its own im
rities, without destroying society
its strife, we leave it to experie
to determine. But this much is p
fectly clear, that if such restrai
are found necessary in that porti
of the press, it will be solely in c
sequence of its own licentiousne
that the experiment of unrestrain
freedom has been tried, and faile
and that corrupted writers have
thank their own depravity for bri
ing them under those restrai
which, in human affairs, must e
be imposed on dangerous wicke
nace

rural labourer; you will see a frugal, industrious, and contented family, with few luxuries, but fewer wants—bound together by the strongest bonds of social affection, fearing God, and scrupulous in the discharge of every moral and religious duty; you will see the young at the village school, under the shadow of the neighbouring church, inhaling with their first breath the principles of devotion, and preparing to follow the simple innocent life of their forefathers, who repose in the neighbouring churchyard; you will see the middle-aged toiling with ceaseless industry, to enable them to fulfil the engagement contracted by the broken sixpence,* or maintain the family with which Providence has blest their union; you will see the grey-haired seated in the arm-chair of old age, surrounded by their children and their grandchildren, reading the Bible every evening to their assembled descendants, and every Sunday night joining with them in the song of praise. Such was, and, in many places, still is Scotland under the Church, the Schoolmaster, and the Bible. Would you behold Scotland as she now is in the manufacturing districts, under the modern system, which is to supersede those antiquated prejudices? Enter the dark and dirty change-houses, where twelve or fourteen mechanics, with pale visages and wan cheeks, are assembled on Saturday evening, to read the journals, discuss the prospects of their trades unions, and enliven a joyless existence, by singing, intoxication, and sensuality;—listen to the projects formed for throwing vitriol into the eyes of some, or intimidating by threats other peaceable and industrious citizens;—hearken to the gross and licentious conversation—the coarse and revolting projects which are canvassed—the ribaldry, and infidelity which is poured forth—the licentious songs which are sung, the depraved tales told, the obscene books read in these dens of iniquity—follow them on, as they wander all night from change-house to change-house, associating with all the abandoned females they meet on the streets at these untimely hours, drinking a half-mutchkin here, a bottle of porter there, two gills at a third station, and indulging, without scruple, in presence of each other, in all the desires consequent on such stimulants and such society. Observe them continuing this scene of debauchery through all Sunday and Sunday night, and returning to their work, pale, dirty, unwashed, and discontented, on Monday morning, having been two nights out of bed, absent from their families, and spending almost all their earnings in profligacy, happy if they have not been worked up, at the close of this long train of debauchery, to engage in some highway-robbery or housebreaking, which consigns many of them to exile or the scaffold. Such is Scotland under the Schoolmaster, the Journalist, and the Distiller; and, grievous as the picture is, those practically acquainted with the habits of many of our manufacturers will not deem it overcharged. †

Scotland is not the only country where these principles have been exemplified. It is, perhaps, unknown to most of our readers, who derive their information from the Liberal press only, that in Austria, not only is the largest and most comprehensive system of popular instruction established, but the duty of educating their children is enforced upon the humblest peasants by the civil magistrate. "It may well strike us with astonishment," says the liberal Dupin, "to find, that, *in the Austrian monarchy, popular instruction is much more fully developed, I will not say than in France, but than in any other country of Europe.* In England, the schools are only attended by a *sixteenth* of the existing population, whereas in Austria they are attended by a *thirteenth*, in Bohemia by an *eleventh*, which is the highest proportion in Europe, in Styria and Prussia by an *eighteenth*."‡

---

* Bride of Lammermoor.

† We speak of general habits, and the majority of instances only. Doubtless there still are, even in our greatest towns, many good citizens, who preserve, even amidst all the corruptions with which they are surrounded, the religion and virtues of their fathers.

‡ *Dupin, Force Com. de France, i. 52.*

ıar instruction. I know a
Europe, and have *never wit-*
y good popular schools where
ıity was awanting. The more
on the subject, the more I
nced, with the Directors of
:s Normales, and the Mini-
ɔunsellors, that we must go
ıand with the clergy, in or-
:truct the people, and make
education *a special and*
t of instruction in our pri-
ools. I am not ignorant
suggestions will sound ill
ɜ of some, and that in Paris
looked on as excessively
ut it is from Berlin, never-
ɬ Rome, that I write. He
's to you is a philosopher,
l on with an evil eye, and
ɔcuted by the priesthood,
nows human nature and
well not to regard reli-
ndestructible power, and
r, when rightly inculca-
essential instrument for
ıankind, and a necessary
those on whom society
rd and humble duties,
by the hope of future
the consolations of self-
ese are the principles on
an instruction are found-
ıe real lights of the

...ing of the fruit of knowlec
being exposed to the tem
which it involves, nations, r
than individuals, will imbi
seeds of mortality.

Is, then, knowledge to be f
kept from the people? must
in the melancholy conclusio
the light of science is too stre
the human mind, and that igna
is the only passport to social
ness? No! there is a remec
isting, which was in full ope
fifteen hundred years befor
means of general informatic
means of the press were com
cated to mankind. The Chr
religion has provided an antid
the poison which lurks in the
cious fruit of the tree of knowl
and which is indispensably n
sary to all ranks, but most of t
those who receive only the
ments of education, and from
humble station in life can neve
ceive more. She has establisl
Guardian, who is able to giv
mankind the blessings of info
tion, and keep from them the
ruptions with which it is atte
It is by *separating these things*
the disasters we deplore have
brought upon society in the
tish islands: it is by reuniting

SHANE O'NEILL'S LAST AMOUR.

On an evening early in the summer of 1567, when all Ulster was convulsed with the rebellion of Shane O'Neill, a curragh, or rude boat of native construction, put off from that part of the shore of Loch Neagh which still is, as it then was, overhung by the deep woods of Edenduffcarrick. The wind was from the land; and, gathering way as they opened the little creek of Antrim, the voyagers shot southward on the rising breeze, and leaving the level meadows of Killead upon their quarter, bore down for the wooded and round-towered recesses of Ram's Island. The crew were native Irish, and it was evident that violence had accompanied their presence in Antrim. One prisoner, a man bound hand and foot, lay motionless in the bottom of the boat; another, a female, and, by her dress, an Englishwoman, sat sobbing and trembling under her close-drawn mantle at the foot of the mast. The leader of their captors was a man still far from the prime of life, and of a noble but licentious aspect. His dress was scrupulously Irish, and splendid to magnificence, but torn and soiled, like that of one who had forced his way through a wild country. His band were tall and picked men, bearded and savage, and, like their captain, covered with the tokens of a rough and hasty journey. The chief had at first taken his seat by the side of the captive female, making ineffectual efforts to soothe her terror; but now, unwilling, as it would seem, to expose himself longer in the character of an unsuccessful suitor before his men, he rose with an air of disappointment, and, taking the helm, busied himself in the navigation of the little vessel. The breeze was still freshening and coming round to the east, and the ill-built boat made little way, as the Irishmen, after rounding the headland which forms one side of the Crumlin's embouchure, endeavoured to beat up to the island, now lying close to windward. "Strike your sail," cried *the chief in Irish,* "pull *it down, and take to your oars at once.*" *The flapping squaresail* was lowered, and the crew laying hold of their oars, gave way so stoutly, that in a short time they were within a stone's throw of the beach, but, pulling with inconsiderate violence, they ran the boat aground upon a covered bank. The female prisoner looked up for the first time, as the sudden shock made all start from their seats. She was a beautiful girl, although her face was deadly pale from suffering and terror, and her eyes swollen and red from weeping. As she looked up, and beheld the scene before her—the lonely uninhabited island, with its thick woods and massive tower in the midst, within the walls of which any villany might be securely perpetrated—the savage figures by her side, and the looks of unconcealed exultation with which the chief regarded the shore—she uttered a faint scream, and sunk her head again upon her bosom; then drew her mantle across her face, and sat in silent despair, while the crew endeavoured to push off the stranded curragh with their oars. Their efforts were unavailing; the boat was fast. First one and then another leaped overboard, and laid his shoulder to the gunwale: it was in vain: the bottom was soft and tenacious, and the curragh stuck on the crown of the bank, unmoved. The chief himself now rose, cast off his mantle and cap, and, regardless of the richness of his dress, plunged also into the water, and joined his strength to the exertions of his men, who now stood up to their middles, one and all struggling and heaving round the shaken curragh. Their united efforts at length cleared the forward half of the keel, but the boat still hung on fast by the stern. "It is the weight of the Scot," cried one; "he lies under the thwarts like a log." "Ha!" cried the chief, "I had forgotten the knave—prick him with thy skene's point, Rory; and, hark ye, you may cut his cords, and let him jump overboard with the rest, and help: it will go hard with him to escape us here." The kerr drew his knife, and, leaning over the gunwale, obeyed his leader's orde

...ceived that he
as safe out of reach of the
r. The curragh was now
ogether free; but as she
ward, the increasing breeze
n the loose corners of her
cting on her high project-
forced her head round,
crew gave their last push,
lmost parallel with the
e Scot fixed his eye on
o windward, where fre-
's were raising a dark-
on the sharp swell al-
ing between them and
d dashing the sides and
f the dripping Irish. At
t of their final effort a
all threw up the white
the very verge of the
and came down blacken-
, and bending all the tree
island. The Scot leaped
at beside the motionless
aid hold of the loose hal-
ere the astonished crew
hat he intended, the sail
l the boat, drawing off
en roll, was stretching
urse like a slipped grey-
Irish were overturned
...

...sented by his body, as it swung d
in the slow undulations of the l
water. A half minute might
elapsed when he reappeared, c
ging him by the hair, and ming
shouts for help with frantic der
ciations of revenge.

"Swim, villains, swim," he cr
looking towards the island, wher
could distinguish a dark head h
and there rising and falling am
the waves as his men made to
assistance.

"The plunder of the Castle
Toome to the first man that gives
his hand!—it is Harry Oge, my f
ter-brother—the bravest one of
galloglass—his head is cleft in t
—strike out, villains, strike out, as
would not hang on the highest g
bet of Foichnagall!" Then raisi
his clenched hand, and shaking it
the Scot, now almost out of hearin
he shouted along the boiling wake
the curragh, "Dog, and son of
wolf-dog, thou shalt shortly feast t
kites of Killeightra for this! Hou
of a Scot, starved islander! thy co
sin Sorley Buye shall answer for t
head, or I will burn Dunluce fro
hearth to kingpost!"

"Thou art free again, lady," he cried, in good English, "thanks to the Virgin and Saint Columbkill!—Nay, fear not,"—for she shrunk from his extended hand, involuntarily drawing her mantle closer round her, but turning her eyes full of appealing supplication on his face,—"fear nothing, lady, unworthy of thy condition and mine. I am a Scottish gentleman, and will with my life protect thee from all discourtesy."

Blushing deeply, she drew back her mantle, and offered her hand; the Scot raised it to his lips, for, as her face betokened a gentle spirit, so did her white and jewelled fingers evince a gentle birth and condition.

"Forgive me, noble sir," she said, in a low and tremulous voice, "that I only now thank thee for my deliverance—I have been in doubt of life and honour since before sunrise, and am a helpless girl, far from my native country and my father's house."

Her tears flowed abundantly as she spoke, and the Scot was touched to the heart by her distress; he aided her from her uneasy place beside the mast, to a more comfortable seat in the stern, and spread the mantles of the Irish under her feet,—telling her, with all the kindliness of sincerity, that she should be protected and cared for like a sister, till he might restore her to her home, or leave her in some place of honourable safety. They swept on before the wind till all danger of pursuit was past; and the Scot, intrusting the helm to his fair companion, began to contract his sail by such rude contrivances as came to hand; for the eastern sky was momentarily putting on a gloomier aspect, and the wind was still increasing. His glances at the darkening horizon were so anxious, that his companion also turned her head, and looked in alarm in the same direction.

"Noble sir," said she, "dost thou see any one in pursuit? I see but our own sail on the lake, and one far distant towards the north; our enemies seem to stand idly on the point of the island."

"We are not pursued, dear *lady*," replied the *Scot*, "*but tell me, wert thou ever on this lake before?*"

"Alas! no," she said, "but it has been shown to me from the top of the mountain behind a kinsman's dwelling in the Claneboy."

"Canst thou tell me then," he eagerly enquired, "in which direction the great river Bann lieth?" She mused a moment in silence—"for," continued the Scot in explanation, "I was never before beyond the sea-coast of this country, and can only guess our situation by some vague recollections of what I have heard in my youth."

"The Bann," at length she said, "runs to the sea from this extremity of the lake," pointing northward across the waters, now glittering in the hazy light of sunset; "for that mountain on the right before us is Slieve Galeen; and I remember the mist of the river's course lay between that mountain and us, when we stood on a high hill beyond these woods which we are now leaving."

"Then," said the Scot, "let us sail down the Bann, for one of my kinsmen has a castle, called Dunluce, not far from the mouth of the river on the sea-shore; and were we there, I could easily protect thee whither thou wouldst."

"Alas," she replied, "we must not venture on the Bann, for I have heard my father say that the fierce rebel, Hugh MacMurrogh, is in arms on both banks next the lake, and that between him and the sea are the O'Kanes and MacQuillens, both cruel tribes, and hostile to the English."

"Ha!" cried the Scot, "if the MacQuillens stand in our way, I have little chance of passage; it is almost the only tidings I have heard of my kinsmen here of late, that they and the MacQuillens are at mortal feud."

"Their castle of Innislochlin stands in the very middle of the river," said she.

"Then," replied he, "we must not attempt the Bann. Yet be not cast down. Could we reach Armagh, we were safe; the Archbishop is my mother's cousin, and, though a heretic, would shelter us for her sake. Knowest thou where Armagh lies, lady?"

"Far to the south," she replied, "and many miles from the shore of the lake; but, my friend, why no return to the coast from which v

ize and convey me hither,
ly, hast partly seen; for
iole day in their fetters
laid their accursed hands

lme the wind had increa-
ch, that he had again to
tiller to the keeping of
t, while he confined the
canvass to still smaller
r the limber curragh
he force with which she
through the water, till it
f her sides would have
d together. A premature
coming up on the wind;
sun was still red above
hills, the east was dark,
been an hour under the
e swell of the loch grew
avier, and although the
right before the blast,
as frequently covered
of spray, that rebound-
ense sail, as from a wall,
ast in feathery drift at
parkling with bright co-
vel sunbeams, and con-
fully with the brown
ers below. The Scot
companion; she glan-

skirts of her coverings over her,
ranging her coarse pillow, or, wh
the boat's mad plunges threaten
to pitch both forward to the ma
taking her unresisting hand a
steadying her on her sloped a
perilous bed. Another long peri
of suffering was past, and the bla
outline of the Tyrone hills was fa
rising on the leaden-coloured sk
The Scot leant forward, strainii
his eyes through the spray and gloor
and eagerly bending his ears to li
ten, for he thought he had alread
twice distinguished the dash
breakers over the rushing tumult tha
surrounded him. He caught it again
the sound was close under the lee
He ventured for the first time to pu
down his helm. The curragh cam
round, with the wind upon her beam
and swooping down the trough o
the sea, held southward along shore
The Scot now hung over the gunwale
watching with intense anxiety fo
some opening in the surf's line o
dull light, already plainly distinguish
able, and almost within arrow rang
upon his lee, for his eye had caugh
a break in the long chain of hills, an
he judged rightly that some

between two lines of raging surf, and through the tumult of a torrent contending with the roll of an inland sea. Every instant he expected to be impaled on the jag of a rock, or beaten flat upon a sand-bank; but the river was deep in flood, and they swept on. Half full of water, quivering and straining, the boat breasted the stream, impelled by the force of a storm that scattered boughs of the stripped forest over the very waves she mounted. Wooded hills rose high on either hand, their waving outline of tossed tree-tops breaking the dim sky as far as the eye could reach; but the black mass suddenly seemed to open, for the curragh had come abreast of a tributary stream, and in the next instant was gliding into smooth water under the shelter of its bank. The Scot drew his breath freely again, as he felt the bottom of his boat grate gently on the gravelly slope between him and the shore, now within a leap of where he stood.

"Lady, dear lady!" he exclaimed, taking the cold hands of his companion in his, "we are safe once more—arise now, that I may bear thee to the land."

A low moan was all the reply.

"Thy sufferings are now over, my poor friend," said he, stooping and raising her half lifeless form in his arms; "I see a light on shore, and thou shalt soon be dry and warm again." He placed her on the seat he had himself occupied, then stepped into the shallow water alongside, and, lifting her like a child in his arms, bore her, step by step, fathoming as he went, to land. He laid her, murmuring inarticulate thanks, among the long grass and rushes of the holm; then wrung the water from his dripping cap and hair, and climbed the bank to look around for the fire, the reflection of which on the sky he had already distinguished from the river. On an open space, immediately below, he now saw it dull and scattered, and shewing itself in several distinct piles. It was the ruin of a burned house, through the windows of which the embers of the thatch were casting their dull glow to the unstayed blast of the *storm. Charred rafters still hung from the standing walls,* their ends lost in a heap of smoking rubbish, half extinguished by its own weight, and by the heavy fall of scattered masses of masonry. The sight, dreadful under any other circumstances—for the scene around was stern and desolate, and the violence of the times made it more than probable that still worse horrors lay hidden under the heaped ashes—was grateful to the chilled and almost exhausted Scot. He raked a pile of red charcoal together under the shelter of the outer wall, and cast the pieces of a broken rafter on the embers, then cleared a spot beside his lonely bonfire, and for a minute stood expanding his numbed hands over the cheerful glow. His heart smote him with a painful pang of self-reproach, for he had for that minute forgotten the poor sufferer on the grass beside the river. He started from his momentary indulgence, and, by the light of the blazing fagots, threaded his way back with a fluttering heart; for when once conscious of having admitted one moment's neglect of his companion, he found his fancy teeming with a thousand images of disaster; and it was not till he had raised her in his arms, and seen her eyes reopen in the light which he was again approaching, that he began to feel assured of her safety and of his own exculpation. Her eyes opened with glances of gratitude, and her lips murmured its more articulate expression. The Scot thrilled with a delight long unknown to his bosom, as he placed his burden, pale and drooping as she was, in the warmth of the fire he had prepared for her. He knelt beside her; he chafed her hands in his; he piled log upon log till the flame blazed to the height of a man's head before them; then hung up a dripping cloak to dry, and when the strong frieze glowed, would wrap it round her feet, or dry her long hair in the folds of his own plaid. By degrees she raised her relaxed frame and sat up, the colour coming and going on her cheek in alternations of pleasure and intense shame; for the first use of her returning faculties was to reflect that a strange man had borne her in his arms, had pressed her to his breast, had fondled her hands, and we

in thine honour—but I
ıeed thy support, my kind
eary thyself no more in
: of one already thy debtor
ght she can express."
ıe Scot perceived her so
red that she sat without
ınd began to enjoy the
e warmth of the fire, he
e, and again made his way
, whence he returned in a
s, bearing a basket well
provisions, the prepara-
ɜ Irish for their intended
Ram's Island. He also
ıh him the cloak and cap
ıder, with which, at the
ance of his companion,
his own.
' he now exclaimed, as
ıt napkin after napkin
their unexpected good
e knaves had promised
ı dainty supper; white
ɔn, and, if I mistake not,
ınd here, by my faith,
ı true Catholic, wine of
Drink, lady; this will
thee." He filled a
ıooped with silver, and
to the young English-
charged a more capa-
himself, and drained

it left them securely sheltered
they reclined, basking on the
sward, and casting involuntary
of delight on one another.
"Dear friend," said the Sc
zing with unconcealed admira
the bright vision before him,
me by what evil chance thou
fallen into the hands of yonde
ditti—an evil chance for thee, t
and unused to hardship as tho
but a rare favour of fortune to
for now, methinks, I would h
exchange this grassy couch, wi
canopy of driving clouds, and
walls of forest, for the richest
queting-hall of Saint Germains.
She blushed at his ardent dec
tion; but when, in answer to
question, she began to consider
forlorn condition, tears came a
to her eyes, and she sighed de
as she replied, "My name is C
Warden; I am the daughter o
English knight serving here in
Queen's army. My unhappy s
is soon told: I was in the hous
a kinsman in Claneboy, when
from whom thou hast delivered
came craving certain Irish exact
of Coyne and Cookery: they
what they demanded, and went
their way, but the lawless eye of t
leader had fall-

of the north, that all the forces of the Queen are hitherto unable to control him."

"What!" again exclaimed the Scot, "has the lame Earl such a spirit still?"

"Alas," said she, "thou hast not heard of our late troubles. Earl Con has perished miserably in the dungeons of his unnatural son Shane a Diomas, which means in our language, John the Proud, a cruel tyrant, who has imprisoned his father, slain his brother, and levied open war against his sovereign. He is the oppressor and scourge alike of English and Irish in the north."

"Where is his country, lady?" asked the Scot.

"If we have crossed the lake, we are even now in it," she replied, in a low voice; "all Tyrone is his, and if we have come hither before the east wind, we are now in Tyrone."

The Scot started, and looked around as if he expected an enemy to appear behind every tree; but the forest stood around them desolate and undisturbed by other footsteps than the trampling of the storm, which still raved down the leafy wilderness with undiminished fury.—"Where lies the traitor's camp, lady?" questioned he again, withdrawing his assured glances from the skirts of the forest, and once more fixing them on the beautiful face of his companion.

"I know not its situation," she answered; "but it is named Foichnagall, and lies somewhere in the woods."

"Ha!" replied the other, "he is then that bold rebel whose fame had reached me even in Paris—he who called his camp The Stranger's Hatred, and hangs up his soldiers for eating English bread."

"Nay," replied Clara, "it is even said that an English gentleman of good birth was lately slain by one of his kern for maintaining that he was not less honourable than the tyrant's swine."

"And," rejoined the Scot, "I have heard from grave men at our court, that he is wont to quench the fever of his blood after overdeep draughts of aqua vitæ, by plunging himself to the chin in one *of the peat bogs of this marshy and ill-conditioned country.*"

"He is in sooth a debauched and wicked tyrant," replied Clara. "It is but a year since he robbed a western chief, called O'Donnell, of his liberty and lordship, and now lives, it is reported, with the wife of his prisoner, and she too a near kinswoman of his own lady. Nay, his lawful wife herself is the daughter of one whom he slew in battle with his own hand."

"How is that," cried the Scot, "methinks the women of this rude country are as unnatural as the men!"

"She was a Scottish lady," said Clara. Her companion started and reddened as she spoke. "Her mother also gave her hand to one of the native Irish, a cousin of O'Neill, and a bitter enemy of her murdered husband."

"This is amazing and unexampled," said the Scot; "of what house were they, lady?"

Clara coloured and cast down her eyes in evident distress—"Alas, sir," she replied, "I had forgotten that thou art thyself of Scotland, else had I not distressed thee with the mention of thy unhappy countrymen's state."

"Tell me, I beseech thee," cried he, "I have been long from home, and know not but that they may be of my own blood, till thou tellest me."

"Art thou of the clan Campbell?" said she in a low voice.

"No, no!" exclaimed he; "but tell me what has happened to the MacAllan. I have an aunt, the daughter of Argyle—I am myself of the clan Donnell—Randall of Mull."

She raised her eyes full of tears and fixed them mournfully and imploringly on his countenance—"Pity me," she said, "that I must be the bearer of such news to my benefactor; one daughter of Argyle is that lady of O'Donnell, her sister's husband, James of Kintyre, is dead."

The Scot dropped the horn from his hands—"My uncle dead!" he cried; "and my aunt—my aunt, and my cousin Catharine—what of them? Speak, speak, I beseech you!"

"Wo is me," said the poor girl; "they are the other unhappy ladies of whom, in an ill hour, I have already spoken," and she burst into tears at the sight of the pain sh

ops of trees, she found the
ught, and rose with tender
tionate care to make her
charitable offices to him,
ort a time before had stood
comforted her in her mi-
e knelt down by the pros-
ı; she gently disengaged
from its grasp of the earth,
d away the clay and torn
; hung about the fingers,
t between hers. And now
rs fell on the mourner's
d he heard soft accents
ith sighs and tremulous
by his side. He knew
mpanion was there sym-
rith his sorrow, distressed
nt for having caused, and
deavouring to soothe it;
long ere he could bring
are his face, wet, although
nmanly tears, and red
rning shame of dishon-
eyes even of such a com-
ngth his convulsed hand
pressed the gentle palm
rested; the next moment
d was rushing headlong
wood, but Clara clung
, imploring him not to

thou leavest me," she

feel for me and pity me,
tears are balm to my grief; b
not, I pray thee, that thou h
chosen a messenger of this il
The news which from thy l
been borne, even poorly as it i
have been, I fear me much, li
than unsupportable from any
I have lost kinsman and kinsw
ignominiously lost her whom
loved best in the world—bu
when thus desolate, I have f
comforter, a consoler,—perl
truer friend."

Clara was painfully con
that her situation would not
her to listen to the avowal
she felt approaching. In a
place, under other circumstan
beneath the roof of friends, an
the natural guardians of her
she might have awaited in flut
expectance the declaration of
a lover; but there, alone and
depths of the forest, she shrun
startled timidity from the dang
topic; and, after a confused
cast round her eyes, and asked

"Noble sir, what dost thou
best to be done?"

The Scot roused himself
the influences of his mingled
tions, and, standing up at her
tion, with a heavy sigh replied

cute his purpose. Clara gazed after him till the thick underwood closed between them, and then sunk her head and wept, she knew not whether for her own helplessness or for his sorrow. At this moment, a party of Irish were descending a rude defile in the woods, within arrow range of the lovely and disconsolate English girl. They were the escort of a lady who rode in the midst muffled and silent. The reflection of the great fire had caught their attention from a distance, and, as they advanced upon the light, a nimble scout had been already despatched to reconnoitre. He met them in breathless haste, ere they had yet turned into full sight of the scene beside the ruined house, and signed to them to draw up.

"Who are they?" questioned the lady in Gaelic Irish.

"A man and an Englishwoman, Banierna," he replied; "and by your head," he added, in a low voice, "I know the purple cloak of the Duine-Waisil."

The lady started on her seat, and bent her ear to the whisper in which her spy communicated the remainder of his intelligence.

"Put out your lights," she said, in a suppressed voice, to her attendants; "and do thou, Alister Mackenzie, come and see if this be true."

A man wrapped in a dark mantle dismounted, and came forward.

"For the love of the Virgin, Alister," said the lady in an impatient and tremulous voice, "go forward with Munagh Garbh, and tell me truly whether thou thinkest him in the right;—I cannot trust myself to look at them."

She was weeping passionately ere she had said so much, and remained in tears till Mackenzie returned.

"It is too true, Banierna," he said; "I stole down within a step or two of where she sat,—they had been at supper,—he was gone; but I knew Harry Oge's cloak—and she sat upon it."

"Alister, Alister, I shall go mad!" cried the lady: "What! supping and carousing in the open woods with the daughter of the stranger, and I seeking *him from Bann to Blackwater. I will go down and upbraid him to his face!*"

"Banierna, he is gone," said Mackenzie; "and we cannot guess whither."

"Then," exclaimed she, gathering up her bridle, "I will go down and put out his paramour's eyes—with my own hands I will do it!" she cried, struggling to urge on her horse, but Mackenzie withheld her.

"Banierna," said he; "he may be still within sight and hearing for aught we know: It were not safe to let him see thy displeasure; but listen, and I will tell thee what may well be done. I and Munach Garbh will steal down, wrap a cloak about the young Saxon's head to keep her from crying out, and bring her away. If he should see us—well, what of that?—We knew not it was in his protection she had been.—We found an enemy's daughter in the wood, and took her for an attendant on the Banierna More."

"And if you can carry her off unseen?" questioned the lady in an eager whisper.

"Make sure he has no suspicion of us," replied Mackenzie: "and then—what the Banierna pleases to command."

"Alister," said she, "if thou canst bring her off, I will give thee as much land as there is betwixt this and Dungannon."

"We can do it, I am satisfied," said he: "She sits with her back to the wall, close by the open of a window. We will lift her through without shaking a curl of her coolun."

"The Saxon wears no coolun, Alister," said she bitterly; "yet he forsakes me for a short-haired stranger."

Mackenzie said no more; but, signing to the other, descended stealthily to the back of the ruined building. They executed their purpose without noise or struggling. Clara's face was covered, and her arms pinioned, before she could utter a single cry; and, in another minute, she felt herself placed on horseback before a man, and surrounded by whispers and exclamations in an unknown language.

"Well done, good Alister," cried the lady as he returned. "Munagh Garbh, thou shalt be promoted to the axe for this; thou art henceforth my own galloglass;—but what hast thou here?"

utter !"
erna," said Mackenzie, in
tulating tone—but he had
ion to urge farther argu-
nercy, for while he spoke a
loud shout sounded from
s, and the lady, with a sup-
ry of alarm, gave her horse
and was followed by the
e party in equal consterna-
at as rapid a pace as the
nd rude nature of the road
. The Scot was calling the
Clara Warden through all
in an agony of high dis-
had returned, and missed
nion. There were the
which she had sat, and
s spread beside and un-
but she was gone, and
o answer to his repeated
seized a brand from the
shed into the wood, for
he heard the tramp of
e held his torch above his
cleared the thick beech-
ugh horse track was be-
d a company of mounted
o or what he could not
uncertain light, bursting
evident confusion and
prang out, but they were
ie, all save one. He was
and must still

the wood at one side, and th
his horse to a tree, and laid
down to sleep. Fatigue and
uninterrupted during two d
a night, save for the short t
had spent in such transitory p
beside the ruin, gave him thei
of forgetfulness and ease ti
break. When the east was g
grey with the summer sunri
Scot awoke, fresh and rea
whatever might befall him.
a moment, pondering with h
whether he had not been dre
all his past adventures, from th
when he first landed at Old
Castle, up to the loss of his
Clara; but the sight of the d
rest around him, and the grey cl
standing by his side, soon rouse
to the reality of his recollec
and the necessity of being u
doing. He sprang on his h
back, and pursued the road h
taken on the past night. It w
more than a stripe of greens
melting at times into the dry ch
of a torrent, and sometimes lost
for a narrow pathway, beaten a
the trunks of overhanging trees
it still afforded the only mean
his clearer faculties could put
in, of overtaking or succourin
ill-fated girl.

sedgy hollows swelter, till a heavy haze arose that dimmed the sharp blue outline of the mountains, and seemed to hang upon the very leaves of the forest with a clogging languor, which soon imparted itself to both horse and man. The Scot perceiving his steed's failing power, selected a spot of green herbage by the edge of a stream, and, secure of his not wandering beyond his pasture, removed the bridle with its heavy bit, took off the unstirruped pad-saddle, and turned him loose to graze; then sat himself down by the little river's side, and gazed on the running water, musing on his strange adventures, till heat and fatigue again put him to sleep. When he awoke, the shadow of the mountain-ash, under which he had been sheltered when he lay down, played in the evening breeze upon the opposite bank of the stream. He rose hastily, but started to see a handsome youth attending his waking, cap in hand, upon the bank beside him.

"Duine Waisil," said the young stranger, in an humble voice, "you will need a horse-boy to carry your lance and shield—may I attend your nobleness to the wars?"

The youth spoke in the Gaelic dialect of the north, and when the Scot questioned him whence he came, he replied, "From Sorley Buye, with letters to the Reagh More—I have left them with his scribe MacEver, and my errand is finished. I am weary of the stables of Dunluce, and would fain follow some brave gentleman to the field."

"Thy name?"

"I am Jeniko MacRickard MacCormack," said the boy; "and the reason why I ask for service in Tyrone is, because I am a Macquillen, and I hate the Scot."

"Why serve him then?"

"Thou art not a Scot?" said the boy, fixing an eye of fierce enquiry on his question.

Randall of Mull smiled, and said, "Thou dost mistake me; why, I would ask, dost thou serve Yellow Sorley in the stables of Dunluce, and why bear his letters over the hills of Tyrone?"

"In Dunluce, which is mine own castle by right," *replied the boy, "I served the yellow tyrant because I was his prisoner; in Tyrone, because* he made me swear by the tomb in the Cathedral of Coleraine, that I would do his errand ere he let me cross the drawbridge—none but a Macquillen dare venture up the Bann, and therefore I was chosen."

"Thou art a brave youth," said the Scot, "and I would willingly take thee into my service, but that for certain weighty reasons I must just now ride alone; but tell me the way to Foichnagall, and I will reward thee."

"You will see the camp of the Reagh More, noble sir, from the top of yonder hill. O'Neill himself is absent, if it be he whom you seek."

"It is the Banierna O'Neill, to whom I have an urgent suit," replied the Scot, for a faint hope of seeing his unhappy cousin here flashed upon his uncertain mind—"if thou wilt tell me in what part of the camp I may find her," he added, "I will give thee thanks and reward."

"The Banierna More," said Jeniko MacRickard, "has her pavilion on the right of the main street; thou wilt know it by the red hand floating from the flagstaff. I saw her early this morning, entering with her train from the woods, and it seemed to me that a maiden who was with them was in some sort their prisoner."

"Good Jeniko," cried the Scot; "tell me, I beseech thee, what was the dress of that maiden?"

"She was wrapped in a mantle," replied he, "and I marked no part of her dress save her shoes; but, by virtue of my baptism, I never saw such shoes on maiden's feet before; they had red pieces of wood two fingers deep beneath the heels, fine golden clasps upon them, and"——

"*Lamh dearg* marks the pavilion, thou sayest?"

"Noble sir, yes—may thy suit prosper; the daughter of MacAllan is all-powerful with the Reagh More."

"The daughter of MacAllan?" repeated the Scot, "whom meanest thou?"

"She who had rather be an Irish Banierna than the Countess of Argyle," replied the boy.

"Jeniko," cried the Scot, "thou tellest me of the wanton wife of O'Donnell. I ask, where lies the tent of the lady of O'Neill—of the daughter of Sir James of Kintyre?"

"Ah!" said the boy, "truly I hav

were it not that I have some
t, thou art thyself, O'Neill, I
say that Shane Diomas is a
nan."
ar nothing, Jeniko," said the
'but tell me why thou takest
O'Neill?"
bard, noble sir, described the
More to me, as he last left the
mounted on a grey charger,
a purple cloak, all fringed
olden tassels, wearing even
plume and cap as this; and
a tall gentleman of free and
aspect—all as thou art, noble

aiko, I must see the daughter
tyre—direct me to her tent
it delay—I am not O'Neill;
r nothing."
is a poor lodging, sir, on the
the camp, hard by the little
I know not how thou wilt dis-
h it, unless by the loneliness
doors; for the poor lady nei-
oves out herself nor suffers
aidens even to shew them-
while her cruel kinswoman,
nierna More is in the camp.
h, sir, she is here by force,
she had her liberty she would

than five miles from the ca
the English are on that side
though they be still bey
Blackwater, we are not to
fowl in that direction."

"Then farewell for a whil
be silent and punctual."

The Scot had now no do
the chief of the Irish whor
left on Ram's Island was
and that Clara had been s
his jealous concubine, hims
mistaken for John the Prou
unintentional disguise.
formed the resolution of pr
this casual resemblance, a
his chance of passing for t
rebel, till he might obtain
view with his cousin, and e
to release his fair friend.
believe me to be O'Neill," h
with himself, "and know th
sight of their party in the w
will not dare to offer any vi
Clara. The proud adultre
least secure my poor friend
chance of dishonour; so if
should fail, I alone will suf
haps the English army may
her—perhaps the jealous
may voluntarily send he

plain before him. The number of the huts fully accounted for the deserted appearance of the country, and herds enough to have pastured all the waste meadows he had passed, were scattered over the plain, one part in staked enclosures, beside piles of all kinds of forage. Troops of mounted soldiery were seen patrolling the woods, and a battalion of galloglass at exercise on the glacis of the inner camp's intrenchments. The sun was already sunk, and the favourable twilight setting in; but he longed for a deeper dusk before he should venture on the perilous attempt; at the instant, however, an outpost recognised him, and drew up at a little distance on the road, presenting their arms till he should pass. It was now too late to retreat; he pulled his cap over his brows and galloped up, and bowed as he passed the guard undiscovered; he then crossed the plain at a rapid pace, and made for the nearest entrance. The guard again turned out, hailing their chief's return with loud acclamations of delight and attachment. He passed the barriers with equal success, and turned his horse's head, amid a crowd of uncovered and amazed retainers, down the narrow street of huts to his left. The noise of his arrival flew through the camp on all sides; but the strangest report that had ever yet agitated the rude public of Foichnagall was, that O'Neill was riding at the top of his horse's speed to the quarters of his lawful, but long neglected lady. Hugh Duff MacAulay dropped his gay battle-axe thunderstruck, as he saw the royal apparition leap from his horse upon the grass-grown esplanade, throw him the reins, and pass him right up to the door of the desolate-looking booth. It was opened by a woman, who uttered an exclamation of delight and surprise, and ran before him into her mistress's apartment to announce the happy tidings. The Scot threw himself into a seat in a corner of the low hall, and averted his face from the little light remaining, as he heard a quick step announce the entrance of the astonished lady. She stopped at a little distance when she saw he did not rise to receive her.

"*My Lord — O'Neill,*" *she said,* "I am here as thou hast commanded. — Nora, withdraw; the King would be alone." The attendant retired; the Scot arose and extended his hand; she took it fondly, kissed it, and said, "O'Neill, thou hast long been a stranger in thy wife's house; but I have no will now to upbraid thee. Let me sit again by thy side, my lord and husband," she said, taking her seat on a low boss of rushes on his right hand; "nay, turn not away thy face, gloomy although it may be to think how fearfully thou didst win me, and how wantonly thou hast cast me off. I will not upbraid thee; I swear to thee I will not again complain. Shane, dear Shane, why dost thou tremble in the embrace of thy wedded and true wife?" for the frame of her disguised kinsman shook with strong emotion, as his former horror of her conduct, which had brought him thither only for the sake of another, yielded to sympathy and pity for her own miseries.

"Dear Catharine," he whispered —she pressed his hand with a joyous response to her fluttered heart—"as you love your own kin and your own soul," he continued, in a low and impressive whisper, that made her start with a pang of painful amazement—"as you love the Clan Donnell, and would atone for the sin you have done, restrain yourself, and scream not.—I am not O'Neill, but thine own cousin, Randall of Mull."

The wretched lady sank back insensible; he caught her as she fell, and, with the quiet action of a determined man, laid her gently on the ground beside a window, which he then threw open to the evening breeze. The moment she reopened her eyes, his voice was urging new entreaties in her ear. "Sit up, Catharine—lean on me, and fear nothing. We are safe from all discovery. O'Neill is at this moment far from Foichnagall. Forgive me my disguise, dear Catharine; for my life, and the life and honour of one as dear to me as myself, depend upon its success. Alas! I have practised a cruel deception on thee, my wronged and wretched cousin! But forgive me, for the sake of our joined hands in the chapel of Glenarm."

"Oh, Randall," she said faintly, "remind me not of those innocent

thee all in good time; meane give this token," and he took agle's feather from his cap, "to galloglass before the door. Tell —O'Neill's commands are, that o to the pavilion of the Lady onnell, and receive from her s the female prisoner brought r train this morning to the camp t he bring her in safety to me and also that he have four fleet s ready for the road at a mis warning—all this on his pe-

hou dost not mean to take me , Randall?" said the lady, in le alarm.

atharine, I conjure you, trust he said. "If you desire it, I ike you hence, but not otheras I am a Catholic Christian. ist thou remember what I have

an—the lady—" she could not unce the hated name, "she is d hither the female prisoner it into the camp in her train orning—the galloglass who her is to have four horses for the road."

ght, right," said he; "and bid

through the staring capt tlemen, who recognise with accustomed resp they wondered much a of the bearer.

"What are the l mands?" said Mackenz

Hugh Duff began to message aloud: the mo cretary perceived its t sought to interrupt him with the boldness of offi in declaring his comm the whole assembled cro

"Let the maiden be bi speedily, Master Macken your peril see that the fleet and well-caparisoned after the astounded sec sought his mistress in de the supposed disgrace o favourite spread with even greater than that of of O'Neill's arrival.

"Good fortune never broken vows," said on Calvagh may put the hal shannon Castle in order f She will soon be knocking tance at his gates again."

"Rather say a cell in th

meditating the means of screening herself and friends from blame, should they have been discovered, and of still maintaining that supremacy which she had long enjoyed. Alister Mackenzie entered pale and agitated.

"Lady," said he, "O'Neill is returned."

"I am prepared to meet him, Alister," she replied; "hear my design, and admit him without delay."

"Lady," stammered the secretary, "O'Neill, I fear, knows all. He has but now ridden into the camp, on the very horse which Munagh Garbh abandoned in the wood."

"I am prepared for that," replied the lady. "Munagh Garbh deserted from our troop two days since: be it thy business to arrange that report among my kern. It was the same party of the Lynagh-men who burned the Erenach Gallaghar's house, still hoverlng about their prey, that stole the Saxon girl. Munagh Garbh is himself of the Muinter Lynagh, and has more than once threatened to take service under Turlogh. Thus is all accounted for: what sayst thou to my story?"

"All the wit of woman cannot save us," said the secretary; "the Scot's messenger saw us this morning as we brought her hither, and it is supposed he has told O'Neill as much, for the Reagh More has laid his commands upon us to deliver her up without delay."

"Faint-hearted fool!" cried the lady, "I will go to O'Neill.—The messenger lied; it was my tire-woman Grana Nic Owen whom he saw—where is O'Neill?"

"Banierna, prepare thyself for ill news!" said the secretary, "O'Neill is so enraged that he hath gone to the booth of"——he hesitated.

She started from her seat.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "what wouldst thou say? speak out!"

"O'Neill is with his wife, Lady," said the secretary, "with the Banierna M'Donnell—and I have sent him the young Saxon, as he commands."

"Villain!" cried the enraged Lady, "dost thou stand before me and call her his wife? Dost thou, to my face, tell me thou hast disposed *at thy pleasure of my prisoner? Thou, whom I have raised from the dust,—*

dost thou join the other conspirators against my right and honour?—Out of my sight, son of a she-wolf—hence!" she cried, frantic with rage, and stamping on the floor.

Mackenzie drew back a moment, appalled by her wild violence; but when he saw her cast herself back upon a couch, exhausted by her passion, and in tears, he approached her and said—

"Banierna, thou hast done me wrong—I am still true to thy service. Rise, and we will go down together, and appease O'Neill or fly."

"What!" cried the miserable woman, "stand at the door of his lawful wife, and beg admittance to the man who scorns me? Never—never—I will sooner die than suffer that dishonour! Go, make thy peace if thou canst, but here I lie till death, or Shane O'Neill come for me!"

She fell on the floor in strong convulsions. Mackenzie summoned her attendants, and left her swooned among their hands.

In the meantime the Scot sat with his cousin, detailing to her the circumstances of his escape, and subsequent adventures, and eagerly expecting the arrival of his messenger. Lady Catharine listened in mournful silence to his story.

"Randall," she said, when he had finished, "thou hast told me that to which my ears have been long accustomed. O'Neill is abandoned and tyrannous; his paramour is proud and cruel. I am now for three years the victim of daily and open insult from them both,—yet, oh forgive me if it be a sin! I love my husband still, and still am satisfied to hope on in silence. Ask me not to fly: I shall never again shew myself among the Clan Donnell. They call me the wife of my father's murderer, but oh, Randall, believe it not: he fell in the open field, and on the even beam of battle, nor knew I by whose hand, till I was long the wife of O'Neill. No—no—ask me not to go: let me remain and expiate my guilt, if guilt it be, in patient suffering here."

She sat down and wept bitterly: the Scot, dashing a tear from his eye, turned to the window, for he heard the tramp of horses, and at the next moment beheld his messenger with

...ver.

The Scot, with a heavy sigh, cross-
the threshold. A crowd was
hered round the court-yard: he
ved his hand for them to retire:
iko, who seemed to comprehend
whole design, shouted aloud—
Way for O'Neill!" making his
rger perform a demivolta into the
kest of the press, and effectually
ring a space round the little
dcade. Clara had not dared to
up till she heard a voice by
side, the sound of which made
almost drop from her seat. One
est whisper explained all, and
next moment the Scot was
nted, and the whole party, Hugh
being desired to lead the way,
riding at a quick pace for the
annon gate. Jeniko, who had
ved some brief orders from his
r, now said to MacAulay, "We
the Armagh road, my friend,
O'Neill would not be interrupt-
et us ride on." The uncon-
s guide pricked out in front,
vas followed over the forest
by the unsuspected fugitives.
lle they were thus riding south-
at their horses' speed towards

..."

"For what do ye l
together, ye gossipi
cried O'Neill to a knot
round the next fire. Th
swer from the questio
one of his own body-gu
observed, had heard t
surmises, came up, a
voice, communicated
import. O'Neill was
perstitious than others
but he turned pale as th

"Who saw it?" he e
mediately referring the
to something supernatu

"Here is Brian Roe
who says he was with
length of it," said som
guard-fire.

"Send him hither," s
A kern came forward.

"Say what thou hast
"O'Neill," replied t
saw your likeness, mou
coutred as you left the
days since, ride from th
to the booth of the Lad
of Kintyre, and enter h
ving what seemed your
keeping of the galloglass
MacAulay."

through the camp. He made direct for the hut of his wife: there was a crowd of girls and women in the court, and a chorus of maidens singing—"We have brought the summer with us"—in congratulation under her windows. Shane's heart fell as he heard his own condemnation in the people's joy over his supposed return to right conduct. They recognised him as he rode up: a lane was opened for him to the door—aged women, matrons, and young girls, all blessing him as he passed. He was sick from shame and terror; for he never doubted that he had been summoned to the scene by superhuman agency, but he preserved the boldness of his deportment till he got over the threshold—the long uncrossed threshold of his wife's chamber.

"Catharine!" he cried, "what is this which has been here in my likeness—has it appeared to you?"

"Oh, my own lord and husband! is this thyself at last?" exclaimed his lady, starting from her tear-wet pillow, and falling on his neck.

"It is myself, Kate," he said, "but who or what has been this other?—tell me, I conjure you." She looked up smiling through her tears.

"Oh, Shane," she said, "I have a strange tale to tell thee—sit down and drink this cup of wine, and I will tell thee all truly and gladly."

He sat down beside his wife, and she took his hand in hers, and told him all that had happened. The sinking boat, seen by the Toome fishermen, had been the other sail already mentioned. It was long past midnight when Shane O'Neill left the side of his lady; he turned and kissed her as he left the door; his step was light and vigorous again, and the marks of his rough journey were gone. He walked straight to the great pavilion in the middle of the camp. The sound of lamentation was loud within; he hurried forward, and entering, found the Lady O'Donnell and her women mourning over the distorted body of Alister Mackenzie—he had strangled himself.

"How now?" cried O'Neill, "who has done me this good service?"

The women told him *shortly how it was; but the Lady O'Donnell*, swelling with shame and indignation, burst into a torrent of reproaches, long and vehement, which was only interrupted by the entrance of another and more impetuous mourner. It was Hugh Duff MacAulay, covered with dust and blood; he burst into the tent crying that all was over, that O'Neill was lost—a prisoner to the English.

"Thou liest, sir!" said Shane, seizing the astounded galloglass. "Hast thou spread this news also in the camp?"

"By the head of O'Neill," cried Hugh, "this is either witchcraft or worse."

"There is no witchcraft in the case," said Shane, "beyond the ready wit of a brave Scot who has outdone us all with a cap, a cloak, and a stout heart. But tell me truly, Hugh, hast thou bruited abroad this thy news of my fancied capture?"

"O'Neill," said the galloglass, "I feared to throw the camp into confusion, and waited till I came hither ere I spoke."

"Thou hast done well, and shalt be rewarded for thy discretion," said Shane; "and now draw thy breath, and tell me how this capture of your supposed O'Neill took place?"

"It was the strangest thing I ever saw," replied Hugh. "He and the young girl, and the boy Jeniko—a knife in his throat, young wolf-whelp—rode right up to the English outposts at Dungannon, and asked who commanded.

"'Sir Dominick Warden,' said the Saxon sentinel. 'We surrender to him,' cried the penitent young traitor, and up rode the advanced guard. I struck for O'Neill as long as I could hold my axe, but he called to me himself, as it seemed, to fly if I could for my life; and so seeing I could no better, I e'en turned my horse's head, and never drew bridle till I got to Foichnagall."

"O'Neill!" cried another messenger, rushing in, "by your head I have seen the ragged staff on the Deputy's ensign, floating in the moonlight, three miles south of Magherafelt—there has been a bloody battle at Toomeferry, and the English of Cragfergus are in Killeighra."

and carry to Ocahan my com-
that he make stand in Tullegha-
the clan Hagan. Now send me
my secretary, Neal MacEver,
p Brian Barry and Harry Oge.
ny poor foster-brother. I had
ten that shrewd stroke of the
ide, but it was fairly dealt and
ive it—thou wilt never again
the cry of *lamh dearg*. But

of defence, apparently unc
of the presence of the silent
At length the Lady O'Donne
vering from her consternat
dered her attendants to lift t
body of Mackenzie, and wa
to have renewed her com
"Tut!" cried Shane, "get
bed, ye silly women. My b
is now with Elizabeth of Eng

THE WINE-CUP. A VISION. BY C. M.

e hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red: it is full mixed, and he po
As for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them, and suck th
Psalm lxxv. v. 9, 10. *Common Prayer Ver*

I saw the secrets of the sky:
On Angel-wing I seem'd to fly
Up to the flaming judgment-throne,
And the dread Power who sits thereon.
I saw his hand a wine-cup hold;
And, mantling o'er the radiant gold,
A blood-red stream came foaming o'er,
And purpled heaven's eternal floor.

I ask'd a seraph why the wine
Presented by the hand divine
That vivid sanguine colour wore,
And why its torrent rush'd impetuous to the floor

"And what is the taste to the liquor given?
Is it like aught else in earth or heaven?"—
"O yes, 'tis like all tastes below:
Its drops each change of flavour know,
As from lip to lip it passes round,
And still each palate to suit are found.

"To the stern oppressor its draught appears
The salt, salt brine of his victim's tears;
And, if for a delicate perfume he cries,
'Tis wafted straight in their deep-drawn sighs.

"To the murderer's lip its fatal flood
Shall taste as it looks, of blood, still blood;
For in blood he revell'd and bathed below,
And blood shall be ever his draught of woe."—

"And what," I ask'd, "shall its flavour be
To the demagogues' godless company,
And the rebel-band who their nod obey,
And all that is holy make their prey?"—

"Of wormwood its taste to that tribe accurst;
For their souls, with bitterest longings nurst,
To bitterest deeds are wildly driv'n;
And bitter their portion shall be from Heav'n."

The vision fled: I sadly thought,
Since thus the cup of God is fraught
With vengeance, and must soon begin
To pour for all who live in sin
Its draught of mantling misery,
My late and early prayer shall be,
"O God, thy mercy shew to me;
And keep, good Lord! thy servant free
From proud, presumptuous ways, and passion's mastery."

THE HEART'S PRISON. BY C. M.

"HERE, take this heart," an Angel said:
(His hand the while a heart convey'd.)
"'Tis lawless, godless, rude, and wild,
With ev'ry stain of sin defiled,
And must, so stands th' eternal will,
Be closely barr'd and fetter'd till
Its dreary penance-term expir'd,
It be once more with goodness fired;
Or, failing that, for ever be
Shut up in lonely misery."

Th' avenging demons took the heart
And gloated o'er its ev'ry part,
To think (O pleasing task!) that Heaven
To them its punishment had given.—
And first they sought fit substance out
For barricadoes firm and stout,
To shut the victim closely in,
Ere its dire *fett'ring* should begin.

That should mock all hopes to flee:
"There are chinks," said the fiends, "in the stuff, thoug
That has oft been supplied by thee;
And the Day-spring finds its way erelong,
And then the heart's sorrows are turn'd to son

"Fools! fools!" a deep, slow, mocking voice
Behind them cried: they turn'd to see,
Bent low with age and misery,
A crippled wretch, a hideous man,
Whose iron features to rejoice
Had long forgotten: scarce a span

His slow and weary feet could move:
Ne'er from the ground his eye its look
Could raise; but on that senseless book
With dull regard it ever por'd.
"Fools! fools! to hope that aught would prove
A dungeon," said the wretch abhorr'd,
"For human hearts save my material!
Turn in with me." The Demons turn'd,
And saw a forge where num'rous burn'd
Thick heavy bars. "This precious ore,"
He said, "no art, no hand imperial,
No heav'nly magic can o'erpower.

"Must I its name, its nature tell?
No tears will melt it; no bright beams,
No fresh and dewy morning gleams,
May pierce, or burning noontide glare,
This metal, forg'd in fire of hell:
Its name, its nature is—DESPAIR."

Then the flaming bars the Demons seized:

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE.

BY MRS HEMANS.

No. VIII.

PRISONER'S EVENING SERVICE.

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

> From their spheres
> The stars of human glory are cast down;
> Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
> Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms
> Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
> Nor is power given to lowliest Innocence
> Long to protect her own.—WORDSWORTH.

Scene—Prison of the Luxembourg, in Paris, during the Reign of Terror.

D'AUBIGNE, *an aged Royalist.*—BLANCHE, *his Daughter, a young girl.*

Blanche. What was our doom, my father?—In thine arms
I lay unconsciously thro' that dread hour.
Tell me the sentence!—Could our judges look,
Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?
Was there not mercy, father?—Will they not
Hasten us to our home?
D'Aubigné. Yes, my poor child!
They send us home.
Blanche. Oh! shall we gaze again
On the bright Loire?—Will the old hamlet-spire,
And the grey turret of our own château,
Look forth to greet us thro' the dusky elms?
Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,
Welcome us back at last?—But how is this?
—Father! thy glance is clouded—on thy brow
There sits no joy!
D'Aubigné. Upon my brow, dear girl,
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace,
As may befit the Christian, who receives
And recognises, in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.
Blanche. Thou dost not mean—
—No, no! it cannot be!—Didst thou not say
They sent us *home?*
D'Aubigné Where is the spirit's home?—
Oh! most of all, in these dark evil days,
Where should it be—but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power—
Where, but in Heaven.
Blanche. My father!
D'Aubigné. *We must die.*
We must look up to God, and calmly die.
—Come to my heart, and weep there!—for awhile
Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise
In the still courage of a woman's heart!

---

* The *last days of two prisoners in the* Luxembourg, Sillery and La Source, so *affectingly described by Helen Maria* Williams, in her Letters from France, gave *rise to this little scene.—These two victims* had composed a little hymn, which *every night sung together in a low* and restrained voice.

ejoicing to depart.—The soil is steep'd
noble blood; the temples are gone down,
ıe voice of prayer is hush'd, or fearfully
utter'd, like sounds of guilt.—Why, who would live?
ho hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
) quit for ever the dishonour'd soil,
ıe burden'd air?—Our God upon the cross—
ır King upon the scaffold*—let us think
these—and fold endurance to our hearts,
d bravely die!

Blanche. A dark and fearful way!
evil doom for thy dear honour'd head!
! thou, the kind, the gracious!—whom all eyes
ss'd as they look'd upon!—Speak yet again—
', will they part us?

D'Aubigné. No, my Blanche; in death
shall not be divided.

Blanche. Thanks to God!
by thy glance will aid me;—I shall see
light before me to the last.—And when—
h! pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child!—
en shall the hour befall?

D'Aubigné. Oh! swiftly now,
suddenly, with brief dread interval,
ies down the mortal stroke.—But of that hour
et I know not.—Each low throbbing pulse
he quick pendulum may usher in
nity!

Blanche (*kneeling before him.*) My father! lay thy hand
hy poor Blanche's head, and once again
s her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
breathing saintly courage through her soul,
we are call'd.

Aubigné. If I may [illegible]

He calls thee now from this rude stormy world,
To thy Redeemer's breast—And thou wilt die,
As thou hast lived,—my duteous, holy Blanche!
In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of Heaven.

Blanche (rising.) Now is there strength
Infused through all my spirit.—I can rise
And say—"Thy will be done!"

D'Aubigné (pointing upwards.) Seest thou, my child,
Yon faint light in the west? The signal-star
Of our due vesper-service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon-grating!—Fearfully
It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy Fear or wavering Faith
Silenced the strain?—No! let it waft to Heaven
The Prayer, the Hope, of poor Mortality,
In its dark hour once more!—And we will sleep—
Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

(They sing together.)

PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN.

We see no more, in thy pure skies,
How soft, O God! the sunset dies;
How every coloured hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood:
Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours now for ever gone,
Father! o'er all thy works, we know,
Thou still art shedding Beauty's glow;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of Thee;
Still feeding all thy flowers with light,
Though Man hath barr'd it from our sight.
We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging One, th'All-Just,
And bless Thee still with free and boundless trust!

We read no more, O God! thy ways
On Earth, in these wild evil days.
The rod severe in th' oppressor's hand
Is ruler of the weeping land;
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.
Yet, by the deep voice from the Past,
Which tells us, these things cannot last;
And by the Hope which finds no Ark,
Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark;
We trust Thee!—As the sailor knows
That in its place of bright repose
His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud
May veil it with a midnight shroud.
We know Thou reign'st!—All Holy One, All-Just!
And bless Thee still with Love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one suffering till the tomb.
Yet, by the anguish of Thy Son
When his last hour came darkly on;

of these Keenes abound with touches of a wild and simple pathos. The following one, but only in imitation of their peculiar style, which seems to bear much analistics of Irish music.

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O my bright first-born!

At the glad sound of that footstep
My heart within me smiled;—
Thou wert brought me back all silent
In thy blood, my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh with thine own blue eyes;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee
Thy kindred's graves among;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

EDMUND BURKE.

PART VIII.

THERE are strong analogies between the conduct of men and nations. Few men have ever looked back upon life, without being able to point to some period when their better genius seemed to desert them—when they gave way to some passion, which, in the retrospect, seems to have been all but frenzy, or plunged headlong into some pursuit, which at length excites nothing but astonishment at the folly of the hour. It is told of the celebrated Bishop Butler, that, once walking in his garden, he suddenly started from a profound meditation, and asked his chaplain, "Whether nations could not be taken with madness—like individuals?"—France, at the present day, is the nation looking backward on the frenzy of fifty years ago. Nothing is more remarkable, in the language of French society, than the wonder which they express at the violences of Revolution. They pronounce it a folly—a fever—a madness—a return to barbarism—a reign of treachery—a riot of furious licentiousness—a hot carousal of blood. France will be fortunate, if she writes those epithets upon her phylacteries, and, casting aside the love of her old democratic idolatry, worships the spirit of freedom with the sincerity of the heart, as well as with the formality of the lips. But vain, fickle, and presumptuous, she still has hazards prepared by her own hands, and the recompense of her vices will be the instability of her throne. Still her Revolution will have had its uses, if it act as a warning to nations better worth rescuing from ruin. The fire that shot up from her funeral pile will have done its service, if it becomes a beacon to Europe. Even the racks and scaffolds, the fierce slaughters, and indiscriminate miseries of the revolutionary reign, will almost take the rank of instruments of good, if, by that narrow period of their rage, they lead the way to wisdom among mankind for the time *to come. We may almost forgive the wild fury of the evil spirit that issues in his more complete subjection, and closes his* fiercer assault, and the haughtier daring of his vengeance, by the grasp that consigns him to his dungeon for a thousand years.

But it is to England that the lesson is of pre-eminent value. In the continental nations there is still much to change. There are pressures which a man of humanity would feel an insult to human nature, a philosopher would trace to inherent evil in the state, and a man of virtue would survey only as the visitations of justice on the offences of empire. There are trials of human patience, under the iron sceptres of the military sovereigns, which might well make a wise man balance between the brief paroxysm of a revolution, and the chronic stings of a government of the sword. It is enough for the ears of Englishmen, who know that true liberty is the breath in the nostrils of States—the living principle which, sent into their frame from above, turns the form of clay into life—to hear, that the whole freedom of the German and his kindred nations, is by sufferance; that the personal character of the monarch constitutes the good or ill of his people; and that no man beneath the throne, who lays his head this night on his pillow, can be secure that he may not lay it to-morrow night on the floor of his dungeon. It is true that civil war would be a fearful cure for this mitigated slavery. Evil is a formidable purifier of evil; and calamity, to a proverb, follows redemption by rebellion. The sword never yet hacked away the chain, without drawing the blood of the slave. Yet it is to be deeply regretted, that some portion of the heat from that conflagration, which burned so furiously in the centre, was not suffered to shoot round its circumference, and melt those icy barriers with which absolute power guards its throne. It would be fortunate if the sovereigns of the Continent had learned from the first violence of the French Revolution the wisdom of opening a safety valve for that fierce effervescence which, sooner or later, will burst

The priesthood of Spain, or
ds of Austria, may trample
flame in its first creepings
e ground, but the time will
ien it will creep no longer,
ting up in universal and ir-
spires, enfold both the sol-
the monk, or send them
hief propagators of the con-
n.

England all that Republi-
an offer is its warning. Of
ountries that ever solicited
his is the country in which
required. If abuses cling
ngs human, it is within the
ores that they least abound,
ctive of least evil, and are
hed by the most simple
of public vigilance. The
rm or weed may fix on the
e great vessel of the State,
one that bore the flag of
ere they ever less suffered
their spreading is forbidden
re rapidity of her course—
torn off by the billows
hich she plunges with such
d perpetual mastery. All
nt change can do in Eng-
ld be to subvert. Our only
se for civil struggle would
mpling into utter sterility
ld where the battle was

down before us in all its
from the simple level on w
first stood, to the highest
that unhallowed temple, wh
an altar sacred to eternal dis
offered up the blood of monar
people, and, like the plague of
scattered the ashes for a pes
among the nations. Burke
terizes the spirit of the Rev
as essentially a spirit of plu
"I see," he exclaims, "the c
tors begin with bishops, and
ters, and monasteries, but I
see them *end there*. I see the
of the blood, who, by the
usages of the kingdom, held
estates, (hardly with the comp
of a debate,) deprived of their
sions, and in lieu of their in
dent, stable property, redu
the hope of some precarious,
table pension, at the pleasure
assembly, which, of course, w
little regard to the rights of p
ers at pleasure, when it d
those of legal proprietors. F
with the insolence of the first
rious victories, and pressed
distresses caused by the lust
hallowed lucre, disappointed
not discouraged, they have at
ventured completely to subv
property of all descriptions, th

country. * * * * The ground upon which your confiscators go is this—'that the rules of prescription cannot bind a legislative assembly!' So that this legislative assembly of a free nation sits, not for the security, but for the destruction of property; and not of property only, but of every rule and maxim which can give it stability, and of those instruments which alone can give it circulation."

The seizure of the Church property of France, by the arbitrary act of the Assembly, stamped the character of the Revolution; and it is to the direct and fatal consequences of this act, that Burke continually summons the eye of Europe.—"It is not the confiscation of our Church property in England that I dread, though I think this would be no trifling evil. The great source of my solicitude is, lest it should ever be considered as the policy of the State to seek a resource in *confiscations of any kind;* or that any one description of citizens should be brought to regard *any of the others as their proper prey.*"

An admirable passage follows, on the effects of excessive public debt. —"Nations are wading deeper and deeper into a boundless ocean of public debt. Public debts, which at first won a security to governments, by interesting many in the public tranquillity, are likely, in their excess, to become the means of their subversion. If governments provide for their debts by heavy impositions, they perish, by becoming odious to the people. If they do not provide for them, they will be undone by the efforts of the most dangerous of all parties,—an extensive, discontented monied interest, injured, but not destroyed. The men who compose this interest, look for their security, in the first instance, to the fidelity of government; in the second, to its power. If they find the old governments effete, worn out, and with their springs relaxed, so as not to be of sufficient vigour for their purposes, they may seek *new ones* that shall be possessed of more energy. And this energy will be derived, not from an acquisition of resources, but from a contempt of justice. Revolutions are favourable *to confiscation, and it is impossible to know under what obnoxious names the next confiscations* will be authorized. * * * I hope *we* shall never be so totally lost to all sense of the duties imposed on us by the law of social union, as, upon any pretext of public service, to confiscate the goods of a single unoffending citizen. Who but a tyrant (a name expressive of every thing which can vitiate and degrade human nature) could think of seizing on the property of men, unaccused, unheard, untried, by whole descriptions, by hundreds and thousands together? Who that had not lost every trace of humanity, could think of casting down men of exalted rank and sacred function, some of them of an age to call at once for reverence and compassion—of casting them down from the highest situation in the commonwealth, wherein they were maintained by their own landed property, to a state of indigence, depression, and contempt? The confiscators truly have made some allowance to their victims from the scraps and fragments of their own tables, from which they have been so harshly driven, and which have been so bountifully spread for a feast to the harpies of usury. But, to drive men from independence to live on alms, is itself great cruelty. * * * Undoubtedly it is an infinite aggravation of this cruel suffering, that the persons who were taught a double prejudice in favour of religion by education, and by the place which they held in the administration of its functions, are to receive the remnants of their property as alms from the profane and impious hands of those who had plundered them of all the rest; to receive, (if they are at all to receive,) not from the charitable contributions of the faithful, but from the insolent tenderness of avowed Atheism, the maintenance of religion, measured out to them on the standard of the contempt in which it is held."

The progress of this system of confiscation is still more descriptive. No confiscator begins by announcing that his object is plunder. Mammon is kept out of sight, by a veil thrown over him by patriotism! The monstrous visage of public robbery is covered with a mask of public necessity. Good faith is pleaded for a transaction which violates all its principles; and a pompous figu

h they have since been guilty,
the syllogism of the logician,
lash of the executioner, that
have refuted the sophistry
ecome an accomplice of theft
rder. The sophistic tyrants
s are loud in their declama-
ainst the departed regal ty-
ho in former ages have vexed
ld. They are thus bold, be-
hey are safe from the dun-
nd iron cages of their old
. Shall we be more tender
yrants of our own time, when
them acting worse tragedies
our eyes? * * * * *
trage on all the rights of pro-
as at first covered with what,
system of their conduct, was
st astonishing of all pretexts,
ard to national faith! The
s to all property at first pre-
a most tender, delicate, and
lous anxiety for keeping the
engagement with the public
r. Those professors of the
f men are so busy in teaching
that they have not leisure to
ny thing themselves; other-
cy would have known, that it
e property of the citizen, and
he demands of the creditor of
te, that the *first and original*
civil society is pledged. The

pensions, no matter for wha
they had been assigned. Bu
sons briefly, but unanswer
this act of equal folly and i
"A pension, given as a re
service to the State, is surely
a ground of property as a
rity for money advanced to t
It is a *better;* for money is
well paid, to obtain that ser
have, however, seen multi
persons under this descri
France, who had never bee
ved of their allowances by
arbitrary ministers, in the
bitrary times, robbed, with
cy, by this Assembly of the
men. They were told, in a
their claim to the bread ea
their blood, that their serv
not been rendered to the
that now exists!"

The next step of the
was equally in course—the
violation of the faith of
"The Assembly, with per
sistency, it must be owned
engaged in a respectable del
how *far it is bound* by the
made with other nations u
former government; and th
mittee is to report, which o
ought to ratify, and which
this means they have put t

excepted, the whole commerce of France was retail, and the whole race that carried it on were a needy, querulous, and struggling multitude, angry with the state which necessarily left them to make their bread as they could, bitter against every rank above them, and, as in all lands, eager for any change that might give them a place in society for which they were not fit, and a property which they had not earned. The higher adventurers of this class were, of course, the more active instruments in the general hostility against their superiors: but those leaders of the *République boutiquière* were sustained by the whole peevish and vexed multitude of petty trade, down to the lowest vender of the lowest commodity. The provincial towns consisted of nothing else; and in the idle hours which their scanty commerce so amply allowed, and in the common privations which neither monarchies nor republics can avert from the indolent, the ignorant, or the poor, they found room for declamation on the ill-arranged destinies of society. The commercial body, in all its grades in France, was, as it is more or less in all lands, republican. "There was no measure to which they were not willing to lend themselves, in order to be avenged. * * * * They struck at the nobility through the Crown and the Church. They attacked them particularly on the side on which they thought them most vulnerable, the possessions of the Church, which, through the patronage of the Crown, generally devolved upon the nobility."

Another step, as natural in its progression as any of the former, but directly leading to the consummation of the highest national crime, rapidly followed. "Along with the monied interest, a new description of men had grown up, with whom that interest soon formed a close and marked union,—the political men of letters. Men of letters, fond of distinguishing themselves, are rarely averse to innovation. Since the decline of the life and greatness of Louis XIV., they were not much cultivated by either him, *or the Regent, or the successors to the Crown. Nor were they engaged to the Court by favours and emoluments so sys-*tematically as during the splendid period of that ostentatious, and not impolitic reign. What they lost in the old Court protection, they endeavoured to make up by joining in a sort of incorporation of their own."

The purposes to which this union was turned, were of a still deeper dye than those of the original movers of French rebellion. Bacon's maxim, that all things best in their nature, become most formidable in their perversion, was fully realized. The lettered ability of France, not merely furnished a more powerful weapon for overthrow, than the rude jealousies of the stockbrokers and traders, but it struck at higher objects. The rough violence of the mob struck only at the exterior of the State, longed to break down the pillars of the throne, or strip the State edifice of its ornaments, partly for revenge, partly for plunder, and have done. The deadlier hostility of profligate literature seemed determined not only on the overthrow of the great building, but on precluding the spot from being built on for ever, infecting the air and the soil with a moral pestilence, that prohibited the dwelling of man. The works poured out by this band of conspirators against all law, human and divine, were directly aimed, not simply against the State, but against society. If the volumes of the Chamforts and the Diderots had once become the guides of life, they must have extinguished every feeling that forms the honour, strength, or use of society. One boundless mortification would have seized the whole moral frame. Licentiousness would have been the law of private life, and treason of public. The nearest ties of blood would have only the more effectively ensured its corruption; the highest obligations of the subject to the sovereign would have been only a surer pledge of treachery. But those men had a more awful determination to evil, in the final object of their hostility. Man, and the works of man, were too trivial for their towering aspirations. "Highly they raged against the Highest." Their declared purpose, and France listened to it without astonishment, was to overthrow all belief in the Deity. They were wise in their generation; for of all th

...ld
ved the toil of the politician.
once dissolved the great prin-
it holds the elements of socie-
her, they might have safely
the world to the conflict of
l flame. The national crime
l in France just so far as to
Europe the inevitable re-
Atheism adopted by a Le-
. The adoption was hi-
repaid by massacre. Robes-
as the incarnation of the
t administered the punish-
id his reign of terror the
tted to its execution. But
ess of the effort was partial.
France, there were hearts
true loyalty, through all
ant hereditary prejudices,
religion, through all its
superstitions, were still
l; and the Vendée saved the
, and perhaps averted the
in, of the land.
achinations of the Parisian
etters had long before at-
ne eye of Europe. "The
abal," says Burke, "had,
rs ago, formed something
ular plan for the destruc-
e Christian religion! This
ey pursued with a degree
ich hitherto had been dis-
...

it was indifferent, whethe
changes were to be accompl
the thunderbolt of despotis
the earthquake of popular
tion. * * * * Those
like the propagators of all n
pretended a great zeal *for*
and the *lower orders*, while,
satires, they rendered hat
every exaggeration, the fi
courts, the nobility, and the
hood. They became a sort
magogues. They served as
to unite, in favour of one obj
noxious wealth to restless a
perate poverty."

In this masterly sketch w
the whole regulated progress
throw, the outline of that wl
deous dance, in which the
tionary principle, flaunting
in a hundred different cha
throughout the whole masq
had one perpetual partner—
First comes the *plunder of the property*, then the degradation
Nobles, then the seizure of the
ration funds, and the breakin
the corporations; then the
assault on all laws, usages, a
rals, by a conspiracy against
cial order; then the avowed
mination of corrupt literature
tablish Atheism as the substit

riot and homicide, its step and gesture were modelled by confiscation; every puff of fortune that flung back its cloak, shewed the gaunt proportions of robbery within. But it is to be remembered also, that it was this principle which made the sacrifice of the Revolution worse than useless. It was this defiance of justice from the beginning, that perverted all its chances of salutary change into an aggravation of all the old evils; that on the ruins of a Church erected a bigotry of Atheism, a thousand times more hostile even to freedom of opinion; that replaced the nobility by an upstart oligarchy, with more than all their pride, and immeasurably more their prodigality, profligacy, or tyranny; that fixed on the spot, from which a gentle and virtuous King, the truest friend of freedom in France, had been foully cast down, a furious despotism,—or rather, by its incantations of blood and perjury, summoned from the place of darkness a spirit unparalleled among the principles of human evil, to inhabit the shape of authority moulded by their own hands, and exercise over their fallen country the last inflictions of sorrow and shame.

One of the common subterfuges for this defiance of justice, was, that the higher orders of France had exempted themselves from all share in bearing the burdens of the State. The declaimers in England echoed the subterfuge until they had constructed it into a charge. But the superior knowledge of Burke struck away this pretext for insulting the ruined fortunes of the peerage and the priesthood. "They certainly," said he, "did not contribute equally with each other, nor either of them equally with the Commons. They both, however, *contributed largely.* Neither the nobility nor clergy enjoyed any exemption from the excise on consumable commodities, from duties of custom, or from any of the numerous indirect impositions, which in France, as well as here, make so very large a proportion of all payments to the public. The noblesse paid the capitation. They paid also a land-tax, called the twentieth penny, to the height sometimes *of three, sometimes of four shillings* in the pound; both of them *direct* impositions of no slight nature, and no trivial produce. The clergy of the provinces annexed by conquest to France, (which in extent make about an eighth part of the whole, but in wealth a much larger proportion,) paid likewise to the capitation and the twentieth penny, at the rate paid by the nobility. The clergy in the old provinces did not pay the capitation, but they had redeemed themselves at the expense of about a million sterling. They were exempted from the twentieths; but then they made free gifts, they contracted debts for the State, and they were subject to some other charges, the whole computed at about a *thirteenth part* of their income."

The true benefit of a volume like this is its giving the force of the most powerful logic and the most accurate enquiry to principles familiar to the human understanding, yet obscured by the partialities or ignorance of popular passions. Of all the institutions that ever called down the declamatory wrath of pretended philosophy, or held a conspicuous place in that general indictment preferred by Jacobinism against all the old adjuncts of the State, the monasteries were the most obnoxious subject. On this ground the Revolutionist stood, not only claiming acquittal, but insisting upon panegyric. The destruction of the monasteries was harangued into a merit, which more than atoned for all the possible evils of change; it was the cloak that covered the whole contingent multitude of revolutionary sins. Burke shews finely that Jacobinism was not wiser in this instance than it was honest, and that in the ruin even of the monastic establishments, it had the fortune of committing at once a blunder and a crime. The whole passage is a noble specimen of reasoning and eloquence. "A politician, to do great things, looks for a *power*—what our workmen call a *purchase*—and if he finds that power in politics, as in mechanics, he cannot be at a loss to apply it. In the monastic institutions, in my opinion, was found a great *power* for the mechanism of a politic benevolence. There were revenues with a public direction; there were men wholly

s are the products of enthu-
hey are the instruments of
Wisdom cannot create ma-
they are the gifts of Nature
nce; her pride is in their
is not deserving to rank
even to be mentioned in the
great statesmen, who, ha-
ined the command and di-
such a power as existed in
th, the discipline, and the
such corporations as those
ou have rashly destroyed,
id any way of converting it
at and lasting benefit of his
On the first view of the
a thousand uses suggest
s to a contriving mind. To
ny power, growing wild
rank, productive force of
n mind, is almost tanta-
the moral world, to the
n of the active properties
n the material. It would
attempt to destroy (if it
ir competence to destroy)
of steam, or of electricity,
gnetism. Those energies
sted in nature, and they
's discernible. They seem
of them unserviceable,
ous, some no better than
children; until contem-
ity, uniting with

under you from deriving fro
perstition itself any resources
may thence be furnished for the
lic advantage. It was your bus
to correct and mitigate every
that was noxious in this passio
in all the passions. But is sup
tion the greatest of all possible vi
In its possible excess, I think i
comes a very great evil. It is,
ever, a moral subject; and of co
admits of all degrees and modi
tions. Superstition is *the religi*
feeble minds. And they must b
lerated in an intermixture of
some trifling, or some enthusi
shape, else you will deprive w
minds of a resource found neces
to the strongest. The body of
true religion consists in obedie
to the will of the Sovereign of
world, in a confidence in his de
rations, and in an imitation of
perfections. The rest is our o
It may be prejudicial to the gr
end, it may be auxiliary. * *
Wisdom is not the most severe c
rector of folly. They are the ri
follies which mutually wage so
relenting a war. Prudence wo
be neuter. But if, in the contenti
between fond attachment and fie
antipathy, a prudent man were ol
ged to make a choice of what err

I think, is very nearly the state of the question between the ancient founders of monkish superstition, and the superstition of the pretended philosophers of this hour?"

In all this striking exposition, there of course could be no idea of recommending the original spirit of monasteries. The obvious purpose was, to shew that their destroyers had no right to make a virtue out of their vice, any more than they could add to public illumination out of their ignorance. It proved, that their only merit was that of brute subversion, as their only instrument was brute force. That they acted, not in the spirit of legislation, but of plunder; and that instead of the affected inspiration of philosophy, they had consulted only the gross and low-born impulse of rapine. It proved that they were totally ignorant of the value of the material which they thus destroyed, and that, in their rage for destruction, they had destroyed the means of great and beneficial power. It is thus that all confiscators will be discovered to have disqualified themselves for public services. Their only talent is ruin, as their only purpose is spoliation. But Burke, with indignant feelings at this hypocrisy of patriotism, kindles into description of the contrast between the effects even of the monastic establishments, and the false, vulgar, and corrupting uses to which the public treasure was applied in the hands of their subverters. "Why should the expenditure of a great landed property appear intolerable to you or to me, when it takes its course through the accumulation of vast libraries, which are the history of the force and weakness of the human mind; through great collections of ancient records, medals, and coins, which attest and explain laws and customs; through paintings and statues, which, by imitating nature, seem to extend the limits of creation; through grand monuments of the dead, which continue the regards and connexions of life beyond the grave; through collections of the specimens of nature, which become a representative assembly of all the classes and families of the world, that by disposition facilitate, *and by exciting curiosity open the avenues to science! If by great permanent establishments,* all those objects of expense are better secured from the inconstant sport of personal caprice and personal extravagance, are they worse than if the same tastes prevailed in scattered individuals? Does not the sweat of the mason and the carpenter, who toil, in order to partake of the sweat of the peasant, flow as pleasantly and salubriously, in the construction and repair of the majestic edifices of religion, as in the painted booths and sordid sties of vice and luxury; as honourably and as profitably in repairing those sacred works, which grow hoary with innumerable years, as in the momentary receptacles of transient voluptuousness; in opera-houses, and gaming-houses, and club-houses, and obelisks in the Champ de Mars? Is the surplus product of the olive and the vine worse employed in the frugal sustenance of persons whom the fictions of a pious imagination raise to dignity, by construing in the service of God, than in pampering the innumerable multitude of those who are degraded by being made useless domestics, subservient to the pride of man? Are the decorations of temples an expenditure less worthy of a wise man, than ribands and laces, and national cockades, and *petits maisons*, and *petits soupers*, and all the innumerable fopperies and follies in which opulence sports away the burden of its superfluity? We tolerate even those, not for love of them, but for fear of worse. We tolerate them, because liberty and property to a degree, require that toleration. But, why proscribe the other, and, in every point of view, the more laudable use?"

Burke dwells the more deeply upon the injuries to ecclesiastical property, evidently because its seizure is the first topic of all revolutionists, the first act of all revolutions, and the concentrated crime which stamps the character of robbery on the whole revolutionary progress. This is the original breach of law which contaminates the principles of the whole moral frame, and infects all that it touches with rapine; the leprosy, that spreads its contagion till the leper himself sinks under the disease and dies.

Among the eminent values of this volume, is its profound adher-

...y in public and private life.—
purpose (of the French As-
) everywhere seems to have
) evade and slip aside from
'y. This it has been the glory
the great masters in all the
confront, and to overcome;
hen they had overcome the
ficulty, to turn it into an in-
at for new conquests over
ficulties; thus to enable them
id the empire of their sci-
id even to push forward be-
ie reach of their original
s the landmarks of the hu-
derstanding. Difficulty is a
instructor, set over us by
eme ordinance of a parental
and legislator, who knows
r than we know ourselves,
es us better too. *Ipse pater*
nud facilem esse viam voluit.
wrestles with us strengthens
es, and sharpens our skill.
gonist is our helper. This
conflict with difficulty obli-
an intimate acquaintance
object, and compels us to
it in all its relations. It
uffer us to be superficial.
want of nerves of under-
or such a task, it is the de-
ondness for tricking short
little fallacious facilities

... made in the revolu
councils, thus pronounced
tional principle: "All the es
ments of France only consu
the calamities of the people;
der them happy, all must be
ed: we must change its ideas,
its laws, change its habits,
men, change things, change v
we must destroy every thing, y
stroy every thing, since every
must be new created." "This
says Burke, contemptuously,
chosen President of an Asse
not sitting at *Quinze Vingt*
Petits Maisons (the bedlams
ris), and composed of persons
themselves out to be rational bei

THE SPIRIT OF A LEGISLAT
"It seems as if it were the prev
opinion in Paris, that an unfe
heart and an undoubting confid
are the only qualifications for a
fect legislator. Far different ar
ideas of that high office. The
legislator ought to have a heart
of sensibility. He ought to love
respect his kind, and to fear hin
It may be allowed to his temp
ment to catch his ultimate o
with an intuitive glance; bu
movements towards it ought t
deliberate. Political arrangen

the business. When the great interests of mankind are concerned through a long succession of generations, that succession ought to be admitted into some share in the councils which are so deeply to affect them. If justice requires this, the work itself requires the aid of more minds than one age can furnish. It is from this view of things, that the best legislators have been often satisfied with the establishment of some sure, solid, and ruling principle in government, a power like that which some of the philosophers called a plastic nature; and having fixed the principle, they have left it afterwards to its own operation."

Rousseau.—Burke's disgust for Rousseau was among the instances in which he had the start of his age. When he first came into society, Rousseau's volumes were in every hand, the fashionable model of feeling, the philosophical model of education, the political model of revolt, and the sensual model of libertinism. Burke had the sagacity to see the vice under the garb of the virtue, the manliness to denounce it, and the vigour to expose it. "Mr Hume," says he, "told me that he had from Rousseau himself the secret of his principles of composition. That acute, though eccentric observer, had perceived, that, to strike and interest the public, the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of the Heathen mythology had long since lost its effects; that giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; that now nothing was left to a writer but that species of the marvellous, which might still be produced, and with as great effect as ever, though in another way: that is, the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in extraordinary situations, giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals. I believe, that were Rousseau now alive, and in one of his lucid intervals, he would be shocked at the practical frenzy of his scholars, who in their paradoxes are *servile imitators, and even in their incredulity discover an implicit faith.*"

*No man of his volatile age ex-*hibits more vividly the passing nature of popular fame than Rousseau. The times were evil, and were made for the eminence of profligacy. Rousseau shot up in that region of busy darkness like a firework, glittered for a moment with a lustre that fixed all eyes, and was extinguished with the rapidity of the firework. He has been charged with labouring to overthrow the French Government: the charge fails only in its want of breadth. He laboured to overthrow all governments, for he laboured to overthrow all society. His whole life was a series of hostility against the peace of mankind. He assailed it in all its forms. In his Emilius, he broke down the principles of filial obedience; in his Nouvelle Heloise, he corrupted the union of husband and wife; in his Contrat Social, he dissolved the allegiance of the subject to his King; in his Confessions, he insulted all sense of religion by the blasphemy of invoking the Divine Being to be a witness of the deepest violation of his laws. Thus appealing to every evil propensity of man, and assailing every good, he prepared for himself all the notoriety that belongs to violent partisanship on the one side, and to the resentment of authority on the other. The leader who enlisted under his banner the whole profligacy of Europe for the time, must become conspicuous; the victim who concentrated upon his head the wrath of all the great constituted interests of Europe, the priesthood, the tribunals, and the cabinets, must become memorable even by the powers employed in binding him to the horns of the altar. This sinister fame was his grand object, and he sought persecution with the eagerness of a man seeking for the nutriment of his existence. He fled from land to land, delighted at the flashes of royal and religious wrath which followed him. He compounded with their keenness for their illustration. When they had at length died away, he became his own persecutor. He loved so inveterately to think himself an object of universal fear, that all his artifice was employed to prolong the semblance of persecution. He now fled where none followed. He saw visionary swords pursuing him to his pillow, and exclaimed against c

..., and shot himself, to ac-
the prediction. The only
upon his tomb shall be,
es the Slave of Vanity."

be lamented that we have
l a life of Rousseau; not a
negyric—of those we have
erfluity—but of truth; not
ckly affectations of sentil-
r of the insolence of vice;
ach life, but a British one.
ave been a service worthy
the pen of Burke. We
en have seen the hypocrite
lity stripped of his skin,
orking of every muscle of
ng economy laid bare. The
artlessness, the elaborate
habitual vice, the native
would be opened to the
e. The idol of the age
e been cast from its pedes-
ery man would have seen
the worthless compound,
nts and tinsel, that from
l stand, once figured in
gaze, like the garments
ded deity. It is perhaps
e for this. The subject
nto the natural oblivion
o all things worshipped
vagance. In this great
of the world, before we
e true voice of one follv

which they cling, the true Sc
and Pharisees of the time, bros
ing their phylacteries, and dee
ing the hem of their garment
pious horror of the ostentation w
is the business of their lives;
political crusaders, with the scs
on their fronts and Jerusalem in t
eyes, yet hurrying on in the c
mon, mixed multitude of the v
and passions, and sharing every r
and rapine by the way.

The life of Rousseau might be
history of the eighteenth century
touched upon all its features, r
gious, political, and literary.
was a Genevese, and from his infa
was wayward and insubordinate.
school he would learn nothing. I
to a trade, he was equally unr
nageable. His father, a watchmak
probably found him too unstea
for his own pursuit, and bound him
a solicitor. By him he was soon se
back for indolence. Exhibiting soi
turn for the arts, he was next bou
to an engraver. From him he r
away. But he was now a youth; a
to return to the parental jurisd
tion, would have been too formidal
an encroachment on his natural
berty. He became a rambler throu
the mountain country round the lal
When he was on the

reinforced by the humbler influence of twenty florins, completed his new profession of faith at Turin. He again became a rambler, was dismissed from various households, and again returned to Madame. He now adopted music, and remained at Chamberry as a teacher, for the longest stationary period of his life, eight years, of habitual profligacy. Disgust on both sides dissolved the connexion of the devotee and the proselyte, and Rousseau went to Paris, the common refuge of intelligence, poverty, and profligacy.—There, in 1743, some accidental influence made him Secretary to the French Legation at Venice. But his old temperament prevailed. He became restless, involved himself in the ambassador's displeasure, and again returned to Paris—to starve. For a while he obtained some scanty provision by copying music; but he was at length about to start upon the world. The question which he has made so memorable was, in 1750, proposed by the Academy of Dijon: "Whether the re-establishment of the arts and sciences has contributed to purify morals?" The circumstances of his famous essay on this subject are among the most striking instances of the slight hinges on which the fortunes of individuals, and perhaps of nations, sometimes turn. Rousseau sketched a paper in the affirmative. He had been employed in writing articles on music, for the Encyclopédie. Diderot, its conductor, one day came into the room while he was busied with the essay. He took it up. "What is this?" said he. "It is eloquent—nay, true; but it is foolish! You will never gain any thing by it but a prize in Dijon. Write it for Paris—for Europe." Rousseau remonstrated, but his adviser persevered. "Write truth, and you will soon be forgotten, perhaps never read; write paradox—startle old opinions—ridicule the past—flatter the present—be sublime and absurd—leave the world in doubt, whether they should laugh at you, or fall down and worship at your feet, and you will make your fortune." He took the subtle advice—threw his essay into the fire—produced a new one—won the prize at Dijon—became the talk of Paris—and from that moment commenced the brilliant, disturbed, and guilty publicity, which made his life a curse and a wonder to Europe.

He now devoted himself exclusively to the cultivation of his new popularity, and wrote for the French stage his "Devin du Village," a little opera, whose Swiss airs delighted the Parisian audiences. He was now in the way to his predicted fortune; but his vanity again threw him back. He wrote a pamphlet to prove to the French amateurs, that, from the nature of their language, they were incapable of vocal music. He now found the hazard of returning to truth. The whole nation felt the imputation as a mortal affront, and he was actually forced to fly beyond the frontiers. He took refuge in Geneva; and as his faith was not firmer than his morality, he attempted to propitiate public opinion by renouncing Popery.

But he was now to signalize himself by a production which combined all his talent and all his profligacy. Its groundwork was an event of his early life, in which, having basely abused the trust reposed in him as a tutor, he had been expelled the family with scorn and shame. This work was his "*Julie, ou La Nouvelle Heloise.*" Diderot's advice had made a powerful impression. It never quitted him during his life. He prefaced his volumes by a declaration worthy of the highest flight of paradox;—that the female who read a page of them was inevitably undone; that he looked upon it as a misfortune that the age no longer existed in which such works were the subject of public justice; and that every woman should, as an act of essential precaution, throw the book instantly into the fire. If Diderot knew mankind in general, Rousseau shewed in this instance that he knew the nature of Frenchwomen well. The prohibition, the danger, and the romance in one, formed a stimulant which the national curiosity found irresistible. The Nouvelle Heloise was instantly in every female hand in France; it was universally adopted as the model of manners, feelings, and language; and the author of a work, infamous in all its objects, was blazoned by all the voices of a profligate people, as the first writer of Europe.

anguor of story, dreary in- sentiment, and intolerable of description, perpetually he English reader more to r its pages, than to criticise The masculine effrontery of ine—the gross insensibility husband—and the mingled and exaggeration, the cold , and the dry formality of nendicant, half-pedagogue, as the seducer, leave us astonished at the chances e celebrity. It contains of *French* eloquence, and eloquence in no other land e of earth; ostentatious improbable emotions; la- plifications of common- ght; and overflowing rap- ies and stars, winds and a man whose only delight low sensualities of a life every feeling of purity

us given his contribution te shame of society, he r to assist in its public louble apostate in reli- rruptor in morals, he ct the Jacobin. He now profligacy to politics, that the change of sub-

war and revolution were too for the public to listen to the q lousness of a half maniac of who had insulted every benefa and whose only enjoyment was of continually exclaiming, tha was betrayed by all. He now came domestic, and married his tress! His five children by her man of sentiment had previo sent to the public hospital for phans, never to see them again. was now nearly forgotten, when eccentric Marquis Girardin gave l a place of refuge in the grounds his chateau at Ermenonville. enjoyed this liberality but for a f months. In July, 1777, he w found dead in his chamber, the v tim of his own hand!

But his evil was not extinguish with his death. His posthumo work, "The Confessions," contain the detail of his first thirty years, a by its mixture of corrupt details a solemn blasphemies, has set the se to his character as one of the mo heartless and abandoned men of t most profligate period of Europ The writer of this sketch must a knowledge that he speaks of t "Confessions" upon the judgment others. He has never read the and is content to abide in

vast consummate struggle of national good and evil, is among the secrets of the future. But it is only by looking to the wisdom of the past, by remembering the fallacies that have been detected, and the dreadful calamities which were the price even of their detection, that we can reap the advantage of the most formidable and anxious experience that has yet fallen to the lot of man.

ESTABLISHMENTS. — "Old establishments are tried by their effects. If the people are happy, united, wealthy, and powerful, we presume the rest. We conclude that to be good whence good is derived. In old establishments, various correctives have been found for their aberrations from theory. They are not often constructed after any theory. Theories are rather drawn from them. In them we often see the end best obtained, where the means seem not perfectly reconcilable to what we may fancy was the original scheme. * * * * I think all this might be curiously exemplified in the British Constitution. At worst, the errors and deviations of every kind in reckoning are found and computed, and the ship proceeds in her course. This is the case of old establishments."

One of the strange absurdities of Republicanism is, that while it universally proclaims the virtues of the multitude, it universally legislates as if vice were the only quality of mankind. All is the basest suspicion. Every man is to be deemed a villain; and the whole manly theory of reliance on public spirit, or personal feeling, is extinguished in the practice of precautions, at once degrading to human nature, and fatal to the machinery of government. With the Republican, all must be representation of the people, for kings *must be* tyrants, and nobles oppressors. Yet even this representation has nothing to do with confidence. The representative is a mere delegate. Every movement of the man of the people is watched with the closeness of a fraudulent debtor, and every hour of his office is an object of account worthy of the *vigilance of a jailer. The whole system is one of checks and hindrances.* Every step of the depositary of the national interests is prescribed. He never moves without the sound of the shackles on his legs. He never opens his lips without remembering that he is speaking not to the national council, but to the dignitaries of the hovel. His true house of legislature is the highway; and his true advisers, masters and makers, are the race whom he would naturally employ to sweep his chimneys, or wipe his shoes. The first acts of regenerated France were to put this system into practice. They exiled all the ministers from their houses of legislation, on the established principle that ministers must essentially be traitors. They then curtailed the duration of their legislatures, on the equally established ground that all parliaments must have no other object in their continuance than public robbery, personal corruption, and everlasting despotism. They next prohibited the continuance of any member in the legislature for more than two years. They next prohibited the re-election of any members before an interval of two years. On those regulations, worthy of a gang of swindlers, trusting their concerns to the "honour that exists among thieves," Burke pounces with indignant scorn. "If your representative," says he, "act improperly at the end of his two years' lease, it does not concern him for two years more. By the French Constitution, the best and wisest representatives go, equally with the worst, into this *limbus patrum*. Their bottoms are supposed frail, and they must go into dock to be refitted. Every man who has served in an Assembly is ineligible for two years after. Just as those magistrates begin to learn their trade, like chimney-sweepers, they are disqualified from exercising it. Superficial, new, petulant acquisition, and interrupted, dronish, broken recollection, is to be the defined character of all your future Governors. Your Constitution has too much of jealousy to have much of sense in it. You consider the breach of trust in the representative so principally, that you do not at all regard the question of his fitness to execute it. The purgatory interval is not unfavourable to a faithless representative, who

reat kingdom into a great
; to turn its inhabitants in-
on of gamesters; to make
on as extensive as life; and
the whole of the hopes and
he people from their usual
into the impulses, passions,
titions of those who live
. The old gaming in Funds
ievous enough, but it was
individuals. Even when
greatest extent in the Mis-
d South Sea, it affected but
aratively. But where the
lf debauched so as to force
t to this destructive table,
g the spirit of gaming into
est matters, and engaging
and every thing in it, a
lful epidemic of that kind
han has yet appeared in

With you, a man can
n nor buy his dinner with-
lation. What he receives
rning, will not have the
at night. What he is
o take as pay for an old
not be received as the
he comes to pay a debt
y himself. Industry must
y. Economy must be
your country. Careful
ill have no existence.
abour without knowing

armour of old tyranny
now divested of the spirit v
which gave it force, supersed
more modern instruments of pe
greatness and national defence
fit only to be consigned to the
ral receptacles of dust and d
Burke turned the light of his
on the subject, and shewed t
House of Peers, or Senate, was e
tial to the peace, power, and
nuance of a free constitution; t
was, of all the parts of a free co
tution, that which it was least i
power of a legislation to make,
therefore ought to be most sacr
preserved; and that, useful as it
in old times, in standing between
prerogative and the populace, it
still more useful in our own
in forming a defence for free
against the rashness of the popu
acting upon the fears of the Legi
ture. "Your all-sufficient Legi
tors," says Burke, "have forgot
thing which, I believe, never
been before, in theory or prac
omitted by any projector of a Re
lic. They have forgotten to co
tute a *Senate*. Never before
time was heard of a body po
composed of one legislative and ac
assembly, and its executive offic
without such a council: with

exercised by the people, or immediately delegated from them and the mere Executive. Of this there are no traces in your Constitution, and in providing nothing of this kind, your Solons and Numas have, as much as in any thing else, discovered a sovereign incapacity."

Absurdities on the topic of Royalty are the trading stock of modern declamation. That the direct revolter should desire first to extinguish all reverence for the object which he proposes to destroy, is natural. But our object is with that vast and foolish class, who talk the language of insult through the excess of ignorance, and who vilify a King, simply from the obtuseness of brain, which cannot discover the essential importance of Royalty to the peaceful progress of mankind. In Burke's observations on the French Assembly, he obviously had the British Peerage in his view; and, though he talks of the Senate as absolutely required in Governments, which, from their nature, refuse to acknowledge a nobility, yet he continually turns to the Peerage of this country, as affording the clearest example of the materials of which a constitutional Senate should be composed. France afterwards adopted the idea, and the Senates under the Directory and Napoleon were the fruits of her discovery of their importance. But France has been always destined to be the experimentalist for Europe:—her projector, ruined by shewing how far his projects were extravagant—the alchymist worn down by his own search after the philosopher's stone—the engineer "hoist by his own petard." The French Senate proved at once the value of a nobility to form a house of Peers, and the utter incompetence of the land of Jacobinism to fabricate one. The Parisian Senates were mere bureaus of retired functionaries, meeting to register the commands of their masters—mere cages to pen up the wolves and tigers of Jacobinism as an exhibition—a Directorial and Imperial menagerie, for the ostentation or amusement of the Sovereign for the time being—mere lazar-houses, in which all the diseased *in the seasons of Republican frenzy, augmented by all the infected in the hot corruptions of the oligarchy* and the empire, were restrained from public view, and, indulged as they were with harmless affectations of authority, and equipped with their coronets and sceptres of straw, were kept rigidly under the lash of power.

The King.—"They have chosen a degraded King. This, their first executive officer, is to be a machine, without any sort of deliberative discretion in any part of his function. * * * * According to the new Constitution, the higher parts of judicature in either of its lines are not in the King. The King of France is not the fountain of justice; the judges, neither the original nor the appellate, are of his nomination; he is not even the public prosecutor. When we look into the true nature of his authority, he appears to be nothing more than a chief of sergeants-at-mace, catchpoles, jailers, and hangmen. It is impossible to place any thing called Royalty in a more degrading point of view. A thousand times better had it been for this unhappy Prince, that he had nothing at all to do with the administration of justice, deprived as he is of all that is venerable, and all that is consolatory in that function, without a power of suspension, mitigation, or pardon. Every thing in justice that is vile and odious is thrown upon him. It is not in nature, that, situated as is the King of the French, he can respect himself, or be respected by others. View this new executive officer on the side of his political capacity—as he acts under the orders of the National Assembly. To execute laws is a royal office—to execute orders is not to be a King! However, a political executive magistracy is a great trust. Means of performing the duty ought to be given by regulation; and dispositions towards it ought to be infused by the circumstances attendant on the trust. It ought to be environed with dignity, authority, and consideration; and it ought to lead to glory. The office of execution is an office of exertion. It is not from impotence we are to expect the tasks of power. What sort of person is a King to command executory service, who has no means whatever to reward it? Not in a permanent office—not in a grant of land—no, not i

"a cheap King," in other
have a nominal depository
, to cut away the royal robe
s too scanty for the royal
) pauperise the royal func-
a preliminary to getting
: name of King, is intelli-
ough in the haters of all
ons. But it is utter folly
vho desire only to live in
id enjoy liberty. Those
iow, that it is the strength
)vernment that makes the
of the peaceable; that a
iout power is a King with-
ction; that in striking the
it of his hands, they but
eir defender. At this hour,
)f diminishing the royal
resistance, it would be
) invigorate it into active
) give it the means of meet-
ar aggressions on the con-
and answer the menaces
:ction, the trumpets of the
illions of Jacobins in our
iring provinces, and the
signal-fires of Ireland, by
and bold authority, which
scue the land for half a
) come.
amities of the French Re-
ave now, in some measure,
ay: wet the ground is still

mental fabric of a more solid ki
while nature continues still to f
the land with perpetual symptoms
her old fever; all eyes look for t
bursting up of those flames whi
once wrapt the land; every murm
sounds hollow and predictive; eve
darkening of the political horiz
makes men look, not abroad,
once, but at home—feel the grou
quivering under their feet—a
think, not of war, but of revoluti
Is there a man in Europe who wou
be surprised to hear to-morrow th
Paris had risen in a mass—that t
King was on his way to exile—th
the National Guard were the m
ters of France—and that a Preside
of the French Republic, one and i
divisible, was sitting in the Tuil
ries? Is there a sound politician
Europe who does not see that t
only preservative against this swee
ing calamity of Europe, would
to strengthen the hands of the Fren
Monarch—to give him the power
acting with prompt and extensi
energy—to render him invincible
any contest with the mere brute vi
lence of the mob—and, by surroun
ing him with authority fit for a Kin
to constitute him the true barri
of law, religion, and governmer

ARIA.

(*Sotto Voce.*)

We used to spend the opening Year in the country—but for a good many seasons have been tied to town by fetters as fine as frost-work filigree, which we could not break, without destroying a whole world of endearment. That seems an obscure image—but it means what the Germans would call in English—our Winter Environment.—We are imprisoned in a net of our own weaving—an invisible net—yet we can see it when we choose—just as a bird can see, when he chooses, the wires of his cage, that are invisible in his happiness, as he keeps hopping and fluttering about all day long, or haply dreaming on his perch with his poll under his plumes—as free in confinement as if let loose into the boundless sky.—That seems an obscure image too; but we mean what Wordsworth says, that the prison to which we doom ourselves is in truth no prison at all—and we have improved on that idea, for we have built our own—and are prisoner, turnkey, and jailer all in one, and 'tis noiseless as the house of sleep.—Or what if we declare that Christopher North is a king in his palace, with no subjects but his own thoughts—his rule peaceful over those lights and shadows—and undisputed to reign over them his right divine.

The opening Year in a town, now, answers in all things to our heart's desire. How beautiful the smoky air! The clouds have a homely look as they hang over the happy families of houses, and seem as if they loved their birthplace;—all unlike those heartless clouds that keep *stravaiging* over mountain tops, and have no domicile in the sky!—Poets speak of living rocks, but what is their life to that of houses? Who ever saw a rock with eyes—that is, with windows? Stone-blind all, and stone-deaf, and with hearts of stone; whereas who ever saw a house without eyes—that is, windows? Our own is an Argus; yet the good old Conservative grudges not the assessed taxes, his optics are as cheerful as the day that lends them light, and they love to salute the setting sun, as if a hundred beacons, level above level, were kindled along a mountain side.—He might safely be pronounced a madman who preferred an avenue of trees to a street. Why, trees have no chimneys; and, were you to kindle a fire in the hollow of an oak, you would soon be as dead as a Druid. It won't do to talk to us of sap, and the circulation of sap. A grove in winter, bole and branch—leaves it has none—is as dry as a volume of sermons. But a street, or a square, is full of "vital sparks of heavenly flame" as a volume of poetry, and the heart's-blood circulates through the system like rosy wine.

But a truce to comparisons; for we are beginning to feel contrition for our crime against the country, and, with humbled head and heart, we beseech you to pardon us—ye Rocks of Pavey-Ark, the pillared palace of the Storms—ye Clouds, now wreathing a diadem for the forehead of Helvellyn—ye Trees, that hang the shadows of your undying beauty over the "one perfect chrysolite" of blessed Windermere!

Our meaning is transparent now as the hand of an Apparition waving peace and goodwill to all dwellers in the land of dreams. In plainer but not simpler words, (for words are like flowers, often radiant in their simplicity—witness the Lily, and Solomon's Song,) Contributors, and Subscribers, and Readers, all, we wish you a happy New Year, in Town or in Country—or in Ships at Sea!

A happy New Year!—Ah! e'er this Aria, sung *sotto voce*, reach your ears, (eyes are ears, and ears eyes,) the Week of all Weeks will be over and gone, and the New Year will seem growing out of the Old Year's ashes! For the Year is your only Phœnix. But what with Time to do has a Wish—a Hope,—a Prayer? Their power is in the Spirit that gives them birth, and there they are *immortal—for Spirit never dies.* And what is Spirit but the *Well-head of Thoughts and Feelings* flowing and overflowing all life, yet *leaving the Well-head full of water* as ever—so lucid, that on your gazing *intently into its depths, it seems* to become a large soft spiritual Eye, re

...u papers upon Spencer? We have feared to enter the
y, and have remained long sitting on the edge of the Wood of
Erelong we shall venture in; but have you not been charme
du Drama? And remember though the world of poetry is t
; so our Numbers, and that our promises must wait their accon
the fulness of time, which they continue to brighten as it sa
y wings. Now and then a few of the feeble—nay, one o
trong—long to persuade themselves that sometimes our articl
ng! So, no doubt, thinks a wren or a tom-tit, perched betwe
wings, as in high far flight he soars the sky or sweeps th
e lies the secret of our success; avail yourselves of it all y
it never could we have gained the ascendency it is universal
ged we possess over so many strong monthly competitors, a
the mind of our country, but by such putting forth of our
nd that of our noble coadjutors, without whom we could not
l worn the crown; and by the same means by which we
l our throne will we keep it—and seated firmly there, look
round us upon the flourishing Republic of Letters.

ary —, 1834,
Moray Place,
dinburgh.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXIX. MARCH, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

Contents.

Whig Prosecutions of the Press,	295
The Cruise of the Midge. Chap. I.,	311
Lines on Wellington. By W. G.	330
Progress of Social Disorganization. No. II. The Trades' Unions,	331
Castle Elmere. A Tale of Political Gratitude,	353
Nebuchadnezzar. A Poem. By Thomas Aird,	369
The Irish Union. No. III.,	386
Refutation of Aspersions on the British Army,	405
Conspiracy against Mr Sheil,	434

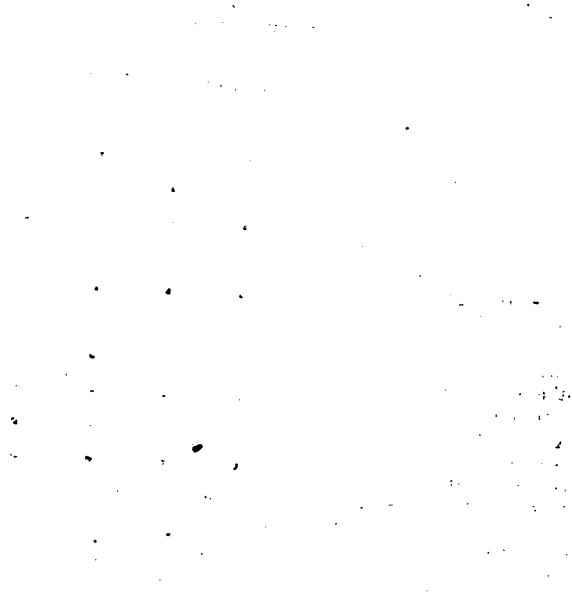
EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXIX. MARCH, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

WHIG PROSECUTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Liberty of the Press is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die. The Whigs have long laid exclusive claim to the privilege of vindicating that noble sentiment—and how often on festal anniversaries and commemorations have wide walls and lofty roofs re-echoed the cheers that drowned the closing peroration of some speech worthy of modern Cicero or Demosthenes, "his arm extending like immortal Jove, when guilt brings down the thunder." We Tories—slaves, forsooth, as we were, as well as tyrants—dared not suffer such sentiment to escape our lips; nay, we denied it access to our hearts, that would have been all too narrow for its reception; and sought to fortify our usurped power over opinion, by imposing fetters on its greatest instrument, which, if left free, would have dashed us to the ground, and destroyed our empiry for ever. Such has long been the language made use of against us by our enemies; sometimes perhaps not altogether without truth—but generally with entire and conscious falsehood. The Conservatives are not now at least seeking to shackle the Press; they are not shewing any symptoms of fear or hatred of that magnificent engine; they are neither themselves abusing, nor wishing others to abuse it; and for our own humble selves, prejudiced and bigoted as we are thought to be, and enthralled beyond redemption, we appeal to our bitterest foes, if ever once, during his career, Christopher North has expressed pleasure in the punishment of his political opponents by fine and imprisonment, or on any occasion, directly or indirectly, recommended it?

It has been our lot to enjoy more liberty of life than millions of our more deserving brethren; and we should be miserable to think that we had ever shewn ingratitude to heaven by striving to abridge in others the greatest of all blessings—without some portion of which, indeed, life itself must be a burden. But all liberty is not liberty of the Press. There must first be liberty of thought, which is impossible in heads unenlightened by education; and there must be liberty of feeling, which is impossible in hearts tyrannized over by the passions. Perfect liberty of life may well be in a land where that which alone is called by foolish people the Liberty of the Press is unknown; for there may be thousands of the best books there, and there they may be daily perused by the people; while in countries where it is known, and thought to flourish, the worst kind of ignorance may be prevalent—that half-glimmering and half-gloom, through which nothing is seen distinctly, and all

ices—especially so now and
for knowledge henceforth
the stability of the State.
rotecting enactments there
against popular fury; but
of words is like the war of
nd winds, that will soon de-
constructed and injudicious-
d embankments, but waste
dness along even low and
ores, with "gentle places,
nooks, and bays" provided
ous nature, while science
sist her working for peace,
up defences that the tides
s obey, mounds that time
ns as their "feet beat back
's foamy surge."
iberty is by nature calm.
t surely at all times like
oated war." "Agitate!
Agitate!" that may be in-
od war-cry—but society
in a sane state, when all
ttling—even, as they may
the right—for that is not
r of Intellect — which,
n "ride on the whirlwind
the storm," knows that
ion is a region of peace.
l when Intellect comes to
mult and turmoil which
created, and lives rather
royer and a puller-do-

[illegible] turning round on r
tionists—and dooming their f
ers to imprisonment, expatriati
death. The Whigs in those
were all for the liberty of the I
and every man who suffered b
law for his political sins, wh
they were in words or in acts,
a "great patriot-hero, ill-r
ted chief,"—for the truth a ma
With many of the sentiment
the few noble and high-mi
men of that party, we never w
nor are we now, unable or u
ling to sympathize; we abhor
suppression, by mere power of
law, even of the pernicious exe
of evil thought; and would far
ther wither wickedness by the li
nings launched against it by Li
lect, the Prime Minister of Pat
ism, than confine it by the lock
key of the Jailer, or cut it down
the axe, or strangle it by the cor
the Executioner.

But though we have always lo
the Liberty of the Press—of
Periodical and Political Press—
have never felt that it was so es
tial to our existence as the air
breathed — or that without it
should have died. We do not ind
doubt that we should soon expir
an exhausted air-receiver: but

they and all their connexions can live well upon the loaves and fishes, though unaccompanied in the devoural by unmeasured draughts of that air which once they must have breathed—or, to the great loss and grief of the nation, forthwith died.

The late Revolution was brought about in pretty much the same way, and by pretty much the same means, as any other recorded in the Old Almanack. The Press was not idle, and assuredly was free; men, women, and children, were employed in working it voluntarily night and day—at long hours—in the many factories; and when any unlucky operative got idle, down came on his head, in the heavy hand perhaps of the Editor of the Times, the patriotic billy-roller. The Whigs kept the whole machinery in oil. And they ensured the mill-owners against all loss by fire.

"O happy state when souls together draw;
When love is liberty, and nature law!"

So thought the Reformers; and the country in that union, and at that crisis, disclosed a power of vituperation which no abuse could resist. Stones, torches, brick-bats, and rotten eggs, described in the air figures far more imposing than any mere figures of speech; and rhetorical flourishes seemed feeble when brought into hourly comparison with "the measured tread of marching men," making the ground groan against their oppressors. In such crowds and throngs there was something as morally as intellectually grand in the Liberty of the Press—or rather pressure; patriotism was kindled by contact; the people took their affairs into their own hands and beneath their own feet; and the world had only to look on and admire the glorious spectacle of National Regeneration. A Bishop's palace or a Duke's castle, as they "went to the earth," seemed in the eyes of the liberators to give more smoke than fire, and the burning of a town to be a trifle. The storm was up—and all voices were privileged to growl or howl *ad libitum*—all hands to threaten; the one House of Parliament was bought and sold, and the other swamped and sunk; *and the Bill of our rights and liberties carried, not* in that hole-and-corner meeting held in St Stephen's Chapel, but in the open air—and by acclamation that deafened the ears even of an approving lower heaven.

Not a few good Whigs there were—and even Radicals—nay, even a considerable number of so-and-so Tories—who wished for Reform in the system of representation—but not such reforms as the multitude then gave us. Their desire for some change—more or less—was judicious, and we shall not say not founded on reason. But what could they do in the midst of all that liberty of the Press? The more violent, and utterly unprincipled Whig leaders preached war against all such reformers—even "war to the knife;" and every man who counselled caution and moderation, was denounced as a traitor or a slave. We say, utterly unprincipled Whig leaders—for the measure they were finally forced to carry—in fear that the power they coveted for sake of the pelf it brings might after all elude their greedy grasp, and fall into the hands they hated—was not their measure, nor such as even their understandings approved, but at enmity even with their own convictions of what in this country ought to be the principle of a liberal Government. We say so in the belief that all they had been saying all their lives—and especially within the year—was not one lie; but that even they — Henry Brougham in his strength—and Lord John Russell in his weakness—were not time-serving and time-watching hypocrites all along, and longing for the hour when they might apostatize in a magnificent or a mean ambition.

We are far from despairing of our country — even had his Majesty's Solicitor-General for England not encouraged us to hope, by the assurance he has lately given us, in an address delivered to a jury, bright with the fire of freedom, that the country never was in so flourishing a condition as it is now, since it reappeared all glittering with green from the refreshment of the flood. But ignorant indeed must we be of the character of our countrymen, if the Radicals are to be put down by prosecutions against that Press, whic

lesert theirs—for we always
the Radicals tolerably ho-
d the Whigs intolerably dis-
–that the Radicals were ig-
y (we speak of them as a
striving for their imagined
nd the rights of the poor—
Whigs were knowingly (we
f them as a body) striving for
ssession of wrongful power,
privileges of the rich, which
w they could hold through
charter by a different tenure,
caring afterwards a farthing,
r, or a straw, for the dupes
truments of their dark de-
hich, though palpably of the
lfish kind—party and personal
had the audacity to declare,
cunning to make the mon-
leclaration be credited, were
ated solely by a devoted love
berties of the people, high pa-
, pure philanthropy, liberal
phy, and true religion.
took such share in the debate
supposed we were entitled to
such as was suitable to our
n of private citizens wishing
their say, through the Press,
lemerits of the great measure.
ver chanced to see any refuta-

ever tending to bring the Hou
Commons into contempt with the
ple of this realm!" If the Soli
General's features did not s
and shew a severe twinge, as h
tered these words, he must be a
summate master of face. And a
summate master of face he und
edly is, to have been able to
at all the words that followed
indirect announcement of his
rential regard for the political
racter of Earl Fitzwilliam. "
prosecution, gentlemen, involv
question with respect to the
discussion of public affairs—
volves no question in which th
berty of the Press of this co
may be supposed to be concer
Perhaps not; but it involves
questions in which the politi
why not say the personal—ch
ter of all his Majesty's Min
"may be supposed to be con
ed;" and its effect does not a
sight appear to resemble v
washing—so much as the sta
dirty ochre, laid on thick b
dull, not dashing hand of a well
dauber. What man, who was n
enemy of his country, and dese
of severe punishment, would

regarded the petitions of the people, both they and you are aware that his Majesty may be petitioned to dissolve the Parliament; and then the people, having the choice of their representatives, would no doubt elect those who would accede to their wishes. More than this, if his Majesty thought proper not to accord the petition of the people by a dissolution of Parliament, the time, you are aware, is not far distant when the present Parliament must dissolve of itself, and then the people could select representatives who would not disregard their just demands, and which, I maintain, it is the bounden duty of the representatives of the people not to do. In instituting this prosecution, gentlemen of the jury, we feel that we have done nothing but what our duty imperatively demanded from us. We complain that this publication undisguisedly exhorts the people to open violation of the law—that there is not an attempt made in it to discuss the justice or injustice of the taxes which the people are called on to resist, but that it seditiously incites them to an illegal resistance by physical force." But let us take a look at this seditious libel, against which is charged the shocking crime "of having a tendency to bring the House of Commons into contempt with the people of this country." What! A Reformed House of Commons brought into contempt with a nation of free men who, no longer ago than when their old shoes were new, were, in the Solicitor-General's opinion, and in the opinion of all his Majesty's Ministers, little better than a nation of slaves! A breath of air in a still summer evening has "a tendency" to blow down York Minster. So has the *True Sun* to melt the House of Commons into muddy water. But if it be indeed such a House of Commons as its members and admirers declare it to be, it will be proof against the hottest beams shot by the True Sun in the fiercest of his dog-days. We defy both the *True Sun* and *the Sun*, even with their united lustre, to bring either the House *of Commons, or any other house, that is not contemptible, into contempt. Nobody can despise the House of* Commons; let those libellous luminaries 'flare up' as they will with angry light against the Palladium of our liberties. It is no wooden-horse —nor yet is it full of armed men—to be set on fire and consumed to ashes by any Sun, even with the aid of a burning mirror to concentrate into one focus all the destructive rays of heaven. But here is the libel.

"It (meaning the House of Commons) stands in all its unseemliness before us, right in our path, shocking us with its disgusting and loathsome brutality of aspect, and resolved not to crawl an inch out of our way. We must make it, it must move forward—the hideous thing cannot be suffered to squat where it does. If we cannot stir it, we must leap over it at all hazards. We cannot stand here looking at it day after day—the sight is too sickening—the creature is too venomous, its attitude is too revoltingly ugly; neither can we descend the precipice which we have scaled, and sink again into the slough of despondency. No, we must go on at any rate, or be starved. Well then, we have tried all ordinary means—we have soothed and implored—we must now employ threats, as we have before with success; and if threats operate no better than smiles and fair words, we must put these same threats into force. But how!"—how? We will see how.

* * * * * *

"The majority of last night has decided that the rich shall not be taxed according to their means, and that the poor shall continue to be taxed beyond theirs. It has decided that the amount which every man is called upon to pay to Government shall not be regulated according to his property. What then remains to be done? The House has rescinded its own resolution of Friday, the people must rescind the resolution of the House of Thursday—they must refuse to pay what they can only pay at the expense of their common ruin. The refusal to pay taxes a few months ago re-seated the wretched Whigs in power—a second refusal will unseat them. The Whig Government has taken the advantage of such a step; let it take the adverse consequences of it. Let the people for once avail themselves of the example of a Lord. Let them loo

men and householders, on
ct of the house and win-
s, which were attended by
okers; each of the parish-
oke with a firm determina-
sist those oppressive taxes
uture. The tax-gatherer,
might seize for them, but
rs assured the inhabitants
would neither seize any
such taxes, nor would they
goods so seized. Yester-
noon, Mr Philips, a broker,
oadway, Westminster, ex-
e following placard at the
s shop:—'Take notice, that
ietor of this shop will not
or the house and window
or will he purchase any
it are seized for the said
ither will any of those op-
axes be paid for this house
' A similar notice was also
at a broker's shop in York
estminster. 'Dull not de-
oldness and delay.' Follow
solution, and let the Whigs
t wisdom which crieth out
n the streets. Let the me-
stop the supplies.' Let it
he act of its moral will and
a coercive measure' that

in a strange humour, and an
mood, sufficient to perplex the lu
nary, who has not as yet chanced
look in upon the original in a ha
moment, so as to behold him—
had almost said in *puris naturalibu*
but we mean in his more deligh
and endearing characteristics. T
years ago or so, the Solicitor-
may recollect—was just as unfo
nate—and painted such a pictur
the present Parliament's prede
sor, that he had absolutely at one
the same time a strong look of C
gula, Heliogabalus, Barbarossa, Bl
beard, Jack-the-Giant Killer, Pu
Mr Merriman, a vulture, a vamp
and a corpse. True he "was
sitting at the time;" and unreason
would it have been to expect
should; for he had just died—b
dissolved—and was laid out for
rial. Still, though defunct, he
the same Parliament he had t
when alive; and to our simple
unsophisticated mind, it is to the
as atrocious to libel the dead as
living, or even the dead-alive.
cannot look on the circumstance
Solicitor-General mentions as
great aggravation of the *True S*

tings have a tendency to bring it into contempt should be fined and imprisoned! And that the assessed taxes are the best taxes ever imposed, and universal favourites—especially with the poorer sort of people and the middle classes—whatever the nobles and the millionaries may say against their unequal distribution! All this he must mean—though he does not say it *in totidem verbis*; for how could a Parliament so composed of honourable men, and so consonant to the wishes of the people, impose taxes on them which, at a blink of the True Sun, the people would rise up to put an end to, as well as an end to the House of Commons that had equitably indulged them with such a blessing—a blessing not fleeting as are, alas! all other earthly enjoyments, but permanent, and secure, as it would seem, from any commutation that might serve to lighten the delightful burden?

The advice given by the *True Sun* is rash and wrong, and altogether indefensible; but we do not believe that he who gave it meant to recommend—as the Solicitor-General said—the employment of physical force. Had he hinted—nay, plainly advised the use of it, he would have been doing no more than was done by some men now held in high honour by his prosecutors. The truth is, that Mr Bell, or the writer of the article, whoever he may be, knows that the people could not be now roused by any "thunder" of his to attempt any thing half so foolish as physical force. The time for that is a little gone by; the Whig Reformers have got in; and threats of physical force—manifest or obscure—served their purpose who formerly encouraged them—and alarmed, it is said, even Wellington, who was shocked to think for a moment that there might be a necessity—in the last extremity—to shed the blood of the misguided and rebellious people. Rather than that *that* should be—for had there been a conflict of that kind, blood would have flowed in torrents—the Conservatives—the Tories would have ceased to oppose even a more deformed *monster than the Bill*. The *Whigs knew the humanity of the true friends of the people*; and therefore scrupled not to excite the people to a madness which would have impelled them even upon the bayonets that no Tory government would have suffered to draw their blood. In charity we must believe that such was the Whig policy; for otherwise they must have been more cruel, though less cowardly, than we, who despise far more than we hate them, can ever be brought to think them by the Radicals whom they have outraged and enraged—and to whom they would fain deny even the light of the Sun—nay, have they not condemned the Sun himself to be hidden in his vacant intersolar cave?

The *True Sun* was fortunate in its defenders—Sergeant Talfourd and Mr Kelly—(Mr Bell was his own advocate;) and beside theirs, flowing full between bank and brae, the Solicitor's speeches look as silly as a couple of buckets passing each other on their way down and up what was once a draw-well. Each on its reascent seems emptier than the other, and than itself before it went down; and you wonder what can have happened to the water. Sergeant Talfourd seems to have been an enthusiastic and imaginative reformer, and to have hailed the Bill as the herald of the millennium. We envy him even the memory of the dream he so eloquently describes; while we sympathize with the disappointment he must have experienced on awakening in "the light of common day." He speaks well of the intellect and imagination that within the last half century have glorified our land. But we cannot hold with him, that they were born of the great French Revolution, much less that they gave birth to the "late great measure." Be that as it may, here is some true eloquence; and the argument it envelopes in a shining garb, puts to shame, and shiver the naked impotence of the Solicitor's, and shews up to a nation's scorn the abject meanness of this tyrannical prosecution.

"Before I come to the consideration of the paragraphs which are immediately the subject of the Attorney-General's information, it is right I should call your attention to the circumstances under which these paragraphs were published, and to the state of feeling which prevailed

p and enkindled, how many
ies and fervent prayers had
ed forth for the success of
which was to reconcile all
s, which was to remove all
just complaint, and which
ive to the mind and the
this great country a fit
ative in the Commons'
Parliament. You will re-
what energies the accom-
of that purpose was ob-
ou will recollect by what
momentary defeat of that
s swayed back; and you
rget the consummation of
ectations which followed
which all those fond and
pes, all those yearnings of
affectionate hearts, all
es which grave politicians
incited to indulge—(and
forget *by whom*, although
to have forgotten it)—
ose bright prospects ap-
ave been realized, and
reat cause of liberty and
truth, was about to be-
s not unnatural, perhaps,
circumstances, prompt-
elled as the public

only had there been an entirely
state and condition of things in
great mass of the people; but thi
so had been an age in which
great and predominant genius of
country had also been awakened
from its long slumber, and the l
sealed fountains of silent genius
been broken open. Is it possible
look abroad, and see an age of l
rature inferior to none since
days of Elizabeth—is it possible
see the energies which have be
developed, and the glorious t
umphs of the imagination wh
have been achieved, the eloquen
the pathos, and the grandeur a
the beauty which have been uptu
ed in this conflict of opinions—is
possible to look at genius, which h
shed its light on the lowest conc
tions, which has traced out the em
nation of the world without from t
world within us, and has shewn
that every thing around and abo
us is inseparably connected with t
spirit of truth and good—is it po
sible, I say, for a man to find hims
in an age like this, and not expe
there should be a reflection of it
that House, which was for the fi

them, one should think, to complain much if there was a fearful reaction, if there was great dissatisfaction when this consummation was achieved, and if the long lingering hope found itself, at least for a time, bitterly disappointed. Gentlemen, it was in particular hoped and believed that the reformed House of Commons would have a sympathy, a more pervading, more grasping, a more extending and nearer sympathy, with the immediate wants and necessities, with the claims and interests of the humble and the poor. It was hoped, if there was an object, they would instantly and gladly seize upon and grasp it, and that that object would be the equalization of the burdens which had been borne so patiently; that the great object would be to reduce those practical and immediate grievances; and even if that were unreasonable to hope for, at least it would be expected that indulgence might be shewn to those who found the door of hope shut against them—who had borne the disappointment of twenty years — who were complaining of ruined hopes, and the seemingly broken promises which had invoked them—who felt the pressure of misery just as great as ever, and who felt that perhaps all the sympathy which the honest supporters of power had been willing to express they did not feel for them."

Why, Sergeant Talfourd's picture of the Commons' House is to our mind more painful than even Mr Bell's; and how comes it not to contain troops of those resplendent children of Genius and of Wisdom, on whom he has pronounced so fine an eulogy? At the dawn of the New Era, where and why linger afar off the radiant Sons of the Morning? How is it that the People look there—the humble towards the high—for the friends of the Poor, and find them not—and keep hearkening in angry grief to the vain hubbub? What MEN has the Revolution cast up from darkness into light? We too have had—and still have—our hopes and fancies—and day-dreams—and visions—and some of them have been realized—as if Imagination had changed her own sorrid creatures into life, and filled their veins with human blood, and shaped their forms to a statelier grace, and tinged their features with a brighter beauty than ever could have belonged to phantoms fancy-bred, and in the fancy buried. Truth—Justice—and Mercy! Faith—Hope—and Charity! Are ye the Powers that have descended from Heaven to bless us in our regeneration?

But we are waxing wroth—and turn, for some of his good temper, to Sergeant Talfourd.

"Gentlemen, it was under circumstances of this kind these articles were published, which the Attorney-General had thought fit to make the subject of prosecution to-day; and now let us see calmly and dispassionately what they are. Gentlemen, the first of these publications appeared in the 'True Sun' on the evening of the 1st of May, and I suppose I am not incorrect when I follow my friend, the Solicitor-General, in his own statement, that this was at a time when the House of Commons had, on one occasion, voted for the repeal of the malt tax, and on a subsequent occasion had negatived that resolution. Now, Gentlemen, it is not for me to say it was not right and just and wise for the same House of Commons on one night to vote for the repeal of a great burden pressing on the agriculture of the country—a burden which was felt in the lowest and humblest and most distant cottage, and then at the instance of those who had been,—I was going to say the feed advocates of the people—they have been richly feed in their confidence, their love, and regard,—to come to implore the rescinding of that vote on another night, and that a few short days afterwards the same just and wise and Reformed House should do it. It might be just and right and wise that they should so vote; but in the name of all that is human, in the name of all that is just, is it just in them now, was it just in them at that time, to follow with critical accuracy the expression of the disappointment and sorrow which the victims of that vote might feel! Should they have no indulgence for the faults of humanity, when they, the great assembly of the people, its congregated and representative wisdom, had shewn such human weakness and inconsistency? Was it merely because in the present case disappointment had been somewh

...e strong feeling he excited
the Court. "His learned
the Solicitor-General) had
ingenuously taken advantage
gle word in the article, and
was an attempt to excite
ple to use physical force;
, in truth, it had no such
r, and such an object was
r not aimed at. The ar-
gan with reference to that
ie House of Commons, and
I observe with respect to the
n who were charged as de-
on this record, and to
riminality was imputed,
Paper had existed but
ime, and whatever might
it of their political opi-
y had pursued a straight-
manly, and consistent
they had not pandered
arty in power, although
been bitterly persecuted
who pretended to be the
the people. The whole
f the articles in this paper
ake the people orderly,
bers of society; and it
een that among the arti-
be found some of the
ful and brill...

...force; but if the p
government were really the
of the people—if their power
foundation in the affections
people—they need not fear
tack ten times stronger. The
referred to the repeal of the ma
and called upon the people t
tate constitutionally; and yet
was a House of Commons, spri
out of that very agitation of the
ple, which now sought to punis
Paper."

Mr Kelly is justly esteem
most judicious as well as pow
pleader, and he puts certain
to the Jury, sans fear of the S
tor's reply, with a courage
might have seemed to border
rashness, were it not that a
cause generally makes its suppo
a coward, till the once fast-w
ging tongue is seen rather
heard, laboriously stuttering tow
the receding close of an unha
speech. So is it with the Solic
"My learned friend," says
Kelly, "has stated that he w
not hesitate to prosecute Lord
ton, or any other person, who
lished or uttered matter like
forming the ground of...

ted, has said that he would not hesitate to prosecute Lord Milton, or any other person, who published or uttered matter like that forming the ground of this prosecution. Let us suppose that at such a time of excitement as the one already referred to, a man of high rank and distinguished station, and a known supporter of the Government of the country, were charged with the matter which appears in this publication. Let me suppose that that which has been not improperly described as the leading Journal of Europe—a Journal before whose power Kings and governments have quailed, and one which has an almost unbounded circulation throughout England, Europe, and the civilized world—suppose, I say, such a Paper as that had published such a paragraph as the following:—

"'It may not be generally known, that during the late crisis, one person, and that one of station and rank, was ready to set a patriotic example in resisting a Government opposed to the just rights of the people. When a tax-gatherer called on Lord Milton last week, he requested the tax-gatherer to call again, because he was not sure that circumstances might not arise which might make it necessary for him to resist payment'

"Now, here is an act" (continued the learned counsel) "done by the *Times* Newspaper—the *Times* holds up the 'patriotic example' of the nobleman in question. My learned friend calls on you to deal with this prosecution by what he says, and he says that he would prosecute such a publication. Who was the Solicitor and Attorney-General when this paragraph appeared in a Journal, the influence of which is as one to a million compared with that of the Paper now under prosecution? Do not, I pray you, suppose that I blame the Solicitor-General personally, for supporting this most base and cowardly prosecution. Cowardly it is—and you shall hear why. Gentlemen, if there were a paper of transcendent importance and irresistible power which published such an article as that I have read to you, and commended *the conduct of the individual mentioned as being 'a patriotic example of resistance* to a Government opposed to the rights of the people,' why did not the Attorney-General (now not here) who was then Solicitor-General, prosecute that paper? Why did not the Government prosecute that paper? Because they dared not, not for their lives, or their places—which they value more, or as much. (Laughter.) They dared not prosecute. They certainly, according to their own statement, would have a right to complain of the conduct of the noble individual alluded to, but then he had at that time six votes in the House at the service of the Government. Have I not a right then, gentlemen, to say that this is a most cowardly and base prosecution?"

Here follows (taken from the Morning Post) some amusing reading to a Whig Solicitor conducting the prosecution of an old brother Reformer, for words having a tendency to excite the people to disregard the laws, and despise the United Wisdom.

"The people call throughout the United Kingdom for a full, prompt, and final reform of the House of Commons. Their plain sense tells them that they have not now a representative Government in any thing but name; that under the present system the Press and the Habeas Corpus Act are their only guarantees for the undisturbed enjoyment of the rights of person and property; and that, with a borough Parliament, *rendered desperate by an exposure of its vices*, and by *a progressive abridgement of its opportunities of plunder*, no man can tell how soon a regular warfare may be commenced against the two great bulwarks of English liberty."—(*Times*, *April* 5, 1831.)

"The people of England say that they are trampled upon by *mock legislators*, whom they have not appointed to make laws for them, and *plundered by harpies*, whom they have not authorized to take their money, and that such things ought to exist no longer. *The Peers assert by their vote that it is lawful for the people of England to be so trampled upon and plundered.*"—(*Times*, Oct. 10, 1831.)

"Could any, besides Ministe known to the Constitution, be s dled in law with that responsibi

ound to swell the obnoxious
e of intruders between a
King and people."—(*Times*,
1832.)

Anti-Reformers will soon
it by severe chastisement,
nly real force which can be
o bear upon this vast ques-
national interest is in the
nd in them alone. If, under
t injunctions of their con-
the House of Commons
supplies, where stands the
vernment? If the shrewd
ite people of this country,
for the execution of that passive resistance which in
s baffled all the dexterity
, *should refuse to pay taxes*,
repeat, would be the Con-
Government?"—(*Times*,
832.)

ccounts from every quar-
land are awful. Birming-
es to pay taxes; Man-
fuses to pay taxes; West-
d London, there is reason
will not pay taxes until
Bill is passed. But will
t in the foundation of all
it—this famine of the

country, right upon the head of th
derer."—(*Times*, *May* 17, 1
These quotations, and ten thou
others as seditious, and far mo
that might be taken from the T
and from one and all of the
champions of the people's own
the Examiner, Spectator, Sun, G
&c., might well stare Sir J.
Campbell out of countenance,
were it composed of the metal o
most vulgar coin. Hear Mr Ke

"The prosecution, I again say,
cowardly, because they allowed
other paper, which had also offen
to pass unpunished, under the
cumstances which I have sta
They dared not prosecute partic
persons and bodies, but they d
attack this paper. This will
come matter of history. It will
down to posterity, that a noblem
a great friend of the Governmen
the day, did counsel the people
resist the payment of the asses
taxes. It will also be matter of
tory, that when the nobleman
question was afterwards called on
his place in the House of Comm
to declare the truth or falsehood
the statement made respecting h

to fill up the sentence!" The learned counsel continued—"Let me again beg you to understand, that I do not attempt to justify the guilt of one man by the guilt of another, but I say distinctly, that when a prosecutor has admitted one man to be innocent of an offence, he cannot call for a sentence of guilty against another for a precisely similar offence. I need hardly mention the fact, that the noble individual in question, from his peculiar political situation, could hardly be supposed not to know what was the law on the subject, and yet, although it appeared in all the newspapers of the day, not one of those papers was charged with the intention of exciting rebellion, and of subverting the laws and constitution of the kingdom. No! in fact it was thus. So long as any measure is to be passed which will be for the interest of the Government —then take any measures you will —call public meetings—talk to your constituents how you will—do what you will—you are perfectly safe! But as soon as any measure is brought forward *against* the supposed interests of Government; then, although the taxes may be ruinous, spreading misery and devastation among the poorer classes in the metropolis, when such acts are supposed to be obnoxious because they tend to oblige the Government to put a tax on corn, or to do any other thing which may happen to be against their temporary interests; then, I say, take care that you are not brought forward as a criminal, charged with being guilty of an attempt to overturn the constitution and laws of the country, and to excite the people to resist the payment of the assessed taxes! I will pass over a hundred examples, wherein the same language has been used as that now under prosecution. I could cite them, but it will not be necessary. I have now called your attention to the main features of this prosecution, and shall content myself with appealing to you to say whether this publication could have taken place with any such intent as that with which the defendants are charged in the information. Consider the date of *the publication (May, 1833), a time when disappointment prevailed, when public meetings* were frequently taking place, and when discontent was universal. Whatever may have been the tendency of the libellous article, it is quite clear that it had not had the effect alleged to have been intended by it. There has as yet been no rebellion, nor has the Government yet been upset. Whether such prosecutions as these may lead to do so, remains to be seen. Why then should you, when you find that all those anticipated evils have not occurred, distort and extend the meaning of the words to give them a meaning which they do not in themselves bear? Now, I leave the case in your hands, asking—where is that equality and justice which have been called the birth-right of every Englishman, when men are commended by the Government on one day for acts which on another are execrated by them, and prosecuted as criminal?"

Sergeant Talfourd, in his speech, made some slight sarcastic allusion to Lord Durham and his affidavits, which, it seems, awakened the mirth of the crowded Court, till the titter ran a risk of becoming a guffaw. Greatly incensed was the Solicitor-General by such behaviour on the part of the Sergeant and his admiring and merry audience; and he rebuked counsel for thus "holding up that nobleman to public odium." There seemed to him something excessively shocking in dropping a hint about "that delicate investigation." It was even more wicked to sneer at the Earl of Durham than to assail the assessed taxes; for a word may be sufficient to hold him as well as them up to "public odium." Now, we say that there is no need "to hold his Lordship up to public odium;" for low as he now lies, public odium, by the laws of gravitation, descends upon his humiliated head. The coronet was placed there by the People. He was the very man of the People; and he says that he begot the Bill, or rather the Bill leaped forth, full formed and with all its clauses, from the skull of this Northumberland Jupiter. He broke their fetters, and set free the slaves of the soil—telling them that thenceforth the people of Britain were their own masters. Yet this very man—if you but touch his temper—

his parasites, till he grows
in the face; while those pa-
, presuming that they know
e wishes of his heart—yet
mes, we hope, in their zeal
en—are ready to wreak ven-
on the head of him who shall
his Lordship up to public
" executing what the Whigs
istice."

llude to an attack made upon
naman, editor of the *Newcas-
nal*, by a gang of five ruffians,
he law punished—but more
e provincial and metropoli-
ig newspaper applauded for
irit. The reason falsely as-
or this most cowardly out-
, that a handbill, containing
personalities, had been
at Mr Hernaman's office.
en so, not the less had those
a cruel cowards; but the
was as harmless as it was
d the friends of the con-
ng did not dare to publish
ang wronged Lord Durham
ing that he could look on
ts in this affair but with
r that he would have coun-
the design of such an out-

of the law of libel, you can
certainly do, if you have c
prudence—then you may h
satisfaction of ruining him ut
him and his family; a satis
sublimed by the accompanyin
sciousness—so worthy of a L
that all the while your victim
nocent of any moral offence, a
been, by you, fined, impri
perhaps brought to beggary, di
and death—for having done tha
thing slightly, if at all, to you,
you have been doing always, a
the utmost extent of your poo
lities, ever since you were a
to men in every way your sup
except it may be in rank a
mines, and in accumulation o
pital in materials, that, till yo
to burn them, you might imagi
be coals.

What was Mr Hernaman's off
against Lord Durham? His L
ship spoke to the people of Eng
of a series of libels publishe
that gentleman, to bring him
hatred and contempt—like the as
ed taxes. Most unlordly was
complaint and that appeal.
Father of the Freedom of G

above it, we were prepared to expect a good deal; but certainly did not anticipate that he would outrage the feelings of Englishmen in the manner we have described."

This is the whole of the matter alleged to be libellous; and truly says Sir James Scarlett, "Whatever imputation may be cast on the politics or ambition of the noble Earl, it is clearly not aimed at his private character. If Lord Durham had been a mere individual, without any public character belonging to him, it is perfectly clear that none of the facts here stated, supposing them to be true, would have had any effect on his situation or character in society, whatever effect it might be supposed to produce on an individual of public character and of high public station." This atrocious attack on Lord Durham appeared in the *Newcastle Journal* of the 28th September, and within about a week of its publication, the Editor received and published the following letter from Mr Chalmers, Commander of the Louisa.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWCASTLE JOURNAL.

"SIR,—I observe in your paper of Saturday, the 28th instant, a paragraph, stating that the tricolor flag was flying from the mast-head of the Earl of Durham's yacht, Louisa, on Friday. I desire to state that the assertion is untrue, nor has the tricolour ever been hoisted since she entered Shields harbour. I therefore request you will insert this in your paper, that the public may be undeceived.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"JOHN THOS. CHALMERS,
"Commanding Louisa.

"R.Y.S. Cutter, Louisa, North Shields, Sept. 29, 1833."

The Editor, then, did all in his power to give the most complete and efficient contradiction to that part of the paragraph which was said to be untrue. But how happened it that he published that part of the paragraph at all? He did so on the faith of a gentleman who told him he saw the tricolor flying from the mast-head of *the Louisa in the Tyne. A rule, however, was applied for and granted; and on an application* to have the rule made absolute, came the tough tug of war, in which Lord Durham does not come up to our idea either of a Greek or a Trojan.

Lord Durham had procured the rule by an affidavit, in which he said "that he is owner of the yacht Louisa, and that the said vessel sailed into the river Tyne a day or two before the 28th of September last, and that on the day mentioned in the paragraph, she was anchored in that river; but that the said paragraph *was in every other respect false, and without any foundation whatever; and that the tricolor or national flag of the Kingdom of France was never at any time flying from the mast-head of the said vessel called the Louisa, nor upon or from any part of the said vessel, whilst she was in the said river Tyne.*" Here Lord Durham makes the denial on his own personal knowledge, and without any qualification whatever; but of his own personal knowledge he could know nothing about the Louisa in the Tyne, for he was not then on board of her; and all he could have meant to say in his stupid affidavit was, that he had been told by those who were on board that the tricolor had not been hoisted, and that he believed his informants. The Lord Chief Justice has said, "that if it had been pointedly brought before the Court when the rule was obtained, (which happened to be in my absence,) that Mr Chalmers had made no affidavit on the subject, I very much doubt whether the rule would have been granted in the first instance at all." Nobody can doubt that it would not have been granted; for the Lord Chief Justice would grant no rule in the face of the law. But on his Lordship again applying to the Court—to make the rule absolute, which, but for some oversight, would never have been granted at all—the Lord Chief Justice, addressing Sir James Scarlett, at a part of his speech where he was making rubbish of the prosecutor's case, says, "You say that Mr Chalmers was the Master of the Louisa; I ask, does he swear that the tricolor was not hoisted while the vessel was in the Tyne at Shields?" Sir James answers—"There is no affidavit of Mr Chalmers—the denial is made in that of the Earl of Durham

Down falls this part of his Lordship's case, like a shot jackdaw from the top of a smoky chimney. But Sir James Scarlet has other affidavits:—

"Now, I will proceed to shew to the Court very good reason why Mr Chalmers should refrain from making an affidavit. I have now in my hand an affidavit of Mr Cockerell, who says that, on the 27th of September, he was on board the Louisa, when he saw the tricolored flag flying from the mast. I have also the affidavit of Mr Summers, the very person who gave the information on which the defendant acted, who swears that on the 27th of September, he saw the tricolor, or national flag of France, flying at the mast-head of the Louisa whilst lying in the Tyne. That there could be no mistake in the flag, as he is perfectly conversant with the peculiarities of the French tricolor, consisting of three perpendicular stripes of blue, white, and red. I have the affidavits of William Duncan, and several others, seamen at North Shields, some of whom have served on board men of war, and are as well acquainted with the French as with the English flag, who speak with certainty of the fact of the tricolor being seen flying from the mast of the Louisa; and some of them also prove expressions of indignation on the part of the seamen. I have also the affidavits of William Tully, a highly respectable pilot at South Shields, and other persons of equal respectability on that side of the river, who prove the same facts. Now so far as relates to the transaction on the river Tyne, I have stated sufficient to shew your Lordships, that according to the rules by which this Court has always been governed, and I trust always will be, in the administration of this discretionary part of your authority, the Court cannot grant this rule, because the facts are proved to be strictly true."

Is Chalmers dead? No;—but he has cut and run—off to India seven weeks ago! Mr Hernaman, after refusal of the Court to make the rule against him absolute, "anxious at all times to do justice to all men," publishes in his paper of the 15th *February, Chalmers' second* letter, *and an affidavit sworn by him at Falmouth, to the effect that the flag* was not the French tricolor, but "a flag of three colours of a different device, called number three, in the code of yacht signals, which was hung with others promiscuously to dry." This explanation may possibly be true, but it looks very suspicious, and sailors' eyes are not so easily deceived by false colours. But on what day did Chalmers sail from Liverpool? On the 25th of December; and Lord Durham's affidavit, which was used on the application to the Court of King's Bench, was sworn on the 11th of November —that of Davis the mate, on the 8th of November, three days earlier. The application was made to the Court of King's Bench on the 18th of December, five weeks after the latest moment at which the affidavit could be used at all! So much for the statement that Chalmers was off before his affidavit could be obtained. But Mr Hernaman says,

"We will add a word or two on the subject of Chalmers's second letter, and the affidavit made by him, 'under a flying topsail,' at Falmouth. The singular inaccuracies as to dates contained in the letter, shew that Chalmers is gifted with an infirm memory. He swears, 'that on the 28th day of November last, he was in command of the said Yacht in the river Tyne,' &c. &c. On the 28th day of November last, the said Yacht *was not* in the river Tyne! On the 28th day of November last, Mr Chalmers had ceased to command the said Yacht! Whatever might have been done on board the Louisa on that day could have nothing to do with the alleged libel, which appeared in the *Journal* of the 28th of September, nine weeks before the time mentioned in Mr Chalmers' affidavit. He swears to circumstances taking place on board the Yacht on the 28th of November; Lord Durham's affidavit, filed in the King's Bench, on which the prosecution was founded, was sworn to on the 11th of November, seventeen days previous to the date sworn to by Mr Chalmers. In his affidavit he says, the flag in the Tyne was not the tricolor, but 'a flag of three colours of a different device, No. 3 in the Code of Yacht Signals.' The flag No. 3 of the Yacht Signals, is composed of three horizontal stripes;

the flag exhibited in the Tyne (whether to dry, or for any other purpose, we care not,) was composed of three perpendicular stripes, as can be proved by fifty unimpeachable witnesses. May we not ascribe to Mr Chalmers some infirmity of memory in this matter also?"

And how stands the other affair of the flag—his Lordship's own flag, said to have been flying at Cherbourg from the mast-head of the Louisa over the *Union Jack*? His Lordship in his affidavit swears, "that he had not on board the Louisa any flag or ensign on which were painted or placed his family arms." In his family arms it appears, from an affidavit from the Heralds' College, that "the supporters are two Lions, and the sinister Lion is a Lion rampant, azure gorged." And Sir James Scarlett said, "I have the affidavit of Stephen Alford, of Portsmouth, the master of the Zephyr yacht, belonging to Sir Charles Ogle, Bart., of the Royal Yacht Squadron, who was in the harbour of Cherbourg in the months of August and September last. He swears that he saw Lord Durham's yacht, the Louisa, in the basin of the harbour of Cherbourg, and that one day a blue flag, with the figure of a lion upon it, was hoisted at the mast-head of the Louisa, above the flag of England (the Union Jack). He adds, that the circumstance was a subject of general observation and remark, and excited much indignation; and that it was proposed by some of the sailors, in his presence, to board the Louisa, and take Lord Durham's flag down by force, because they considered it an insult to the English flag. The next is the affidavit of John Harbert, the master of the Blue-eyed Maid, another yacht of the squadron, who states that many of the yachts of the squadron had private flags on board, bearing the arms or crest, or a part of the arms or crest of the owner; that Lord Durham's private flag was a blue flag, with a lion in the centre; and that he had seen that flag on board the Louisa, and likewise on a flag-staff at Egypt House, his Lordship's residence in the Isle of Wight. The deponent then states *that this flag was, in the face of the whole squadron in the harbour of Cherbourg, hoisted* at the mast-head of the Louisa, above the flag of England. He says that no other yacht in the squadron had the private flag in the same position; and the witness describes in strong terms the indignation which was excited by the exhibition. I have the affidavit of James Saunders, of Portsmouth, pilot and owner of the ship Anglesey, who happened to be in Cherbourg harbour with his vessel at the time, and who swears that he saw the Earl of Durham's yacht, the Louisa, in the basin of the harbour of Cherbourg; and he speaks in the same terms of the hoisting of the blue flag with a lion on it over the flag of England, and of the feelings which it excited." Lord Durham says in his affidavit that he lived ashore in an hotel, and left the management of flags and every thing else to Chalmers. But Davies the mate says in his affidavit, that Lord Durham seeing the Lambton Lion "rampant and azure gorged" at the mast-head of the Louisa, over the Union Jack, sent orders to take him down. Is this a lie?

Every word, it turns out, in the paragraph inserted by Mr Hernaman in the Newcastle Journal of Sept. 28th, was true! Had every word of it been false, no man of proper spirit but would have scorned to prosecute for such a libel; but as the matter stands, Lord Durham has disgraced himself by his blind attempt to punish Mr Hernaman as a criminal by fine and imprisonment, which, no doubt, he hoped might be large and long—more even than the five tall fellows who assaulted that gentleman in his office—for from the Father of our Freedom, the Baron who gave us our new Magna Charta—the Jupiter Parturiens of the Bill—who could have looked for behaviour so like that of the poorest and paltriest pauper in reputation, among the meanest of mere mortals, afraid that a puff of air might blow off the last rag left to cover his nakedness?

Do we accuse Lord Durham of false-swearing in his affidavits? No. The Lord Chief-Justice says well—"I am very far from saying that the facts of this case justify any imputation on Lord Durham. On the contrary, it appears to me that his Lordship has most fully exculpated himself from the charges that h

...ment that Lord Durham
:hat personal part, suppo-
tricolor was flying at one
supposing the flags were
y arranged at another on
yacht, which was generally
Lordship's control as the
d he being at liberty to be
board. I think it is not
nt for the writer of public
uppose that his Lordship
on board, and might be
very thing going on; and
o me, when the whole is
a fact stated to have oc-
the River Tyne, that it
aken that the writer con-
general ownership, and
his Lordship over the
he sole evidence of his
en any such part in it.
think that Lord Durham
ully exculpated himself,
necessary for something
established. Before I
in making absolute any
extraordinary interposi-
Court, it must appear to
ion that the party acted
believed he was stating
ntrue. I am convinced,

General Sir Thomas Denman, M.
Nottingham—or Him of the sin
lion rampant and azure-gorged,
would not "make considerabl
lowance" for any thing but his
tyrannical temper and savage p
—in the unbridled indulgenc
which he has been baffled and h
bled—while hurried along headl
and blind-folded in a course tha
believed would bring destructio
an honest and enlightened man
good a Conservative as is in all
North—not excepting even the
mirable Durham Advertiser him
—against whom, too, the Earl
Durham had once intended to
ceed—and against our old friend
John Bull, the wittiest of the witt
and against the Standard, a paper
surpassed in principle and uneq
led in power;—but his Lordshi
great heart misgave him—and
defeat he has sustained is enough
one such Lord in one life-time, wh
henceforth must be illustrious in
light of the love of liberty—and p
petually perfumed as with "Sab
odours from the spicy shores
Araby the blest"—with that air wh
is the only air he can breathe—fo

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

Chapter I.

"How bright the sunshine dances in its joy,
O'er the still flow of this majestic river!"
City of the Plague.

I had been for six months fourth lieutenant of H. M. S. Gazelle, on board of which Sir Oliver Oakplank had his broad pennant* hoisted, as the Commander-in-Chief on the African station. The last time we touched at Cape Coast we took in with us a Spanish felucca, that we had previously cut out of the Bonny River, with part of her cargo of slaves on board.

She had cost us a hard tussle, and several of our people had fallen by the sword in the attack, but more afterwards from dysentery and marsh fever, the seeds of which had doubtless been sown in the pestilential estuary at the time of the attack, although there is no disputing that they were much more virulently developed afterwards than they would otherwise have been by a week's exposure in open boats to the deleterious changes of the atmosphere. Our excellent Commodore, therefore, the father of his crew, seeing the undeniable necessity of lessening the exposure of the men in such a villanous climate, instantly wrote home to the Admiralty, requesting that half-a-dozen small vessels might be sent to him, of an easy draught of water, so that they might take charge of the boats, and afford a comfortable shelter to their crews; at the same time that they should be able to get over the bars, without damage, of the various African rivers, where the contraband Guineamen were in the habit of lurking. To evince that he practised what he preached, he instantly fitted out the captured felucca, on his own responsibility, manned her with five-and-twenty men, and gave the command of her to our third lieutenant.

She had been despatched about a fortnight before in the direction of Fernando Po, and we had stood in on the morning of the day on which my narrative commences, to make Cape Formosa, which was the rendezvous fixed on between us. About three o'clock, P. M., when we were within ten miles of the Cape, without any appearance of the tender, we fell in with a Liverpool trader, who was bound to the Brass River to load palm oil and sandalwood. She reported that the night before they had come across a Spaniard, who fired into them, when they sheered-to with an intent to speak him. The master said, that when first seen, the strange sail was standing right in for the river ahead of us; and, from the noises he heard, he was sure he had negroes on board. It was therefore conjectured that she was one of the vessels who had taken in part of her cargo of slaves at the Bonny River, and was now bound for the Nun or Brass River to complete it. They were if any thing more confirmed in this by the circumstance of his keeping away, and standing to the south-west, the moment he found they were hauling in for the land, as if anxious to mislead them, by inducing a belief that he was off for the West Indies or Brazil. This was the sum total of the information received from the Liverpool-man; but the same afternoon we fell in with an American, who rejoiced our hearts by saying that he had that morning been chased by a vessel answering the description of the felucca, and immediately after we hove about, and stood out to sea again, making sail in the direction indicated. In consequence of our overhauling this vessel, the Commodore had put off his dinner for an hour; and when

* A broad red swallow-tailed *flag*, carried at the main-royal-masthead, indicative of the rank of *Commodore*.

wounded; once, in partiry badly, by a grape-shot shattered his left thigh, and ibly shortened it, and therehim a kick in his gallop, as lf used to phrase it, until of his death. He was a wag y, and the officer now perng the deck alongside of an unfailing source of although the Commodore ssed the limits of strict iquette, or trespassed be- bounds of perfect good in his fun. The gallant was dressed in faded nanwsers—discoloured cotton —shoes, with corn-holes e toes—an ill-washed and white Marseilles waistcoat n old blue uniform coat, solutely threadbare, white y at the seams and elbows; ulder being garnished with old lace strap, which con- epaulets when mounted, was only on a Sunday. His kcloth had been most proack once, but now it was a own; and he wore a most bad hat—an old white with very broad brims, the f it fastened back to the vith a lanyard of common his shoulders, so that they g the upper part of his figure a sh ungainly appearance, like the p jecting eaves of a Swiss cott Below these wide-spreading upp works he tapered away to nothin the loins, and over the hips he v not the girth of a growing lad. thighs were very short, but his le from the knee down, were the lo est I ever saw in man, reversing one's notions of proportion or sy metry, for they gradually swel out from the knee, until they end in the ankle, which emulated, i did not altogether surpass, the in diameter. But this was not for when you looked at him i front view, his lower spars, from knee down, were a perfect facsi of the letter V reversed, that is, v the apex uppermost, while the l splay feet formed the strokes acr or the bases of the letter, into wl the shanks or shin-bones were n ticed amidships as nearly as may so that the heel projected aft v nearly as far as the toe did forw as if he had been built after the del of some river-craft, to sail b wards or forwards as might be quired, without either tacking wearing. The feet were consp ously stuck out before him, and

His eyes were large, prominent, and of a deadly pale blue; his general loveliness being diversified by a most conspicuous squint. He had absolutely no eyebrows, but a curious nondescript sort of tumble-out forehead, as like an ill-washed winter-turnip in its phrenological developements as one could well imagine. As for his nose, it had the regular twist of a rifleman's powder-horn. But his lovely mouth, who shall describe it? Disdaining to claim acquaintance with the aforesaid beak, it had chosen its site under the left eye, so that a line—I here address myself to mathematical readers—drawn from the innermost corner of the right eye, and intersecting the tip of the snout, would have touched the right corner of the aforesaid hole in his face—it could be dignified with no other name, for, in sober reality, it more resembled a gash in a pumpkin, made by a clumsy bill-hook, than any thing else.

Lips he had none; and the first impression on one's mind when you saw him, was, Bless me—what an oddity! The man has no mouth—until he did make play with his potato-trap, and then it was like a gap suddenly split open in a piece of mottled freestone. It was altogether so much out of its latitude, that when he spoke, it seemed aside, as the players say; and when he drank his wine, he looked, for all the world, as if he had been pouring it into his ear. As he walked, he vehemently swung his arms backwards and forwards, as if they had been paddles necessary to propel him ahead, carrying on leisurely when he first turned, but gradually increasing his pace as he proceeded, until he sculled along at a terrible rate.

So now if the admiring reader will take the trouble to dress this Adonis, I will furnish the apparel. Imprimis, he wore a curious wee hat, with scarcely any brim, the remains of the nap bleached by a burning sun, and splashed and matted together from the pelting of numberless showers, and the washing up of many a salt-sea spray, but carefully garnished, nevertheless, with a double stripe of fresh gold-lace, and a naval button on the left side. Add to *this, an old-fashioned uniform coat, very far through, as we say; long-waisted,* with remarkably short skirts, but the strap for the epaulet new and bright as the loop on the hat; and then swathe him in a dingy white kerseymere waistcoat, over which dangled a great horn eye-glass, suspended by a magnificent new broad watered black ribbon; and, finally, take the trouble to shroud the lower limbs of the Apollo in ancient duck trowsers, extending about half-way down the calf of the leg, if calf he had, leaving his pillar-like ankles conspicuously observable; and the aforesaid reader will have a tolerably accurate idea of the presence and bearing of our amiable and accomplished messmate, Mr David Sprawl.

Rum subject as he certainly was to look at, he was a most excellent warm-hearted person at bottom, straightforward and kind to the men, never blazoning or amplifying their faults, but generally, on the other hand, softening them, and often astonishing the poor fellows by his out-of-the-way and unexpected kindness and civility, for he plumed himself on the general polish of his manners, whether to equals or inferiors, and they repaid the compliment by christening him, at one time, "Old Bloody Politeful," and "Davie Doublepipe", at another, from a peculiarity that we shall presently describe.

This remarkable personage was possessed of a very uncommon accomplishment, being a natural ventriloquist, having two distinct voices, as if he had been a sort of living double flagelet, one a *falsetto*, small and liquid, and clear as the note of an octave flute; the other sonorous and rough, as the groaning of a trombone. In conversation, the alternations, apparently involuntary, were so startling and abrupt, that they sounded as if ever and anon the keys of the high and low notes of an organ had been suddenly struck, so instantaneously were the small notes snapped off into the lower ones,—so that a stranger would, in all probability, have concluded, had he not known the peculiarities of the beauty, that a little midshipman was at one moment squeaking up the main hatchway from the hold, and at the next answered by a boatswain's mate on deck. Indeed, while the Commodore and his subaltern pursued the

oddity of his conformation, Sprawl was physically the werful man on board. beloved by the men, to his officers he was the most and accommodating crea- t ever was invented. Num- were the petty feuds which red, that, but for his warm- intervention, might have ted in pistol-shots and gun- ; and the mids of the ship ly adored him. If leave to ore, or any little immunity ired by them, "Old Bloody l" was the channel through hese requests ran; and if ner was to be eschewed, or le fault sheltered, or any s on the part of the Commo- any of the Lieutenants to be l,—in fine, if any propitiation igher powers was required, erceded but "Davie Double- In a word, men and mid- would have fought for him st gasp; and although they h a little at his oddities now n, they always came back to He is the best seaman and rest man in the ship," as in- the Lieutenant with a formal inclina tion of his strange corpus, whereb he stopped his way for a second o two, by which time Sir Oliver ha filled on the other tack, and sho three or four strides ahead, s that Sprawl had to clap the steam on at a very high pressure, in orde to scull up alongside of his superio before he arrived at the other wheel ing point, the break of the quarter deck.

The postponed dinner-hour ha ving at length arrived, the Commo dore, making a formal salaam to M Sprawl, dived to enjoy his meal i solitary happiness, and nothing par ticular occurred until the followin morning.

The next forenoon I was th officer of the watch, and, abou nine o'clock, the Commodore, wh had just come on deck, addresse me:—"Mr Brail, do you see an thing of the small hooker yet, t windward there?"

"I thought I saw something lik her, sir, about half an hour ago, bu a blue haze has come rolling dow and I cannot make any thing out a present."

us, staggering along before it like a large nautilus under her solitary lateen sail, and presently she was close aboard of us.

I was looking steadfastly at the little vessel as she came rolling down before the wind, keeping my eye, somehow or other, on the man that was bending on the ensign haulyards. He immediately began to hoist away the ensign, until it reached about half-way between the end of the long drooping, wirelike yard and the deck, where the man jerked it upwards and downwards for a minute, as if irresolute whether to run it choke-up, or haul it down again; at length it did hang half-mast-high, and blew out steadily.

My mind suddenly misgave me, and I looked for the pennant; it was also hoisted half-mast—"Alas! alas! poor Donovan," I involuntarily exclaimed—but loud enough to be overheard by the Commodore who stood by—"another victim to this horrid coast."

"What is wrong, Mr Brail?" said Sir Oliver.

"I fear Mr Donovan is dead, sir. The felucca's ensign and pennant are half-mast, sir."

"Bless me, no—surely not," said the excellent old man,—"hand me the glass, Mr Brail.—Too true—too true—where is all this to end?" said he with a sigh.

The felucca was now within long pistol-shot of our weather-quarter, standing across our stern, with the purpose of rounding-to under our lee. At this time Sir Oliver was looking-out close by the t ifferel, with his trumpet in his hand. I was still peering through the glass. "Why, there is the strangest figure come on deck, on board the Midge, that ever I saw—what can it be? Sir Oliver, will you please to look at it?"

The Commodore took the glass with the greatest good humour, while he handed me his trumpet,—"Really," said he, "I cannot tell—Mr Sprawl, can you?" Sprawl—honest man—took his spell at the telescope—but *he* was equally unsuccessful. The figure that was puzzling us, was a half-naked man in his *shirt and trowsers, with a large blue shawl bound round his head, who had suddenly jumped on* deck, with a hammock thrown over his shoulders as if it had been a dressing gown, the clew hanging half-way down his back, while the upper part of the canvass-shroud was lashed tightly round his neck, but so as to leave his arms and legs free scope; and there he was strutting about with the other clew trailing away astern of him, like the train of a lady's gown, as if he had in fact been arrayed in what was anciently called a curricle-robe. Over this extraordinary array, the figure had slung a formidable Spanish *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, across his body; and one hand, as he walked backwards and forwards on the small confined deck of the felucca, held a large green silk umbrella over his head, although the sail of itself was shade enough at the time, while the other clutched a speaking trumpet.

The craft, freighted with this uncouth apparition, was very peculiar in appearance. She had been a Spanish gun-boat—originally a twin-sister to one that we had, during the war, cut out from Rosas Bay. She was about sixty feet long over all, and seventeen feet beam, her deck being as round as her bottom; in fact she was more like a long cask than any thing else, and without exception the roomiest vessel of her size that I ever saw. She had neither bulwarks nor quarters nor rail, nor in fact any ledge whatsoever round the gunnel, so she had no use for scuppers. Her stern peaked up like a New-Zealand war-canoe, tapering away to a point, which was perforated to receive the rudder-head, while forward she had a sharp beak, shaped like the proa of a Roman galley; but she was as strong as wood and iron could make her—her bottom being a perfect bed of timbers, so that they might almost have been caulked—and tight as a bottle. What answered to a bowsprit was a short thick thumb of a stick about ten feet high, that rose at an angle of thirty degrees to the deck of the vessel; and she had only one mast, a strong stump of a spar, about thirty feet high, stayed well forward, in place of raking aft, high above which rose the large leteen sail already mentioned, wi its long elastic spliced and spliced yard tapering away up

ı unhooked, as need
ı the little vessel tacked,
me necessary to jibe the

ndish-looking craft slow-
ıed, and we were now
" I hope nothing is
Mr Donovan ?" sung out
lore.
powers, but there is
·omptly replied the cu-
with the trumpet and
a strong clear voice.

ısses were by this time
ıe vessel, and every one
ed than another what
ıis.
you, sir ?" again asked
lore. " Where is Mr
?"
linnacle, a midshipman
ed us through his hand,
d not hear him; on
nan in the hammock
without any warning,
ate with his trumpet.
ıan and the rest of the
d see, now drew close
'ard, and, from their
ıed to be preparing to
ıon the figure who had

·epeated his question

The poor lad was cowed, and d
as he was desired.
" Lower away the jolly boat
cried the Commodore; but checkii
himself, he continued—" Gently, m
—belay there—keep all fast with tl
boat, Mr Brail,"—I had jumped a
to execute the order—" We mu
humour the poor fellow, after al
who is evidently not himself."
I could hear a marine of the nam
of Lennox, who stood by, whi
per to his neighbour—" Ay, Sir Ol
ver, better fleech with a madma
than fecht with him."
" Are you Mr Donovan, pray ?
said the Commodore mildly, but stil
speaking through the trumpet.
" I *was* that gentleman," was th
startling answer.
" Then come on board, man
come on board," in a wheedling
tone.
" How would you have me to do
that thing ?" said poor Donovan.
" Come on board, did you say ? Divil
now, Sir Oliver, you are mighty un·
rasonable."
His superior officer was some·
what shoved off his balance by this
reply from his Lieutenant, and rap·
ped out fiercely enough—" Come on
board this instant, sir, or by the
Lord I"

method in madness; here there is none." Till recollecting himself—"Poor fellow, let me try him a little farther; but really it is too absurd"—as he looked round and observed the difficulty both officers and men had in keeping countenance—"Let me humour him a little longer," continued he. "Pray, Mr Donovan, how can you be dead, and speaking to me now?"

"Because," said Donovan, promptly, "I have a forenoon's leave from purgatory to see myself decently buried, Sir Oliver."

Here we could no longer contain ourselves, and, notwithstanding the melancholy and humiliating spectacle before us, a shout of laughter burst from all hands simultaneously, as the Commodore, exceedingly tickled, sung out—"Oh, I see how it is—I see—so do come on board, Mr Donovan, and we will see you properly buried."

"You *see*, Sir Oliver!" said the poor fellow; "to be sure you do—a blind horse might persave it."

"I say, Dennis dear," said I, "I will be answerable that all the honours shall be paid you." But the deceased Irishman was not to be had so easily, and again refused, point-blank, to leave the Midge.

"Lower away the boat there, Mr Sprawl," said Sir Oliver; "no use in all this; you see he won't come. Pipe away her crew; and, Mr Brail, do you hear, take half-a-dozen marines with you. So, brisk now—brisk—be off. Take the surgeon with you, and spill no blood if you can help it, but bring that poor fellow on board instantly, cost what it may."

I shoved off—two of the marines being stuck well forward in the bows, the remaining four being seated beside me on the stern-sheets. Instantly we were alongside—"What cheer, Donovan, my darling? How are you, man, and how do ye all do?"

"Ah, Benjamin, glad to see you, my boy. I hope you have come to read the service: I'm to be buried at noon, you know."

"Indeed!" said I, "I know nothing of the kind. I have come on board *from the Commodore to know how you are; he thought you had been ill.*"

"Very much obliged," continued the poor fellow; "all that sort of thing might have brought joy some days ago—but now!"———

"Well, well, Donovan," said I, "come on board with me, and buried you shall be comfortably from the frigate."

"Well, I will go. This cursed sailmaker of ours has twice this morning refused to lash me up in the hammock, because he chose to say I was not dead; so go with you I will."

The instant the poor fellow addressed himself to enter the boat, he shrank back. "I cannot—I cannot. Sailmaker, bring the shot aft, and do lash me up in my hammock, and heave me comfortably overboard at once."

The poor sailmaker, who was standing close to, caught my eye, and my ear also. "What shall I do, sir?" said he.

I knew the man to be a steady, trustworthy person.

"Why, humour him, Walden; humour him. Fetch the shot, and lash him up; but sling him round the waist by a strong three-inch rope, do you hear."

The man touched his forehead, and slunk away. Presently he returned with the cannon-balls slung in a canvass bag, the usual receptacle of his needles, palms, and thread, and deliberately fastened them round Mr Donovan's legs. He then lashed him up in the hammock, coaxing his arms under the swathing, so that presently, while I held him in play, he had regularly sewed him up into a most substantial strait waistcoat. It would have been laughable enough, if risibility had been pardonable under such melancholy circumstances, to look at the poor fellow as he stood stiff and upright, like a bolt of canvass, on the deck, swaying about, and balancing himself, as the vessel rolled about on the heave of the sea; but by this time the sailmaker had fastened the rope round his waist, one end of which was in the clutch of three strong fellows, with plenty of the slack coiled down and at hand, had it proved necessary to pay out, and give him scope.

"Now, Donovan, dear, come in the boat; do, and let us get on bow will ye."

ss as if he had been actually
jumped on board, muttered
ce or two, from recollection,
funeral service, and tipping
, we hove him bodily, stoop
, overboard, where he sank
uple of fathoms, when we
im up again. When he sank,
much excited, and flushed,
rish, to look at; but when
ow got into the boat, he was
ugh, God knows, and very
ghastly; his features were
id pinched, and he could
er a low moaning noise,
had stretched him along
m of the boat. "Mercy!"
surely my experiment has
l him." However, my best
was to get back to the fri-
oon as might be, so I gave
to shove off, and in a mi-
were all on the Gazelle's
eck, poor Donovan being
p, lashed into an accommo-
air. He was instantly taken
and, in our excellent sur-
ands, I am glad to say that
ered, and lived to be an or-
to the service, and a credit
nected with him for many
y afterwards.

st thing little Binnacle did
plain to Sir Oliver that poor
tainly; they had been mutinous,
the merchantman who unshipp
them chose to make the run hor
with five free negroes instead. But
they be bad, there is not much
them, for they are the smallest m
I ever saw."

The chap who spoke—little Binn
cle, viz.—was not quite a giant. I
was a dapper little blue-jacket, abo
five feet two. His boat's, or rath
his canoe's crew, were all ve
little men, but still evidently fu
grown, and not boys. Every thi
about the craft he had come fro
was diminutive, except her la
commander. The midshipman w
small—the men were all pigmi
The vessel herself could not ha
carried one of the pyramids
Egypt. The very bandy-legged c
that yelped and scampered alo
her deck was a small cock-tail
affair, that a large Newfoundlan
canis might easily have swallowed

After little Binnacle had made h
report to Sir Oliver, he, with
arch smile, handed me the followi
letter open, which I have preserv
to this hour for the satisfaction of t
curious. Many a time have I sin
laughed and cried over this produ
tion of poor Donovan's heated brai

"My Dear Brail.—When we

"It is now a week since I was struck by a flash of lightning at noonday, when there was not a speck of cloud in the blue sky, that glanced like a fiery dart right down from the fierce sun, and not having my red woollen nightcap on, that I purchased three years ago from old Jabos of Belfast, the Jew who kept a stall near the quay, it pierced through the skull just in the centre of the bald spot, and set my brain a-boiling and poppling ever since, making a noise for all the world like a buzzing bee-hive; so that I intend to depart this life at three bells in the middle watch this very night, wind and weather permitting. Alas, alas! who shall tell this to my dear old mother, Widow Donovan, who lives at No. 1050, in Sackville Street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe?—or to poor Cathleen O'Haggarty? You know Cathleen, Benjie; but you must never know that she has a glass eye—Ah, yes, poor thing, she had but one eye, but that *was* a beauty, the other was a quaker;* but then she had five thousand good sterling pounds, all in old Peter Macshane's bank at the back of the Exchange; and so her one eye was a blessing to me; for where is the girl with two eyes, and five thousand pounds, all lodged in Peter Macshane's bank at the back of the Exchange, who would have looked at Dennis Donovan, a friendless, penniless lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and son of Widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville Street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe—Ah, how Cathleen will pipe her real eye—I wonder if she will weep with the false one—I am sure my story might bring tears from a stone, far more a piece of glass—Oh, when she hears I am gone, she will be after breaking her tender little heart—Oh, murder for the notion of it—that's the thought that I can't bear—that is the blow that kills Ned! The last words of Dennis Donovan, who has nothing on earth to brag of beside a mighty pretty person, and a brave soul—that's a good one. Adieu, adieu. God bless the King and the Royal Family entirely. DENNIS DONOVAN, Lieutenant, R. N., and son of Widow Donovan, who lives at 1050, Sackville Street, Dublin, the widest thoroughfare in Europe."

To return.

"And pray," said the Commodore, "what captures may you have made in this redoubtable man-of-war of yours—in his Britannic Majesty's felucca, Midge?"

"Why, none, sir," said wee Middy, blushing; "but I hope you will soon put us in the way of having a brush, sir."

"We shall see, we shall see," said the good-hearted old sailor; "but come and take a glass of wine, Mr Binnacle, and after you have told Mr Brail all about the Midge, what she has, and wants, &c., get on board again, and keep near us for the evening.—I say, Mr Steelpen," to his clerk, who was lounging about, "come to the cabin, now, will you, and draw out Mr Brail's instructions, as Mr Garboard is still confined to his cot."

This was the second lieutenant, who had been ill for a week with fever.

I heard the order given, and instantly set about getting my kit arranged for my departure, although I did think it would have been more pleasing in my excellent captain, had he appeared to have consulted me a little on the subject; but to hear was to obey, and I was quite ready to move by the time I was sent for to receive my orders, when I adjourned to the cabin. Sir Oliver, had dined, and was sitting at his wine. The affair, in fact, went on very much as usual; and so soon as the steward and his boy had left us to ourselves, the knight rang the bell, the cord of which, ending in a handsome brass handle, hung within a foot of his head.

"Potter, send the first lieutenant here."

Sprawl was in immediate attendance.

"Glad to see you, Mr Sprawl; sit down, and take wine."—After a pause—"Do you think, if the breeze holds, that we shall make the land again before morning, Mr Sprawl?"

"No, sir, for we have run sixty

* *A sham wooden gun.*

more, comfortably r
been on board of my new
d before I came down, and
e such passing observations
ne permitted.
, I daresay, for a few days
it, sir."
ı send your purser, or who-
y be acting for him, aboard
aing."
le my bow, whipped off
, and went on deck to be off.
getting dark fast—the wind
n suddenly—the frigate had
rrying top-gallant sails up to
I had gone below, but they
ow handed, and the watch
the act of taking a reef in
ails, when I came on deck.
ereabouts is the felucca?"
o the officer of the watch,
gunner, who, in the absence
arboard, the second lieute-
ho, as already stated, was
l in his cot, had charge of the

se to, sir," was the reply;
sently he continued, looking
e side, "Deuce take me, sir,
n see her just at this pre-

kindness to fire a gun, and she
light at the mizen peak, as the
lucca *must be* hereabouts?"

"True enough, Brail, she ca
be far off, but" —— Here
saw another flash, and this time
heard the report of the cann
"There," continued the lieutena
"there she is, sure enough; but
the devil can you expect her to c
up to us, seeing she is cut off by
large craft there?" And he poi
a-beam of us, where, following
direction indicated, I soon sa
large vessel, standing on under
sail on the same tack.

"Quartermaster," exclaimed
lieutenant, "keep her away, and
down towards that chap, will

The Commodore was nov
deck.

"I was on the point of repo
to you, sir, that the felucca v
good way off to leeward, appar
cut off by a strange sail, that is
ling along right between us,"
David Doublepipe.

"Whereabouts," said the ca
"whereabouts is this strange
And why the deuce did the fe
not fire a gun?"

a blue light, which cast a lurid wake on the rolling waters, cresting the sparkling waves with a wavering line of unearthly light. It lit up the little vessel and her white sail, and the whole horizon in her neighbourhood, with a blue ghostly glare, across which, as a bright background, we suddenly saw the tall spars, and dark sails, and opaque hull of a large polacre brig intervene, as she gradually slid along, rising and falling majestically on the midnight sea, between us and the tender.

"Ah ha!" said the Commodore. "Why, Master Brail, your retreat is cut off, and all the honour and glory will be gathered by the Midges without you, for there the brig is bearing up—there, she has made us out, and if the little fellows don't get out of his way, she will run them down."

The black bank in the east now broke away, and the newly risen moon shone out bright and sudden, and we distinctly saw the polacre crowding all sail from us, with the gallant little Midge to leeward of him about half a mile, under easy sail, apparently waiting for him, and standing directly across the bows of his large antagonist, into which he once more fired his long gun; and as he stood across his bows, he hove a capful of grape into him from his howitzer. The chase up to this time had not fired a shot, but continued to crowd all sail, with the little fellow sticking in his skirts like a bur.

The night began to lower again; the wind fell from a fine working breeze to nearly calm, and soon the rain began to descend in torrents. At length it became stark calm, and as dark as the shrouded moon would let it. But every now and then we could see a tiny flash in the south-east, which for a moment lit up the outline of the large dark lateen sail of the felucca, which, with the sweeps and figures of the men that pulled them, appeared as black as ebony, from being between us and the flash of the forwardmost gun, while, on the other hand, it glanced brightly against the stern, and sparkled in the windows, and lighted up the snow-white sails of the brig, in pursuit of which the felucca had again bore up, while the wreaths of smoke rose up and surrounded both vessels, like a luminous cloud, or a bright halo. Presently the peppering of musketry commenced from the Midge, which shewed she was overhauling the strange sail, and it was at length returned from the chase, who now began to fire for the first time from his stern chasers. This was brilliantly replied to by the felucca, when all at once the dark lateen sail came down between us and the bright flashes by the run; the fire from the felucca ceased, the breeze sprung up again, and all was dark. We stood on for ten minutes, when we saw a light right ahead, and before we could shorten sail, were alongside of the felucca—the little vessel, now a confused heap of black wreck, appearing to slide past us like an object seen from a carriage window when travelling rapidly, although it was the frigate that was in motion, while she lay like a log on the water. Presently the *wee* midshipman — little Binnacle, who had returned on board of her, as ordered, early in the evening—hailed.

"He is too big for us, sir; he has shot away our main-haulyards, and hurt three of our men."

"Heave the ship to," said the Commodore; "and, Mr Brail, go on board with a boat's crew, take the carpenter with you, and see what is wrong. Keep close by us till morning; or here,—take him in tow, Mr Sprawl,"—to the first lieutenant, —"take him in tow."

I went on board my forlorn command, and found the little vessel a good deal cut up, in hull, sails, and rigging, and three Midges wounded, but none of them seriously. They were sent on board the frigate, and next morning, when the day broke, all that we could see of the polacre was a small white speck of her royal like the wing of a sea-bird on our leebow, presently she vanished altogether.

The breeze continued to freshen, and we carried on; and in the afternoon made the land, near the mouth of the river we had been blockading, and after having run in as close as we thought safe, we hove to for the night, determined to finish the adventure on the morrow.

When the day broke we were close in with the mouth of the

id not understand a word of
Spanish, or French, but by
e enquired of him if he had
y thing of the brig we were
g? He indicated, after his
that a big canoe had run up
with that morning's tide, and
v at anchor above the reach

However, his only object
d to be to sell his yams and
:h which his boat was load-
d after he had done so, and
gotten all the information
d out of him, he shoved off,
prepared to ascend the river
felucca, reinforced by ten
meraries from the frigate,
:ompanied by three of her
ıanned with thirty men and
ı marines, under the com-
Mr Sprawl, in order to over-
ır friend of the preceding

.

stood in, and as we ap-
d I went aloft on the little
f a mast to look about me.
ıden-coloured sea generally
s several shades lighter as
roach the shore, unless the
e regularly up and down, and
ose to. In the present in-
t gradually shoaled, but the
ıe water, instead of becom-

peril when passing the *boiling* w
on the bar, but presently we
gliding along the smooth surfa
the noble river.

On rounding the first point,
in the middle of the stream
our friend of the preceding n
moored stem and stern, with bo
ing nettings up, and Spanish col
flying at the mizen-peak; but
could see no one on board. Sp
therefore called a halt, and mad
men lie on their oars, as some sa
pranks had lately been playe
slavers in these rivers, such as
ing trains to their magazines w
they found capture inevitable,
various other pleasant little
prises, one of which generally se
a man for a lifetime. So being
sirous of avoiding all chance
hoist of this kind, we dropped
chor in the felucca, and go
boats alongside, all to the cu
which was sent to pull round
polacre and reconnoitre. On th
ficer returning, he said he had
nothing. I therefore determine
remain quiet for some time lo
to give any trick of the nature
ced at time to develope itself.
lay for two hours under the mo
tense heat I ever remember; th

the polacre to reconnoitre a bit. I will take care that I do not go too near."

"I see no objections to it," said I, "none in the world; but mind your hand, my hearty—don't go too far, as they are slippery chaps these same slaving gentry—that I can tell you."

The boat shoved off—I was eating my hasty dinner on deck at the moment—and proceeded without let or hinderance until she arrived within pistol-shot of the polacre, when from amongst the green bushes on the river bank, about musket-shot from them, a burst of white smoke flew up, and half-a-dozen round shot hopped along the calm surface of the sluggish river. The next moment the shrieks of the cutter's crew gave notice that they had told in a fearful manner. We looked out ahead. The wreck of the boat, with eight of her crew, including the lieutenant, holding on by it, came floating down to us; the boat had been knocked to pieces by the fire of the masked battery that had so unexpectedly opened on us, but the poor fellows were promptly picked up; only we could not help observing the body of one unfortunate fellow who had been killed, floating past us with his chest up and his head down. Old Davie Doublepipe scrambled on board, in nowise greatly put out by his rough reception.

"Why now," said he, "a surprise of this kind is extremely inconvenient."

"But where the deuce came the shot from?" said I.

"The devil only knows," quoth he; "every thing seemed as quiet as could be, when all at once—crash—the shot took us right amidships, and the next moment we were all floundering in the water, like so many pigs overboard."

"Well, well," rejoined your humble servant; "I say, Master Marline," to the senior midshipman of the frigate, who commanded one of the other boats, "we can't lie here to be murdered, so strike out for the polacre, and if any annoyance is offered from the shore, I will weigh and give our concealed friends a dose of grape."

The boat shoved off, and pulled towards the *enemy. All was quiet until she reached within ten yards* of her stern, when a blaze of six pieces of cannon at the fewest, once more took place, and eddies of smoke gushed from the green bushes. The boat instantly took the hint, put about, and returned to us. Her stern had been nearly knocked to pieces, and she was leaking so much, that by the time she was alongside, she was full of water, and the men had only time to get out, when she sank to the gunnel.

"By the powers," said I, "but there is mighty little fun in all this. What see you, my man?"—to one of the people who had scrambled up along the long yard to reconnoitre from whence the shots had proceeded; but he could give me no information. The instant the smoke had rolled away down the dull river in blue wreaths, growing more and more gauzelike and transparent, as they passed us, all was quiet, and green, and noiseless on the bank as before, while the sun continued to shine down on us with the same sickening intensity, heating the thick sickly air, until it was almost unfit for breathing.

"Something must be done," said I—"we must dislodge those fellows or be off, that is clear."

"Do you think," I continued, addressing myself to the discomfited first lieutenant, who was shaking his feathers and drying himself as well as he could, "that there is water for us to sheer alongside where these scoundrels are ensconsed?"

"I think there must be," said he, "but we had better remain quiet where we are until night, if they will let us, so that we may be off with the ebb if need be."

The advice was good and discreet. So old Bloody Politeful and I set to clean ourselves, and make ourselves as comfortable as our scanty means permitted, while the men did the same. It was now near five P. M. when the tide began to flow again—and as there were two good hours daylight still, we determined to prove our friends a little further, rather than lie inactive any longer—the same restless feeling had spread to the men.

"The tide is on the turn now, sir," said the old quartermaster.

"Then all hands up anchor—

the river brink. I was sure
e directly opposite the spot
hence the shots were fired.
ever we were fairly settled in
tion, we let drive both guns.
pe pattered in the water, and
amongst the leaves of the
ut all continued still as
shore. We loaded and fired
ut as we had only one boat
ed, Mr Sprawl and I de-
d, instead of attempting a
in order to cope with ene-
hom we could not see, to
nd sweep towards the brig,
e intention, if opportunity
of boarding her. But the
we turned our stern to the
id began to pull in that direc-
ng—several cannon were a-
ed at us, but in this instance
re loaded with round and
nd two of the shot told, but
ely only one of the people
t, and that not seriously.
l, men, like fury; give way,
the hull of the brig between
our honest friends there."
-another rally from the
battery, and one poor fellow
time knocked over, never
gain; in another minute, we
pt round the stern of the
and were alongside. I laid
to be sinking. "She is settling
down forward," said I; "by
powers, she is sinking, sure enoug
there—there she goes; what a
to port she is getting!" Prese
she fell over on her beam-ends
the mud, with every thing un
water but about ten feet of
quarter bulwark, and the masts
rigging, which the setting sun
now gilding; while the long shad
of the bushes and dwarf palms
the western bank gradually cr
across the whole breadth of
unwholesome stream, chasing
blood-red gleam of the sinking
first from the water, and then fi
the river brink, where it linge
for a moment, and then gradu
rose until it rested on the topn
branches of the trees on the
bank opposite, from which it sp
ily disappeared, and the only obj
that vouched for his being still ab
the horizon, were the wand-like t
of the tall masts, that shone
burnished brass rods for a b
moment, and then blackened un
the fast falling darkness, which
pidly shrouded the whole face
the dull flat melancholy margin
the dark rolling stream; while cre
ing churchyard-looking vapours,
if the pestilence no longer wal

the stagnant putrid exhalation that was like to poison us; and the rushing of the river, that in the daytime we could not hear, sounded loud and hoarse, and rippled, lip, lipping against the stem as we lay aground, and then circled away in dark frothy eddies in our wake.

We lay still for several hours without seeing any light, or hearing any noises on shore that indicated the vicinity of our dangerous neighbours. Once tempted by the apparent quietude, the boat shoved off a stroke or two in the direction of the polacre, with the intention of setting fire to her, if possible; but when within pistol-shot of their object, a loud voice from the shore sang out in a threatening tone —"*Cuidado*,"* when the officer wisely pulled round, and returned to us.

We could hear the frigate in the offing through the livelong night, firing signal guns every ten minutes, which we durst not answer, without the certainty of being speedily blown to pieces by our invisible antagonists. About ten o'clock, I went in one of the boats with muffled oars, and made directly for the bank opposite where we had been fired at, which, on a nearer approach, I found to be free of mangroves, and to consist of a black overhanging *scaur*, that had been scarped out by the rush of the stream, reflected across from the jutting point on the side where the slavers had intrenched themselves. All continued still, and here we skulked for a full hour, when we stole out, and pulled gently towards the wreck, which, either from a fresh in the river, or the rising of the tide, was now entirely under water. But we had not advanced above fifty yards towards our object, when the same unearthly "*beware*" swung across the black rushing of the stream, and was again reflected in a small echo from the opposite side, as if a water fiend had been answered by a spirit of the air. We got back to the felucca, and now made up our minds to while away the time until the day broke, in the best way we could. All hands were now set to cooper the damaged boat, of which we contrived to make a very tolerable job, so that she leaked very little.

The lieutenant in command and I now went below, and immediately sent for the three midshipmen who were detached on the same service with us. We had some grog and a piece of rancid mess beef, and as turning in was out of the question, we lay down on the deck and on the lockers, and by the help of boat cloaks and blankets, we were endeavouring to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, when the sound of a cannon-shot was once more heard.

"Why, what the deuce," said I, "we are making no movement—what can the fellows mean?"

There was no saying;—they might, from the success they had met with in neutralizing the attempts of the boats to disturb or destroy the wreck, have overvalued the strength of their own position, for this shot had been aimed at us; and as we had now plenty of water, we instantly weighed, and dropped down the river out of range. All now remained quiet until the day dawned, and streaks of dull grey cold light appeared in the eastern horizon. There was not a single warm tint in the sky, although we were in a regular vapour-bath of pestilential effluvia, and were any thing but cold. An hour before daylight the fog sank down on us even thicker than before, so that every thing was hid from our view beyond ten paces' distance; but as it drew nearer sunrise, this watery canopy rose, and gradually evaporated in a dropping mist, until the gorgeous east once more reassumed its supremacy, and the stars sparkled, and the reddening firmament gave token that day was at hand. The sun rose—

"Midge, ahoy," sang out a voice from the bow of a boat, that had on the instant stuck its snout round the point below us. Before we could answer, the yawl, full of enquiring messmates, was alongside.

"Hillo, Master Sprawl—hillo, Master Brail, what sort of an afternoon have you spent?—Slept sound, eh?—But why the devil did you keep blazing away and wasting his

* *Literally*,—Take care—mind your eye.

Majesty's powder in minute guns in this way?"

"What were you after the whole night through, eh?" sung out old Pumpbolt, the master of the Gazelle.

"Come on board, my lad," said I—"come on board, will ye, and you shall hear the whole story."

They came on board, and after lengthier explanation than the reader would willingly listen to, it was determined, reinforced as we now were, that if we could make out the whereabouts of the fort that had so annoyed us, we should make a dash at it, even were we to have broken heads in prospect. As to attacking the battery in front, where there was no standing ground, it was utterly out of the question; so, as the tide was now low ebb, and the slaver nearly high and dry on the bank, although, in the hole we had dropped into, the felucca was floating quietly out of cannon-shot, we left her in charge of ten hands, and crowding the other boats, we gradually dropped down with the current along shore, three in all, the damaged boat having been repaired, as already mentioned, and with no fewer than six-and-forty seamen and twenty marines, keeping a bright look-out for the smallest opening in the mangroves that could afford an entrance. At length we did arrive at such an opening; it was a narrow creek about thirty feet broad, overhung with the everlasting mangrove, which formed an arch overhead by the weaving of the thickly leaved branches together, forming a shade utterly impervious to the sun's rays. I was in the sternmost boat; the next to me was commanded by the first lieutenant of the frigate, old Davie Doublepipe, and as we sculled along in the clear creek, for here it was translucent as a mountain lake, whatever the water might be in the river, our boats came close together. Sprawl, whose experience of the coast, and, in truth, of expeditions of this kind, greatly surpassed my own, immediately asked me to shift from aft where I sat, forward to the stem of the boat. The men continued to pole along, as there was no room for them to ply their oars.

"I say, Master Brail," quoth he —*(as he sat in the stern-sheets and I was stowed away in the bow of my* own boat, we could communicate without being overheard)—"why, supposing we do carry his position —*cui bono*, what advantageth it us? The slaves, which, when the Midge first saw him, and chased him, were on board, are once more back into cover, and have all been landed; so if we could even weigh the polacre and carry her to Cape Coast, I very much fear we should be unable to condemn her."

"But the honour and glory?" quoth I.

"Both be—ahem," quoth he; "but if you think it an object to have a brush, why, come along, it is all the day's work."

I was a younger man by ten years than our friend, and, boylike, I gloried in the opportunity; so we again began to scull along the clear deep creek, overhung by the same luxuriant umbrageous screen of mangroves, as impervious to the sun and light as if it had been a continuous artificial arbour. I cannot describe the beauty and coolness of this shade —water clear and pellucid as crystal under foot; a long distinct view through forests of naked mangrove stems on each side, while overhead there was a perfect screen of green leaves, as if the stems of the trees and bushes had been merely naked and leafless artificial supporters to the luxuriant web of verdure that rested on the trelliswork formed by the interlacing of their boughs aloft, and which spread out in a delicious covering over the whole shore. We dislodged innumerable birds of every variety, from the tall floating ghostlike crane to the chattering paroquet; and more than one owl flitted away from us, and flew up through the branches above, until the sun struck him, when, with a whirling *fluff* and a rustling *brush* through the topmost leaves, he came down overhead like a shot, until, restored by the green twilight, he recovered himself, and once more sailed away along the narrow creek, and disappeared round the corner of it ahead of us. In one instance, a boy in the bow of my boat struck one down with a boat-hook, so that the bird fell crack against Lieutenant Sprawl's head as he sat in the stern-sheets of the boat ahead.

"Hillo, Brail, my man," quoth he, "where away—what are you after?"

This narrow canal was absolutely alive with fish—they surrounded us on all sides; and although we could discern some dark suspicious-looking figures at the bottom, which we conjectured to be alligators, still there was no perceptible motion amongst them, and we all continued quietly to scull along, until the headmost boat took the ground for a moment, and we all closed bang upon her.

"What is that?" sung out old Bloody Politeful.

"Lord only knows," answered the midshipman beside him; when a loud snorting noise, approaching to a roar, a sound that hovered between the blowing of a whale and the bellowing of a bull half choked in a marsh, echoed along the green arch.

"Now what customer can that be?" quoth your humble servant.

"A hippopotamus," said one of the launch's crew; and before we could hear any thing more, an animal with a coarse black leather skin, and a most formidable head, about the size of a small Highland cow, (it must have been but a young one,) floundered down the creek past us, stirring up the mud as thick as tar all round about—but we had other work in hand, so he escaped without a shot. We pulled on, and presently, the mangroves settled down right across the narrow creek, twisting their snake-like branches together into an impervious net. They were still entirely leafless below, and the topmost branches alone gave out foliage, as if their bare black tortuous boughs had been an arbour supporting a covering of superb vines. But all this I have described already. Ahead our course was thus most effectually stopped, but a small muddy path branched off to the right, and we determined to follow it.

It appeared a good deal poached, as if from the passing of a number of people recently along it; and we had not proceeded above twenty yards when we came upon a spare studding-sail boom, to which some heavy weight had been attached, for two slings were fastened round it, shewing, by the straight and wire-like appearance of the rope, how severe the strain had been; and the spar itself was broken in the midst, as if the weight attached to it had been more than it could bear.

"Aha," thought I, "we are getting near the earth of the fox any how—the scent is high."

We carried on. The path continued cut up to a great degree, but no other evidences of our being on the proper trail occurred; and as we could not fall in with a tree tall enough to afford us a glimpse of the lay of the land about us, had we ascended it, we had no alternative but to stand on.

"No chance of doing any good here," grumbled an old quartermaster, close to where I was, struggling nearly knee-deep in mud. "We shall catch nothing but fever here."

"Hillo," said a little middy, as we braced up sharp round a right-angled corner of the pestiferous path—"hillo, the road stops here;" and so it certainly appeared to do about pistol-shot, or nearer, ahead of us, where a mound of what seemed green furze bushes was heaped up about six feet high across the path. Whether this was a casual interruption thrown up by the natives, or an impediment cast in our way by our concealed *amigos*, I could not tell. A loud barking of dogs was now heard ahead of us—and presently a halt was called, and the word was passed along to see that the priming of the muskets was dry and sound; and all of us instinctively drew his cutlass a finger's breadth or so from its sheath, to see that it would come readily to one's hand, should need be. The first lieutenant, who, disdaining the common ship cutlass, had buckled on a most enormous Andrea Ferrara with a huge rusty basket-hilt, advanced boldly towards the enclosure, when a smooth-faced, very handsome dark young man suddenly raised his head above the green defence—"*Que quieren ustedes, amigos mios?*"

"What's that to you," rejoined I; "give us a clear road, my darling, or maybe we shall cooper you, after a very comical fashion."

I had scarcely uttered the words when a discharge of grape flew over our heads, crashing amongst the branches, and sending them down in a shower on our heads, while all the neighbouring trees, like Jacob's wands, became, in the twinkling of

e of thirty determined fel-
ho were working like fiends
ndeavour to slew round se-
nteen-pound carronades, that
n mounted on a stage of loose
and pointed towards the ri-
pparently they had been un-
accomplish this with more
ne, the gun that had just
red, which had slid off the
nd was now useless, from
ing way or rather sinking of
ber which constituted the
n, in the mud, two of the
having already, in the at-
apsized and sunk right out
t in the semisolid black filth,
nereabout composed the bank
iver. So aid from the can-
y now had none; but never
shew a more daring front—
ood their ground, exchan-
ow for blow most manfully.
fort or battery was a stock-
nclosure, about fifty yards
Towards the river face, there
platform, composed of loose
which were bedded on a quick-
running mud, (being half an
n, I hope the phrase is pa-
me,) on which were mount-
lready stated, seven carron-
eighteen-pounders; and the
ed with boarding pikes, or cutlass
while several had large brass b
mouthed *trabucos*, or blunderb
ses, which threw five or six musk
balls at a discharge. Most of th
were naked to their trowsers,
they all wore a blue, yellow, or
sash drawn tight round the wa
through which several had pist
stuck; while their heads were cov
ed, in general, by a blue cloth c
like a long stocking, to the end
which was fastened a thick silk
woollen tassel, either hanging do
the back, or falling over the side
the head. Those who wore sh
had them of a woollen striped st
common amongst the Biscayan bo
men. One elderly man—a la
athletic Hercules of a fellow, b
headed, and very bald, with
trowsers rolled up to his kn
displaying his dark brawny l
and naked feet, dressed in one
the aforesaid striped shirts,
who wore a broad-brimmed, nar
conical-crowned hat, with a flam
red riband tied round it close to
spreading brim, and with a *tra*
in his hand, the piece held in a
that it might be instantly levelle
us—stood in advance of the othe
These ferocious-looking rascals

ger, as if there had been a cross of the bull-dog in their blood. The moment Lieutenant Sprawl stuck his very remarkable snout over the stockade, several of us having scrambled up a-breast of him, the man who was apparently the leader of the party hailed—

"*Que quieren ustedes—somos Españoles—y unde esta la guerra entre ustedes i nosotros?*"

He was answered by a volley from all our pieces, and half-a-dozen of us tumbled down, right into the soft mud; those who had the luck to fall on their feet sank to their knees in an instant, whilst several who fell head foremost, left a beautiful cast of their phrenological developements in the mire. We struggled with all our might, you may imagine, to extricate ourselves, but three out of the group were instantly pinned in their clay moulds, by the boarding pikes of the slaver's crew, and died miserably where they fell, while several others were wounded by shot; but our fellows continued to pour in after us, and there we soon were, thirty men at the fewest, struggling, and shouting, and blazing away, using the dead bodies of our fallen comrades as stepping-stones, to advance over, while about fifteen more, as a reserve under little Binnacle, had perched themselves on the top of the stockade in our rear, and kept pouring in a most destructive fire over our heads; while the yells of the men, and the barking and worrying of the dogs, who had now been let loose, and who were indiscriminately attacking whoever was next them, were appalling in the highest degree.

The men who so manfully opposed us, it was our duty and our glory to encounter; but the dogs were the devil,—altogether out of our reckoning. It was curious to see those who feared not the face of man, hanging back when attacked by one of the blood-hounds. So our antagonists, although so largely overmatched in numbers, had, from the ferocity of their allies, and the soundness of their footing, the advantage over us, and made good their position on the wooden stage, where they were in the act of at length getting another of the carronades, no doubt loaded with grape, slewed round and pointed at us, when five marines, who had scrambled through the brake, took them in flank, and attacked them on the sea face, with unexampled fury. The sergeant of the party instantly shot the leader of the Spanish crew, the powerful and very handsome man already mentioned, between the shoulders, and he fell forward right on the top of me. Still in my dreams I often fancy that I feel the convulsive clutches of the dying man, and the hot blood gurgling from his mouth, down my neck, and the choking gasps, and the death quiver.

I was stunned, and must have been overlaid some time, for when I wriggled myself clear of the horrible load, our fellows had already gained the platform, led by old Davie Doublepipe, who was laying about him with his rusty weapon like a Paladin of old, at one moment shredding away showers of twigs from the branches that overhung us; at another inflicting deep and deadly gashes on his antagonists, his sword raining blood as he whirled it round his head, flashing like lightning, while his loud growl, like the roaring of the surf after a gale, alternated rapidly with his *tootle-oo*, that gushed shrill and sharp from out the infernal noise and smoke and blaze of the tumult. Presently the Gazelles and Midges closed hand to hand with their antagonists, and the next minute the survivors of the latter fairly turned tail, and fled along a narrow path, equally muddy as the one we had entered by, where many of them stuck up to the knees, and were there shot down by our people, but no attempt was made to follow them. A number of men had been terribly torn by the bloodhounds, who, when their masters had fled, noble brutes as they were, stood gasping and barking at the entrance of the opening, covering their retreat as it were —spouting out in a bound or two towards us every now and then, and immediately retiring, and yelling and barking at the top of their pipes. I was going to fire, when the Scotch corporal of marines, already introduced on the scene, took the liberty of putting in his oar, "Beg pardon, Mr Brail, but let abee for let abee with mad dogs and daft folk, is an auld but a very true adage."

which in two instances was gra-
y settling over the bodies in a
ly mire, while four wounded men
struggling to extricate them-
s from the tenacious clay, and
vouring to attain the hard foot-
the platform of planks. Three
m, with the assistance of their
nates, did accomplish this, but
urth was too badly hurt, and
int from the loss of blood, to
ere, and in despair threw him-
ack, gasping on the bloody
ire.

'hat is that?" said I, while
dozen dropping shots sparkled
m beneath the thick jungle,
the very instant one of the
epers stuck his head over the
de.

ie tide has left us, sir, and
uth of the creek has not six
of water in it, sir. The boats
ick hard and fast until next

ling enough this. What was
one. To retreat, for the time,
t of the question, so we had
ice but in a forward demon-

unceremoniously as if he had
a crushed beetle. A little farth
we encountered in another
by-track that took away to th
of us, three other men, evid
part of the gang, who had been
pering us from beneath the cov
the bushes. These were shot
where they stood, and I cannot
get the imploring glances of
poor fellows as they vainly besee
our mercy, and the fearful sig
their stretching themselves out
falling crash back amongst
branches when we fired. Tw
them seemed to fall at once
dead amongst the bloody leaves,
the third, shrieking aloud, had w
tled himself a fathom or two
the brake before he received
quietus from a marine, who wal
close up to him, and shot him thro
the heart. Still we heard the sh
of the rest of the party who had
treated, and were now well ahea
us, and we pushed on in pursu
when all at once, as if I had b
struck by the levin-brand, a flash
light blazed across my eyes, a
came to the ground by the run.

WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S

PROGRESS OF SOCIAL DISORGANIZATION.

No. II.

THE TRADES' UNIONS.

Every man of common observation must now see to what the headstrong passion for innovation is rapidly leading. It is in vain to conceal, it would be folly to attempt to deny, that, under the influence of the prodigious changes of recent times, a spirit has been nurtured, which at length threatens the very elements of society with dissolution. As long as the lower orders were deluded by the cry for Reform; as long as they were infatuated enough to believe that, by supporting the Whigs in office, they would convert the age of iron into that of gold; as long as they were deceived by the assurance, that, by obtaining the command of the Legislature, they would readily find a remedy for all their sufferings, they were kept tolerably quiet, as against their rulers, and their fury turned exclusively upon their devoted opponents of the Conservative party. Now, however, that device will no longer answer its purpose. The battle has been fought; the victory has been gained; Tory misrule is at end; Whig wisdom and liberality have been for three years and a half in full operation; and the people naturally ask, what is the end of these things? What have we gained by all the efforts we have made? Where are the fields, the wages, the plenty, which were promised us? Finding that they have gained nothing by all they have done, that wages are as low, taxes as burdensome, employment as scarce, suffering as general, as before the arrival of the promised millennium, they return in gloomy discontent to their firesides, and, throwing aside all confidence in public men, and all hope of relief derived from the Legislature, sternly resolve to take the matter into their own hands, and, by the force of numbers, and the terror of combination, obtain that instant and practical relief, which they have sought in vain in the delusive theories of their deceivers.

The Trades' Unions, therefore, which have now spread with such portentous rapidity through the whole country; which have arrayed millions of Englishmen in combination against the authority of law, and the order of society; which threaten to overwhelm industry by the accumulation of numbers, and extinguish opposition by the terrors of self-authorized punishment;* which lay the axe to the root of the national resources, by suspending the labour by which it is created, and lock up the fountains of prosperity, by paralysing the capital which must maintain its producers, are a natural and inevitable, but not uninstructive step in the progress of revolution. They indicate, and that, too, in a voice of thunder, the arrival of the period when the vanity of hope has been felt, and the falsehood of promises experienced; when the hollowness of professions has become apparent, and the selfishness of ambition manifested itself; when Whig aristocracy can no longer employ the multitude as the instruments of its will, and democratic flattery can no longer supply the want of real relief. The manufacturing classes seem now resolved to take the matter into their own hands; they disdain to make any appeal to their own Legislature, or give any instructions to their darling representatives; but boldly fixing a rate of wages, a period of labour, and a set of regulations for themselves, they bid open defiance to all the constituted authorities in the state, and invite Government and

---

* We are aware that all the respectable organs of the Trades' Unions disclaim acts of violence; *but experience has* proved, that while they exist, they cannot be *prevented, and that, practically,* whatever they may say, they amount to a tyranny *numbers over helpless industry.*

ıer innovations; the public
on, that, from the regenerated
ure, the people have nothing
; and that, for any real alle-
of their sufferings, they must
their own right arms and
/n firm resolution. It is to
:ded as a natural and neces-
p in the progress of the dis-
der which we are labouring;
painful, but inevitable and
etold result of the insane in-
ıs of which we have so long
e victims; and as indicating
ep to amendment at least
ırises from a perception of
lly tendency of the remedies
ıave hitherto been adminis-

people, indeed, are not, for
ıt part, aware of this; they
ıot admit, if it was put to
ıat their present distresses,
ave prompted them to form
ormidable combinations, are
ural result of the bitter
intment experienced from
trast between the promises
vere held out to them, and
ılts which have attended the
es which were pursued; they

heard, announcing that they
been cheated and deceived, and
direct self-government can a
admit them to the social benefi
which they are entitled.

That the true friends of the w
ing classes are the Conservativ
that their worst enemies are the
magogues who lure them by
voice of flattery to perdition,
be obvious from the considera
that labour and industry of e
sort can only flourish during the
shine of tranquillity and ease,
that they necessarily wither and
amidst the storms and the agit
of Revolution. If a tree is cut d
the leaves and distant branche
the first to wither; and they
guish and die long before any sy
toms of decay appear in the stem
larger branches, because the
which vivifies the whole is
stopped in its ascent to the fart
extremities. It is the same witl
circulation of capital through th
less extensive and curiously
structed filaments of society. If
shock is given to the heart, the w
ing classes are the first to su
because they are the last whom

of the Trades' Unions in all parts of the country proves to have arisen, is observable in every other convulsion of a similar kind which has yet desolated the world. It corresponds to the revolt of the 10th August in the first French Revolution; the effort, as Mignet tells us, of the working-classes to shake off the burgher aristocracy who had got possession of the legislature, and who were determined to obtain for themselves those benefits which had so long been held out to them by the demagogues to whom they had lent ear. It corresponds to the revolt of Lyons in November, 1831, when the starving weavers of that great manufacturing city rose in open revolt against the revolutionary authorities of Louis Philippe, and were only subdued by Marshal Soult and the Duke of Orleans, at the head of a greater force than fought the Duke of Wellington at Toulouse; or the great revolt of the Parisian operatives at the Cloister of St Merri in June, 1832, which was only crushed by a mightier military array than glittered on the field of Jena or Austerlitz. The pacific habits and more orderly character of our working-classes will, it is to be hoped, give a very different character to this stage of the disease in the British Isles from what obtained amidst the fiercer passions and military ideas of their southern neighbours: but the crisis is the same; it has arisen from the same deep-rooted disappointment at the deceit and delusions of which they have been the victims, and will be attended in the end, if not firmly coerced, with effects not one whit less disastrous.

Few of our readers are acquainted with the real objects of these formidable Associations, or the manner in which they are levelled, not merely against the rights of their masters, and the general authority of law, but the whole principles of religion and morality by which society is held together—by which the strong are prevented from tyrannising over the weak—and civilisation is prevented from relapsing into the anarchy and bloodshed of savage life. We shall give, therefore, *a few quotations to illustrate the extent of the danger which now threatens society, and the perilous and seducing* nature of the principles which these regenerators of society are pouring into the minds of our manufacturing population.

Cobbett tells us, in one of his recent numbers, that

"*Their intention is to take the government of the country entirely into their own hands.* The view which they take of our present political situation is something like this: both Houses of Parliament, they say, have been most actively engaged in doing whatever they could to bring down the old fabric of society, and they have succeeded so well, that none of the political parties can much longer support it. Were the producing classes not prepared with effective conservative measures, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals would soon be in inextricable confusion. The producing classes, viewing matters in this light, state their object to be to take their own affairs into their own hands; and by taking their own affairs, they are perfectly aware that they cannot avoid at the same time taking the affairs of the non-producers also into their own hands; the management of which latter will depend on the particular arrangements which the producers may determine to adopt. These are no trivial objects to have in view, namely, to reverse the state machine so far that the producer may govern the capitalist, and to make the capitalist minister to the wants and pleasures of the producers, instead of the producers to the capitalists! In this state of things, and with a body of men in the community holding these doctrines, it becomes a matter of serious consideration for both the Government and the public to ascertain their probable result if the course marked out be followed up. There have been Trades' Unions in existence for some length of time; many of them rich, and partaking of the nature of benefit societies. But the Trades' Union, which is now attracting so much attention, is a thing of very recent origin, arising, in some degree, out of the Political Unions. But the former being dissatisfied with the conduct of the latter, and looking upon them as the creature of the middle classes, *they have followed the steps of the working classes in France, who soon came to view the Girondists as a class who aimed at monopolizing all the benefits of the Revolution,* and keeping the working class in the same state in which they found them. The General Congress of the Union has already twice assembled, once at Birmingham, and once in London, and it is said that another meeting is to be convened early in 1834, at Barnsley, with the

the different Priests, is founded and in direct opposition to truth re; hence have followed priest- r, law or injustice, aristocracy, r drone that exists on the labour dustrious many," &c. &c.

lesign then is evident; and as ıen of the extent to which ready been adopted, we will ıe or two of the resolutions bination formed in Manches- called "The Society for Pro- National Regeneration."

ıat it is desirable that all who ɔe society improved, and confu- ed, should endeavour to assist ng classes to obtain 'for eight rk the present full day's wages,' ıt hours to be performed be- hours of six in the morning and evening; and that this new re- ıhould commence on the first rch next. 3. That persons be ly appointed from among the to *visit their fellow-workmen in manufacture, and employment,* ıstrict *of the kingdom,* for the communicating with them on of the above resolutions, and ; them to determine upon their 9. That the workmen and

together is broken in a moment by this i conspiracy of the poor against the rich

What their religious principles may be judged of from the follow passages in the Prospectus of a n Paper about to be set up in Glasg to be entitled "THE FREETHINKE

"The objects which the projectors h in view, are, chiefly, the establishmen an organ for the expression of free, fettered opinions—opinions *ranging the utmost latitude of thought;* the v dication of such of the opinions refer to as are founded in Reason and Philo phy, from the false charges and aspersi of bigotry and self-interest; and the plication of an unerring test to the m approved and *vaunted arguments in vour of Theology.*

"Discussions and disquisitions, ho ever, are not to preclude less weigh matters. The lighter arms of satire a ridicule must not be allowed to rema inactive, while follies and absurdities c for their employment, although the sha should occasionally be borrowed from t quiver of a Taylor, a Byron, or a Vo taire.

"*Shares, Five Shillings each. Pri of each Number,* 1½*d.*"

Let no one be so deluded as to ...

In Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paisley, Bolton, and almost every other manufacturing town, there is hardly a manufacturer who is allowed to say what he will pay for the work done for him; and there is hardly a manufactory to be found into which a workman can dare enter, who has not previously become a member of the Combination. The state of things is a frightful one, and it is rendered doubly hideous from the fact, that it has arisen out of the vile misconduct of the faction now nominally holding the reins of Government. Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, and Lord Brougham, the correspondents of the Birmingham Political Unions, can have no right to find fault with *Regenerators of their Country. John Fielden* and *Robert Owen*, and their colleagues, are only acting precisely upon the plan laid down by Lord Brougham and the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*. The *Crisis* and *Penny Magazine* are of a family; and the London University, as originally conceived, destitute of Christianity, is a fit precursor of the doctrines of the *Social Reformers*."—*Stirling Journal, Jan.* 17, 1834.

The enormous danger and perilous consequences of these Trades' Unions, have now attracted the attention of the steadiest advocates of the Movement; of those who were loudest in their outcry against the former system of government, and the most vehement supporters of the Reform Bill. Sir Daniel Sandford, whose eloquent declamations in favour of the Bill are still ringing in our ears—whose name is indelibly associated in our minds with the words "Oligarchy—Oligarchy—Oligarchy," which he so liberally poured forth to an admiring operative audience two years ago, has addressed the following admirable observations to the Liberator Journal of Glasgow, the great organ of the Trades' Unions in the West of Scotland; and thus illustrates the effect of the Constitutional Revolution which he so warmly advocated.

"I do not presume to condemn the general principle of combinations among workmen for the sake of mutual protection. No liberal man will assert that they should not, on the contrary, be encouraged to consult together for their own interest, and to maintain associations for the promotion of their common welfare. I approved of the repeal of the law formerly directed against such combinations, and would oppose its re-enactment. But, conceding this wise and wholesome principle, the Unions must not be surprised if disinterested persons should see *much to blame in some of their avowed objects, and in the means of attaining them, which they openly or tacitly countenance.* I esteem it, for example, a most unreasonable object to propose a universal reduction of the time of labour to eight hours a-day. This is a portion of time decidedly below the physical powers of man, and the period of his daily toil in the freest regions of the earth; it is below the average of the exhausting labours of the learned professions; and it is inadequate to maintain the manufactures and commerce of the country. I call it an attempt equally illegal and immoral, when force or insult is employed to swell the ranks of the Unions, by the coercion of those who do not already belong to them. The *Liberator* will not deny, that in some quarters frightful acts of violence have been committed; and I have looked in vain for any strong mark of disapprobation of these acts on the part of the united workmen. Far from perceiving such evidence of true manly feeling, I find in the *Liberator* itself, (a great organ of the Unions,) bitter expressions of scorn and resentment levelled at those who, in the exercise of an undoubted privilege, have abstained from joining them, or have thought fit to leave them. This I cannot avoid designating *as the tyranny of the multitude;* and that man is ill versed in history and in morals, who does not hold *the tyranny of the many to be equally hateful with the tyranny of the few.*"

Let us not deceive ourselves; the great contest between the working classes and their employers, between capital and numbers, which Sir Daniel now so eloquently deplores, is approaching, and cannot be averted. His darling Reform Bill has rendered it inevitable. The operative workmen feel that they have been deceived; that the Whigs have merely used them as a ladder to raise themselves, and that, having gained, by their aid, the command of the Legislature, they are now quite willing to let their valued associates grovel in the dust. It is the sense, the bitter and universal sense of this deception of which they have been the victims, which has produced the present general spread of Trades' Unions; in other words, of immense association of working men, to obtain, by a multaneous strike over all parts

ader, let him take up any
newspapers or periodical
which advocated the cause
n three years ago. He will
l, that the whole evils of the
theoretical and practical,
stantly laid on the shoulders
roughmongers; that it was
y and invariably maintained,
esources of the nation were
ed, and the career of pros-
hich opened before it unli-
it could only shake off the
us load of the Aristocracy;
ef from Taxation, Increase of
all of Prices, and Diminution
s Rates, were held out as the
te and necessary effect of a
in the Legislature, and that
ns who presumed to doubt
xhilarating prospects were
h stigmatized as the tools of
oughmongers, as influenced
ther feeling but a desire to
n the spoils of the nation,
o be dealt with in no other
t with the brickbat and the
n, to be plastered with mud,
ed in horseponds. It was
ernal cry, issuing from nine-
f the Press, and re-echoed by

a-year to the Greylings, and tak
from the partisans of the former
ministration, that all this was do
No: it was the prospect of subs
tial relief from distress; the b
that the hidden cause of the uni
sal suffering, which every one
but no one could explain, was
brought to light; the promises ev
where repeated, the assurances
stantly given, the prospect invari
held forth of a real and impo
amelioration of circumstances
the proposed measure, which
duced the general, the otherwis
explicable delusion in its favou

Now that the experiment has
made, and the reality of the pr
ses uniformly held forth put t
test, it is universally seen hov
plorably all classes have been d
by their deceivers. The agric
rists, who were told, that all the
tresses were owing to the Bor
mongers, and that high price
rents, and plentiful employ
would to a certainty follow the
ing of the Bill, now find them
plunged deeper than ever in di
with wheat down at 50s. the qu

ratives, says of their present condition, nearly two years after the passing of *Maxima Charta*. We do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, we merely give it as we find it, to illustrate the sense entertained by the operatives of the working of the great healing measure.

"There are upwards of *fifty thousand families* in the West of Scotland, at this moment, whose average income does not exceed *seven shillings* weekly for each! Parcel out that miserable pittance into food, clothing, and rent, without any provision for the contingencies of sickness and death; and such is the fluctuation experienced in the 'majority of trades' —the accidents that many are liable to, and the insecurity of maintaining a place —that there are few at the head of a family who lay their heads on a pillow at night, know whether or not the bread of their little ones will be baken on the morrow. With the *extreme* distress of thousands, and the insecurity of all the working classes, can you, Sir Daniel—*disinterested* as you say you are—lay your hand upon your heart and repeat, that workmen have no plea for taking some decided steps in their own behalf?"—*Answer to Sir Daniel Sandford, Jan. 8, 1834.*

If any farther evidence were wanting, it would be found in the statement of Mr Attwood, as to the condition of the Birmingham iron workers, after they had experienced a full year of the benefits of the Reform Parliament.

"I live in the neighbourhood of perhaps 50,000 honest nailers. I have ascertained from their own mouths, and from their masters' books, that during the war they could gain 16s. per week with the same labour as it now took them to gain 8s. per week. But they still paid 3s. per week rent for their cottage and shop, the same as they did during the war. Now take 3s. from 16s., and it leaves 13s. Take 3s. from 8s., and it leaves 5s. Did any one think that 5s. would go as far in supporting a working man's family now, as 13s. did during the war? The thing was absurd; 5s. would perhaps go as far as 6s., or possibly as 7s. But here was a clear injury of one-half in the situation of these honest, poor men."

When results such as these have followed the highly wrought up feelings and extravagant expectations, formed by the delusions universally and artfully spread to procure the passing of the Reform Bill, it is no wonder that the working classes have become generally and alarmingly distrustful of all public men, and that throwing overboard altogether the pilots whom they have placed at the helm, they propose to take the management of the vessel at once into their own hands.*

---

* The following doggrel verses, taken from the Glasgow Trades' Union Gazette of September 14, 1833, will shew how bitterly the people feel the imposition which has been practised on them, and how completely the present approach to anarchy is owing to the false and deceitful promises by which they were deluded into the support of that fatal measure, the Reform in Parliament:

"'Tis twelve months past, just yesterday, since earth, and sky, and sea,
And rock, and glen, and horse, and men, rang loud the jubilee;
The beacons blazed—the cannons fired, and war'd each plain and hill,
With the Bill—the glorious Bill, you rogues, and nothing but the Bill.

Our Ministers, so pop'lar then, presided o'er the fray,
On whisky jugs, and cans and mugs, secure sat Earl Grey,
And then as o'er our gladdened throats the stuff we stout did swill,
Our toast was still the Bill, you rogues, and nothing but the Bill.

Lord Brougham the mighty Chancellor, who Eldon's chain did take,
With plans of nice economy, made all the *windows* shake;
Abuses vile, and such like things, that made our nerves to thrill,
Were all to fly with, ah, you rogues, the Bill, aye, just the Bill.

Lord Althorp high, and Littlejohn, of all the Russels he,
Were then with us—at every fuss—prize gods of liberty;
Like Sidney grave, or Hampden brave, whom despots dire did kill,
We lauded to the firmament—the drawers of the Bill.

Our taxes, by this glorious Bill, were *all to sink or fade*,
Our shipping was to prosper then, and think, oh, what a trade!
Our agriculture, and our looms, our pockets were to fill,
By, ah, you rogues, the Bill, the Bill, and nought but by the Bill.

l their professions of pa-
iberality, and a regard for
there is no Parliament in
iory of man, which has
ttle for the interest of the
classes, as that which was
) St Stephen's on the trans-
he Reform Bill. This is a
existence and universal
n of which is completely
ated by the votes of the
re, and the simultaneous
f Political Unions in all
the country. They have
ut, by a majority of nearly
proposal of Mr Attwood
xtension of the currency;
measure which can put a
he incessant and increasing
of the last ten years, and
a speedy adoption of which
ipts to revive industry, or
timate national insolvency,
ve utterly nugatory. They
ne nothing towards extend-
Poor's Laws to Ireland, a
imperatively called for, not
the wide-spread and heart-
suffering of the working
n that unhappy and deluded
, but by the privations to

tional duties the import of our
nufacturers. They have retai
the assessed taxes, the most ruin
tax on the industry of the poor, n
to the income-tax, which ever
invented, because it is a direct t
den on the funds from which al
labour can be maintained, an
duty, not on the comforts or luxu
of the working classes, but their
cessaries; not on their spirits
tobacco, but their bread and t
beef. They have adhered to the
duties on beer and spirits, the
perpetuating the growth of dr
enness and demoralization, multi
ing, at a fearful rate, the prog
of vice and profligacy, and lite
realizing a revenue out of the w
of prostitution, and the brutali
intoxication. They have, at
blow, inflicted an irreparable w
on eight hundred thousand co
ratively happy and contented la
ers in the West Indies, deli
them by the name of a liberty w
they are incapable of enjoying
depriving them of a protection
a state of rural comfort, which
have themselves confessed was
unprecedented in any civilized sta

ing stroke to the distresses under which the agricultural classes have so long been labouring, and throwing upwards of four millions of rural labourers into penury and want. It is as clear, therefore, as the sun at noonday, that the interest of the producers, of the cultivators, and of the working classes, is not the interest which is predominant in the Reform Parliament; that it is some other and adverse faction which has contrived, amidst the public transports, to possess itself of political power; and that the labouring poor are farther now from obtaining substantial relief than ever.

What, then, is the body which has really succeeded in appropriating to itself the political influence which was once vested in the heads and representatives of the great interests of the State, which was once divided among the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial classes, and secured to each that due attention to their wants which is essential to any system of good government? We shall give the answer in the words of our bitterest enemy; of one who knew us in many respects better than we did ourselves; who was equal to Alexander in military genius, and second only to Bacon in political sagacity.

"The English," says Napoleon, "are a nation of SHOPKEEPERS." In this single expression is to be found the true secret of the pecuniary difficulties in which all classes have been involved for the last fifteen years, and of the total failure of the Reform Parliament to administer any, even the slightest relief to the real necessities of the nation. It is the undue, the overwhelming ascendency which the class of traders, moneylenders, and shopkeepers, have of late years been constantly acquiring over the cultivators and manufacturers, that is, over the working classes, which has produced all the false measures into which the Tories were seduced in the last ten years of their administration, and has at last precipitated the nation, bound hand and foot, into the bonds of the *shopocracy* and *moneyocracy*, riveted round their necks by the Reform in Parliament.

That this has been the chief cause of all the public distress; that it has been the remote but certain parent of the Free Trade system, the change in the Currency, and the abandonment of the Navigation Laws, the hideous infant factories, and, last of all, of the fatal Reform in Parliament, which has at once prostrated the whole *working and producing classes* at the feet of the *buying and consuming*,—we apprehend to be as clear as any proposition in Euclid. We are preparing and collecting materials for this great subject, which will be fully developed in our next Number, and would have appeared in this, were it not that the instant approach of the great strike on the 1st March, imperatively calls for the consideration of the Trades' Unions, which are in fact only a consequence and corollary from the dreadful political errors into which the people, under the guidance of a political faction, whose interests were adverse to their own, have been led, and the ruinous ascendency given to that faction by the Reform Bill. *

The real interests of the Conservative Party, and of the working-classes, both agricultural and manufacturing, are, and ever must be, the

---

* The above view coincides with what has been recently and powerfully advanced in a most able and original work, entitled Theory of the Constitution, by J. B. Bernard, Esq., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. With many opinions of that gentleman we by no means concur; and, in particular, his speculations about the approaching discovery of moral evil and regeneration of society, are totally unworthy of an author of so much information. But his book is truly a work of genius: his views of the historical changes of the Constitution, though sometimes exaggerated, are always original, generally just and profound; and his clear insight into the intimate connexion between democracy and monied ascendency, is not only historically true, but in the highest degree important at this time. Mr Bernard and Sir D. Sandford *will soon become good* Conservatives. Men of original thought, *they are, will never receive the law* from Holland and Lansdowne House, as *Whigs do on every subject of politics, literature, philosophy*, and taste. We *take an early opportunity of making* Mr Bernard's work known to our readers.

on the existence of such
ting prices that their own
y is entirely dependent;
this surplus produce was
r times, before the fatal
n the currency, fairly divi-
ween the landlord and far-
roved by the fact that they
h thriving, and in many
oming rich; that the pro-
ained by the farmer was
ual to that drawn by the
and that the growth and
of the farm-steadings even
ed in cost the more splen-
es constructed by the land-

manner, and for the same
ie Conservatives have ever
steady supporters of manu-
and operative industry in
anches. Who but they car-
ugh the Navigation Laws,*
is Adam Smith observes,
great bulwark of our ship-
rest, and the foundation of
time power? Who but they
the protecting duties on
anch of manufacture, under
er of which they have risen
heir present unexampled

county in Great Britain knows and can testify, that the Conservatives are uniformly the most indulgent landlords, the most beneficent patrons of every useful institution, the warmest supporters of every beneficent charity. We are confident we are within the mark when we assert, that nine-tenths of the charity of the kingdom flows from Conservative hands.

On the other hand, what have been the *practical measures* of the liberal or democratic party for the relief or support of those working classes for whose interests they professed such uncommon solicitude? They have abandoned the Navigation Laws, thereby exposing to a ruinous foreign competition the numerous and important classes o shipwrights and carpenters;—they have abandoned or lowered many of the protecting duties on manufactures, and exposed our operatives to a flood of foreign manufactures, which have entirely swamped many important branches of industry;—they have forced upon the Conservative administration, by incessant clamour and delusion, the

Poor's Laws to Ireland;—and they are now preparing, at the bidding of the shopkeepers of London, and the great towns, to overwhelm the cultivators with a deluge of foreign grain, that is, to reduce to beggary and ruin four millions of persons dependent upon rural labour. Enquire in any county of the kingdom, from the Land's End to Caithness, what sort of landlords the democrats are?—how much they contribute to public institutions?—how much they bestow on private charity? You will hear in general that they are the most grasping and niggardly of the community; that they exact every thing from their tenants, and give nothing to the poor; that their names are to be seen at few subscriptions—their assistance felt at few undertakings; that their general characteristic is that of being *alieni appetens*, without the single redeeming point in Catiline's character, *sui profusus*. We speak of the general character of the democratic party. Doubtless there are many honourable exceptions to these remarks.

The manner in which the democratic party who have uniformly advocated these measures, destructive and ruinous though they were to the whole productive industry of the people, have nevertheless contrived to obtain the almost entire management of their thoughts, and succeeded in wielding at pleasure their vast energies, is one of the most startling and extraordinary of the many extraordinary phenomena these times exhibit, and affords a signal instance of the facility with which men may be led, by skilful flattery and alluring expressions, to support the leaders who are really pursuing measures the most destructive to their welfare. They were incessantly told that public happiness was their great object; that the people never could be sufficiently instructed, enlightened, and free; that self-government was the true panacea for all the evils of humanity; and that if political power was only vested to a sufficient extent in the people, all the ills of life would speedily disappear. Misled by this dazzling phantom, they generally and cordially supported the democratic leaders, and submitted patiently for a tract of years to the most acute suffering, inflicted by the measures of their demagogues, in the firm belief, which was sedulously inculcated, that it was the resistance of the Conservatives which was the cause of all the evil. We have to thank the Reform Bill for having at length put an end to this extraordinary delusion, and by seating the Movement party in complete sovereignty, for the time at least, in the Legislature, brought at once to the test the sincerity of their professions to relieve the people, and their ability to do any thing efficient for the public welfare.

That the evils under which the labouring classes now suffer, and which have produced the formidable organization of the Trades' Unions, are in no respect likely to be removed, but, on the contrary, greatly increased by the greater ascendency of the democratic party, is farther illustrated by the fact, that they exist to fully a greater extent in North America, notwithstanding the drain of the back settlements and a boundless soil, than in the densely peopled realm of Britain.

"The North Americans distinctly admit, that ever since the Revolution which separated them from the mother country, and conferred upon them the blessings of self-government, magisterial and even parental authority has been upon the decline, and that now, at last, combinations exist amongst working men, to such a fearful extent, for overthrowing the institution of property, that a subversion of all authority is apparently at hand, there being absolutely nothing left in that country to preserve its social system from being torn in pieces, but education only."*

What security education is calculated to afford against these enormous evils in an old and corrupted state like Great Britain, has already been fully considered in the former number of this series.†

"There are, in our own country," says the North American Review, "combinations of the employed to procure

---

* *North American* Review, Jan. 1833, p. 81.
† *The Schoolmaster*, Feb. 1834, Blackwood's Magazine.

ombinations, for securing their rights.
are, indeed, tendencies of this sort,
must be controlled and regulated,
ety cannot exist; tendencies to a
reform, so radical, indeed, that if
trained it will tear up every social
tion by the roots, and leave nothing
but disorder, waste, and ruin."

same truths are forcibly il-
ed in Mr Hamilton's recent
lmirable work on North Ame-

n the city of New York," he
s, "a separation is rapidly ta-
lace between the different orders
ety. The operative class have
formed themselves into a society
the name of the *Workies*, in
opposition to those who, more
d by nature or fortune, enjoy the
of life without the necessity for
labour. These people make no
f their demands, which, to do
stice, are few and emphatic. They
ished in the newspapers, and may
on half the walls of New York.
t postulate is, '*Equal and Univer-
cation.*' It is false, they say, to
that there is at present no pri-
order, no practical Aristocracy, in
ry where distinctions of educ-

are others, who go still further, and
advocate the introduction of an *Ag
Law*, and a periodical division of pr
These unquestionably constitute t
trême gauche of the Worky Parli
but still they only follow out the
ples of their less violent neighbour
eloquently dilate on the justice an
priety of every individual being e
supplied with food and clothing."

We give the operatives due
ing; they have no relief to e
from the democratic party, a
little from the frantic anarc
course they are now pursuing.
their sufferings are great, we la
to hear; that they neither can
will be relieved by the part
whose guidance they have hit
and blindly surrendered themse
is capable of demonstration.

The Reform Parliament is go
ed by an adverse interest to th
the producers. It is entirely
by the monied interests and
DERS. This class has by the
acquired a monstrous—an irre
ible preponderance in the Leg
ture. We grieve to say this; b
is self-evident; and the supporte
the Reform Bill have themselve

whose behoof is the incessant prosecution of this object undertaken? Is it for the interest of the *producers*, whether agricultural or manufacturing, whether rural or urban? No! It is for the interest of the *buyers*,—of the traders who hope to get their sales augmented by a diminution of the price of their articles, and their profits increased by the reduction of the prime cost of the goods in which they deal,—of the holders of money, and other classes in town who have fixed incomes, derived from the Funds, mortgage, or other unchanging sources, and therefore benefit immensely by every reduction which takes place. But this class have no interest in common with, or sympathy for, the producers of any description,—that is, the great bulk of the labouring classes, rural or urban, in every department; on the contrary, their interest is just the reverse. To sell cheap, and buy still cheaper, is the great object of the monied and trading class; and it is the point, accordingly, to which all their efforts are directed. If they can only get corn cheap, they care not though half the agricultural labourers—that is, two millions of souls—are reduced to beggary; if they can only get cottons cheap, they care not though a million of operative weavers are forced to live in garrets on a shilling a-day; if whisky and gin are cheap, they care not though crime triples under its influence, and millions of human beings are precipitated into profligacy by the spread of the fiery poison. If silks and ribbons are cheap, they care not though the weavers of Spitalfields and Macclesfield are reduced by the free (comparatively) trade in French silks to ruin; if they only get freights cheap, they care not though, by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the whole class of ship owners and builders are brought to the verge of insolvency, and the "wooden walls of old England" sent to the bottom.

This single observation furnishes the key to the Free Trade system, the change of the Currency, the abandonment of the Navigation Laws, and all the disastrous measures of the last fifteen years. *It is the progressive increase of the monied and trading interest, the ascendency of* the race of consumers over that of producers, which has gradually obtained for them the dominion of the Legislature, and precipitated the nation into that abandonment of Conservative principles and the protection of producers, and that submission to the dictates of towns, which distinguished the concluding years of the Tory Administration. By an infatuation which has few parallels even in the wide-spread annals of human folly, the manufacturing classes, the urban producers, were led, when the final struggle arose, to join their forces *with those of their worst enemies, the urban consumers*, and under the guidance of the democracy, and the banners of Reform, fought and gained the great battle against the remnant of the producers, reduced, by this unnatural union, and the delusion of republican principles, to a third of their natural forces.

This truth, the real secret of all the distresses and disasters of the present times, and the clear and general perception of which is indispensable towards any thing like a righting of the national vessel, is put in a very clear light by Mr Bernard, to whose able and original work we have already alluded.

Mr Ricardo, a great fundholder and dealer in loans and stockjobbing, was one of the chief authors of the change in the currency in 1819.

"This gentleman," says Mr Bernard, "had obtained considerable celebrity amongst his brethren of the Stock Exchange, as well as amongst all that class of Reformers, whose real object is, not so much to benefit their country, as to enhance the value of money, by various publications on Political Economy; the leading principle of which is to exhibit landowners and farmers in the most odious light possible to their fellow-countrymen, by representing their interests as adverse to those of all other people, in which case their prosperity would alone depend on the degree of injury they could inflict upon others. The doctrine would indeed be true, were all working people, the public as they are called, consumers in a greater degree than they are producers, and were production chiefly confined to landowners and farmers only; but, fortunately for these latter classes, as working people, whether in agricul

amongst all who happened to be
ed in production, by making a part,
iat the most numerous part, believe
hey were consumers, rather than
ers; and setting them in this way
t those who were sailing actually
same boat with them, the land-
and farmer, in order to weaken
ited influence of the entire body;
admirable contrivance for strength-
the hands of the fundholder, and
ng him to obtain his favourite object
prices." *

ring the struggle on the Reform
the great majority of the pro-
s throughout the country, of
ever class, were seduced by the
gion of democracy and the de-
n of a Press, all emanating from,
uided by, the interests of town
mers, to unite against the
ant of the Conservative—that
e producing interest. Ninety-
out of the hundred and one
ty members of England were
ned in the reforming interest;
he farmers who brought them in
he shoulders of the populace,
ow rewarded for their exer-
by the threatened repeal of
Corn Laws—that is, the reduc-
of grain to forty shillings a-quar-
that is, the town members a
the county as more than *f*
one. Part, no doubt, of th
roughs are swayed by the land
in their neighbourhood; but, p
bly, at least as many county
bers are returned by the growi
fluence of city wealth, owing t
increasing embarrassment of
country proprietors. At all e
if it be said that there are 300
lish members in the interest
consumers, and 200 in that
producers, the fairest allowa
made for the possible efforts
minority, of all descriptions, wh
now attempting to stem the ru
torrent which has flooded the
lature. And in the right of
at elections, how are the dif
classes of society balanced?
sumer in town, who pays ten p
of yearly rent, has a vote;
ducer in the country requires
five times that sum to get one. Th
pound clause virtually exclud
whole operative manufacturers fr
influence, and vests unlimited po
the spiritdealers, grocers, and
keepers—that is, the consume
live on the fruits of their l

of above four hundred millions annually, and the population employed in these branches of industry is no less than 10,000,000, while the total wealth earned annually by the trading and monied classes, is L.95,000,000, and their numbers are only 5,600,000. Thus a class producing one-fifth of the national income, and composing one-third of the national numbers, have contrived, by the delusions which they have spread among the working bodies, to usurp a preponderating influence in the Legislature, and to introduce and perpetuate a series of measures, which have precipitated, and are precipitating, the very men whose hands create their income into beggary and ruin.*

In these observations we have classed the agricultural and urban producers together, and considered their joint interests as opposed to that of the money-holders and consumers. We know well the apple of discord which the consumers and the advocates of cheap prices have contrived to throw between these two vast bodies, whose united strength would be irresistible. We are quite aware of the fatal delusion which they have spread, and are spreading, on the subject of the Corn Laws, and the efforts they are making to detach the whole urban producers from their rural brethren, by the false but specious pretence that dear grain is the interest of the one, and cheap grain the interest of the other. It is therefore of the utmost moment that the working classes of all descriptions should at length acquire just ideas on this subject, and be brought to see that their interests are identical, and cannot be separated; and that it is the fatal disunion which the town consumers and monied classes have contrived to create between them by the phantoms of democratic ascendency, free trade, cheap prices, and political power, which has enabled the adverse interest in society to mount upon their backs, and chain them like captives to their chariot wheels, in defiance of the evidence of their own senses, and the continued suffering experienced in their own persons.

Let the operative workmen and manufacturers, before they give ear to these insidious attempts on the part of their real oppressors, attend to the following consideration: When were they in a prosperous

---

* The following Table illustrates this in the most striking manner. It is taken from Pebrer's and Moreau's Tables, and all compiled from Parliamentary documents,

Annual produce of agriculture in all its branches,	L.246,600,000
——— of mines and minerals,	21,400,000
——— of fisheries,	3,400,000
——— of manufactures,	148,000,000
Total Annual Produce of Producers,	L.419,400,000
Annual profits of inland trade,	L.48,425,000
——— of coasting trade,	3,550,000
——— of shipping and foreign commerce,	34,398,000
——— of bankers,	4,500,000
——— of foreign income,	4,500,000
Total Annual Produce of Consumers,	L.95,373,000

Producers.		Consumers.	
Number of agricultural persons, and their families,	6,300,000	Shopkeepers,	2,100,000
Miners,	600,000	Tailors, shoemakers,	1,080,000
Manufacturers,	2,400,000	Soldiers and sailors,	830,000
Artificers, builders, &c.	650,000	Clergy, doctors, &c.	450,000
		Paupers,	110,000
		Annuitants,	1,116,000
Producers,	L.9,950,000	Consumers,	L.5,686,00

* Pebrer's Tables 338 and 350.

districts, in many parts of
e average income of an indivi-
ıot sufficient to buy bread alone.
ett, in reply to Mr Macauley,
t he would pledge himself to
: 10,000 persons in Leeds did
hree-pence per day, and he
hat his colleague had a state-
ch he could verify on oath, and
obtained by his own personal
that there were 50,000 persons
chester who did not receive each
ıy. Mr Fielden's Tables, pub-
t year, exhibit the following

vages per piece to hand-

were	. .	4s. 6d.
ditto	. .	2s. 3d.
ditto	. .	1s. 4d.

ıd to this appalling fact that
ious of pounds were last year
or Poor's rates, and I think,
ıtering further into dry statis-
s, it must be obvious to all
mpered minions of corruption,
, *long, deep, and hopeless dis-*
cause of the organization of the
ion."—Trades' Union Gazette,
134.

me fact is stated in the
ıs in the *Newcastle Press*,

During the last five years of
war, wheat was at 14s.6d. per bu
and all classes, and more espec
the operatives, were prosperous
contented; for the last five y
wheat has been at an average
bushel, and they have been, by
own admission, constantly ge
worse and worse. At present w
is at 5s. 4d. a bushel, lower tha
has been for the last forty y
and the workmen, as they th
selves tell us, are so far from
ving, that they are literally star
by hundreds of thousands on se
shillings a-week. Unless these
happy men were literally infatu
by the monied demagogues who
them by democratic flattery to
dition, they would see that ch
prices are immediately followe
them by *still cheaper wages*, and
just in proportion as the price
grain falls, is the quantity of
grain, which they are able to p
chase with their wages, lesse
also. If by a miracle the pric
grain could be lowered to hal
crown a-bushel, its price in Pol
the only result would be, that th
wages would *immediately fall to*

explain it. The agricultural producers are the chief and best customers of the manufacturers: they consume a half more than all foreign nations put together. Low prices, therefore, which cripple and depress all branches of home purchasers, who are all more or less dependent on this prodigious flood of two hundred and forty six millions annually poured into the state, cripple and diminish, in just a similar degree, the home market—that is, the market which is half greater than all foreign markets put together. Suppose our exports of manufactures were to fall from L.60,000,000 annually to L.40,000,000, in consequence of some general calamity which had befallen their purchasers in foreign states; what prodigious misery would this spread among our operative workmen; and yet the fall of agricultural produce from 60s. to 40s. the quarter, would contract the home market much more powerfully: it would *cut off eighty millions annually* from the funds destined to the purchase of domestic manufactures. These considerations shew decisively that in a nation such as Britain, which rests chiefly on its agricultural produce and manufactures consumed in the home market, the prosperity of the operative classes is mainly dependent on the maintenance of high and remunerating prices to the agriculturists; because it is thus, and thus alone, that their chief customers are provided with funds to buy their goods. In such a state, high prices of rude produce are immediately followed by still higher wages to all classes in general. Prosperity and credit is immediately diffused through all classes of society; whereas, under the wretched paralysis of low prices, the funds for the purchase of the produce of manufactured industry are constantly contracting, the wages of the operative workman fall to a greater degree than the grain which he consumes, and he is starving in the midst of nominal plenty. This doctrine was long ago laid down by Adam Smith.—"High prices," says he, "and plenty, is prosperity: low prices and depression, are misery."

To illustrate the ruinous state of depression to which the operative workmen have been brought by the combined operation of Free Trade, low prices, and democratic principles, we have extracted, in the Table below, the prices of labour, &c., from 1815 to 1832, with the prices of grain, taken from Mr Fielden's Tables, published by the National Regeneration Society. From them it appears, that since 1815 the price of grain has declined, on an average of years, about *twenty-five* per cent, but that the wages of the operatives have declined *above sixty-six* per cent during the same period of their former amount;* and that the total returns for "labour, expenses, and profit," under the halcyon days of cheap bread and free trade in 1832, is little more than *a fourth* of what it was under the high prices of the years immediately succeeding the war.†

---

* Average price of five years, before 1820, 77s. per quarter; of five years before 1832, 63s. per quarter of wheat.

† AN ACCOUNT OF THE COST, &c. OF ONE PIECE OF THIRD 74s. CALICO, from 1815 to 1832 INCLUSIVE,

References to the Columns in the Table.

No. 1. Shows the number of lbs. weight of cotton required to make a piece of third 74s. calico.
2. The average price of the cotton per pound in each year.
3. The average of cotton required to make one piece in each year.
4. The average price of such calico in the Manchester market.
5. The average sum the manufacturer had for labour, expenses, and profit, in every year, from 1815 to 1832, both years inclusive.
6. Average price of a quarter of wheat and a quarter of oats in each year, from official returns.

ctly adverse to their own.

perative workmen feel this; aware that they have been deceived, betrayed; that he incessant eulogies of the its, they have been constantly poorer; amidst a continual rices, have had daily less to . that, as Cobbett well exit, just in "proportion as n has been thrust into their ieir clothes have been slipm their backs."

a consequence of the strong, ing, the heartrending sense deception,—it is because the

sions, the "snapping asunder ever link in the chain which binds societ together, by this inert conspiracy o the poor against the rich," the wa to augment the resources of *the customers*—the rich, without whos wealth to buy their commodities a their labour must go for nothing Alas! such a convulsion, if it onc becomes general, is calculated to in flict a degree of wide-spread miser upon the operatives, compared wit which, all they have hitherto exp rienced would be regarded as th sunshine of prosperity. On this sul ject, we cannot do better than quot the eloquent words of that stanc

---

Wages paid to the hand-loom weaver for weaving one piece of third 74

1	2	3	4	5	6				7
Number of lbs. of Cotton.	Cotton average price. per lb.	Price of Cotton. in piece.	Price of Calico.	Manufacturers' Profit and Wages.	Wheat, per qr.		Oats, per qr.		Hand-loom Weaving, per piece.
lbs.	*d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*		*s.* *d.*		*s.* *d.*
4 3/5	19 1/2	7 0	18 0	11 0	63	8	22	11	4 6
4 do.	18 1/2	6 7 1/2	16 0	9 4 1/2	76	2	22	6	

Reformer, Sir D. Sandford, addressed to the Trades' Unions of Glasgow.

"In a contest between capital and labour, taking into account the state of matters in this country, capital must ultimately triumph, at the expense of much confusion and much misery. I can see nothing in this opinion to retract or qualify. It will recommend itself, I think, to the acquiescence of all who examine the question with their eyes open, unblinded by the metaphysical definitions of political economy. The capital by which, in conjunction with labour, our manufactures are carried on, must all be classed under the heads of works and machinery, raw materials, and money. By a unanimous refusal to labour, the workmen may throw the capital of the first description into temporary inactivity; or by an insurrectionary movement, they may destroy both it and the stores of raw material now in the kingdom. Thus may they inflict a heavy loss upon the proprietors; sure, however, in the end to bring want and woe upon themselves. But they cannot at one blow destroy the money already accumulated, or that command of money which credit and connexion give. These potent weapons are in the hands of their employers. Let the workmen meditate upon the inevitable consequence. If one party is to try to starve out the other, the longer purses and wealthier connexions of the masters will carry them through the struggle, and their opponents will gain nothing beyond the suffering attendant on a painful and perilous experiment; or monied capital will take its flight to other lands, where labour assumes a less menacing attitude, and offers the prospect of more secure returns. The labouring classes should remember that capital of this kind, once scared away, is not easily courted back; and they should turn their attention for a moment to certain provinces of Ireland, as a specimen of the condition to which a people may be degraded, chiefly by the absence of capital, arising from the absence of security. Thus I fear that despair at last, if not evil design in the first instance, might drive the working population into the frantic excess of rebellion against law, and attacks on property. But he who holds out hopes of final success to a movement of that character is either a fool or a villain. Even without the aid of a numerous and well-disciplined army, a British *insurrection* of the labouring classes would assuredly be put down, perhaps with much bloodshed on the field and the scaffold. The holders of property are strong enough to defend themselves, by a general rally of the upper and middle ranks in our cities and our rural districts. I do not apprehend a new edition of the Bristol conflagration. I am pretty confident that on the stage of this country, we shall not behold enacted the dismal scenes of the first French Revolution. And if these tragedies were to be repeated in our days, will any member of the working body point out one result, beneficial to that most important but dependent class, to which they could reasonably be expected to give birth?"

These observations are deserving of the most serious consideration, and by none more than the wretched, deluded men, who are now tempted by their democratic leaders to attempt what they term an "inert conspiracy" against the whole capital and wealth of the state. Do they really conceive it possible they can succeed in such a design? Is there any example in the history of mankind of such a conspiracy, how "inert" soever, proving successful? Have they funds to enable them to hold out against the capital and resources of the masters, the accumulations of centuries, supported, as they will be, by the banks, the monied men, the government? The Trades' Unions tell, and we grieve to hear the fact, that there are 50,000 families in and around Glasgow, and as many in and around Manchester and Birmingham, who do not know at night that the bread for their little ones will be baked to-morrow. The Liberator boasts that there were 2000 operatives in Glasgow in January last, who had struck work, whose weekly maintenance cost L.500. At this rate, which is evidently the lowest on which a human being can subsist, (5s. a-week,) 200,000 operatives would cost L.50,000 a-week, and a million, L.250,000.* Are they prepared with vast funds of this description to sustain their efforts? And is 7s. a-week, the amount, as they tell us, of their present earnings, a likely source from which to derive them?

* *Liberator* and Trades' Union Gazette, Jan. 24, 1834.

n not scruple to perpetrate
the greatest atrocity, to for-
ıe purposes of the union. It
ı human nature to sit with
ls across, and see strangers
ced to work at reduced wa-
l thus defeat all the purposes
combination, without taking
rt and simple way of knock-
m on the head. The rapid
of the atrocious practice of
ıg vitriol in the manufactur-
tricts, proves how general
ration of these principles has
. It is truly observed in a
)lication on this subject—

the working classes could be
to combine without using vio-
wards those who do not enter
r views, the evil, how great so-
uld be comparatively inconsider-
rhat is now presented; but, un-
ly, this never can be the case.
he thousands and tens of thou-
ıo are combined together to gain
ımon objects, there always have
l always will be, found some reck-
worthless characters who will
)le to exert violence, or even em-
r hands in the blood of such of
ow-citizens as, by holding out,
to defeat the object of their com-

present objects of obtaining a d
tion of two hours a-day fro
period of work is gained—
will be the result?—Will wag
main at their present level, lo
is, under such a reduction?
questionably not. They will
must fall, just in proportion t
diminution in the produce of l
and the condition of the wor
will be more miserable than
By no human contrivance—
intimidation or violence, or "
conspiracy," can capitalists and
ters be compelled to pay w
which are a loss to themselv
abridge materially the present
der rate of profits:—rather th
so, capital will take wings to
and emigrate to other and
tranquil lands; and the pe
houses of Britain will be filled
starving millions, deprived by
own suicidal hands of the mea
subsistence.

The frantic anarchical c
which the workmen are now
suing, therefore, is as little ca
ted to afford the many effectual
as the blind and infatuated su
of the democratic faction in t
has been, while it threatens to

land, in consequence of a resolution of the masters to employ no calico-printers who were members of the Trades' Unions, and bringing down new hands to supply the place of those who refused to abandon these pernicious associations. The result has been just what might have been anticipated. Where the military were in sufficient force to protect the new workmen from the violence of the associated trades, the masters have proved victorious, and the fresh hands are going on; where they were not, the associated operatives succeeded in expelling them. Twelve delinquents, apprehended by the Glasgow police, were liberated by the mob: eight unhappy prisoners are securely lodged within the walls of Stirling Castle. The west of Scotland is approaching the condition of Ireland: the authority of law exists, where soldiers stand, or the guns of fortresses protect the prisoners. Where the defence of the industrious is left to themselves, they are compelled to yield to the unionists.—Such are the fruits of Whig Government! We insert with pleasure the following just observations of the *Glasgow Herald* on this subject:—*

"Nothing can equal the infatuation of the operative printers in the whole of this business: they had comparatively light work and comparatively high wages; but these very circumstances, along with the notion of more skill being required in their profession, led them to consider themselves superior to the ordinary run of workmen, and their vanity thus exposed them to become easy tools in the hands of the revolutionists. Elated with the brilliant figure which they had made in reform processions, they flattered themselves that they were the pets of Government, and would get their own way in every thing, even when they attempted to enact the part of tyrants over their fellow-labourers. While they affected the spirit of independence, they basely submitted to live on contributions from others; and those of them who were married had the injustice and inhumanity to deprive their families of more than a half of their usual rate of subsistence. While they were proudly lording it over others to whom they denied the freedom both of judging and of acting, a large portion of themselves were abject slaves, trembling under that very intimidation which they were labouring to inflict on others—at least such is the defence that is resorted to by those who have abandoned the Unions.

"Those Trades' Unions, which now cause so much confusion and alarm in the country, originated in the former Political Unions, which were organized under the direction of itinerant orators and agitators, of which apostles of mischief in this part of the country the chief was Mr Joseph Hume, M.P. No merit would have attached to his successful exertions to abolish the laws against combinations, which had existed in England since the time of Edward I., unless they had been followed by practical results, and those results we now see before us."

Is, then, the cause of industry and production utterly hopeless? Have the monied classes, the traders, the shop-keepers, succeeded, by the insidious spread of democratical principles, in for ever dividing the productive classes, who are the source of all their wealth, but, from want of equal cunning, have been the unhappy victims of their artifice? Are the working classes for ever to follow the red flag of democracy to their own perdition, instead of the old banner of England, under which all classes once throve and were prosperous? Will mankind ever be governed by words, and worship the demon who flatters their passions, regardless of the bread which is vanishing out of their mouths, the furniture which is melting away from their dwellings, the clothes which are slipping from their backs? Such is the force of public delusion, such the astonishing manner in which the productive classes have been arrayed against each other by the arts of the democratic or consuming faction, that we much fear their ascendency will continue, that the situation of the whole industrious classes, both in town and country, under their democratic leaders, will daily become worse, until at length the cup of misery is full, and military despotism closes the scene.

But one thing is perfectly clear, that if this deplorable result does take place, it will not be because the means of extrication are utterly lo

* *Glasgow Herald*, Feb. 10, 1834.

if they will only act toge-
ercome those who produce
ie Reform Bill, indeed, has
ed the political power of the
d monied party, and redu-
s than a half the forces of in-
he manufacturing operatives
hank themselves for having
s monstrous addition to the
their adversaries, and weak-
alarmingly the strength of
ids. Still the case is not utter-
ss; their own acts are likely
them; the extremity of suf-
hich they have brought upon
es, may perhaps prove the
dispelling the universal delu-
hich they have been blinded.
us not be misunderstood;
nstitutional means, and con-
l means alone, that the bat-
be fought; *the Conserva-
er can, and never will, be-
icals; the Operatives must be-
servatives.* We do not say
tives, in the false and odious
which the falsehood of the
nsumers uses it,—that is, as
orters of unjust or corrupt
uch as the Democrats false-
governed the country be-

equally all interests, and mos
all the Funds, the great Savi
Bank of the poor, that the nati
salvation can be accomplished.
say Conservatives, not as delu
by the idea so lamentably pr
lent of late years, that it is
destroying the interests, eithe
rural or urban producers, by
free and unrequited admissio
foreign produce, that the great
plus revenue of the nation, the f
tain of prosperity to all cla
can be augmented; but by such
tecting measures as will secur
our operatives, whether in tow
country, a due return for the fi
of their toil, and cease to grind d
the British labourers for the be
of the city Democrats, or the ad
tage of foreign states.

The views we have now sket
out, explain that gradual, but
dently increasing approximatio
the Conservatives and the indu
ous classes, at which the Whig
loudly exclaim as a monstrous u
of Tories and Radicals. This ou
comes with peculiar consistency
good grace from the correspond
of political unions, from those

reliction of public duty as that of their opponents. What the servile ministerial Press, the Receivers of mandates from Lord Brougham and Holland House, call an union of Tories and Radicals, must be founded on very different principles from that atrocious combination of monied ambition and Radical delusion which has produced, and is producing, such fatal consequences. It must be founded on an abandonment of all anarchical designs, and all demonstrations of violence by the latter, and of all monied delusions by the former; a return by our rulers to the principles of just remuneration to productive industry, whether in town or country, and by our people to the subordination and loyalty of former times; a recurrence, in short, to the true principles and practice of the constitution, before the disastrous days of monied ambition, cheap labour, free trade, and Democratic, that is city ascendency. Whether by these or any other methods, it is possible to get the better of the Reform Bill, and the decisive superiority it has given to consumers over producers in the legislature, is perhaps doubtful; but this much at least seems certain, that in no other way is so fair a prospect even opened of shunning perdition, or avoiding that gradual but unceasing degradation of the working classes, and the Conservatives who depend on their labour, which has been constantly increasing since the deporable era when the Nation was surrendered to the guidance of its democratic deceivers.

CASTLE ELMERE,

A TALE OF POLITICAL GRATITUDE.

CHAP. I.

MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED.

Castle Elmere, June 10, 18—.

"HERE, my dear Katharine, I am still —not carried off to the mountains by any of the savage Irish—not even penitent for my folly in coming into this land of barbarism and holy water—(too holy, defamers would say, to be employed in very necessary ablutions)—but, let dear Aunt Sarah remember, my own land after all. Here I am, and in my mind the fixed resolve never to rest contented, until I have wiled you hither, and won you to a knowledge, that the report of our poor people's misdeeds is fearfully exaggerated by the distance to which it is borne. Ah! Kate, we suffer much wrong—the pictures of us are very frightful—but, 'had a lion been the painter!' We are the prey of more ignoble brutes, who slander us as unworthy of trust or regard, and are full of indignation, because, now and then, some victim cries out, and complains of his affliction. Lie still, cries the horrid Polyphemus,—I have no pleasure in my dinner while you *scream so*;—but *I forget, he slew his prey before he devoured it. Here our torturers prefer the Abyssinian practice*, and would drag life from their miserable victims by degrees. Who can wonder that the murmurs of the wretched shall not be modulated into music for them?

"Thank God! thank God! my dear friend, in our peaceful retreat no such murmurings distress us, and no despair is to be dreaded. My window at which I write, is open—it is midnight—and midnight still as is now shining on your own beautiful Wycombe. How powerfully I am recalled to the hours, when the dawn stole unobserved on our prolonged good-nights and musings,—when we spoke not, but sat together in the shade of your window's deep recess, and felt as if we understood the nightingale's song, and listened to it as the voice of our unspoken emotions. Do you remember, Katharine, when the notes were changed, and the lark that sung so out of tune, straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps, proclaimed, that the world was come again; and that if we would continue to dream, we must qualify by sleeping?—What a painful endowment memory would be, if we had not hope to beguile it! —I do indeed, Katharine, earnestly

nt any daring plunderer from
ng to my open window—and I
free from alarm as if I were at
ide, in the inviolable security
ex or Surrey.

'e have, indeed, no cause for
ension here—more devoted
ment cannot be described or
ed, than my dear father expe-
s from this calumniated peo-
How it would astonish Aunt
to witness his reception from
to-day! She will say that I
iddy credulous girl; but I am
f she could witness the honest
arty rejoicings, and hear the
blessings, which duped my
and me, she would, herself,
ongly solicited to give way be-
o unsuspicious an impostor.

ut, all this time, I have not ac-
ed you with the occasion on
such demonstrations of attach-
were called forth. And how
possibly describe that most
rdinary display, and its excl-
rcumstances! Katharine, you
saw an Irish hurling, and,
to say, you never saw any
so surprising. If it be Hiber-
cricketing it surely exceeds

for some time before we app
we could see the gathering-
after troop marching to music
gay attire, and each party havi
propriate and distinguishing l
and devices. When the asser
was complete, and the arrange
for the contest sufficiently adv
we set forth, a highly imposir
tège, and rode round the fie
luting each party as we passe
receiving with due ackno
ment their tumultuous acclam
but—the first burst, as we cam
denly from a gate shaded by
trees, into the sight of the ass
—indeed, Katharine, it was
I bowed my head as at an appa
and could not, by any effort, r
fast-falling tears. Do not an
there is something very affec
the raised voice of a multitud
you not remember Job—the t
of the captains, and the sho
then it was a tribute to my d
ther, coming from hearts grate
favour and protection, and offe
am sure, the lives of the ge
and enthusiastic retainers wh
it forth,—can you wonder
overcame me?

ously discomposed me, but which did not disturb my steed, who merely arched his neck, and neighed in acknowledgment. I rode with my apple of strife into the midst of the field, and delivered it to Colonel Stapleton. I spare you the account of the new acclamations and the blessings on my ladyship—my majesty—my beautiful face—my goodness; but, certainly, if there was as much true loyalty around Marie Antoinette when swords leaped—no, did not leap from their sheaths—she would not have cost us the tears we used to give to our poor Bonne's recitals.

"I retired less elated than delighted with these proofs of Irish truculency; and when I had taken my post on a safe and commanding eminence, the ball was thrown up high into the air. Then the strife and bustle, the fever of the conflict, no words of mine can describe; nor can you imagine the order which presided over the struggle of four hundred competitors for a prize, for which, it would seem, all the energies of their lives and souls were intensely exerted. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the tactique of the contest to give you an intelligible account of it, and, to say truth, I was too much shocked by some untoward events, terminating in wounds which wore a threatening aspect, although I understood they were not dangerous. There was, natheless the wounds, perfect good humour throughout, and no grudges or angry feelings survived the conflict. The victors enjoyed their success without arrogance, the vanquished bore their defeat with cheerfulness, and all rejoiced in the feast and dance which followed, in a manner to win for them, in most instances, golden opinions. Oh how they are wronged and traduced! Dear Katharine, I pine for you; you would, if you could but see these generous beings in their own plains once, for ever after be their advocate. I cannot, indeed, say a great deal for my father's more courtly visitors. I do not promise you much interest in them; but am not sufficiently assured in my first-sight judgments to pronounce a positive opinion. I wish you *would assist* me in *deciding. Persuade Aunt Sarah that we will take good care of you; and if she would do violence to her* fears, and boldly come amongst us, we promise her all the warm affection of Irish hearts, and the steadiness and truth for which one of us here will ever be her grateful debtor. Farewell, dear Katharine; the night is wearing away, and already, methinks, I scent the morning air, commanding that all perturbed spirits go to their proper place, and that you be relieved from the tediousness so liberally bestowed on you by, my dear, most affectionate

"MARY ELMERE."

Miss Elmere closed her letter, and stood at the open window to indulge the pious feelings of a thankful heart in gazing on as fair a prospect as has often been disclosed to an enthusiast of nature. Castle Elmere stood on a projecting crag, in a deep and wild valley, shut in on one side by a wall of rock, rising to a considerable height, and having its intervals of grey stone enlivened and adorned by the green foliage of the shrubs and trees, which had rooted themselves in many a clift, and ascended almost to its very summit,—and on the other by a steep hill of easy slope, and of the softest verdure, while, in its low depth, an abundant stream, worthy indeed to be named a river, pursued its not silent way through tangled boughs, and over a rugged channel. When Mary looked forth, the moon had descended low, and, attended by one fair star, was pausing at the distant opening of the valley. The steeps which seemed humble when she was high in heaven, were now exalted, as it were, into more than their natural elevation, the nearer features were softened, and whatever was more nobly beautiful, in the spiritual light by which it was arrayed, became invested with additional attraction. The whole valley was full of light—the silver of the stream was in parts dazzlingly effulgent, while intervals of shadow served, by contrast, to render the splendour where the moonbeams fell, more glorious to the eye; and over head, the sky, resting on the mountain steeps, had recovered the dark pure azure in which the stars were visible. Mary Elmere was capable of feeling the sublime influences of the hour and remained for some time in a trance of thought to which m

ntly released from the deli-
everie to lend her voice to the
nies of nature, but she thought
veet it would be to arrest the
reeze which she felt on her
and win from it a touching
y. An Æolian harp was soon
ably disposed, and its tones
ness and mystery passed into
ul. How hideous an inter-
n jarred her!
ediately opposite the window
which Miss Elmere had been
, and at an inconsiderable dis-
a large laurel of dense and
ant foliage overlooked her.
is too unobservant of the forms
vidual things, to notice that its
ies had been, from time to
omewhat more rudely agitated
ie gentle gales of the still night
move them. Her attention
ow forcibly awakened. A hu-
oice became audible, although
unds it uttered could not be
tly understood. At first a
seemed to issue from the trou-
lepths of the laurel. What
fear rung through the lacerated l
rel, the mountain echoes respon
to the louder sound, and the "
thunders" of the hill awoke in s
succession. The echoes were
longed by numerous repetitions,
scarcely had they become sil
when a human form dropt from
laurel, and a man was seen for
instant, while he passed rap
from the enlightened part of
pleasure ground into deep shad
An alarm was raised, forms w
seen hurrying from the house,
exploring in various directions.
was in vain—the search was uns
cessful, and was followed by dist
and chagrin. How the intru
escaped could not be known,
could his object be conjectu
That his intent was evil see
plain, and that preparation shoul
made against future attempts or
gressions. One thing only was
tain, the appearances of quiet
contentment could not be relied
What a postscript had Mary to
to the eulogy of her letter!

mood to share in his mother's exultation, or to rejoice with her in the feelings with which she anticipated the morrow. He was again to see the object of his boundless affection, but not to witness any concern for the untold passion which was devouring him. He was to be, in her presence, as one of the more ignoble animals, to whom she might extend the charities of a benevolent heart, and felt that to him, almost equally with the beasts of the field—by habit and convention not less powerful than nature and her laws—friendship and affection were utterly denied. Many a time he had railed at distinctions, which, he was taught to think, arrayed the poor not only in estrangement from the more prosperous, but in hostile opposition to them; now he felt with a degree of pain, which he had never experienced before, what it was to belong to a caste, on which poverty had stamped the most hopeless of degradations. It was with bitterness and impatience he constrained himself to listen to the detail of plans and prospects which it was a torture to hear; and, at length wearied out by his poor mother's ill-timed counsels and exhortations, and the exhausting effort with which he strove to endure them, he groaned in the anguish of his spirit, and, hurrying into the darkest corner of his home, cast himself in despair upon the bed, and turned his face to the wall.

It is of little moment to the reader to learn the precise locality of James Morrison's dwelling. A change must come over the spirit of Irish life, before he is likely to pay it a voluntary visit. Notwithstanding the temporary calm which coercive enactments may have compelled in that region—the calm which ensues when the horrors of open violence cower down into fierce and treacherous ambuscade—there are demonstrations painful enough to discourage a tourist from seeking amusement, where there is so much, if not to awaken his heart, at least to shock his sensibility. The name of such a region may well be spared,—not so the recital of a characteristic, by which it is so pre-eminently as to be peculiarly distinguished. It is the Thessaly of Ireland—the region wherein those superstitions still find a shelter, which, elsewhere, have vanished before the ascendency of an evil genius, whose enacted horrors leave no place for legendary recollections. In the recesses of this mountain district, the love of marvellous tradition still has a reverent, if not a secure asylum. Relics are there of the golden times, when Ireland was honoured in all the world; and even some stones of enormous magnitude and dizzy location, have sermons, which render them, to the initiated, remembrancers of a still hoarier, or, as a Hibernian Bacon might apply the epithet, a more youthful antiquity, when the giant race of earth's most valiant sons and sages, who had explored the mysteries which control nature, and make man's senses thrill, and those beings of wonder and awe, who were ever free from human restraint, or who had, with a perishable body, renounced the shackles of mortality, combined their powers, and conspired in fraternal union to achieve those works which did honour to the olden time, and provided amazement for the sceptical ages which were to follow. But, above all, it should be confessed, that that curious philosophy which makes light account of medicinal skill, esteeming the modern healing arts visionary and vain, and accounting no science as of worth and certainty but that which discourses of philtres and spells, abode in the region of our story, and summoned thither influences which brooded over its shades and its inhabitants, men, women, and children, with an authority from which every other part of Ireland has been, by spirits of a darker spell, mournfully delivered.

In such a place, the solution of the phenomenon, presented in the condition of James Morrison, which his mother adopted, was the readiest and most natural. Her child had been fairy-struck. "He went out in the morning as likely a boy as you could see in a summer's day, an' he was braw an' harty when he came home; but some *miau* came over him. He had a look with him that would bring the salt tears into your eyes when he wasn't speaking; an' when he'd make answer, his voice was so hoarse an' desolate-like that it would frighten you more tha when he listen'd and said nothin' Such was the affectionate moth

a length of time, except in the
ince occasioned to the obsti-
silent youth, " the question"
navailing, and old Judith Mac-
was taught to feel that she
ordinary case to consult for.
was no indication whatever
impatient patient's appearance
lily ailment. His colour was
his pulse strong and steady,
g but the disturbed expres-
ith which, sometimes in high
ment, sometimes in despair,
yes rested on his weeping
r, or on vacancy, to tell of
within which passed show."
visit of the crone, however,
not unsuccessful. Although
iscontinued her unacceptable
ogatories, she did not remit
igilance of her observation;
hile the mother was pouring
in the eloquence of grief, her
f sorrow, and fear, and disap-
ment, she had carefully noted
he utterance of one name inva-
wrung out some show of feel-
om the youth when all else
d unregarded by, and, on the
principle as the murderer is
red by the restored circulation

suppliant, and to bear back the
of her superior, whether prohibi
or permitting the solicited audie
When James Morrison, overc
by his mother's passionate adj
tions, had consented to undergo
new annoyance and indignity,
dith was accredited as ambassad
to the potentate of spells and cha
to negotiate a gracious reception
the reluctant youth, and the affli
and credulous parent.—

" Sit down here," said she, w
they had ascended the base of
mountain; " turn your back to
elder-tree, an' your face to the
that's setting, an' hould this spri
vervine fast; 'tis a lucky *arub* (h
an'

' Wherever you go, by sea or by lan
The holy vervine hould in your ha

Myself will bring ye back
word what ye're to do." She
parted; and mother and son ob
her injunctions, the one scrup
to observe the minutest poi
requisite ceremony, the other u
the *vis inertiæ* of an absorbing pa
which held him motionless. J
soon returned, and conducte

gave to the enclosure a gloom dark almost as of summer midnight, while, to the adventurous eye which lifted a glance to the prouder summit opposite, the rocks and the green forest appeared lighted with the splendour which streamed in slant rays from the descending but yet undimmed luminary of the day. It was a contrast for the meditative, full of solemn warning; on the one side, the virtuous cheerfulness of heaven's light—below, the concealment and gloom in which they must abide who seek forbidden power or counsel.

No such meditations added to the poor mother's terror, while she led her son forward to the awful threshold, at which, for a few moments, both halted. When in obedience to the invitation given by a faint but steady voice, they stood within a clean small room, they found it illuminated by the light of many rush tapers. They could not, nevertheless, distinctly see the face of the weird woman, who sat in the shadow of a projecting chimney, bending over herbs which it appeared her occupation to divide and dispose into separate parcels. She did not leave her guests long ungreeted, but rising into what, from the infirmity of years, was still a stooping posture, and supporting herself on a black staff, crooked at the handle, she replied to the usual Irish greeting—the "God save all here"—in words which, if they did not convey the accustomed response, at least gave proof that she, too, could invoke God and the saints for a blessing.

There was what the gifted author of Calumny Confuted terms "a long pause of expressive silence." It was rather violently interrupted. "Woman of the dark mind," she said, addressing her ambassadress and confederate, "you did not spake to me the thrue word. James Morrison, it is not sickness that's upon you, nor the sthroke from them that can dhraw life out of your body, an' that you can't see nor stand agin. You have not sickness or sore—you haven't an inimy among them that should not hear us spake of 'em,—but you have that in your heart an' on your spirit that's the *darkest* and the *brightest trouble that crosses the young, an' you have an inimy* that done you the sorest turn ever was done to man, an' you'd give your heart's blood, and you'd bring m ortal sin on your own sowl, before you'd harm the one that hurted you. Go," she continued, rising into more erectness, and pointing with her staff to the door, "go back, Bridget Morrison,—go, Judith, keep her company—go out agin to the hill; that must be done an' spoke here this good night, that ears of the living, except my own and this boy's, must never know." It was evident from the wild attitude and the agitated looks and gestures of the young man, that his secret was discovered; and the mother, overcome by the authority of the decrepit sibyl, after a long embrace and earnest recommendation to the keeping of all saints and angels, yielded to her companion's mild constraint, and left her child alone to his awful interview with "one that saw more than mortal."

"Stand at the door," said this dreaded diviner, "and tell me when you don't hear any longer the sound of steps, or the shaking of branches."

"They are gone now," replied the listening youth; "there's no more noise about the place than in the sky that's above us."

"Come in, then; make the door fast; an' that little windy—it's open—shet it close, an' dhraw the shetter—there—now make the sign of the cross on the windy, an' on the door, an' come here—bring me the lights."

When her order was obeyed, she proceeded, muttering indistinctly something, half-chant, half-prayer, to extinguish all but one, (the central of a little castellated group of tapers,) which she left still burning—"'Tis not for the likes of men the light was made—something a'most as great as sperit was here for every one of *thim*—an' now that they're dark, they that saw be 'em are departed. There's only one in under the roof with us now—an' that's a thrue friend. Do you see that little hole up high there, where the flower of the elder is growing in to the house—saving it from harm abroad, and sending its blessing to it within? Put the light up there—well, now—bless yourself—sit down there on that chair, an' tell me th' thruth—for them that won't be d

lark, I rather you talk like me
than that that's in my heart
t. Wise woman, there never
e before you the same as me
never were asked to cure him
ould rather be in his grave—
worse—than have his cure:
nothing for me but to die."
iat do you wish for?" said
yl, perfectly unmoved by the
man's passion and despair.
hat do I wish for? Did you
ear of one that wished for the
stars to be brought down to
n' to have 'em for the lights
is eyes were never to turn
I might as well tell you that's
wish, an' it would be as good
as to be repating my folly."
' if it was that itself you tould
nere was them before me,
the world was better, that
do what you desired. Did
ever hear of the ould times,
them that could bring the stars
the sky—aye, an' the bright
—as aisy as I can gather what
t in my arub garden, an' kindle
ghts that bring them that have
about me? I can't do such
; but I can do the good you
-an' I can make them that you
as high above you as if they
holy stars, stoop down to folly

of mortality in which it was exhit
ed, like the lights which may
made to gleam dimly through t
sockets of the eyes in a skelet
his thoughts became somewhat l
wildered, and for a time he felt t
awe of a supernatural presence, s
could not collect his faculties. I
lieved a little by observing that
mysterious eyes retained their
ward direction, and did not seek
penetrate his hidden thoughts,
collection returned, and with m
interruptions, and much diffide
and confusion, he told his story
love at first sight—a frantic, a
but for the wild expectation of
moment, an utterly hopeless
sion.

The sibyl paused for a time a
pondering on the recital to wh
she had listened. "You spoke we
said she, "an' there's a good day
fore you—it's a sore an' a str
charm you're under, but there
stronger that can break it. *She*
them that can do her bidding we
that rich girl has—but there's
that can defate them." Thus
spoke, muttering indistinctly to
self; then, in a more solemn tone,
addressed the young man. "Wh
to be done for your good must n

nor when he stands at your dying bed, opening Heaven to resave you, you'll bethray me in what I do for your good, under that blessed light, and with the help of the one that owns it.' "

There was a pause—the youth hesitating to become bound by so strict and fearful an obligation, and the old woman awaiting his decision, without an attempt to influence it. " Must I," said he at length, " hide it from the priest? Sure that's like selling my sowl."

" Is my sowl sould?" replied the crone. " Look, boy—is this the cross I'm signing?—Is this the blessing I'm giving myself," touching her forehead, breast, and right and left shoulder, and repeating in Irish, " in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. —Is *she* sould that can do this? No, boy, there's not a work I do but I have my groans to make for it. If I have my time over them — surely they have their hour an' their revenge. If I bid them come an' help me, an' they come—they burst to me like the storm of wind, when I can't keep them off, an' carry me where their power is too great for me.—Many a sore penance I have to do—but the one that can pray to God an' the saints, an' that can sign the cross on the head an' the heart—she is not sould to sin. From the priest—aye—from priest and from Pope—in life an' in death—you must sware to consale what you're to see me doing; an'—if you break the oath —you may be left on airth, a start, for a show an' an example; but it's then you'll be sould in airnest—an there'll be that within you that'll make men dread your looks, an' 'ill give you the sintince of a trimbling heart, antil your day is done, an' you're called away to the place where perjurers an' traitors have their airnings."

A vague expectation, which he could not define to himself, had for some time exercised considerable influence over the youth's mind. He felt too, as if lifted out of the world of ordinary life, and that rules and maxims, by which common things are affected, should not have authority in the region to which he had obtained an entrance. It must be acknowledged also, that the unyielding resolution of the old woman had its effect upon him, and that the impulse of curiosity had its full force in determining his decision. He repeated the words of the oath, and kept them. What he saw, therefore, and shared in, has not been learned, and the reader must be contented to remain in ignorance of the arts and ingredients with which Vhauria M'Grath composed her philters.

An hour or somewhat more had elapsed from the time when the two friends had left the sage's abode, before, at her summons, they returned. " Widow Morrison," said the sage, " your son has that within him which you must help to cure. It is not death that's come upon him, nor throuble nor sorrow, if you and he are sav'd be them that's knowlegeable to advise you. He see his luck this good day, and there is not a better fortune before the richest in the land. The pride of the Coort—the one that loved you when you were more to her than the mother — she'll love you bether. 'Tis she must be the cure for your boy—'tis the thought of her that ails him, an' 'id take his life if I didn't help him. Never let eye look upon this little charm, antil you give it in what she must dhrink; —the boy knows well how you are to give it, an' he'll tell you all."

The poor mother had been partially prepared to understand the nature of her son's affliction. During the hour she remained with her companion on the hill, some indistinct intimations of his state had been afforded her, and she was thus enabled to comprehend fully the meaning of the mistress-magician's allusions. Still her heart revolted at the thought of wronging the child she had fostered. " Is it a dhrench," (such is the rude term by which, in that secluded region of Ireland, a love-potion is designated,)—" is it a dhrench I'm to be the mains of giving to the lady—the best lady in the whole country round? Don't put such a work upon me. God defend me, and the Blessed Vergin this night—to make sich a lady as herself laive house and home, an' father—to laive greatness and good-name, an' thravel the world in disgrace for demaning herself to the likes of him!" —And the pride of the nurse for moment eclipsed the mother's affection.—"Oh don't put it upon me the bad blood an' the wrong th

'our house—pray for him, an'
'him—get the docther an' the
'don't come—you that doesn't
ıe heart of a mother—to this
ain. Get the bad blood and
ng thought out of the poor
That put 'em in him?—Is it a
ı for the lady?—Who gave
e dhrench to the boy? Oh,
red the wine was, was pour-
for him!—He must dhrink to
y's health—'tis the mother of
ıt makes it the black dhrink-

mother was thunderstruck—
: that fairy arts had been prac-
ı her son, and that he must be
ctim if she did not retaliate
foster-child. It was too much
r. However, the hysterics
ı wild eloquence with which,
intervals of convulsion fits,
:laimed of her sorrow, ended,
as not unreasonable to antici-
n her submission to the old
orders, and her consent to
e secrecy, and execute her
commission.
he party retired the wise wo-
anced a look upon the black
where the offerings of her vo-
had been deposited. "You
this much," said she, "but
- it to what I did for you—

bright complexion, indicated a
less than dramatic attention to t
adornments of his person. His
tention was otherwise occupied no
The herbs which had but late ma
a goodly show, were no longer to
seen on the table—their place w
supplied by a cold fowl, a loaf, a
a large bottle, with the requisite
companiment of plates and glass
The transformation had been effe
ed during the few moments in wh
the wise woman waited at her do
and when she turned round, it w
to see that supper had been arr
ged, and to receive a smiling invi
tion to the good cheer prepared
her. She did not, however, part
with her guest except by sympat
but so far as one could judge fr
the altered traits of her countenan
and the apparent satisfaction w
which she beheld the viands dis
pear before his spirited and well-s
tained assault, this participation
effectual.

"That drawingroom of yo
mother," said the less imagina
feeder, as he copiously diluted w
fair water a contribution from
black bottle, "would be rathe
chill abode in a black frost; even
night I should have felt the hole
ther uncomfortable while you w

my work completest. I might be beating the air for weeks without thinking of any thing half so wise as I learned in that little retreat of yours."

"My dear child, this is a *gentle* place, and many a thought that poor mortals never could think visits them that's in it. What was it you learned?—may be I can tell you what it mains."

"It means, mother, the readiest way to remove an obstacle."

"An obstacle!—what's that?—Oh aye, something that stands in your way. An' what is it, my dear, is most in your way?"

"He that's most in the way of those who sent me. You know too much not to know who he is. What do you think of Sir William Elmere?"

"He's, they say,—for I never saw him or his goodness,—the best friend to the poor in the whole country round."

"And, in being so, the very worst foe to the cause. It is his kindness to the poor that has dragged me to this d——d place, where I have nothing to reward me but the sight of you—nothing but faint hearts and forgetting of oaths. Out of the country he must go, or, if he remain ——the cause must not suffer."

He paused a little, as if in thought, and resumed—

"Mother, Miss Elmere must not taste your potion;—you must have her warned by a sure messenger; and, above all things, leave the mad lover and his friends in ignorance that she is on her guard. My life, and things of much more consequence, require that this shall be done."

Chap. III.

WARNINGS.

Mary awoke later than her usual hour of rising, and hastened to try whether the morning air, and the odours and melodies of the garden, would chase away the disagreeable fancies, which thronged to her remembrance, of the night's alarm. Among the means of distraction, she had not computed the gambols, and attempts at speech, of an uncouth-looking boy, who, in his capacity of gardener's apprentice, had sometimes attracted her notice, and experienced her bounty. His attentions were, on this morning, very embarrassing. Mary was of too gentle and benevolent a nature to pain any thing living. She sought rather to escape from the persecution of her follower, than to command him away; but whenever she came within shadow, however remote from the spot where she had left her strange-looking cicerone, she found him busy, apparently, at his garden toils, but ready to start up for her annoyance the moment she approached him. He had repeatedly endeavoured to allure her into conversation on the beautiful flowers which it had been her delight to admire, but had the tact to perceive that his efforts were vain,—that he spoke to an occupied mind. At length he abandoned all points, and entered on the subject of which, evidently, his mind was full.

"It's very unaisy I am to spake to your ladyship something one bid me to tell you;—an' sure 'twasn't far from being the death o' me when it went be me in the three—the shot I main—just like a knife or a sheers."

Mary started.—"Were you then in the laurel last night?—How could you have behaved so ill?"

"Oh, ill or well, there's one that I couldn't say again', desired me to have word wid your own honor last night or this morning, an' not to let mortal living besides yourself know the rights of it. An' I thought I could call you, for I see you at the windy, and when you went away I climbed up on to the three, an' I called you aisy; but I waited—waited on antil I see you coming again to look out—and I was jest going to spake, when—I thought it was death was coming over me—there was the beautifullest music ever was heard in the world—didn't you hear it, ma'am?—it makes me thrimble now to think of it, it was so sweet an' sthrange. Well, I begin to say my prayers, an' wid that I hear no body spaking, an' in a minnent the shot went off, an' the

to make her comfortable?"
—she'll tell you that she
ou to see how snug she is an'
but what do you think she
ri' you? It's a dhrench she
ive you."
/hat?"
lhrench—a dhrench for her
ıes. He dotes down upon the
you walk on, an' they went
:hat could turn day into night,
ı M'Grath, an' she gave 'em a
ı to give you."
ıat for—what is the drench

to make you fall in love with
Morrison—to make you think
'all belonging to you, an' folly
ce his shadow (an' a bright
r you'd be, God bless you), or
at little dog that's jumping on
Oh, God pity them that gets a
:h! There was ould Widdy
, an' she got what was mixed
: young niece—there wasn't a
in her head, an' she shaking
:he palsy—but it's little she
ered it, an' off she went to
ia M'Grath. 'What 'll I do?'
hauria; 'will I break the charm,
ll I put it on Nolicking Will?'
ever can be broke,' says the
', 'without braking my heart'—

ed or declined, and with somew
of confusion in her thoughts fr
her effort rightly to interpret, wh
in the steadiest tones, and with
air of perfect intelligence, Mary s
"Give me, before you go, the pa
you brought from Mrs M'Grath
Vhauria M'Grath's—the drench, y
know." As if a supernatural li
were suddenly poured upon the
vert where an assassin lies in w
and the villain is terror (or c
science) stricken by the unlool
for exposure, the widow felt
mystery penetrated, and all her r
lution forsook her. She sunk
the feet of one whom she now
garded as of power not to be re
ed, and, trembling, lifted up
hands and eyes in speechless sup
cation for pardon. Recalled in s
measure to her senses by a rene
demand for the paper, she dre
from her bosom, placed it on a t
at her side, and passed a thres
over which, it was her hope,
should never return.

James Morrison scarcely felt a
appointment when he learned
story of his mother's detection;
his despair became more glo
The purpose of self-murder
rarely finds admission into the
heart. However it is to be explai

some miserable hours, but rose up and took the path which led towards his mother's house. He had proceeded but a few steps, when a voice of command caused him to turn his head, and look to see, with feelings of anger which desired a vent, who dared to call him. The summons had come from a man of gentlemanly exterior, and was renewed with still more of authority, when, without halting, he had turned round. Imagining that some visitor at the Castle was exercising the privilege of high caste, Morrison was about to return a fierce and contemptuous reply, when, quite suddenly, his manner changed, and, with an air of deference, he approached the object of his late rash indignation. A sign had been exhibited, and a decoration displayed, which taught him that he stood in the presence of one who was devoted to the same cause with himself, and one to whom he owed submission.

"So, Morrison," said the stranger, "you have failed, or rather your mother has failed, in the design to bewitch Miss Elmere. A fellow like you should have recourse to bolder measures than old women's follies and fables."

No words can describe the alarm and astonishment with which this communication was received. The dreadful thought from which the unhappy young man was flying, the suddenness of the stranger's appearance, his unaccountable knowledge, it was not wonderful that James Morrison stood silent for some moments, and, at first, with irresolute and unsteady glances, then, with more fixedness of purpose, and with unshrinking gaze, dwelt upon the face and form confronting him, and that he even looked more than once towards the earth, as if expecting to behold the traditional deformity. He seemed to become reassured by the scrutiny he had courage to make, and had the boldness to demand who he was who was thus acquainted with his unhappiness. The stranger declined satisfying him. "Who I am," he said, "is of little consequence; it should be sufficient for you to know that I am entitled to claim your obedience. This, however, I tell you, that the best potion to win a lady is the boldness of an enterprising lover. Be guided by me, and take a manly resolution to your heart. I promise you success. I tell you more. She—you know whom I mean when I say she—remembers you; and she desires nothing better than a good excuse for being your wife. Dare you venture for her?"

The dialogue was continued to some length. James Morrison was convinced that he had much to hope. His mother, in whom it was necessary to confide, through the agency of the spell-worker, became, also, persuaded, and preparations were made to carry off, by force, from her father's house, a lady, who could not otherwise, with due decorum, condescend to a disproportioned alliance. The crime by which that menaced father had provoked the coming vengeance, was the benevolence with which he won the affections and the confidence of his tenantry, and the wisdom with which he watched over their true interests. It was not under such influences conspiracy could flourish. With the cessation of outrage, with the hope of comforts—the new hope—new views of justice and policy were beginning to dawn on minds, from which in former days they had been excluded by sorrows and crimes. This was a perilous state of things, and, at all hazards, it must be interrupted; disunion must be effected between the landlord and the people; he must be driven from the country, or deprived of his influence. His murder might have inconvenient results, and, accordingly, was to be reserved as a last resource.

Chap. IV.

THE STRATAGEM.

The *plot was skilfully* arranged, *and, could it have been put* into immediate *execution, would* have had *in the deluded young man* a willing instrument; but, during the brief interval of necessary delay, good ing resumed its influence over and nature, despite of all the

.t where men more void of
had met for liberal consul-
d having been watched in
ich led to Castle Elmere de-
e was seized and committed
il custody, until a vacant
ld be found to decide upon
clous of which he now be-
object. In the meantime,
er was given to understand
was actively employed in
; on the enterprise, which it
gned should be hazarded at
r moment than that at first
d.

e delicate gradations, which
to the contemplative mind
· though undefined thoughts
itudes, the dimness of the de-
ummer eve was changed, and
to solemn splendid moon-
l James Morrison, regardless
ir armed men who surround-
sighed his soul towards Cas-
re, in total ignorance that the
which must decide the fate
nates was rapidly approach-
was but little disposed to
art in the conversation which
nel-companions carried on,
. he was frequently address-
em, and more frequently the
of their discourse.

thawn without sense or spirit? Phe
lim, sure you know all about it—
who has the rights of Castle Elmere?'

"It belongs to the Heffermans—
an' I'm for letting no one else hav
it agin."

"What Heffermans? Is it of Derk?'

"No, it's the Heffermans of Drum
baun.—Ould Will Hefferman wil
tell you all about the way his grand
father was robbed out of it be th
thieves' breed that come in his plac
He says it goes agin him to curs
'em afther what they done for him
an' he says if the Castle isn't throu
bled for a year an' a day, he'll lav
off praying for revenge of 'em."

"Faix then, Phelim, there's littl
chance of his laving it off yet
while—there'll mony a curse be sai
yet, an' he'll know that soon."

"Oh, but that's not the throub
ould Will talks of. They say th
his grandfather's ouldest son wall
there four nights in the year—that
the son that done the murdther e
tirely. He an' the father were t
prisoners—an' they say that the s
diers got the boy in licker, an' th
bewildthred him with this an' th
an' fun, an' games, until, when h
com to himself, he found that h
sowl was gone, for he was turn
Protestan, an' that there was a pan

pears four times in the year—that's the night he was christen'd, the night he turned Protestan in his licker, the night he was murdthered, an' the night that the Protestans came first to get possession of his place. Will, that's ould Will, says if he doesn't walk this year—an' he didn't, he says, the first night—he'll not be praying for revenge any more. Any way—Will itself has more sinse than the poor innocent here to the fore, that says we ought to fight for them that tuk our right, and is keeping it from us. That's the iligant law, to be sure. A fellow comes into your place, an' kills your father, an' takes your cows an' your sheep an' your land—an' if he does not take the life o' you entirely, but lets you have a pratee, an' maybe a grain of salt, for your hard work, up early an' down late—an' if he doesn't look at you as if you war a worm that ought to be trud into the airth, you're to go on your marrow-bones an' pray for him, or throw up your ould hat, and cry, Long life to your honour, for a fine, brave, tender-hearted gentleman."

"Too good work for you," rejoined Phelim, with a chuckle something like a laugh. "If the gintlemen would take patthern by them that could tache 'em well, it's little time to pray or cry they'd lave the likes of you. Isn't Elmere better to us than Brennan an' his gang was to the man they stopped the other day? Says he to 'em—an' he handing his purse an' twenty golden guineas in it—says he to 'em, quite polite an' respectful, 'Gintlemen,' says he, 'I have a journey afore me, an' I haven't one hapenny more to jingle on another—would you be pleased,' says he, 'to gi' me a little change back agin, jest to pay a night's lodging for me towards my journey's end?' But—well becomes Brennan with his joke—'Boys,' says he, 'do ye hear the thief of the world? he wants to rob us on the king's highway. That's the lad can larn ye manners, ye spalpeens.' Who knows but James Morrison got a lesson from him, or maybe tuk a start with him, an' larned to be so humble an' condescending to the gintlemen."

These last words were spoken in rather a low tone, as if intended only for the ear to which they were addressed. The subject of the sneer, however, seemed to have been heedless of it. His attention had been for a few moments strained, and his eyes earnestly directed towards his mother's habitation. In the bright moonlight it was distinctly visible. At this moment it would have been equally so had the heavens been dark.

"My jewel you wer," cried Phelim, "an' isn't that a fine sight for one that has neither house or home to sit in?" Thus he saluted a volume of flame that rose over the Widow Morrison's cabin, and replied to the sounds of bustle and the shrieks that reached the hill-side. "It's aisy to see that Mr Morrison is going to live in a coort, an' it's quare enough be what a light he finds his way there. They say that Buck Annerville in the ould times used to light a bank-note to look for a lady's thimble—but the devil a one of him is equal to Morrison, that sets his house afire to light him to the Castle, an' it in the moonshine too, that"—and he sung a line from a popular song—

"'Wants no light at all, as you all may remark.'

An' look how contented he is—that's the pleasant fire surely."

James Morrison was any thing but contented. He appeared at first in a state of the most painful agitation—then, by strong effort, overmastering himself, and assuming a semblance of calm, he stood for a moment motionless, and, the instant he thought the attention of his guard turned from him, sprang forward to escape them. The man behind him uttered a cry, and the advanced sentinel, by an involuntary effort, struck him a heavy blow on the head with the but-end of his musket. Morrison staggered a little, but before the blow could be repeated, started forward again, and was beyond the sweep of the second blow aimed at him.

Phelim, who seemed to be in authority, struck down a presented gun. "The echoes," said he, "the echoes—they'd warn the Castle agin the boys—throw down your guns—let Daniel stay here, and watch 'em. We're three to one, and if after the salute he got we can't come up wi[illegible] him—on boys, on, on, to the gl[illegible] to the glen—don't let him dou[illegible] us—but stay close."

The flames which had thus broke up the mountain party, were n[illegible] unobserved or unregarded at

ırther deliberation. But now
l another straggler on rapid
ossed the lawn. "Oh, God
our honour," cried out one,
compassion on poor Widdy
on, she'll be destroyed, house
me—an' worse—her son James
ruined entirely. Three men
ould him. It's he that set the
a-fire—and ten can't do so
o save it as he's doing to de-

Another and another corro-
d the statement, and repre-
the Widow Morrison in agony,
r son in an excess of frenzy,
their home and all they pos-
was sinking in the flames.
ır delay Sir William thought
be cruel. His presence might
ıs prevent dreadful disaster;
ıd aloof from such calamity,
ive way to unworthy suspi-
would be cowardly. The hall-
vas actually open, and all the
ınmates of Castle Elmere were
ıing out, when a new appari-
hecked them. Up from the
ınd precipitous valley, in front
house, a form rapidly emerged,
ushed towards the open door.
ce and clothes were fearfully

at the moment when he was
to become the object of wise and
nevolent care, a murderous vo
was discharged from the neighb
ing shrubbery, and he fell, pie
with many wounds. His body
was his dead body—was insta
drawn within the protection of
house, and arms were hastily
vided to meet the expected ass
They were not now required.
party which had been called o
assault the Castle were not prep
to find it defended, and after ra
a sanguinary yell over the venge
they had taken of an unfai
brother, they dispersed, leavin
the miserable old widow the ren
brance of her treachery, and the
of her murdered son.

The scheme of the incendiary
in part successful. The kindl
of union between the landlord
his people was poisoned. Susp
was planted in his mind, and be
ed itself in his manner. The ten
felt that they must be distrusted
the anxiety to win and secure g
opinions ceased to be with the
animating principle. In one
the evil purpose failed. It did n

NEBUCHADNEZZAR. A POEM.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

CANTO I.

CYRA'S INTERVIEW WITH THE PROPHET EZEKIEL.

BEHOLD! Ezekiel to the mountains turns,
To meet the visions of his God he burns.
And well the shattered wilderness becomes
The vehement prophet that athwart it roams,
Where rooted trees half hide, but not compose
To grace the births of Nature's rudest throes,
Imperfect, difficult, unreconciled:
Blind moaning caverns, rocks abruptly piled
Below, and herbless black peaks split asunder
Aloft, majestic gateways of the thunder,
Accord they not with him whose burdened eye
Sees, through the rent of kingdoms great and high,
Thick gleams of wrath divine, whose visions range
Throughout th' obstructed solitudes of change,
Whose spirit stumbles midst the corner-stones
Of realms disjointed and of broken thrones?

II.

As on the prophet strode, he saw a maid
Sit in the vale, and on a harp she played.
Before her knelt a savage form, beside
A milk-white horse was rearing in his pride.
Near went the Seer; upsprung that savage man,
Tossed his wild hair, and to the mountains ran;
O'er rocks behind, o'er bushes bounding went,
With startled mane, that steed magnificent.
The minstrel rose; when she Ezekiel saw,
Aside her harp she laid with modest awe,
In haste she came to meet him, named his name,
And prayed his blessing with a reverent claim.
"Say who art thou?"—"Cyra, of Judah I."—
"Why dwelling here? And who yon form on high,
Chased by the mighty horse?"—"Great man of God!
Fervid thy spirit, wild is thy abode:
The rocky mountains, where old lions live,
Dread paths to thee, to thee a dwelling give:
Not in soft city, not in kingly dome
Thy jealous soul will deign to make thy home;
So art thou seldom within Babylon's gate,
And so hast heard not of her monarch's fate,
Forth driven by God to wander from his throne,
Till seven appointed times be o'er him gone!
Behold that king—him followed by yon steed,
Doomed on the hills and in the wilds to feed!
His head forlorn in nature's naked eye,
Is beat by all the changes of the sky;
He sees the morning star, and the wide noon,
He sees the silver planet of the moon,
Sleep seldom his: The wi[illegible]'s in his den—
But through the night must [illegible]*e king of men!*
Such were the far bounds of [illegible]*te, till I*"——
"So be abased—be stricken—more than die,

The doves of Ashur lie among the pots!
For him! for yonder outcast—Wo! and wo
Yet more to him who thus has brought her low!—
Beneath her branchless palm must Judah sit,
Her widowed face with pens of sorrow writ,
And round her feet the fetters! But has he
Reaped glory hence? Earth's proud men, come and see!
At best a royal brute, he even without
The majesty of mischief roams about!
So let him"——"Whelmed beneath Jehovah's ban,
'Tis ours to spare the much-enduring man.
Sore was his hand against us, crushed our state;
And great the blame, as our oppression great:
Yea, curse his pride of warlike youth; O! then
Still let me name him midst earth's noblest men.
But he was bowed, and, prostrate in his change,
Followed the wild ox in his boundless range,
And ate the grass; his head was wet with dew;
Like claws his nails, his hair like feathers grew.
But I have helped him through his years of ill,
And ne'er will leave him, but will love him still.
Bless him, and curse him not!"
With anger shook
The son of Buzi; tragic waxed his look;
With vehement force, as if to meet the storm,
He wrapped his rugged mantle round his form.
"Look to me, damsel," cried he; "are not we
Carried away by our iniquity?
Shall then the soft desires of women rule
Thy spirit still, and make thee play the fool?
Because within his silken palaces

With idle dalliance—slavery's heaviest yoke!
Ye tall and goodly youths, your fate is worse,
Your beauty more than burning is a curse;
For ye must stand in palaces, soft slaves
Of kings—your brethren lie in noble graves—
Until your base shame for your origin,
Beyond your wanton masters make you sin;
For ye upon the mountains, with desire
Unholy, looking towards the Persian fire,
Eat, not Jehovah-wards, forgetting him,
Forgot the gates of old Jerusalem!—
Thou too, thou maid of Judah, wo! that thou
Hast lived to be what I must deem thee now!"
He ceased. Like flames that burn the sacrifice
With darting points, shone out the virgin's eyes;
Shook her black locks of youth; drawn back she stood
Dilating high in her indignant mood.
She seized her harp, she swept the chords along,
Forth burst a troubled and tumultuous song;
Till, purified from anger and from shame,
Austere, severely solemn it became;
Yet dashed with leaping notes, as if to tell
Jehovah mighty for his Israel.
Soft gleamed the prophet's eyes; he knew that strain,
Heard in the days of Salem's glorious reign,
When Judah's maids in sacred bands advanced,
With garlands crowned, and to the timbrel danced.
And shone through glazing tears young Cyra's eyes,
Her forehead now uplifted to the skies.
Her harp she dropped; her bosom greatly heaved,
Till words burst forth and thus her heart relieved:—
"Perish the song, the harp, the hand for aye;
Die the remembrance of our land away;
Ne'er be revived the praises of the Lord
In the glad days of Zion's courts restored,
If I"—— again she sobbed and hid her face,—
"If I have been the child of such disgrace!
But, ah! forgive me, great Ezekiel,
Thus to be angry have I done not well;
For thine the spirit that for Israel's weal
Burns with the fires of jealousy and zeal.
O! hear thy handmaid now! For I shall sleep
In death, ere cease I for yon king to weep.
In that dread night—his wars be judged by God!—
When o'er our walls victoriously he rode,
He saw me lie amidst the trampled mire,
That bloody glittered to the midnight fire;
Sprung, snatched me from my mother's dead embrace,
Ere the fierce war-steeds trode my infant face;
Smiled on me, to his large mailed bosom pressed;
Home took me with him, with his love caressed,
There made me dwell, there gave to me a name,
And to me there a father all became.
"Then—for my sacred origin I knew—
Me, yet a child, Jehovah taught to view
With scorn the Gentiles' sins; my opening days
Taught, more than theirs, to love our people's ways.
The monarch smiled; nor sought he to subdue
The spirit honoured whence my choice I drew;
He *gave me teachers of our people*, charged
To see my childhood with their lore enlarged,
To compromise not in their captive place,
But tell Jehovah's doings for our race,

I found him strange and brutish in despair;
But tried my harp, less savage soon he grew,
And softly followed through the falling dew.
Caves in yon rock, our mountain people there
Had helped me first his dwelling to prepare;
There, now less wild, the food of men he finds,
And lies through night unstricken by the winds.
"In yonder hut, a shepherd of our race
For years has given me an abiding-place.
His daughters love me as their sister; they
My simple service share with me by day,
To feed the flocks; when men their labour leave,
And past is now the milking-time of eve,
I harp before his cave, and from the steep
Comes the wild king and couches down to sleep—
O! not to sleep; with self-accusing blame,
With madness wrestling, and with fitful shame.
Sweet psalms I play him then, till in calm woe
Lies his large heart; then to our cot I go.
"By Daniel's wise advice, his battle-steed
Was brought, with him upon the hills to feed;
Within his inner cavern as he lies,
His armour nightly gleams before his eyes;
Memorials these of his heroic days,
To deeds of men again his soul to raise.
Remembering hence his glory, more because
Th' appointed season to a period draws,
His heart with reason swells, his ancient men
Of counsel come to seek him in his den.
Taught by affliction, by our God restored,
Then will he raise the people of the Lord.
'Joy! joy for Zion!' let the captives sing.
Come thou with me, come bless the wandering King."—
"True child of Judah! by the Spirit's might

Then turn'd away; with sobbing joy o'ercome,
Thus high approved, the virgin sought her home.

Canto II.

THE PLOT OF MERDAN AND NARSES.

High rides the summer moon: Away, how slow,
The lordly waters of Euphrates go!
But see! a shadowy form from yonder rank
Of glimmering trees, comes o'er the open bank.
Here Narses meets him:—"Merdan, you are late."—
"Admit the toils that on my office wait,
And say your purpose."—"Nay, 'tis mine to hear
What first you promised to my midnight ear."
Then Merdan spake:—"Our mutual hearts are known,
Why pause we then? Our theme be now the throne.
Meet we not here on our appointed way,
To learn from Chardes what the planets say,
Who, nightly standing on his glimpsing towers,
With piercing ken looks through the starry hours?
Not rivals, twins are we in present sway;
What then? 'tis based upon the passing day.
Can we maintain it? Merodach is weak.
His father now those ancient servants seek—
Reason returns—again he'll sit on high;
With ours, the Prince his own mean life will buy."—
"Ha! yes; he knows his feebleness has fail'd
To back our counsels: these shall be assail'd:
The blame of his misrule must we exhaust;
And if we live, our power at least is past."—
"His faith, nor might, to us can safety bring:
Who trusts him, hides his jewel in a sling.
In heart he is a parricide; but still
His weakness fears to justify his will.
May such be trusted? Not his innocence;
He must be guilty, for our hope is thence.
'Tis ours to goad him on to such a length,
That farthest crime alone may seem his strength."—
"Say we at once the outcast monarch slew,
And crush'd our fears?"—"Nay, that his son must do;
So shall our knowledge of his guilt ensure
Bribes for our silence, and our rule endure.
Well, then at once he must insult his sire,
That fears for life may perfect his desire,
And thus complete the parricide.—On high,
Where vales embosom'd in the mountains lie,
I know a haunt, where comes the desert King
Each noon his limbs beneath the shade to fling.
Beside him feeds his battle-horse, that bore
His youth triumphant on from shore to shore,
A prince's gift, much loved: Near couch'd each night,
Upsprings he neighing with the morning light,
Awakes his lord, again goes forth with him
To range the pastures till the twilight dim.
"Now Parthian Chud, who rules the royal hounds,
By me advanced, in gratitude abounds.
His tiger-dogs, from India's northern woods,
Fell mountain-climbers, glorying in the floods,
Three previous days shall hunger, till arise
Their bristly necks, and burn their lamping eyes

Next moment tells our fears with him are gone.
If Chud from royal game can them restrain,
At least on Zublon shall they go amain;
Or falls the horse, or flees but soon to fall.
The mad king sees his son—has seen it all.
That son away pursues the storm of chase,
And ne'er again dares see his father's face.
What must he do? The rest has been explain'd:
His sire must die: Our place is thus maintain'd."—
" This more: Our king, when prince, with bold desire
Loved Cyra, heedless of his angry sire.
When Heaven's decree against the latter sped,
The stag-eyed damsel from the palace fled.
But I have learn'd her haunt; far in the wild
She dwells, a Jewish hind's adopted child,
Th' embruted monarch near; for her's the praise
To love, to tend him through his humbled days.
So let this maid be carried from her place,
Say on the night of our appointed chase;
Then, for I know our monarch loves her still,
Shall she become the creature of his will.
Then in his hours of hope unfilial
And mingled fear, shall we declare her thrall—
Thus from the service of his father gained
By force, and in his palace thus detained.
So shall he feel again that father wronged;
And dare be bold, to have his life prolonged."—
" Our scheme is doubly one, how wisely blent!
It but remains to push it to th' event.
This be in haste; for Persia's menaced war
Against us hangs upon the east afar.
The issue? Good our plan in any case.
But now our king has leisure for the chase."—
" Behold the first faint ghosts of morning light

Now for the king she looks far east away,
And now she turns unto the setting day;
She vails her dazzled face, her garments shine
With molten gold, like angel robes divine,
Touched by the sun, as large he stoops to rest
Beyond th' Assyrian kingdoms in the west.
Eastward again she looked; she cleared her eye—
Ha! yes, she sees come o'er yon mountain high
A courser white; swift dogs are on his rear;
Upcoming hunters on the hill appear.
Can that be Zublon? From the mountain fails
The chase now swallowed by the nearer vales,
Perplexed and wide; again it comes in sight,
And lo! 'tis Zublon sure that leads the flight.
He takes the river, stems it with disdain,
Paws the near shore, forth springs, comes on amain.
The yielding dogs float down athwart the flood,
Swarm on the bank, renew their yells for blood,
Regain their track; inextricable, dense,
With crowding heads they wedge their way intense.
In fear majestic on the charger drew;
White clouds of smoke his seething nostrils blew;
Now streamed his tail on high, now swept the plain;
Abroad were driven the terrors of his mane.
He toiled, he strained, he neared the well-known maid,
Beheld his rock, and turning proudly neighed,
Went reeking past, and rushed into his cave;
And Cyra ran the gallant horse to save.
Quick dipped in oil, and lit, in either hand
Of gummy pine she bore a waving brand,
Forth held them, hasted to the entrance back,
There met the brindled leaders of the pack,
Scorched their dry tongues, and blinded them with fire,
Still kept them back, still forced them to retire.
One minute more! impell'd by crowding power
And hungry rage, the damsel they'll devour.
Great God of love! that moment to the den
With axes came a company of men,
Who on the mountains fell the stately trees:
Homeward returning, on the evening breeze
They heard the tumult, ran, and joy'd to bring
Swift aid to her, the handmaid of their king.
Close banded now within the entrance, they,
With brands and axes kept the hounds at bay,
Smote down the foremost, that with tusky ire,
High fretted necks and boiling eyes of fire,
Came leaping headlong in their lust of food,
And parched desire to dip their mouths in blood;
Till Chud the hunter came with smarting thong,
And down the mountain lashed the yelling throng.

Canto IV.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S CAVE.

The lovely moon came up the east, and shone
Sweetly above the hills of Babylon;
And forth young Cyra wandered by her light,
And wet her sandals in the dews of night;
Oft pausing she to strike her harp's clear string,
Through the still vales to lure the homeward king.

To see that solemn light within his eyes—
The strict concentred check—the lucid reins
Of reason, ruler o'er ecstatic pains.
With silent love on Cyra long he gazed,
Till came some quick sense of his life abased;
Gleamed his proud tears; into his cave's recess
He strode away in his sublime distress,
As in pale Hades midst dim-visioned things
Stalk the proud shadows of forgotten kings.

III.

Her lamp the maid replenished with the oils
Of fragrant trees, to work her lovely toils.
Too newly, deeply glad for this, she stood
Entranced, till startled by a groan subdued.
Noiseless her footsteps as the falling snows,
With shaded lamp unto the king she goes;
Lets fall the shifting light by mild degrees,
Till now the features of her lord she sees.
He sleeps, yet brokenly; those sultry gleams
Betray a spirit toiling in his dreams.
Forth Cyra hastes, but soon she reappears
With mingled balms; with these, and with her tears
That dropped the while, she washed those dews away
From off his forehead, till refreshed he lay;
Then kissed his cheek, and with a daughter's care
Arranged the wild heaps of his raven hair;
And strewed the opiate herbs around his head,
Their healing virtue on his soul to shed;
And oft withdrew, yet oft came back again,
Till clear he lay from every print of pain.

That to his heart, his humbled sense, his awe
Of Him who ruled him with a wondrous law—
His fear from this—his joy, redeem'd—his thought
Of her who loved him, and that picture wrought,
A lasting great memorial it might be,
That he for all should Zion's captives free.
His reason comes; her half-wrought cloth demands
The sleepless haste of her unwearied hands.

v.

Forth came the King; his worn and awful face,
On Cyra bent, began to melt apace
To gleams—how tender! farther still subdued
To mingled tears of more than gratitude.
Stung by some fierce remembrance, fiercely changed,
With sudden strides throughout the cave he ranged;
Like toil-caught lion of his prey bereaved,
The mighty buckles of his bosom heaved;
Wild flew his locks; and darkness o'er his face
Settled, like night upon the desert place.
But trembling came: he knelt with humbled brow,
Solemn as when the ancient forests bow,
Smote by the cardinal winds:—"I know thee well,"
Uprising, said he, "God of Israel!
The bright stars are the dust beneath thy feet!
Vast ages dim not thine essential seat!
Under thy dread permission, in thy sight
I rise a king; but I shall reign aright.
Though greatly wronged, to-day though galled my pride,
Yet to my heart shall vengeance be denied.
Yea, by their insults of this day extreme,
My foes have chased my madness like a dream.
Their's no excuse; yet, by thy grace upraised,
To me thy mercy, shall by mine be praised:
For I am humbled; ne'er shall be forgot
Thy power, that curbed me down to such a lot.
O! hear me now for her, this precious child,
More than my daughter on the mountains wild!
For me her dear eyes faint: Great God of Heaven,
Be health, be gladness to young Cyra given!
Let her but live, that I to her may prove
At least a father for her boundless love!"
He ceased: young reverence her eyes abased;
With trembling joy a cup to him she raised.
He took the cup, with murmured love he blessed
The virgin, drank, retired, and lay at rest;
For she had spiced it with the sovereign flowers
Of sleep, to soothe him through the midnight hours.

vi.

There sits young Cyra: as her work is sped
Waves the redundant glory of her head,
Her dark and heavy locks. O! more than wife!
O! bold and lavish of thy generous life
For him, thy lord! What though by cares subdued,
Pale is thy cheek, O! virgin greatly good,
All fair art thou as the accomplished eve,
Whose finished glories not a wish can leave;
Yea, more than eve consummate, as her skies
Where *lurk the cognate morrow's glorious dyes:*
So wears thy youth still promise, still when won
The perfect grace of every duty done!

Canto V.

THE BATTLE.

'Th' immortal sun from ocean bounds away,
And from his forehead gives the flaming day.
Long eastward looks from off his terrace high,
The King Chaldean with an anxious eye,
Troubled his brow, for lo! afar descried
Comes on the Persian war sun-glorified.
His shortened gaze in nearer view commands
Th' embattled might of Babylonian lands,
In gorgeous ferment. From the city pour
Fresh hosts continuous through th' impatient hour:
There jostling chariots leap; the tide runs high
With all the pomp of flowing chivalry,
Arabian camels, and Nisæan steeds
Bearing a province of auxiliar Medes.
Onward they scour; for westward o'er the plain
The flower of Persian kingdoms draws its train,—
From where its world of waters Indus brings
To Ocean, upwards by his hoary springs,
To where the Tartar's winking hordes look forth
Over the snowy bastions of the North,—
An army great and terrible: Earth seems
To be on fire beneath their brazen gleams.

II.

Near waxed the fronting lines; intensely keen
They paused, and sternest silence was between.

Forth rushed a western wind, backwards it rolled
The heavy battle's slow-uplifted fold.
O! beauty terrible! he saw afar
The sultry ridges of the heaving war;
Saw down long avenues of disarray
The harsh-scythed chariots mow their levelled way.
'Twas doubtful long, but now the struggle pressed
With weight slow-whelming, gaining on the west;
Far back are swayed the wide Chaldean swarms,
They bow, they faint before the Persian arms.
But hark! a mighty trumpet in the west!
But lo! a warrior for the combat dressed
In mail refulgent, on a milk-white steed,
Comes dashing east with earth-devouring speed!
Started the prince, pale grew his forehead, shook
His knees, as stood he still constrained to look;
For, ha! his father's form that champion shewed,
And plunging deep into the battle rode.
Far waved his sway, stemmed the Chaldean rout,
And changed their terror to a mighty shout,
By thousand thousands on the turrets thronged,
And lofty walls of Babylon prolonged.
A sultrier ferment stirred the field: a band
Thickened behind that arm of high command,
As onward, eastward, with the whirlpool's might,
It sucked the reflux of the scattered fight;
Till with its full concentrated attack,
It bore the centre of the Persians back.
Nor this alone: in shouldered masses wide
Their van was cleared away on either side.
And deep was pushed that column unwithstood;
And aye that waste collateral was renewed,
Till eastward far the Babylonian host
More than regained the ground which they had lost.
Then reeled the Persian power; it wavered, broke,
Was forced, was driven in one commingled shock.
Their camels fled, their Indian archers ceased,
Their chariots rolled away into the east;
Far chased their host, consumed, like stubble sere
Wide fired when withering east-winds close the year.

III.

The Prince his chamber sought, bade bring with speed
Narses and Merdan, counsellors of need.
They came:—"We task you not," he cried, "to say,
Not even to guess that Victor of this day.
Slaves! slaves! we'll hear you not. This night at least,
This one night more, we'll be a king and feast.
Our palace guards be doubled: Then when we
Are flown with cups, and filled with midnight glee,
Be Cyra brought; we'll make her drink old wine,
Her heart to warm, to make her beauty shine:
Long have we loved her; and, by Bel above!
Ere morn shall we be happy in her love."

Canto VI.

The Banquet.

Come to the banquet! Lift your dazzled eyes,
Survey the glory that before you lies!

Burst out with gladness, sits each courtly guest.
Has not this day secured to them the right
From victory to extend the festive night?
And then their king is near. But mark him there!
Scarce seems that downcast eye the bliss to share.
Fear quells his heart: Each bowl, each golden cup
With blood, for wine, to him seems welling up,
Smote by the light of that branched candlestick:
These Holy Vessels well may make him sick,
Torn from Jehovah's Courts with impious hands,
To light th' unhallowed feasts of Heathen lands.
Hark! heard ye nought? Restless the monarch sate,
And seemed to listen to some coming fate,
Some sound abrupt; as if that steed of white
Should burst upon them, stamping in his might.

II.

But see young Cyra brought by eunuch slaves,
Pale, pale as are the dead within their graves,
Yet beautiful, in vestments flowered and fair,
With hasty garlands in her raven hair.
Pleased are the nobles of the banquet, round
Soft murmurs tell the favour she has found.
Gainst scorn and wrong her heart had high defence;
Approval quelled her glowing innocence,
And Cyra tore the roses from her head,
In trembling haste her Jewish veil to shed.
It was not there; but nature there supplied
More than the wimple of a regal bride,
How lovelier far! her eager hand unbound
Her hair dishevell'd; far it fell around
Her comely form, black as the ancient night,
And vailed the virgin from that insolent light.
Entranced in love, forgetting every fear

As from her lips, o'erruled with heavenly flame,
The impetuous words that told the vision came:—
"Cling to thy love? I see a haughtier bride
Sent down from Heaven to clasp thy wedded side!
O! more than power, than majesty she brings,
Drawn from the loins of old anointed Kings,
To be her dower! Destruction is her name,
With terror crown'd, with sorrow and with shame!
Her eyes of ravishment shall burn thee up!
And Babylon shall drink her mingled cup!
Weary thine idol-gods, old Babylon;
Yet tremble, tremble for thy glory gone!
City of waters! not o'erflowing thee,
Thy boasted streams shall yet thy ruin be!
Look to thy rivers! Shod with crusted blood,
The Persian mule—I see him on thy flood
Walk with dry hoof! Ha! in thy hour of trust,
He stamps thy golden palaces to dust,
Which dims the bold winds of the wilderness.
One hour—Then, where art thou? And who shall guess
Thy pomp? its place, even? Let the bittern harsh
Give quaking answer from her sullen marsh;
From drier haunts, where desolate creatures dwell,
Let tell the satyr, let the dragon tell!"
She ceased, she clasped her hands, nor yet withdrew
Her eye concentred in its piercing view.
"Nay," said the King, "it ill befits those lips
To talk of kingdoms', and of thrones' eclipse!
Rein now the lovely madness of those eyes,
And see the bliss that near before thee lies.
Thy harp? 'Twas brought with thee from out the cave."
—The monarch nodded to a waiting slave;
The harp was brought—"Now strike one nuptial strain
Of those that graced thy wisest sovereign's reign:
Sing a glad song of Solomon." She took
Her harp inviolate, as with scorn she shook;
Forth in fierce bursts her holy quarrel leapt
'Gainst Zion's mockers, as the cords she swept.
"Nay," cried the prince, and interposed his hand,
"Sweet Fury, stay; thy harp must be more bland.
Give us,—we'll teach thee." Back in sacred pride
The Jewess shrunk. "It shall not be," she cried.
"Our people's woes—Oh! Jacob's God, how long?—
Have filled these chords with many a mournful song,
Have sanctified them. For thy mighty King,
Thy father, too, how oft has thrilled each string,
To soothe him in the lonely wilderness,
By thee forgotten in his sore distress!
But I did ne'er forget him! Thou bad son,
My harp were tainted, touched by such a one,
Ungrateful, daring in voluptuous rest,
In the flowered garments of thy women dressed,
To shame the throne of such a father; yea,
With dogs of chase to vex him in thy play!
Ne'er shall thy finger touch one hallowed wire!"
Mighty beyond herself, in holy ire
She burst the cords, her harp asunder tore,
And wildly strewed the fragments on the floor.
In fast revulsion kneeling down she prayed
With trembling fervour to her God for aid.
Loud blew a trump: Up quickly did she spring.
"*Hence to my* chamber with her!" cried the King.

Each aimed a poniard at his sovereign's heart.
But wary, he forestalled the double thrust;
Shrunk; wheeling round, hewed Narses to the dust,
Who missed his aim: Nor Merdan's took effect,
But glanced from off him, by his coralet checked;
And ere the traitor could his blow repeat,
With severed neck he lay at Narses' feet,
With gnashing teeth the bloody carpet tore,
His hands convulsive beating on the floor.

IV.

Dread paused the potentate, and waved his hand;
He looked around, he saw his Cyra stand;
The grasp of slaves is on her shoulder still,
As yet they wait their office to fulfil.
"Off, menial dogs!" he cried with vehemence,
And withered up their spirits with his glance;
Down drop their hands, half stumbling they retreat.
But Cyra rushed and fainted at his feet.
He raised her, called his eunuchs, bade them bring
In haste sweet scents and water from the spring;
Till soon revived, she leant upon his hand,
As sternly sad those revellers he scanned.
From the far halls the pomp had shrunk away,
A dreary silence there affrighted lay.
Here sullen stood the superseded king,
With prostrate heads around him in a ring.
The sovereign turned, he called with brief command
His guards; they come, submissively they stand:—
"Guards, seize that slave imperial—yea, my son;
Him put in ward till justice shall be done,

Thus spake the king to Cyra, as she stood
Before him trembling and with eyes subdued.
"Why tremble, child? Uplift to me the face
That met me first with smiles of infant grace,
Then when I saw it lie, a priceless gem
Shining in blood, all pleased, upturned to them
That trode around thee, and had scorned to bow
To save from crushing hoofs thy radiant brow.
I saw, O God! thy bloody hands in play
Grasp at the fetlocks in their perilous way;
I seized thee up, around my neck were thrown
Thy little arms, and thou becam'st mine own.
With pride I reigned in youth: In those high days
Thy harp was filled with Zion's sorrowing lays:
Yea, yet a child, sweet wisdom was thy dower;
Thou saw'st my pride, and sang'st Jehovah's power,
Who for his people stretched his darkened hand,
And drove down wonders o'er the Egyptian land:
The green curled heaps of the curbed sea, for them
The swift pursuing hosts of Pharaoh stem,
Heaved on them, whelming them; his Israel
O'er lands of drought and deserts terrible,
He bore; before them went his cloud by day,
By night his fiery pillar led the way:
Such was thy anthem, such the argument,
That I might fear, for Judah might relent.
Dark dreams came o'er me; thy sweet soul refrained
From plaintive hymns, that I might not be pained:
O! more than generous, delicately just
To sorrow wert thou when I lay in dust!
But I am raised to reason's awful peace;
And ne'er to tell thy glory shall I cease.
With songs the gifted bards of Babylon,
With harps peculiar shall thy praise make known.
Aloft a golden tablet shall declare,
In grateful lines, for me thy wondrous care,
Reared on those mountains: Thee all lands shall know;
And in thy presence queens shall softly go."
With tears of gratitude the virgin kissed
The monarch's hand, low kneeling to be blessed.
"Be just," she rising said, "be more than kind
To me; let Zion's sufferings touch thy mind!
Build up her walls, her temple! Let thy hand
Shield back our people to their ancient land!
Would that the days were come, O! would they were,
When old, old men again shall be in her,
Again forth leaning on their staves shall meet
With cheerful voices in each sunny street,
Shall count her towers, her later glories shew,
Shall tell the praise of one exalted foe!
Think not of me, my young life's waning fast,
I feel it here: I've loved thee through the past;
And now my king, dear father! in my hour
Of death I'll claim of thee a daughter's dower:
Thou shalt not then evade my last command,
To take my young bones to my own far land.
Thy love alone from tears has kept me free,
When oft I've longed my mother's home to see:
Ne'er shall I see it; but I'll make thee swear
To take *my body hence*, and lay it there.
And wilt thou not, as in thy days of need
I've loved thee much? Thou wilt, thou wilt indeed!"

Thy people, make Jerusalem as before,
Make Daniel king; his spousal queen be thou,
And round to thee I'll make the kingdoms bow."
"No, no!" she cried, and press'd her face, to hide
The tears that through betwixt her fingers slide.
One hand the monarch took—he felt her start—
With gentle force he drew it to his heart:—
"Come then, sweet maid"——"Restore, restore our race;
But let me die beholding still thy face!
O! send me not away! I will not go!
I cannot leave thee, for I love thee so!
Forgive me, Abraham's God!" His knees she grasp'd,
And to her bosom passionately clasp'd;
Low bow'd her head: one quick convulsive thrill
Throughout her body pass'd, and all was still.

II.

He rais'd her up—Oh! terror! Oh! despair!
He press'd her heart—no pulse is stirring there.
Borne to a couch, he held that lovely head,
And gazed upon her in his silent dread,
By her unheeded now: No more she sees
Her father, king—O! more to her than these.
He started, called his slaves; but vain the aid
Of man, he closed the eyelids of the maid,
Then seized her lifeless hand: low bowing there,
He hid his face among her long black hair;
There lay through night, all silent in his woes,
And rose not up until the sun arose.

He walked; they stood around their daughter dead,
And lowly bowed was each majestic head.
Then communed they of Judah's earlier day,
Her prophet's vision, and her poet's lay,
Her judges, priests, her awful men who fought
Jehovah's battles, and deliverance wrought;
Forgetting not those women famed of old,
For deeds beyond a woman's blood made bold.
And much they spake of Cyra; great their praise
Of her whose zeal was Zion to upraise.
Then first, as ceased those mighty men to speak,
Ezekiel bowing kissed the virgin's cheek.
With lingering sorrow from the place they go.
Back comes the king in his peculiar woe.
Long years—even till his death—his heart would there
Have kept her; but he rose from his despair;
Recalled her wish; and, greatly self-denied,
Ordained her body should not there abide,
But to Judea—such her last command—
Should go, should lie within her father's land.
Just to the dear departed one, he bade
Be chariots yoked, and horsemen swift arrayed
At morn, a goodly escort, to convey
The honoured dead from Babylon away.
And in the tombs of Judah's princely race,
Shall gentle Cyra have her burial-place:
Whate'er her birth, a praise with her she brings
More than the blood of many throned kings.
They come! they take her hence! He glared aloof;
Then, hasting forth, high stood upon his roof,
And saw that convoy darkly rush away
Towards Judah's land, beneath the western day;
Wild music with them mourned. On turrets stood,
On terraced roofs, the city's multitude,
All westward looking: thousand thousands laid
Their foreheads low for Cyra, honoured maid.
As for the king, he tore his straitened vest,
To ease the swelling trouble of his breast;
And watched that sable troop, till from his eyes,
Far fused to mist, the swimming vision dies.

III.

Down walked he sorrow-struck, but yet put on
A governed woe, and sate upon his throne;
His laws renewed, the glories of his state
Arranged, with god-like majesty he sate.

IV.

Remembering then his pledge by Cyra won,
To raise her people, this he bade be done.
But grief for her already had subdued
His heart, relapsing to its mournful mood.
Quick drooped his life: the same revolving year
Saw Cyra die, and him upon his bier.
And captive Zion was forgot, and wept
The father's promise by the son unkept.

END OF THE POEM.

endid hospitality, adventurous
·oism, and universal song, planted
monarchs of unrivalled magna-
nity, and sustained by bards, who
ve left no similar behind. Truth
uld paint this captivating time
:h a rather more sombre pencil.
e monarchs were savage chiefs,
the head of savage clans; the
spitality was the alternation of
·barian indulgence and barba-
n penury; the minstrelsy was
it of all the furious tribes of the
rth and west; fierce exultation
er some field of massacre, or
ne brute scene of intemperance.
e art of blazonry can go no fur-
r, and we must leave the glories
the palace of Tara to the painter
palaces in the clouds.

The second period was that of
ich the scenes and men in these
ges form the substance, a time of
rious anxiety and great public
ertion, certainly of extraordinary
plays of individual genius, and
nting nothing but political ho-
sty to have established the coun-
r in the fairest heights of intellec-
al fame and national happiness.
l the calculators of human im-
lses on the great scale of nations
ve hitherto failed, and nothing
ong the libels on the human un-

and the sufficient [illegible]
tional grandeur. A graver
truer view would refer to t
principle contained in the
that "righteousness exalteth
tion, but sin is a reproach
people." The political regen
quicken every thing but the
morals, and, filling the popul
with extravagant conception
pular power, hurry them f
with all their sails spread i
unfathomed waters, and ten
ous winds of political con
With all the disturbers of t
and of the present, the only c
ation is the effect. To the ha
it matters nothing whether hi
fall on the generous portions
nature, like the rain from
or fall like fire on the wild
flammable. He looks only
consequence. His business
overthrow of his obstacle. V
the building is to be harmle
regularly taken down, or fl
the heads of the fools who
to drag it down; whether
pular strength is the result of
or fever; whether the overt
to clear the ground for som
erection, or to leave it heap
irremoveable wreck,—all is t
to the demagogue. With p

ed for honour or principle. Professing to build up a nation, he is thinking only of rearing a pedestal for himself: like the heathen priest, while he is proclaiming the glories of his deity, and filling the temple with the acclamations of worship, he is thinking of nothing but the share which falls to his lot in the flesh of the sacrifice.

Against this class of public characters, we acknowledge our firmest protest, as against the great evil of our day. We look with scorn too strong for words on those gratuitous instruments of evil, who shake the foundations of public security for the pitiful gain of the hour; those political Goths, who would pull down the finest structures of public life for the sake of the nails and studs, the fragments of brass and iron, that they might pilfer from the ruins; or, like the loiterers round the Roman funeral pile, rejoice to see the body of the state flung on, and the pile lighted, for the remnants that they might pick up in the ashes. Towards the close of the last century, the growing opulence of Ireland, the result of a system of laws which allowed nothing for the mock sorrows of trading patriotism, and which hanged the assassin without regard for the motto carved on his knife, gave the people that leisure, on whose good or evil use depends the fate of the generation. A people struggling with narrow circumstances may be happy, but cannot be great. A people suddenly raised to opulence, requires virtue to make this opulence what it was intended to be, the source of national renown. On the means of Ireland we are not to listen to the tropes and metaphors of her demagogues; their vocabulary is equally deterioration and amplification. When they would shew the claims of Ireland, they introduce us into the lazarhouse; when they could assert her rights, they point to the fortress; the same hand that guides us to the cell where their patient lies, startling the eye of charity, with equal ease turns us to look upon the mountain or the morass, where the armed hero, the champion of independence, flourishes his weapons *in full defiance of English usurpation. But we are not to fix our faith upon these scene-shifters.* Every man who remembers Ireland fifty years ago, and who has had honesty enough to speak without borrowing his words from partisanship, and the poetry of rebels and levellers, will say, that long before the year 1780, the golden era of the traders in patriotism, the country was happier than it has ever been since; that if less money circulated through it, that less was worth much more; that men, who with four times the rental of their fathers find it difficult to live now, found their rental secure all the conveniences, and even all the desirable luxuries, of life then; that with a land abounding in every product necessary for life, with society on a footing of kindly intercourse, with nothing to disturb the current of a hospitable, plentiful, and cheerful existence, the country gentleman of Ireland has good reason to look back on the peace and abundance of the past, even from that envied eminence to which he has been raised by the hands of political orators; with all its glittering features of a peasantry who no sooner lay down the spade than they take up the pike—a gentry vexed, harassed, separated, and bankrupt—a Government perplexed between Protestant and Papist, and taking its colour, chameleon-like, from whichever it has last touched—a Church pauperized, but without even the refuge of the workhouse—a Constitution for whose works men look alternately to the Castle and the court-house, the desk of the Secretary and the dungeon—and, crowning all, a professional phalanx of patriotism, a regular trading company of mob orators, a flying camp of verbal redressers of grievances, a banditti of freedom, protecting property by advocating confiscation—freedom by menacing every man who dares to have an opinion of his own—toleration by denouncing Protestantism as tyranny—and allegiance by bowing down, and insisting that all other men shall bow down, before a stranger, who may be the direct enemy, and is always the insidious foe, of his Protestant King and Country. Such are the achievements of patriotism in Ireland. No; such are the labours of political hypocrisy, selfishness, and dishonesty. It is only doing common justice to the Irish character to say, that there is

country on earth to which baseness is by nature more alien. In no country did the disguise of imposture less screen the impostor from the lash of powerful hands. Ireland had her true patriots, before whose touch the toads and reptiles that poisoned her sleeping ear were often forced to spring up in their full-sized deformity. But time did its work on them as on others—they went down to the grave. Their antagonists were more easily reunited; baseness, effrontery, and a determination to do the worst act by the worst means, were all the qualifications required for the ranks that waved over their heads the embroidered fraud and pictured lie of "The Cause of the Country." Pseudo-patriotism usurped the parliament; the multitude, for whom they tuned every string, and whose ears they never ventured to offend by any sterner discordancy of manliness or virtue, echoed every sound, and all now fell before them. Their whole career was now less a progress than a race to power; every step was over some trampled right of law, reason, and honour; at length they hurried up the steep in a crowd, and thought themselves masters of place, pelf, and the Constitution. At the moment when they stretched out their hands to touch them, all vanished into air. They had reached the edge of a precipice, and all before them was vision and cloud. Those patriots first impoverished their country. They next ruined their parliament. They have still another act to perform — an "all hail hereafter." The prediction of public mischief that first sent them on their course, has a third stage of fulfilment; and they will not fail to go through with their destiny. The factions are now the virtual masters of Ireland: with the mystic crown won by a career of such resolute intrigue and commerce with evil on their brow, they have but one consummation to effect or to desire. In fact, there is but one step in their power, and that they must take. They must demand from some treacherous Minister or sinking Cabinet, *the Repeal* of the Union. It *will be resisted for* a while, but *the time will come.* Disturbances in *Ireland*, rather cherished than sup-come the cause. The disgusts of the English Senate at the incursion of the Huns, which confuses debate, insults manners, and prohibits all deliberation, will conspire with the presumption of the conspirators and the terror of the Cabinet. The measure will be carried,—to the indignation and astonishment of every man, but those who know the powers of impudent perseverance, profligate ambition, and inveterate malignity. It will be carried, and from this hour the ruin of the carriers themselves will have begun. A short interval of triumph will only make their fall the more bitter. It will be but the twinings of the garland round the horns of the animal before sacrifice; the Indian feast before lighting the bed on which the intoxicated devotee is to be burned. The new viceroys of kings of Ireland will be shaken from their temporary thrones by popular fury, inflamed by priestly superstition. The Church of Rome has winked at the assumptions of her laity, only till they have done her work; she will then frown them down, or smite them down. Her hand is strong enough still to fling them into their place, in her old contemptuous system.

The priest will anathematize the guilt of the rabble leaders, the cardinal Legate will send them to his dungeons, and the triple-crowned Sovereign of the souls and bodies of all the worshippers of Rome will confirm the sentence in this world, and predict it in the world to come. This is their destiny. Once entangled in the folds of the old tyranny, the bird lying under the nets of the fowler might as easily escape. The hare might as well resist the mighty muscle and relentless circles of the boa. They will struggle, perhaps fiercely, but Rome will be triumphant; and on the spot where the scaffold has left the last gush of their blood, will be written the moral of their ambition.

When politics, in an evil day, began to disturb the quiet of Ireland, the politicians found that they had begun their trade without the great essential, a stock of grievances. For some time no two of the *profession* were agreed upon the fit subject of a national outcry. They roved the whole map of national good and

imposts, corn-laws, tithes,—each had their ready impugners; but with all the effrontery of faction, there is a limit to its first enterprises. Until the people have been trained to follow, and to love the following of discontent, there may be serious difficulty in the selection of an effective national complaint; when once the chase is fairly begun, any thing will do. Indignation gathers easily; the avalanche, the farther it goes, the faster, the larger it grows, the more widely it gathers up material, and makes vile straws and weeds formidable things. At length some more comprehensive spirit than the rest, suggested the great sweeping calamity of English Law.

In the time of Henry VII.,—the pacificator of England,—a man who saw as far into the necessities of his kingdom as any man since his day, a law was framed by which all statutes proposed in the Irish Legislature must be previously submitted to the Lord-Lieutenant and Privy Council, who were at liberty to put their veto on it, or, in cases of doubt, send it to the English Government. If sent to England, it was there disposed of according to its merits; either quashed, or returned with the alterations decided on, which were to be passed, without further change, if passed at all, by the Irish Parliament. This statute doubtless bears evident marks of its stern time; but it also bears the impress of a thorough knowledge of the time. Ireland was wholly Popish, and lay under the most absolute dictation of Popery. Henry VII. was a Papist; but England had been too often galled by the meddling usurpations of the Papacy, to desire its interference in the government of any portion of her empire. The fierce bravery exercised in the long wars of the Rival Roses had its share in making the conquerors somewhat contemptuous of the intrigues of the priest-king.

In some of the Popish speeches, at the time of the fatal breach of the constitution in 1829,—a year which will yet be marked as the beginning of that ordeal of blood and flame, through which England will as assuredly be *compelled to* pass as *there is punishment for political ignorance and political perfidy*, it was argued, that the growth of the British Constitution, under Popery, shewed the congeniality of the Popish tenets to freedom. In what sophistry must the assertion have been made, when the denial of the most simple, yet most important, exercise of personal freedom, the reading of the Scriptures, stands forth at the head of the statute-book of Popery. But the historic fact is, that from Magna Charta, for which the Barons and their Archbishops were excommunicated by the Pope, down through the whole genealogy of the Constitution, every successive birth of free principle was visited with the severest displeasure of the Popedom. Necessity, which made them important to the people, wrung them from the monarch; and the thunders of Rome were often too late; but though they could seldom strike, they growled round every quarter of the horizon, until that hour when Elizabeth, the true foundress of British freedom,—the true bearer of that polished shield in which European tyranny saw its own visage, and was withered,—collected the scattered truths, and combined them into Constitution.

For a while the patriots hovered about the skirts of the field, less considering in what quarter the country was most injured, than on what point the administration was most vulnerable. They began, at last, with the topic which is sure, in every land under the sun, to have the mob on its side,—the National Expenditure. Ireland, in 1778, was among the most lightly-taxed countries of the civilized world. It was rapidly advancing to confirmed wealth; and even the laws were beginning to penetrate their way through the dense medium of the national habits. On the 2d of February, Mr Robert Stewart, father of the late Marquis of Londonderry, then an active oppositionist, brought forward the never-failing topic of retrenchment; and, of course, described the country as in the jaws of bankruptcy, driven to its last resources, and incapable of subsisting longer without a miracle.

But this commonplace of all patriotic oratory would be too trifling for record, but for its introduction into the debate, of the most celebrated name of Ireland, the greatest of her

id and powerful day was so gifted
be the High Priest and the pos-
sor.

We have no biography of Grattan.
is is a dishonour to the talents,
gratitude, or the filial duty, of
se who must have it in their
wer to pay this natural tribute.
delay is an injury to the nation
d to posterity. His life would
less the narrative of personal
reer, than of a long, various, and
omentous chain of great public
ency.

Henry Grattan was born in Dub-
in 1746. His descent was respect-
le, his father being Member for
e city, and Recorder. He received
s education at the Dublin Univer-
ty, and, as the habitual profession
Irish gentlemen was the Bar, he
as entered of the Middle Temple
1767. Parliament, equally the aim
every Irish gentleman, was still
ore his natural direction from his
ther's career; and in his attendance
n the stirring debates of the time,
was his good fortune to hear Lord
hatham. The vividness and power
f that great orator were so conge-
ial to Grattan's mind, that he con-
tantly took memoranda of his
peeches; and as the result of his

ter coloured with pencils d
the deepest hues of nation
tion. How much would Gr
his whole accomplished brot
oppositionists as they we
been astonished to disco
while they seemed to be da
sunshine, they were actuall
in a fog of public misery; t
neither they nor any other
made use of his senses,
thing but a general improv
the community, enterprise
kind making its way thr
land, and the spirit of wise k
and generous industry w
wings over whatever rem
turbulence in the great de
public mind, all was actu
pest and havoc, the natio
extinguished; and Ireland
men of the deluge with t
rising round them, straining
only to see the last chanc
fuge, the constitutional ar
away for ever. This was
resque of party in a time
which party itself summor
elements. But, in the ear
Grattan, before party had
the national misfortunes,
leaders of opposition wer
most in a round of elega

fittest judges of the little addition given to the happiness of society by the right to plunge into political uproar; and this too at the bidding of every selfish miscreant, who with liberty on his lips, and malignity in his heart, would see one half of Ireland laid in blood by the hands of the other, rather than lose a mite of that popular influence, which, in such hands, can be expended only for public evil.

Private theatricals were the fashion of the day, and Grattan, though not highly gifted with the exterior of kings and heroes, was a lively partaker in the business of the scene. He attempted poetry too, and even achieved a gay Epilogue to Comus, which was spoken by the "Star and cynosure of the fair State," the Countess of Lanesborough, then one of the loveliest women in the world. At intervals he wrote political trifles for the paper war which Opposition, headed by Harry Flood, was carrying on against the Townshend Administration. But his powers were now too well known to be left longer in private life. In 1775, he was brought into Parliament, for the borough of Charlemont, by the amiable Earl, to whom it had reverted by the death of his brother. Let the improvers of our age ask themselves how long Henry Grattan might have gazed outside the gates of Parliament, if he had waited for the enlightened tailors and cobblers of the land to let him in; or, if he had ventured to appeal to their sense of the distinction between his genius, and the brawling absurdity of some popular politician, or gross dealer in bullocks, with what rapidity he must have been routed from the field? The argument has been repeated a hundred times, and still remains without an answer. Was there one of the gifted names of English legislation who ever entered the House of Commons in any other way, or could have entered it in any other? A country Squire may get in, carried on the shoulders of his tenantry, and no one will object to the honest influence of old connexion and family kindness; but no one will expect to find the honest yeomanry pledges for Parliamentary brains. *A rich manufacturer may be huzzaed in by his workmen;* and of those there are *fifty* in the Reformed Parliament, with what accession to the wit or wisdom of the House, the world has yet to learn. A thriving vintner, who has debauched the passions of the populace by the beer-shop, and exhibited his Parliamentary qualifications by the barrels that he sells, and the brutes that he has made, may march triumphantly into St Stephen's, and blunder himself and the House asleep; but by that door neither Chatham, nor Pitt, nor Fox, nor Canning, nor Curran, nor Grattan, could ever have set their tread on the floor of Parliament. They must have longed and lingered outside—political ghosts, waiting for the boat that was never to ferry them over, and looking with astonishment at the train of low and vulgar existence that passed, on the simple merit of the money in their hand. It is true, that when those men were once known by the multitude, they often succeeded in popular election; but how were they to have been known in the first instance? By the Borough alone. They had been raised upon the elevation which forced them upon the public eye; without it they would have remained tossed about in the common whirl of the crowd, that never makes way for either genius or virtue. Some would have shrunk in merited scorn from the contact; others, listening to the evil counsels of pride and passion, would have laboured to attain notoriety where they had found fame forbidden; would have made themselves public by making themselves formidable, and thrown light on their reluctant obscurity by wielding the firebrand at the head of insurrection. As the system is now organized, every man who hopes to make his way into Parliament must qualify himself by a promise to go further in rabble politics than any of his predecessors. All must be precipitate concession; the man who hesitates at the most headlong plunge, is no longer the man of the people; the time will come when no man will venture to offer himself at the hustings, without being prepared to sacrifice the Church, the Law, the national credit, and the Peerage. But the appetite for overthrow is sharpened, like every other appetite, by the variety and pungency of the banquet.

le; the sword must cut through
pike—the armed man, the hero-
and hope of the country, must
e into the gulf before it shall or
be closed.

n adverting to the early eloquence
Grattan, it should be remember-
that in those days very imperfect
tracts alone of the debates were
fered to reach the public. They
re generally little more than such
ollections as could be carried
ay by the memory of the moment;
notes by the Members. We can
e but a few sentences, as charac-
ising his original expression. The
bate turned upon the expenses of
llecting the Revenue, which were
d to have arisen from the audacity
smuggling. This Grattan fiercely
nied.

" The growing expense is found-
on a growing extravagance. A
rrupt and jobbing policy has dri-
n us to attempt new taxes, which
rce the condition of trade, and are
premium for smugglers. A new
/arm of smugglers, then, gives birth
a new swarm of revenue officers,
ith new burdens on the people,
d with an army of penal laws. So,
old deficiency of revenue is

but the office is fabricated
officer; not that he may disc
duty under the Crown, but
a trust which he holds un
people; that invention is jad
the vocabulary tortured, to f
nominations for places, made
balance the voice of the peo
committing a robbery upon
venues of the community; tha
are not created for individua
but that we have established
tailed upon the public whol
dations of idleness; so that
opinion of the people, we a
berating, not about limiting
pense, *but setting bounds to*
trade."

From this special cha
strikes into the general ind
regularly laid by all Opp
against all Cabinets, but he
vigorously. " This admin
preys upon the vital strengt
people. Can any one dou
who recollects what regula
pens after the prorogation o
ment—when the day of pr
at hand, and the Secretary
opens to hear the causes
men who have opposed e

against the liberties of the people. * * * * * Let those gentlemen, who know with how dilatory a step Ministers generally move to frugality, contemplate what will soon be the weakness of the British Empire, wrecked in the barren vortex of that pernicious contest with America. How likely to require some aid from us, when the house of Bourbon gathers about her, and like an exhausted parent *she faints back* upon the only child her violent councils have left her. * * * * * I therefore say, this course of running in debt must be forsaken; this policy of making peace a debt of millions, of making committees of account, mockery; a course of madness, which compels us to look for nothing better than a slow fever, but which must stop at last, unless Government is the enemy of the kingdom, and Parliament the slave of Government. * * * * * You may enact taxes, but can you raise them? Will you pass a window tax in time of peace, and condemn the poor to a dungeon for ever? In all the contests between the poverty of the subject, and the prodigality of Parliament, we may make the condition more vexatious, we cannot make it more productive; the omnipotence of Parliament may destroy trade, it cannot impregnate; it may stop the circulation of law and letters, it can do no more: in Ireland the iron hand of poverty limits the 'omnipotence' of Parliament.

"Or shall we endeavour to transfer the scene? If we were to starve all our public establishments, it would not do. Though we were to take the clothes off the back of the people, in order to make a livery for placemen and pensioners,—though churches and public works were left to decay, and became as rotten as our policy,—though we were to steal from distress, and spurn into the street the inmates of our hospitals,—though we were to live for administration only, and the majesty of the people were to go threadbare and naked to accommodate the household of the Castle,—yet we could not supply to their profusion L.100,000, by denying every thing to the *necessities, the improvement, and the decencies of our country.*"

But we shall have to return to Grattan in sterner times and seasons, when he was foremost to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. Let us now give a tale of modern romance, as melancholy as many an old fiction of sighs and tears, of broken hearts, and ruined fortunes. In the year 1791, George Hartpole of the Queen's County, Ireland, was just of age. He was the last surviving male of his line, the descendant of a wealthy and respectable family, long known in the county. A tinge of superstition often shades the histories of Irish families. It had been remarked that the head of the Hartpoles seldom survived the attainment of his eldest son's twenty-third year. Of course the coming of this fated time was looked to with great anxiety. Where it passed without effect, the fates were considered to be in error; where the event occurred, all was destiny as it ought to be;—the seers began their calculations with confidence, and decided the career of the heir. The prediction probably sometimes was the cause of its own fulfilment; nothing could be more likely to shape the fortunes or fix the final hour of a melancholy mind.

George was of a languid and delicate frame. His eye indicated excitation without energy, yet his spirits were good; and the most careless observer might feel convinced that he was born a gentleman. His family residence bore some analogy to the character of his line. Picturesquely seated on a verdant bank of the beautiful river Barrow, it had, during the revolutions of time, lost its character of a fortress; pieced after all the numberless orders of village architecture, it had long resigned the dignity of a castle, without acquiring the comforts of a mansion. Yet its gradual descent from the stronghold of powerful chieftains to the dwelling of an embarrassed gentleman, could be traced by even a superficial observer. Its half levelled battlements, its solitary and decrepit tower, and its rough walls, combined to portray the decline of an ancient family. Close bounding the site of this ambiguous heritage was situate the ancient burial-place of the Hartpoles and their followers for ages. Scattered graves, some green, some russet, denoted the recentness o the remoteness of the different inte ments; and a few broad flagstor

ɛ, seemed to await in solem-
ɟury the honour of expiring with
last scion of its hereditary chief-
ıs.

Hartpole's fortune on the death
his father was not large; but its
rease would be great and certain,
l this rendered his adoption of
ɣ money-making profession unne-
ıssary. He accordingly purchased
ommission in the army, and com-
ınced his *entré* into military life
d general society with all the ad-
ntages of birth, property, manners,
d character. The adventure which
ıuded all his future life began
on.

While quartered with his regiment
Galway in Ireland, his gun, on
ıhooting party, burst in his hand,
ıich was so shattered, that it was
ag before his surgeon could decide
at amputation might be dispensed
ith. During his protracted indis-
ısition, he was confined to his
amber at a small inn, such as Ire-
nd then exhibited in provincial
wns. The host, whose name was
even, had two daughters, who both
sisted in the business. The elder,
onor, had long been celebrated as
rough wit, the cleverest of all her
male contemporaries; and the Bar,
ı circuits, frequented her father's

escape the observation of th
valescent. Mary was well-l
he was not permitted to have
ty; and thus being left alon
this young female for many w
pain and solitude, and accu
to the solicitude of woman, so
site to man in every state of
ing, Hartpole discovered that
ing of gratitude of the highes
had sunk deeper than he
within his bosom. He could
perceive, indeed, that the girl
ly loved him, and his vanity of
was alive to the disclosure;
honourable principles preven
from taking any advantage
weakness, which she could n
ceal, and to which he could
blind.

Meanwhile the keen mascu
derstanding of Honor soon pe
the game which it would be
power to play, and conceive
ject whereby to wind up Ha
feelings to the pitch she wan
insensibly lead his gratitude
and his love to matrimony. T
Honor's aim, but she overr
own penetration, and decei
self as to Hartpole's charact
length, awakened from his
romantic gratitude, and begi
eyes to the views of

vered the secret of his thoughts, and guessing the extent of his resolution, she artfully impressed on him, under the affectation of concealing it, the *entire* attachment of her pining sister, but at the same time communicated Mary's resolution to be seen by him no more, "since it would be useless further to distract her devoted heart, by cultivating society from which she must so soon be separated for ever."

Here Honor was again mistaken. No melting looks, no female blandishments, now intervened to oppose his pride, or stagger his resolution. He had only to struggle with *himself*. And after a day and night of calm reflection, he fully conquered the dangers of his high-flown *gratitude*, and departed at daybreak from the inn, without even desiring to see the love-lorn Mary. He had paid munificently for the trouble he had given; written a letter of grateful thanks to Mary; left her a considerable present, and set off to Dublin to take immediate shipping for England. Hartpole now congratulated himself on his escape from the sarcasms of the world, the scorn of his family, and his own self-condemnation; he had done nothing wrong, and he had once more secured the rank in society which he had been in danger of relinquishing. In Dublin he stopped at the Marine Hotel, whence the packet was to sail at midnight, and considered himself as already on the road to London.

The time of embarkation had nearly arrived, when a loud shriek issued from an adjoining chamber of the Hotel. Ever alive to any adventure, Hartpole rushed into the room, and beheld—Mary Sleven! She was, or affected to be, fainting, and was supported by the artful Honor, who hung over her, apparently regardless of all other objects, and bemoaning in low accents the miserable fate of her deserted sister. Bewildered by both the nature and suddenness of this rencontre, Hartpole acknowledged afterwards, that, for the moment, he nearly lost his sight, nay, almost his reason. But he soon saw through the scheme, and mustered up sufficient courage to withdraw without explanation. He was *in fact* outside the *door of the Hotel, the boat being ready to receive him*, when a second *and more violent* shriek was heard from the room he had just quitted, accompanied by exclamations of "She's gone, she's gone!" Hartpole's presence of mind entirely forsook him. He retraced his steps; and found Mary lying, as it should seem, quite senseless, in the arms of Honor. His evil genius profited by the advantage, and he assisted to restore her. Gradually her eyes opened. She regarded George wildly but intently, and having caught his eye, closed her's again, a languid, and, as it were, involuntary, pressure of the hand, conveying to him her sensations. As she slowly recovered, the scene became more *interesting*. A medical man being (by preconcert) at hand, he ordered her restorative cordials. Madeira alone could at that moment be procured. She put the glass to her mouth, sipped, looked tenderly at Hartpole, and offered it to him. He sipped also, the patient smiled, the Doctor took a glass; Hartpole pledged him; glass followed glass, until he was bewildered. The artful Honor soon substituted another bottle; it was Hartpole's first wine after his accident, and it quickly mounted to his brain. Thus did an hour flit away. In the meantime the packet had sailed. Another person also affected to have lost his passage while occupied about the patient, and this turned out to be a Roman Catholic priest. Refreshments were ordered; the doctor and the priest were pressed to partake of the fare; the Madeira was replenished; the moments flew; the young man's brain was inflamed; and when the morning sun arose, it arose not on the happy George, but on the happy Mary, the wedded *wife* of Hartpole.

Strange as this rapidity of proceeding may seem to English apprehensions, it was by no means without precedents in Irish country life. The facility of marriage, when a Popish priest was always at hand, generally, indeed, a guest at every rough festivity of the common people, the formality of licenses or banns little understood and still less cared for, and the spirit of frolic always uppermost, many a marriage was the work of an evening's dance, seconded by a due quantity of intoxication. Abduction was equally the habit where the gentleman's inclinations were more to be consulted than the lady's and the rich farmer who had an o

it exists in all the half savage
tries of the North to this day.
in Ireland it often excited a des-
e retribution, and is now among
offences which bring down the
iest vengeance of the law.

rtpole's feelings, when he awoke
found himself completely duped,
indescribable. But he had not
gth of mind sufficient to resist
ntreaties, arguments, and, above
he consciousness of his own fol-
hich assailed him; he submitted
s own act, gave up the idea of
t, and returned with the tri-
hant sisters. But the policy of
whole affair was as unfortunate
was criminal. None of his fa-
would ever visit Hartpole's
, and he sank dispirited and dis-
ed. After two years' struggle,
ever, between his feelings for
and his aspirations after a more
urable station in society, the
piracy which had effected his
being by chance discovered, a
lusion followed, the conflict in
breast became keener, and at
th his pride and resolution pre-
ng, he determined, after provi-
amply for his wife, to apply to
statute which declares null and
all marriages between a Pro-
nt and a Roman Catholic, so-
[illegible] in fact, no longer feel *safe* in h
ciety, and therefore he immed
repaired to Edinburgh, wher
regiment was quartered. Th
for a decree of nullity was i
diately commenced, but no eff
proceedings were ever taken,
to events still more unfortun
poor Hartpole. He was still in
cate health. On his return
Scotland he repaired to Clift
drink the waters, for a severe
which required medical advic
a balmy atmosphere.

"At Clifton, my friend made t
quaintance of a lady and gentl
in whose only daughter were
bined all the attractive qualit
youth, loveliness, and amia
Their possessor moved in a s
calculated to gratify his pride
those who saw and knew the
of George's new attachment,
feel no surprise at the veheme
his passion. The unfortunate
man, however, sorely felt th
situation under those circums
was even more painful than
former occasion. Loving one w
to adoration, and yet the ac
ledged husband of another, it
easy to conceive a state mor
tracting to a man of honour.

lady, Colonel Cook Otway, for the purpose of explaining the affair. He plainly enough told the Colonel that the marriage existed, and that *no* sentence had yet been pronounced to nullify it, though in point of law it had no existence whatever. But the Colonel was a philosopher, whom nothing could surprise. "Having heard me throughout, with the greatest complacency, he took me by the hand, 'My dear sir,' said he, with a smile which at first surprised me, 'I am happy to tell you that I was fully apprized before I returned to Ireland, of every circumstance you have related to me as to that woman, and had taken the opinions of several eminent practitioners on the point, each of whom gave, without any hesitation, the same opinion exactly which you have done. My mind was therefore easy on the subject before I left England, and I do not consider the circumstance any impediment to the present negotiation.' It is not easy to describe the relief this afforded me, though at the same time, I must own, I was astonished at this nonchalance. We parted in excellent humour with each other, the negotiation went on, Miss Sleven was no more regarded, the terms were agreed on, and the settlements proposed."

Then follows a trait of the well-known Dr Duiguenan, who made himself so conspicuous in the early debates on the Roman Catholic question, as the antagonist of Grattan. As it was necessary to apply for a license to the Prerogative Court, for the marriage, in the city of Dublin, Hartpole and his uncle, one of the Stratfords, attended upon the Doctor, who was Judge of the Court. On their arrival in his presence, (he never pretended to know any body in Court,) he asked, "Who those people were?" and upon being informed, proceeded to enquire "what business brought them there." The Hon. Benjamin Stratford replied, "That he wanted a marriage license for his nephew George Hartpole, Esq. of Shrewl Castle, and Miss Maria Otway, of Castle Otway, County Tipperary." He had scarcely uttered the words, when the Doctor, rising, with the utmost vehemence roared out, "*George Hartpole, George Hartpole! is* that the *rascal who has another wife* living?" George, struck motionless, shrunk within himself. But Benjamin, not being so easily frightened, said something equally warm; whereupon the Doctor, without further ceremony, rushed at him, seized him by the collar, and cried, "Do you want me to countenance bigamy, you villains?" At the same time roaring to his crier and servants, to "turn the fellows out," which order, if not literally, was virtually performed, and the petitioners congratulated themselves on their fortunate escape from so outrageous a Judge of Prerogative. The fact was, a suit in nullity had been actually commenced in the Court; but its merits never having been stated, the Judge only knew Hartpole as a *married man*; and it certainly could not appear very correct of the Honourable Benjamin to apply to the same Judge who was to try the validity of the *first* marriage, to grant his license for a second, while the question remained undecided. On Hartpole's mind the circumstance made an indelible impression, and he never afterwards took any further proceedings in the cause.

The career of this luckless young man was now hastening to a close. His new wife seems to have been as childish as she was pretty. She could not *live without* her mother; family quarrels thickened; Hartpole found that he had saddled himself with two families instead of one; the result was, within a few months, a *separation*, with complaints of jealousy on the gentleman's side, of coquetry on the wife's, and on both of total unsuitableness. Another cause arose in the shape of his own feeble health, he was sinking into a consumption, and he shortly embarked for Portugal, once the customary expedient of medical men when nothing could be done for their patients, but to consign them to death by a sailing order to the South. Even there another vexation befell him. On his marriage he had given his commission to a brother of his wife. But on his separation, he resumed the profession, and purchased into a regiment raised by his uncle, the late Lord Aldborough. After he had been a short time in Lisbon, some mischievous, or foolish person wrote to his uncle that he had been dead fortnight. The Aldborough up

)y anticipation; he totally re-
l. I firmly believe it was his
-blow.

fter lingering several months
r he returned to England, and
:ived a letter requesting me to
him without delay at Bristol,
ıtating that he had made his

I immediately undertook the
ey. I found him emaciated to
st degree, and rapidly sinking
:he grave. He had however
ıed but little in appetite, when
isorder fixed in his throat, and
ased to have the power of eat-
he now entirely gave himself
s a person who must die of
er. This melancholy scene al-
distracted me. Hartpole him-
:hough reduced to such a state,
'eally the most cheerful of the
, evincing a degree of resigna-
.t once heroic and touching. On
ıorning of his death he sent for
) rise and come to him. I found
n an *agony of hunger;* perspira-
.n large drops rolling down his

I cannot describe my emotion.
'alked about the room and spoke
ɔ earnestly on many subjects, on
of which I have been, and ever

moieties on the death of his s
without children. His uncles w
not act as executors, considere
as an interloper, and commen
suit to annul the will, as pre
under undue influence. Fortun
for my reputation I had never kı
nor even seen, the persons whc
pared it. I was in another kin
at the time, and had not seen
pole for many months before its
cution. His sister was with
not I. I was utterly unacqua
with the will and its content
got a decree without delay.
family of Stratford, who pref
law to all other species of *pa*
appealed. My decree was confi
and they were burdened wit
whole costs, and in effect pa
L.6000, on an amicable arrange
My reversion yielded me no
for I fancy the sisters have
had between them twenty ch
to inherit it. I had looked to n
from my friend beyond a mo
ring. He left numerous oth
quests, with a considerable
Mary Sleven, whose fate I
heard. Maria Otway, withi
years after Hartpole's decease

a less interesting speculation than either when they had risen to the full possession of power. Sir Jonah's first knowledge of the late Marquis of Londonderry and the Duke of Wellington is not a delineation of those qualities which afterwards raised them to fame, but it is curious, as a view of them both under a very early aspect of their history:—"My personal acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington originated accidentally, soon after I commenced public life. In 1793, when I was in high repute, most prosperous at the bar, living in the first ranks of society, a favourite at Court, and designated as a candidate for the first offices of my profession, I occasionally gave large splendid dinners, according to the habit adopted in those times by persons circumstanced as myself. At one of those parties, Lord Buckinghamshire, Sir John Parnell, Lord de Blaquiere, Lords Landaff, Ditton, Yelverton, the Speaker, &c., in all upwards of twenty noblemen and commoners, did me the honour of partaking my fare, to assist in preparing which, Lord Clonmell sent me his two grand cooks. A most cheerful party was predicted. The House had sat late, and etiquette never permitted us to go to dinner (where the Speaker was a guest) until his arrival, unless he had specially desired us to do so.

"The Speaker did not join us till nine o'clock, when Sir John Parnell brought with him, and introduced to me, Captain Wellesley and Mr Stewart, two young members, who having remained in the House, he had insisted on their coming with him to my dinner; where he told them good cheer and a hearty welcome would be found, and in this he was not mistaken. Captain Arthur Wellesley had, in 1790, been returned to Parliament for Trim, county Meath, a borough under the patronage of his brother, the Earl of Mornington. He was then ruddy-faced, and juvenile in appearance, and rather popular among the young men of his age and station. He occasionally spoke in Parliament, but evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity and splendour which he has since reached, and to which intrepidity and decision, *good luck* and great *military science, have justly* contributed to elevate him. Mr Stewart (Lord Castlereagh) was the son of a country gentleman, generally accounted a very clever man, in the north of Ireland. He had been a professed and not very moderate *patriot;* and at one time carried his ideas of opposition exceedingly far; becoming a leading member of the Reform and Liberal Societies. He began his career in the House by a motion for a Committee to enquire into the Representation of the People, with the ulterior object of a Reform in Parliament. He made a good speech, and had a majority in the House, which he certainly did not expect, and I am sure did *not wish for.* He was unequal and unwilling to press the point to further trial. The matter cooled in a few days, and after the next division was deserted entirely. Mr Stewart, however, after that speech, was considered as a very clever young man, and in all points well taught and tutored by his father, whose marriage with the Marquis of Camden's sister was the remote cause of all his future successes:—How sadly terminated!

"At the period to which I allude, I feel confident that nobody could have predicted, that one of those young gentlemen would become the most celebrated General of his era, and the other the Minister of England. However, it is observable, that to the personal intimacy of those two individuals they owed their elevation. Sir Arthur Wellesley never would have had the chief command in Spain, but for the ministerial aid of Lord Castlereagh; as Lord Castlereagh could never have stood his ground as a Minister, but for Lord Wellington's successes. At my house the evening passed amid that glow of well-bred, witty, and cordial conviviality, which was then peculiar to high society in Ireland.

"Many years subsequently to this dinner party, after Sir Arthur had returned from India, I one day met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with him. His Lordship stopped me, at which I was rather surprised, as we had not met for some time. He spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my old friend? It was Sir Arthur Wellesley whom I now dis-

itary pursuits. He was soon sent second in command with Lord thcart to Copenhagen. On Sir hur's return he recommenced his y of Secretary, and during his idence in this capacity, I never rd a complaint against any part is conduct as either a private or ublic man. A few days before departure for Spain, I requested i and Lord Manners to spend a with me. The company was not e, but some of his military friends re of the party, Sir Charles Asgill, present General Meyrick, &c.

I never saw him more cheerful happy. The bombardment of penhagen being by chance started i topic, I did not join in its praise; , on the other hand, muttered that ever did nor should approve of 'What, Barrington?' said Sir hur, 'what do you mean to say?' say,' replied I, 'that it was the y best devised, the very best exe- ed, and the most just and neces- y *robbery* and *murder* now on re- d.' He laughed, and we soon ourned to the drawing-rooms, ere Lady Barrington had a ball l supper, as a *finish* for the de- ting hero.

In 1815, having been shut up in is during the siege I went out to

kinds, a single readable scarcely a single line, on any whatever, is among the una able things which must be le panegyrist of Popery to prais polemics of Dr Doyle, un mask of J. K. L., are certs print, and have been read, a so far, an exception. But whi sole merit is that of ignoran tion, and their sole intere which may be derived from c ing the meek jesuitry of knowledged pamphlet with t lent menace of the anonymo Dr Doyle forms no kind of tion to the general law of impressed on the whole inte produce of the Popish priest Ireland. Yet individually the be some of intelligence an many; and some of the nat mour is still to be found i stories. O'Leary the Friar on record in Ireland as the humourist of his tribe; and casional intercourse with the ranks gave him opportunitie panding at once his experie his fame. One of his best was the "Bear of Boulogne."

Coming from St Omer, he at Boulogne sur Mer to visit

animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all performed at the word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the keeper, however, with a short spike at the end of a pole, made him move about pretty briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was with his paw; distinguished between his male and female spectators, and, in short, greatly diverted the priest. The bear at length grew tired; the keeper hit him with his pole; he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen; his master coaxed him—no, he would not work. At length the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp hits with the goad, when he roared out tremendously, and rising on his hind legs, cursed his tormentor in very good *Irish*. O'Leary went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear's skin, and were shewing him for six sous. The civic dignitary, who had himself seen the bear, and probably felt the honour of his perspicacity involved, would not believe the statement. At last O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival the bear was still on duty, and O'Leary stepping up to him, asked in Irish "How he did?" The brute answered, "Pretty well, I thank you." The Frenchmen were astonished to hear how plainly he spoke, but the mayor ordered him to be ripped up; and after some opposition, and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth, stark naked! out of the bear-skin wherein he had been for fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women, of course, had taken to flight in the first instance; the men stood astonished; and the mayor ordered the keepers to be put in jail, unless they *satisfied* the bear; which was presently done. The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and *did not care much about the clothing*, only that they worked him too hard. The fishermen had found him at sea upon a hencoop, which had saved him from going to the bottom with a ship in which he had a little venture of dry codfish from Dungarvan, and was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could *not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never* been at sea before. The fishermen had brought him in, fed him well, and repaid themselves by shewing him as a curiosity.

The Irish have an exuberance of poetry in those matters which are serious enough with the dealings of any other nation, politics, property, and religion. But they seldom, at least while they remain within the four corners of the land, think of writing. However, the Battle of Waterloo, which overthrew so many heroes, kindled one into the sublime.

"An Irish major, in 1815, printed and published in Paris, a full and true hexameter account of the great Battle of Waterloo, with his own portrait in the front, and the Duke of Wellington's in the rear; a work entitled to exceed, in ingenuity, all the works of the poets and poetasters of the generation. The printed list of *subscribers*, comprehended the names of every emperor, king, prince, general, minister, nobleman, &c., Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Don Cossack, &c., in existence. And, as he thought, very truly, that a book so garnished, must be worth vastly more than any other poem of the same dimensions, he stated that 'a *few copies* might still be had at *two guineas* each.' He succeeded admirably, and got more money at Paris than any of the army did at Waterloo. His introduction of the Duke in battle, was well worth the money. He described his Grace as Mars on horseback, charging fiercely over every thing in his headlong course —friends and foes having no chance of remaining perpendicular, if they stood in his way; his horse's hoofs striking fire, even out of the regimental buttons of the bodies which he galloped over; while swords, muskets, bayonets, helmets, spears, and cuirasses, pounded down by his trampling steed, formed, as it were, a high-road, on which his Grace seemed to fly, in his endeavours to catch Bonaparte. Yet the Major's idea of making the Duke of Wellington Mars, was a much better one than that of making him Achilles, as the ladies have done at Hyde Park Corner. Paris found out the weak point of Achilles, and finished him. But Mars is immortal, and though Diomed knocked him down, neither

pleasure, as he was an old
ge companion of mine, and a
us good-natured hospitable di-
as any in the county. The
. Jack Read, with several other
l-humoured neighbours, was
ed to meet us, and be treated
the wit and pleasantry of the
brated Curran, who was ex-
ely fond of this class of society.
all arrived in due time. Dinner
appointed for five *precisely*, as
ran always stipulated (whenever
ould make so free) for the punc-
ity of the dinner-bell to a single
ute. The very best cheer was
ided by our host. At the pro-
time, the dishes lay basking be-
the fire, in readiness to receive
r several provisions, all smoking
the counsellor, &c. The clock
that very noon been regulated
he sun-dial. Its hammer melo-
sly sounded *five*, and announced
happy signal for the banquet.
the guests assembled in the di-
-room. Each having now deci-
on his chair, and turned down his
te, according to a fashion of rus-
days gone by, in order to be as
r as possible to Counsellor Cur-
, proceeded, in the moment's
se, to whet his knife against the
e of his neighbour's, to give it a

of the very nature! There —
more days in a leap-year than
different conjectures broached
the cause of my friend's n
pearance. The people abou
house were now sent out c
different roads to reconnoitre
had been seen, certainly, i
neighbourhood at four o'cloc
never after! Every now an
a messenger returned, wit
tidings, that 'an old man had
counsellor, as he verily bel
walking very quick, on the r
Carlow.' Another reported
a woman driving home her
had met one of the coun
going leisurely towards Ath
looking *very melancholy*. A
woman, more explicit, wh
bringing home turf from th
declared, before the Virgin
saints, 'that she saw a littl
in black, with a stick in his
going towards the (river) B
Another, who went further yet
ed, that 'as she was sitting
own cabin door, feeding the c
she positively saw a black
man going down to the riv
soon afterwards heard a great
of water, whereupon she we
foot, to her son, Ned Coyle,
him to see if the gentleman

our only conjectures now being, not *whether*, but *how*, he had lost his life. As he was known every day to wash himself all over with a sponge and water, I conjectured, as most probable, that, in lieu of his usual ablution, he had gone to the Barrow to bathe before dinner, and had thus unfortunately perished. All agreed in my hypothesis, and hooks and a draw-net were sent for immediately to Carlow to scour the river for his body. Nobody, whatever might be their feelings, *said* a word about dinner. The beef, mutton, and veal, as if in grief, had either dissolved into broth, or dropped piecemeal from the spit; the poultry fell from their strings, the cook had forgotten her calling, and gone off to make enquiries; the stable-boy had left his horses; indeed all the domestics, with one accord, had dispersed with lanterns to search for Counsellor Curran in the Barrow! The Irish cry was let loose, the neighbourhood soon collected, and the good-natured parson, our host, literally wept like an infant. I never saw so much confusion at any dinner-table. Such of the gentlemen as were by nature gifted with keen appetites, suffered all the tortures of hunger, of which, nevertheless, they could not in humanity complain. But a stomachic sympathy was very perceptible in their lamentations for the untimely fate of the great orator.

"It was at length suggested by our reverend host, that his great Newfoundland dog, who was equally sagacious (if not more so) with most of his parishioners, was not unlikely, by diving in the river, to discover where the body lay, and thus direct the efforts of the nets and hookers from Carlow. This idea met with universal approbation, and everybody took up his hat to go down to the river. Mary, a young damsel, the only domestic who remained in the house, was ordered to call 'Diver.' But Diver did not obey the summons. Everywhere resounded 'Diver, Diver,' in vain. New and multifarious conjectures now crossed the general mind; it was clear that Curran and Diver had absconded together. A gentleman in company now suggested, that a friend of his having been drowned *while bathing, his dog never left his clothes on the bank*, till he had been found nearly dying of hunger. The conjecture, however, founded on this was but momentary. I knew that Curran both feared and hated big dogs; besides there had been no previous *acquaintance* between the parties. As one of the grounds of his hatred, he had once told me with infinite humour an adventure of his with a mastiff. When a boy, he had heard somebody say, that any person, by throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, and creeping along backward, might put the fiercest dog to flight. He accordingly resolved to make the attempt with a miller's dog who *would never let the boys rob his orchard*; but soon found, to his sorrow, that he had a dog to deal with, who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, if he could get a good bite out of it. 'I pursued the instructions,' said Curran, 'and as I had no eyes but in front, fancied that the mastiff was in full retreat. But I was confoundedly mistaken, for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked me in the rear, and having got a reasonable mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another, before I was rescued. Actually, for a time I thought that the beast had devoured my whole *centre of gravity*; and that I should never go on a perpendicular again.'

"Mary was now sent on a general search of the rooms for the Newfoundland dog, while *we* sat pensive and starving in the parlour. We were speedily alarmed by a loud shriek, immediately after which, Mary rushed tottering into the room, just able to articulate 'Holy Virgin! The Counsellor *is* dead, sure enough, and I'll die too, gentlemen. I'll never recover it.' Upon which she crossed herself full twenty times. We now all flocked round, and simultaneously asked, how she *knew* that the Counsellor was dead. Crossing herself again, 'I saw his ghost, please your reverence,' said Mary to her master, 'and a frightful ghost it was, just out of the river, straight forenent me!' 'Where, where?' exclaimed everybody, as if with one breath. 'In the double-bedded room, next his reverence's,' stammered the terrified girl. We waited for no more to satisfy us either that she

. lights being at length produced,
exhibition of the most ludicrous
l presented itself. In a far cor-
of the room stood, *stark naked*, as
host should be, John Philpot
ran, trembling as if in the ague,
scarcely able to utter a syllable
he combination of cold and ter-

Three or four paces in front
Diver, stretching out his immense
ggy carcase, his long paws exten-
their full length, and his great
d lying on them, with his nose
ited towards the *ghost*, true as the
dle to the pole. His hind legs
e gathered up like those of a wild
st ready to spring upon his prey.
took an angry notice of the first of
hat came near him, growled, and
med disposed to resent our in-
sion. But the moment his master
eared, his temper changed, he
ped up, licked the parson's hand,
t a scowling look at Curran, and
istful one at his master, as much
to say, 'I have done *my* duty,
r do yours.' He looked, indeed,
f he waited only the word of com-
nd, to seize the Counsellor. A
nket was now considerately
own over Curran, by one of the
pany, and he was put to bed
h half a dozen more heaped upon
; a tumbler of hot punch was ad-

to seize him by the naked
which operation, as Diver'
were a full inch in length,
have been of a sufficiently a
nature. He therefore crept
into the corner as he could,
the equivocal satisfaction of
his adversary advance, and
meditated *assault* into a c
blockade, stretching out an
taining his position with scar
slightest motion till the sig
raised. Curran had been i
that, when Diver had satis
curiosity, he would retire, a
this impression spoke kindly
but was answered only by a
If Curran repeated his bl
ments, Diver shewed only
tusks; if he moved, the dog
legs were in motion. Once
Curran raised his hand; bu
considering this as a sort
lenge, rose instantly, and wit
growl looked expressively
ran's windpipe. Curran, th
stood like a *model*, if not mu
marble divinity. In truth,
somewhat less comely, his
were more significant than
the Apollo Belvidere. Had
cumstance occurred at At
the days of Phidias, it is prob
friend and Diver would have

REFUTATION OF ASPERSIONS ON THE BRITISH ARMY.

"THE best book about us and our country"—said an American gentleman in our hearing—"is Stuart's Three Years." "Do you say so," asked we, "because it eulogizes you and your country—or because it libels us and ours?" Nor was there any rudeness in that question; for our Transatlantic friend must have known, that the volumes he had volunteered to praise are pervaded by a glaring spirit of hostility to our institutions, of discontent with the order of things subsisting among us, and of contempt for that bundle of prejudices and bigotries which old Christopher North bears on his stooping shoulders, and loves to call by the name of Patriotism.

We are not going to review "Three Years in North America." Perhaps we ought to have done so before now; but we wished not to impede its sale—and think it desirable that all sorts of opinions should be circulated in this country about the United States. We admire much in America, and in the character of the Americans. Let all men who have visited them, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, speak out, that we may have a many-sided view of Jonathan and the New World.

Our wonder is why Mr Stuart limited his stay in North America to three years. For it is, in his opinion, a country so far superior, in all things, to Great Britain, that one would naturally have thought he would have there pitched his tent, and on that sacred soil chosen a spot for his grave. The form of government is far better than ours; education is far more widely diffused; religion far purer and higher; and far greater happiness, under all such genial influences, enjoyed by the free, cultivated, instructed, and pious people.

In Great Britain the profession of Christianity is very generally hypocritical; in America it is sincere; while the Deists there are far more numerous and respectable than with us, and the disciples *of Thomas* Paine *far more highly respected there*, than *are here those of Richard* Carlile. Thus we are assured, "that the United States *being free from any religious establishment*, every one is not only tolerated in the exercise of the religion he believes, but is at full liberty, without the fear, *except in very few and peculiar cases*, of his temporal concerns being at all affected by his religious profession (whatever it may be) to embrace those religious doctrines which he conceives, on due consideration, are true. It follows from this state of things, that there is much less hypocrisy in this than in other countries. Those in this country, who voluntarily go to a Protestant Church, and who voluntarily pay for the ministration of a Christian clergyman, may be generally (I do not mean universally) held to have made the necessary examination, and to be real believers of the doctrines of the Christian religion; whereas those from other countries, who have travelled in the United States, and who have put forth sneering and ill-founded statements on the subject of revivals, camp-meetings, &c., are generally Christians professing that religion, merely because their parents did so, or because Christianity is the religion of their country, and not because they ever investigated its truth." Mr Stuart having pronounced this high encomium on the free-and-easy religion of the United States, and this severe sentence on the misnamed Christianity so prevalent in Britain, soon afterwards observes, "this is not the place for attempting to prove or disprove the truth of the Christian religion." It certainly is not; and it may be even doubted, though it were, if he be the person best fitted in all the world to perform either the one duty or the other. But declining to "soar to the height of that great argument," he illustrates his views of the blessed effects of Christianity in the United States, by the humbler means of anecdote. "Nothing," says this enlightened divine, "is more astounding in the *stage*-coach intercourse with *the people of this* country, as well as in *the bar-rooms* where travellers meet, than the freedom and apparent sin-

church; while at the same time
daughters, who were young
men, had brought my wife for pe-
al Calvinistical religious tracts, of
ich she understood them to ex-
ss their approval. It would per-
s be quite as well, if hypocrisy
religious matters were an unfa-
onable vice in other countries.
d Byron would have found, if he
been here, that it does not always
uire to be chanted by a forty-par-
power." A stage-coach full—
w many does it carry?) — of
vinists, Episcopalians, Metho-
s, Unitarians, and Mr James
art, must be indeed a heaven-
vehicle; the Free-thinker Fa-
r and his Calvinistic daugh-
, the fair distributors of un-
nped religious tracts, present a
fect picture of domestic bliss;
there is "a dim religious light"
r the mysterious close of the pa-
raph where it seems to be said
t Lord Byron would have found,
he ever been there, that in
erica hypocrisy does not require
be chanted by a "forty-parson
ver." It must be in a much more
rishing condition than in this
ntry, where it cannot be kept
e without the fostering warmth
a Church Establishment.

whatever to shew that sprinl
the face is baptism, or that
are the subject of baptism."

This is too concise, we fea
very convincing; and we mu
a few folios from Mr James
before it can be hoped that th
of this benighted country wi
universally to disbelieve "that
ling on the face is baptism."
prospect is not altogether ho
for even now there are ma
think that something more i
tial to the due performance
rite, and to the obligation w
imposes on parents (absurdly
James Stuart's opinion) to
religion to their children.

There seemed to Mr Stua
where any essential differenc
forms of worship between thi
try and Great Britain." The
ence lies in the clergy. T
New York, "the doctrine pr
seemed to me more Calvin
orthodox, and the clergy no
zealous, certainly, than very
clergymen in all parts of the
Islands; but as a body, fa
zealous and earnest, and devo
more time to their religious
"*than the clergy in Great*
especially the regular clergy, do
must relate to Scotland for

ted States of one mind at the period of the declaration of independence—was well entitled to this mark of gratitude from Congress." Mr Stuart visits his grave. "The first time we passed the burying-ground, on the 27th October, we went within the enclosure to look at it. When we came out of it again, we were accosted by Mr Bonnet, a neighbouring proprietor, who had been out with his gun. He presumed, from his having seen us make so close an inspection of the burying-ground, *that we were admirers of Mr Paine's religious sentiments*, for he immediately spoke of them, and told us that he *rather inclined to approve of them himself.* He afterwards asked us to dine with him, which, however, *it was not in my power to do.*" Of Paine's religious sentiments we know Mr Stuart is not an admirer. But hatred, and disgust, and loathing, created in a Christian's mind by the thought of that hideous hound's blasphemies, need not surely hinder a hungry Christian—when it is in his power—to take a dinner with and from a "neighbouring proprietor," who, in giving the invitation, says he "is rather inclined" to think the Saviour of mankind an impostor. Comparatively careless of their duties as "the regular clergy" in Scotland may be, you may visit all the burial-places on hill or dale, without meeting such a communicative "neighbouring proprietor." But Mr Stuart meets in a Book-store in Troy with a Mr Parker, agent of Messrs Somebodies, the chief booksellers of New York, whose religious sentiments are much more in accordance with his own; for "after making enquiries of me respecting Mr Brougham, on discovering that I was British, *he pronounced his Discourse for the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, to be the best paper he ever read, excepting always the Bible.*" No wonder that amid such enlightenment overflowing North America, Mr Stuart is shocked to think at what enormous cost "the regular clergy" of the Church of England are maintained in sloth and ignorance. All that is wanted, he says, to defray the expense of the establishment of *a general system of education for the whole population of the United Kingdom*, is L.1,250,000; and this sum, he says, might "probably be raised without any additional tax, by adoption of equitable adjustments to tithes and lands *said to belong to the Church. There are estates attached to five Irish bishoprics, worth* L.530,000 *a-year, as it is stated in the Edinburgh Review for June*, 1822. Difficulties, no doubt, are to be overcome; but in the present state of the world, the universal education of the people of this country would tend more to the stability of the Government, and to dissipate those feelings of apprehension which are entertained respecting the influence of demagogues on the lower classes, than any other measure which could be devised."

It is easy to see how in America all men must be gentlemen, and all women ladies. "The great mass of the people in the United States are so much better educated, so much better informed, and possess so much better manners, *so much more self-possession and ease*, that it is absolutely ludicrous to compare the people of Great Britain with them in these respects."—"If the most generally accepted definition of the term (gentleman) be admitted, that it includes all persons of good education and good manners, I venture to say, without fear of contradiction from any one who has had opportunities of seeing the mass of the population of the United States,—the North and the South, the East and the West,—that that great country contains an infinitely greater number of gentlemen than any other country *which exists, or ever existed on the face of the earth.* I am glad to be supported in this opinion by *at least one* late British traveller in America, Mr Ferrall, who says, 'that *all* in America are gentlemen.' This being the case, it is not to be wondered at, any more than doubted, that 'rank, respect, and consideration, are given *to talent alone, and to high office*, which can only be obtained by the display of talent and industry.'" This is the more admirable in the Americans, on account of what Mr Stuart says of them in another page. "It would be easy to multiply instances to shew how *much the desire of making money constantly engrosses* the thoughts of *both young and old* in this country.

lthough implying conduct very rent from that of a gentleman, it, I fear, be attributed as a fault e to individuals of rank and es in Great Britain than in any r country. *The Newcastles and yons, or the Needs of England*, ld not fail to find the United es, and especially the western ntries, a horrible country to in." We can well believe they ld so find them, especially the vcastles and Kenyons. But y, what right has Mr James Stu- to select the Duke of New- le and Lord Kenyon as repre- tatives of all those of the aristo- cy, to whom must be "attri- ed as a fault," that "haughtiness inferiors implying conduct very erent from that of a gentleman?" should have specified some of own noble acquaintances, if he any, and if any such be among m; but it is insolently, foolishly, l falsely libellous thus to charac- ise two as affable, amiable, and in respects Christian noblemen as in England.

But if we go on in this way, we ll be betrayed into a reviewal of Three Years in North America;" l all we wish is to set before the caution, declined putting it guard, but offered most res Insert Mr Stuart's reply. passed on, and "Maga s ed at the long delay," while Pringle continued to keep up and well-directed fire on the lines, which appeared to the ill-constructed, yet labo thrown-up intrenchments, much mere rubbish. The ceased firing on the 29th Nov 1833; and—we are sorry we name the day—about the mi January, 1834, Mr Stuart, "great American traveller" th all at once opened a masked of some of the heaviest guns heard, upon the enemy, whor Despatch, he declares he with the loss of the grenadie pany, and the light bobs of t regiment, *hors de combat*. Maj gle, who, along with Whital the Saucy Twenty-first to th of the lines before New Orl daybreak of January the 8th tells a very different stor Christopher North requests sion from the Public, whom be in vain either for him or art to caution "not to decid tween the combatants, resp

establishment was the most pitiful of all the proceedings." Here is the charge —and it is a serious one—"that the soldiery disregarded the orders of their officers—and could not be restrained from plunder — and that much private property was destroyed." What says Major Pringle?

"Subsequent to the defeat of the Americans at Bladensburg, General Ross advanced towards Washington with 1000 men, and about eight o'clock in the evening arrived at an open piece of ground *two miles* from the Federal city. Soon after our arrival I was informed by the adjutant of the regiment that General Ross wished to see me immediately. On coming to the General, I was informed by him that he had ordered the grenadier company of the 21st regiment to parade for a particular service, and that I was to command them, and about 30 men more, making in all 100 rank and file. The General stated to me that he was about to advance into Washington, accompanied by this body of men only, who were to act as his advanced guard in approaching the city. That, on my arrival, I was to take up a position with my men, to place sentries at the different entrances into the city, to send patrols round every half hour, to *prevent any soldier or seaman belonging to the expedition from entering the city*, and on no account whatever to permit *my men to go into any house*. These orders were most punctually attended to. I went round with every patrol myself, I paraded my men every hour, to see that none were absent, and for *twelve hours* held possession of the capital of the United States, with that handful of British soldiers, and *preserved its peace*."

* * * *

"At eight o'clock in the morning of the 25th, I was ordered to return to the bivouac of the army, two miles distant from Washington; and previous to our marching off, the men under my command had not only the satisfaction to receive the thanks of the ever to be lamented General Ross, for the manner they had preserved the peace of the city, but my friend the barber, and a great many other inhabitants of Washington, thanked the General and the soldiers, *for the protection they had afforded them* from the marauding attacks of *their own countrymen*."

This statement is altogether unsatisfactory to Mr Stuart, and he spurns it *aside with his foot* in a *style rather bold for a civilian*. "*Major Pringle's testimony* comes no farther down than to eight o'clock in the morning of the 25th. *It is therefore good for nothing; every house in Washington* MIGHT HAVE BEEN PLUNDERED (!!) between eight o'clock on the morning of the 25th, and the night of the 25th, when General Ross commenced retiring." Indeed! Every house in Washington might have been plundered under the eye of General Ross himself, by a soldiery whom it was found impossible to restrain! "This," says Major Pringle calmly, "Mr Stuart will hardly venture to affirm. From what I know of the character of General Ross, I am convinced, if any soldier had been found plundering, or in any way molesting an unoffending citizen, in twelve hours he would have been shot, and the whole army must have known it."

But Mr Stuart will not even allow that Washington was not plundered by the soldiery between the evening of the 24th, and the morning of the 25th, while Major Pringle, with his hundred men, were employed in preserving it, and its inhabitants, from all outrage. He waxes witty—and says, "Major Pringle would have us to believe that he was omnipresent in a city above four miles long, and of very considerable breadth." The city at that time contained about 400 houses—General Ross thought 100 men would be sufficient for the purpose—Major Pringle, who commanded them, affirms they were so—and Mr Stuart may be allowed to enjoy his sarcasm.

In corroboration of the facts which came under his own observation, Major Pringle, in his first letter, quotes one or two remarks from American publications. The Columbian Sentinel says, "*the British officers pay inviolable respect to private* property, and no peaceable citizen is molested." A writer from Baltimore, under date August 27, 1814, says, "The enemy, I learn, treated the inhabitants of Washington well;" and Mr Gales, the mouth-piece of the Government, and the bitter enemy of the British, says, "when we remarked that private property had, in general, been respected by the enemy, we spoke what we believed; greater respect was certainly paid to private property than has usually been exhibited by the enemy in his

one of the place, fostered among the citizens, and *subsequent to the departure* of the British troops; *it is but justice to say, that the British army preserved moderation and discipline, with respect to private property, unexampled in the annals of war.*"

It must be most painful to Mr Stuart's friends—it is so to us—to hear him treating all this testimony with contempt; and asserting, that 'he is guiltless of the slightest error n point of fact!" He accuses Major Pringle "of a degree of unfairness, probably without example in such a controversy as the present," n having stopped short at the word 'distress," in his quotation from the National Intelligencer—Mr Gales having said, "that several private buildings were wantonly destroyed, nd some of those persons who remained in the city were scandalously maltreated." "But what evidence is here," asks the Major, that the knavish rogues," mentioned by Mr Gales, were not the perpetrators of such scandalous proceedings?" None. But the very passage om Gales, which Mr Stuart accuses Major Pringle of unprecedented unfairness for not having quoted, oes, strange to say, present the rongest proof of the perfect truth

plunder." But Gales i charging General Ross orders to destroy, or set tain property, "witho any pretence" for so General Ross did so, w only Gales' assertion, an for little; but that the sc not be restrained from Stuart shews not a tittle while Major Pringle from such a charge, to tion, we venture to affirt partial persons on either Atlantic. How could a like Mr Stuart, have the lish such a calumny on Army, with such testimo fore him to their "mod discipline, with respect property, unparalleled i of war,"—and that, to enemy galled, and irritat feated,—merely because Gales—chose, on his ow to attribute to them certai of moderation and disci out one particle of proof the conduct of our sol such as did them infinite Stuart would not have b much at a loss to find against them, as to be obli

of the accuracy of this part of it. But the quotations are so obviously extracted with a view to serve a purpose, that I must call upon you to peruse the whole of the following passage in the twenty-first chapter of the third edition of my work." Major Pringle does not seek to prevent Mr Stuart's book from "speaking for itself," and it is doing so at this hour to the public; but it is not a little unreasonable to blame him for not having loaded his letter with five heavy paragraphs from that work, when his objections applied but to a few sentences, containing a severe, and, as he thinks, false charge against the British Army, on its expedition to Washington. "The quotations," says he, "undoubtedly were extracted with a view to serve a purpose; the purpose was to contradict certain assertions made by Mr Stuart, derogatory to the character of that part of the British Army with which I acted in America." But as Mr Stuart is proud of the passage, here it is entire.

"By far the greatest part of the present library belonged to President Jefferson, and was sold by him to Congress, after the destruction of the library and of the public buildings at Washington by the British, under Sir George Cockburn and General Ross, in the year 1814. This expedition, to the merit or demerit of which Sir George Cockburn is fully entitled, as the official despatch from General Ross expressly states that Sir George suggested it, was, and is at this moment, viewed by all parties in the United States with disgust, and united all the American people, especially the New Englanders, who had previously been averse to the war, in decided hostility to the British. If the dock-yard and public stores at Washington had been alone destroyed, the transaction would have been justifiable,—but the destruction of the Capitol, including the Senate-House and the House of Representatives,—of the Treasury and the War Office, and of the President's palace, and *the great bridge across the Potomac*, nearly two miles broad, all of which it was admitted in the official despatch were set fire to and consumed, was an act unworthy a great nation, and contrary to the received usages of war.

"Almost all the great capitals of Europe had, within the *dozen years* previous to the *capture of the seat of legislature of the United States, been in the possession* of the French army; Paris was soon after occupied by the Allied armies, yet in no case was any unmilitary building destroyed, far less any valuable state papers or books. Even Louis the Fourteenth acted very differently.

"During his war with England, instead of returning thanks to his officers, as the British did to those who commanded at Washington, for destroying a building not devoted to military purposes, he sent them to jail. The Frenchmen had landed on the Eddystone rocks, on which the lighthouse was then erecting, and carried the workmen to France, together with their tools. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction came to the knowledge of the French monarch, who immediately ordered the prisoners to be released, and the captors, who were expecting a reward for the achievement, to be confined in their stead, declaring, that, though he was at war with England, he was not at war with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents.

"The library, and a great part of the state papers of the nation, were destroyed with the public buildings. *I heard many anecdotes of this much to be regretted incursion. The commanders had directed private property to be respected, but it was impossible to restrain the soldiery. Much private property was destroyed. Mr Elliot was with the army. His house was sacked. The destruction of Mr Gales' printing establishment was the most pitiful of all the proceedings.* His father had emigrated from Britain above twenty years previously, and Mr Gales himself conducted a newspaper at Washington, devoted to the American cause. For this reason, as it was supposed, an order was issued for destroying his property by fire; but a lady, who lived in the neighbourhood, entreated that it might be recalled, because it was but too probable that her property, which adjoined, would fall a prey to the flames. Sir George Cockburn, who had issued the order, was so far moved by her entreaties, as to limit the destruction to the printing-presses, and to the establishment within the walls. It is asserted in the American history of the war, that Sir George himself overlooked this part of the work.

"Although the Americans had suffered much from Sir George Cockburn's piratical expeditions on the Chesapeake, and his destruction of French Town, as well as from the establishment of a rendezvous for runaway negroes, on an island of the Chesapeake, who had been armed by him and again put on shore, they were not at the time aware, that it

one division of which was to burn the house upon the mountain; and the other the village below, before the troops at Newry could have got intelligence, or have come near them. The peace, which immediately followed, put an end to this design, which was, however, seriously entertained. The Gazette despatches, afterwards published, established the fact, that Sir George Cockburn suggested the attack on Washington."

Of what injustice to Mr Stuart has Major Pringle been guilty, in not having printed in his first letter all this rigmarole? The Major nowhere lays claim — as Mr Stuart seems here to do—to the character of a Jurist, profoundly versed in international law. He gives no opinion about the destruction "of the Capitol, including the Senate-House, and the House of Representatives,—of the Treasury, and of the War-Office, and of the President's Palace." These might have been—or might not have been—"acts unworthy of a great nation, and contrary to the received usages of war." He leaves Mr Stuart, with Puffendorf, and Grotius, and Sir James Mackintosh—

"To prove with Vattel
Exceedingly well,
Such deeds were quite atrocious."

command, an order to l
towns and districts up
may be found assailable
that this contest would
nated without my bein
resort to severities wl
trary to the usages of c
fare; and as it has b
treme reluctance and e
have found myself c
adopt this system of d
shall be equally gratifie
duct of the Executive o
States will authorize
such proceedings, by ma
tion to the suffering in
Upper Canada; thereby
that if *the destructive mea*
ed by that army were ever
they will no longer be p
the Government." But
cans can do nothing wro
the British nothing right.

As to the burning of the
Stuart himself quotes a p
Admiral Cockburn's l
might have made him p
declaring it to be an act
the usages of war. "
opened upon us a heavy
metry from the Capitol an
houses; these were ther
diately stormed by my t

himself having set fire to the Navy-yard, a frigate, a sloop, and the fort which protected the sea-approach to Washington. General Ross's people must have had quite enough to do; and they no doubt did it well; but neither here nor anywhere else, now or at any other time, was it found impossible to restrain them from plundering the houses of the citizens of Washington. Nothing can be imagined more absurd than the interrogations Mr Stuart here puts to the Major. "Who destroyed the Treasury, and the War-Office, and the President's palace? Was it not part of the British army that was employed in this work of devastation? Does Major Pringle deny *that Sir George Cockburn himself superintended and gave directions for the destruction of Mr Gales' printing establishment? Was this proceeding consistent with the respect which was directed to be paid to private property?*"

What, in the name of goodness, has all this to do with the matter in hand? The Major lets Mr Stuart take his swing. It was—most unquestionably—the British army that did all this; but will Mr Stuart only look for a moment at the words in italics. So far from their substantiating the charge against the soldiers that "they could not be restrained," here they are acting under the direction of their own General. Now that General had issued orders to respect private property, and Major Pringle has proved that it was respected in a manner "unexampled in the annals of war." But the General thought Mr Gales' printing establishment deserved to be excepted from the general security; and so do we—and so do hundreds of thousands of men as intelligent and patriotic as Mr Stuart, for the said Gales was a pestilent fellow—and we like as much as Mr Stuart dislikes the following spirited sentences in a letter from a true British tar. "The half printed paper you find enclosed, I took myself from the press of the famous Republican printer, Mr Joe Gales. He will launch no more thunders at us, for we broke his establishment up, and scatter'd his types and sheets to the winds. *Gales' occupation's gone." But not without being immortalised in the indignant lamentations* of this the most eloquent of all our Scottish patriots. Yet Mr Stuart rather forgets himself a little in his invectives against Admiral Cockburn. He tells us that a lady, fearing her property, which adjoined the printing-office, might be involved in the fire, if it were burnt, beseeched the Admiral to recall his order—and that he did so, and contented himself with the destruction of the printing-presses. Oh! the barbarian!

Mr Stuart will not hear of retaliation by the British—but says not a single syllable in reprobation of "the design seriously entertained, as he avers, by his noble Americans, to send a fast-sailing vessel to the coast of Ireland, to destroy Cross Trevor, the "beautiful property of General Ross," then inhabited by his wife—so soon, alas! to be a widow. Of that General Ross, who spared Gales' printing-office at a word from a lady whose house might be endangered by the fire! "Indeed!" says Major Pringle, with a feeling that does him honour—"Magnanimous resolution of this brave and generous nation! A set of men were to cross the Atlantic with all the *malice prepense* of premeditated marauders and incendiaries, for the purpose of attacking the property of an unoffending and defenceless woman, whose husband, by the time this design could have been put in execution, had fallen, in the hour of victory, and with his last breath had recommended 'a young and unprovided family to the protection of his King and country.' I do trust that it is unnecessary for me to tell Mr Stuart, that I do not quote this passage as receiving from him countenance or support in any way. I am quite sure that he is as incapable as any man alive of viewing it in any other light than that of unqualified detestation; but let us hear no more of these sticklers for the 'usages of civilized warfare.'"

Mr Stuart talks very big about the destruction of the two-mile-long bridge across the Potomac—which, nevertheless, he says, "lies in a nutshell." It seems it was upon that part of the river above the city, but the operations of the British were confined to the city, and that part of the river below it—argal, it was contrary to the usages of war to de-

major will not think of puzzling himself by any such attempt. He has done quite enough in the way of puzzling Mr Stuart. Perhaps the British were carried away by the force of example—and were unable to look on the Americans "rendering two bridges impassable"—which they assuredly were entitled to do—without trying their hand at a third—and a very tempting one too—'the greatest bridge in the world." It is consolatory to know that all the three bridges are now as flourishing as ever—and at this moment admiring themselves in their watery mirrors.

One word more to Mr Stuart—and we have done. "I admitted," says he, "in the narrative, that the commanders had directed private property to be respected, *but stated that the soldiery could not be restrained.*" At the bottom of the 19th page of his "Refutation of the aspersions," &c., does he think it necessary to say this to the gallant Major, who, long before, had proved at such charge against the soldiery as false? But what new argument does he bring forward in page twenty? "This has happened on many occasions, such as the retreat of Sir John Moore, and of the army [illegible]

[illegible] to show their [illegible] foes—to Frenchmen. But offered battle at Lugos, what they were—and at Corunna.

The retreat from Burgos such as to subject the anger of Wellington. Lord then reproved the that had conquered at and they felt the reproof under whom in every field been invincible and victorious who is he that *now* recalls what purpose — those "*words?*" One "who thinks of a battle knows no more spinster"—and to fasten on an army that their bitterness owned were as humane were brave—whose discipline deed, nothing had happened or disturb—and whose triumph in victory was declared by people they had overcome the heart of a captured "unexampled in the annals fare!"

Mr Stuart having thus "details, given on unquestionable thority, that he is guilty slightest error in point of convicted Major Pringle of of ignorance and inaccuracy

tected as monuments of the arts by the laws of civilized warfare." As he inflicts this merciless and murderous blow, Mr Stuart exclaims—"Here is an authority of far more value than the quotations from American newspapers, to which Major Pringle has resorted—the speech of the President, delivered within a month, in the very city where the destruction of private property took place." The blow rebounds off the breast of the gallant Major, and hits his would-be executioner in the face. Many are the gross mistatements and misrepresentations to be found in the speeches of American Presidents, as all the world knows; but it so happens, that here there is not a single syllable touching the point in debate. Nobody denies that at Washington some property was destroyed by order of the British commanders, which an American President or a Scottish Writer to the Signet might, without saying any thing much amiss, call private; but Mr Stuart elsewhere says, "It is material that Major Pringle should recollect that I did not in my narrative describe the violation of private property at Washington as contrary to the usages of war." We know not what his friend the American President would say to that; but we do know that in his speech he was stigmatizing the British Government, and the commanders of the British army who acted under the orders of the British Government —*not the soldiery;* and that if the soldiery had acted like marauders, and could "not be restrained" from plunder, he would have accused them of their shameful crimes—and not left that duty to be performed by Mr Stuart. That the President says not one word in vituperation of the conduct of the soldiery, in a speech "delivered within a month, in the very city where the destruction of private property took place," is indeed proof positive and irrefragable that their conduct was without reproach. We see no reason—so far as we have yet gone—why Major Pringle—as Mr Stuart haughtily says—"should feel that his time might have been better employed than in attempting to weaken the authority *of a book, no* part of the *details in which was written* without ample consideration, and the most minute, scrupulous, and pains-taking examination of documents." Mr Stuart is here very panegyrical and eulogistic on Stuart's Three Years in America; but he must not be surprised though that "work" be not thus buttered by less patriotic reviewers.

Let us now attend to Mr Stuart's account of the attack on the lines before New Orleans. Major Pringle has pointed out what he thinks some considerable errors in that account, but Mr Stuart, in his Refutation, "proceeds to shew that all his statements are substantially true." The points disputed are, first—the relative force of the British and of the Americans; second—the length of the American lines; third—whether or not the British reached the ditch.

Mr Stuart says in his "Three Years,"—"The British *were understood* to have had between 10,000 and 12,000 men *in this engagement*, and the Americans between 3000 and 4000." Major Pringle says that "the reverse is much nearer the truth;" and having an official return of every regiment of the British army employed on that expedition, he gives the list *of British Infantry employed in the attack on the lines of New Orleans on the morning of the 8th January*, 1815:—4th foot, 479; 7th do. 750; 21st do. 800; 43d do. 820; 44th do. 427; 85th do. 298; 93d do. 775; 95th do. 276—making in all 4893 *rank and file British*—to which add 200 seamen and 400 marines—total, 5493. The first perusal of such very distinct testimony by a field-officer who was present upon the occasion "startled me," quoth Mr Stuart, "and led me to think I must have *relied on defective information.*" Yet he somewhat inconsistently says, in almost the next sentence, that the whole information communicated by him "is by no means conveyed in positive terms." But from whom had he his information on which he relied, while he by no means conveyed it in positive terms? From American, French, and Dutch authorities. The Americans generally stated the British at 12,000 —Marbois, one of the French Ministers of State, "and one of the fairest and most liberal writers of the age,"

at 14,000, (most liberal indeed,)—the Duke of Saxe Weimar at from eight to ten thousand *in the field*—and Levasseur at 12,000 — who were "perceived," he says, by General Jackson, at break of day, advancing on him in three columns. From all these contradictory assertions—and they are all of them mere assertions —Mr Stuart had formed a sort of medium estimate, which he set down, not in positive terms, at from ten to twelve thousand; so that no wonder the Major's official return "startled him," and "*for the first time* led him to think he must have relied on defective information." The truth is, that he had relied on what was no information at all—but a number of guesses—some of which—especially that by Monsieur Marbois, "one of the fairest and most liberal writers of the age," (14,000!), are so outrageously extravagant as to lose the name of falsehood.

Mr Stuart, on recovering from the alarm produced by so novel an appearance as that of an official return, betook himself to the London Gazette of the 10th of March, 1814, where he found Sir John Lambert's despatch, containing an account of the battle. But before bringing it to murder the Major, he thinks it necessary to inform or remind him that "nothing is better known to a military man, than that the *rank and file* of a regiment, or of an army, comprehend merely the men armed with the bayonet, and that the whole of the officers, non-commissioned officers, the staff of the army, military as well as medical, the drum-majors, drummers, fifers, &c., are not comprehended under that description. This is a serious objection to Major Pringle's detailed and conclusive information, &c." It seems to us rather a ludicrous than a serious objection—and so thinks the gallant Major, who has nothing to say to it, except that it is all very true, "and that it certainly would be new to him to include medical men with their lancets, or musicians with their clarionets, in the list of fighting men." Mr Stuart then has recourse to Sir John Lambert's Despatch, and, in the most prosing *style possible*, ineffectually attempts *to prove from it that Major Pringle has made many unfair omissions in his statement of the British force.* From the beginning to the end of this tedious enumeration, he shews that he either does not know, or pretends not to know, that Major Pringle had given an official return "*of the British infantry employed* in the attack on the Lines at New Orleans." He accuses the Major of "a gross omission" in not mentioning *two squadrons of the Fourteenth Light Dragoons!* "Of what use would dragoons"—asks the good-natured Major—"have been in an attack on lines situated in very wet ground, with a parapet of great height, and a deep ditch into the bargain?" At all events, dragoons are not infantry. And why did not the Major mention the artillery? Because "of what use would they have been in an action where the troops were to march as fast as consisted with good order, to the attack of lines where they were to come immediately in close contact with their enemy." Mr Stuart gives a droll reason why the royal artillery and engineers should have been included among the "*infantry employed in the attack on the lines at New Orleans on the morning of the 8th of January*"—that they were employed the night before and the night after! The sappers and miners too, Mr Stuart says, should not have been omitted —but were they employed in the attack? The 5th West Indian regiment too—the Niggers—ought to have been included, "in point of numbers the strongest that landed on the shores of Louisiana." But they were with Thornton *on the other side of the Mississippi*, and so was the 85th regiment, consisting of 298 rank and file, which Major Pringle had erroneously included in his account of the "British Infantry employed in the attack"—so that his account stands right after all Mr Stuart's recondite studies of that rare document, Sir John Lambert's Despatch —except that one of the finest regiments in the service—the Eighty-Fifth—must be deducted from it. That regiment and other British under the gallant Thornton, stormed the American batteries on the right bank of the river—but not till after the failure of the attack on the lines.

Major Pringle gives a list of the killed, wounded, and missing, of all the regiments—and the 5th West [illegible]

cording to Mr Stuart, that landed on the shores of Louisiana," appears to have been *in a situation of comparative security on the right bank of the river*—for while the 21st, to which Major Pringle belonged, lost in the attack 3 officers, 2 sergeants, and 65 rank and file killed—4 officers, 6 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 144 rank and file wounded—and 9 officers, 8 sergeants, 2 drummers, 217 rank and file missing, (*taken prisoners within the enemy's lines*)—the Blacks had—*one sergeant wounded.* Our own firm belief is, that the *whole effective force* of the British army under Pakenham did not exceed, if it reached, 8000 men—and of these that not more, if so many as 4000, moved on in three columns to the attack of the lines, although Levasseur assures us that General Jackson perceived 12,000 advancing against him!

And what may have been the numbers of the Americans? Mr Stuart had taken an average—he says—between the two European authorities of Marbois and Levasseur—stating them at between three and four thousand. Marbois, we have seen, spoke of the defeat of "fourteen thousand by four;" and it is neither unfair nor illiberal towards "one of the fairest and most liberal writers of the age" to think it not very unlikely that he may have underrated the number of the Americans as much as he has exaggerated that of the British. Levasseur tells us that General Jackson, with 3200 men "perceived the English army, 12,000 strong, advancing in three columns;" and Mr Stuart took an average between these trust-worthy authorities. He has now, however, seen the American official account, which to him is gospel, and it gives, including marines, "4698, *a great part of whom, however, were without arms.*" Major Pringle frankly says, "that he cannot prove, by any well-authenticated account, the precise amount of the American force within the lines of New Orleans. Mr Ducros and other American prisoners had spoken of there being 13,000 or 14,000 men within the city; but that might have been "with a view to intimidate, by exaggerating the force we had to encounter." On the 22d *December, General Jackson had attacked the British army during the* night with "5000 men." So said Sir John Keane in his Despatch—a man not given to exaggeration—"from the best information I can obtain, the enemy's force amounted to 5000 men." But Mr Stuart says that Sir John Keane was mistaken—"it was afterwards well known, that *at the period in question*, General Jackson had no such force as Sir John Keane, from the information he had got, presumed him to possess." Marbois and the Duke of Saxe Weimar agree with the Americans that he had but two thousand men—that is to say, the Americans told them so, and they believed it.

Major Pringle is of opinion that the number of the Americans in the lines must have been far beyond 3000 or 4000; and "has always understood from officers present in the action, and who had gone through the Peninsular War, that from the extent of the lines, and the tremendous fire kept up, the Americans must have had within them between 8000 and 10,000 men."

The Major suggested that the amount of the American force might be pretty fairly estimated by supposing the men to stand *four* deep, (Mr Stuart says, in many places, they stood *six*,) and each file at one yard distance from the other (good elbow room, as every soldier will allow), then as the lines were "a mile in length," this mode of computation would give upwards of 7000. That the Americans had many more is, however, his firm belief; as General Jackson was much too skilful an officer to throw up lines a mile long, unless he had masses of men to fill them—and "such a torrent of fire as poured on the British troops that day along the whole extent of the line was perhaps never witnessed, not even at St Sebastian."

Mr Stuart says, "that Major Pringle may rest assured that his fanciful calculation, when weighed against the statements in the official despatches of three British commanders, will meet with no credit in this country." The calculation seems to us any thing but fanciful—not to be compared for a moment, as a flight of imagination, with Mr Stuart's proposal to include two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons among "the Infantry," employed in the attack

peaks on what Mr Stuart surely ought to admit to be the best of all possible authority, and which could not have been known to the three British commanders, "a very beautiful plan of the operations, and of the American lines before New Orleans, executed by Major Lacarriere Latour, principal engineer of the Military District, U. S. army," which lines, to use the Major's own words, "*were a mile in length, and filled with men.*" To this Mr Stuart sensibly and courteously replies, "Latour's calculation of the length of his line may *perhaps* be explained by a statement of Lesseur, though *if* his explanation be correct, it will not redound to the ndour of Major Pringle, who having accompanied the army, could t fail to know the real state of the ie." An insinuation of want of ndour made on a *perhaps* and an

But what says Levasseur?

'The position chosen by the American General to wait for reinforcents, and to arrest the advance of formidable an enemy, appeared to to be judicious. He threw up enchments about five miles be the city, along an old canal, the of which was lost in the depths marshy wood, while the right

nve hundred yards." M sing the wood two hundr yards broad, you hav length one mile, and men." And here we r from Major Pringle's ow it gives us some importa resting information, altog to the public.

"Now, sir, I shall proce that the swamp or wooded wards the left of the Ame and in front of them, was able. Lieut.-Col. Rennie, regiment, having himself r the wood, made a report Gibbs, offering to conduct troops through it. General sooner heard Colonel Renn than he accompanied him to mander of the forces, Sir E. The consequence was, that, on of December, a demonstrati whole army was ordered, ar Rennie, in command of his company of the 21st regimen dered to penetrate into the w as he could, and gain the en He executed his orders in the mirable manner, succeeded in whole of his men through, and from the wood upon the Am According to the orders he ha he kept up a brisk fire until

the swamp, debouched at the same spot, but found the line of defence in a very different condition from what it had been on the 28th. The enemy having now found, that what they had considered (previous to the demonstration) an *impassable morass*, was no hinderance to our troops, had between the 28th of December and the 8th of January so fortified this the left of their line as to make it perhaps the most formidable of their whole position. Colonel Jones fell, mortally wounded, gallantly leading on his men, composed of detachments of the 4th or King's Own, 21st regiment, and 95th rifles; but no effort of his troops could surmount the difficulties opposed to them of a high parapet, deep ditch, and skilful riflemen to defend them. I here subjoin the copy of a letter which I have received within these few days from Lieutenant-Colonel the honourable James Sinclair, at that time an officer in the 21st regiment, and who accompanied Colonel Rennie with the light company of the 21st regiment during the demonstration on the 28th of December, and also was attached to the 400 men under Colonel Jones of the 4th on the 8th of January:—

"'*Edinburgh, January* 27, 1834.

"'My Dear Pringle,

"'On the evening of the 27th of December our ever to be lamented friend Lieutenant-Colonel Rennie, in whose company I was, received orders to hold himself in readiness to proceed with his own company, and endeavour to make his way through the wood and *turn the enemy's left*; accordingly, on the morning of the 28th we proceeded, and entered the wood, and made our way with some difficulty, owing to the thickness of the wood and swampy ground. We kept still moving forward cautiously until we heard two shots, and saw two of our advance fall, on which we dashed on, and found ourselves among some huts, which were occupied by the enemy. We continued to exchange for some time a pretty hot fire. Colonel Rennie perceiving that the firing of our guns on his left had ceased (the signal for him to retire), commenced his retreat slowly, bringing our wounded with us. We got back nearly the same way as we advanced, and returned with the main body to the camp. On the morning of the 8th of January, I was ordered with the light company of the 21st to join a brigade of between 400 or 500 men—the whole under command of Lieut.-Col. Jones. We were ordered *to proceed in the same manner to the same place we had got to After pushing through the* wood, with great difficulty, we approached that part of the enemy's line we formerly found unprotected. A tremendous fire of grape and musketry was opened on us, which killed and wounded a great many men, and we found, with all our efforts, that on this part of the line it was impossible to make any impression. Jones was wounded towards the enemy's extreme left, when cheering on his men. We remained under fire a considerable time, and made several vain attempts to get over, when a staff-officer came up and ordered us to retire into the wood. From the moment we came out of the wood, in our advance, the whole of the American line from right to left seemed one sheet of fire, and it never ceased for an instant; as far as I could see, the men appeared to be in crowds. I have always understood that the American lines in front of New Orleans were towards a mile in length.

"'Yours, with much regard,

"(Signed) 'Jas. Sinclair,
Major, H. P.'"

This is decisive. Colonel Jones attacked, and found full of men, that part of the line which, previous to the demonstration of the 28th of December, was considered by Levasseur and the Americans as unassailable—but which after that—we must think—unfortunate demonstration—had been made as strong as any other part of the mile-long line. Will Mr Stuart persist in affirming, "having thus completely established the general accuracy of my own statement, as to the relative numbers of the armies, and demonstrated that Major Pringle's *account is unworthy of the slightest attention, it now rests with me to maintain that there is no material error in any part of my details of the battle itself?*"

Mr Stuart will, we verily believe, *maintain any thing he has once uttered;* for he seems to think that his intellectual and moral character would be lost by the confession of a single mistake. It would be in vain to search the whole animal creation for his parallel in sheer, downright, upright, and undislodgeable obstinacy—set alongside of him, the "animal that chews the thistle" might seem a very emblem of tractability of temper—the most open to persuasion of all creatures that pad the hoof on the high-ways or bye-ways of this argumentative world. In his account of that fatal atta

...mortally wounded, and General Gibbs dangerously. General Lambert, who succeeded to the command, made a last attempt to force the line; but it was unsuccessful, and the English retreated to their entrenchments, and reimbarked."

Now hear Major Pringle—

"I think I can easily disprove this assertion, and by American authority too. In consequence of an unfortunate mistake, the fascines and ladders had never reached the head of our column. Major-General Gibbs, leading on the attack at the head of the 21st regiment, finding that the fascines were not forthcoming, ordered the two leading companies of the 21st regiment to move forward at double quick time under Major Whitaker, the senior Major of the regiment, for the purpose of making a lodgement in the ditch. Almost immediately after giving this order, General Gibbs was mortally wounded; and at the same instant, the enemy commencing a destructive fire, our column was absolutely mowed down. The smoke was so great that we could not see our two companies which had been sent in advance: but the brave men under their gallant leader pressed on, *got into the ditch*, made *breaches with their bayonets* in the parapet, *succeeded in getting into the American* [illegible], where, from want of support, they [illegible] of the corps, and retreat to a rear. General Jackson in says, 'Yet the columns of continued to advance with which reflects upon them credit. Twice the column proached my left was repulse they formed again and renew *sault.*' (Assault of what? ditch and parapet.) 'And no my heart I thank Mr Stuar me an opportunity of paying just tribute to the memory of earliest and most esteemed one of the bravest soldiers that a sword—I mean the late Li tenant-Colonel Rennie of the fusileers, nephew of the late Baird. This officer had beer severely in the knee at the Washington, still more severel ing at the attack on Baltimore of these wounds were as yet h nothing could prevent Rennie forming his duty. Sir Edwa ham had given Colonel Rennie command, for the purpose of the American right flank, and, unwilling to make the public tr partial testimony of a friend forego the privilege, and recoun lantry of Colonel Rennie in the his enemy; and I shall quote th General Jackson's biographe Eaton:)—'Colonel Rennie, o[illegible]

conceived. They were nearly all killed or taken prisoners.'"

And how does Mr Stuart get over this simple—manly—and heroic narrative? Is it "unworthy of the slightest attention?" Will he still "maintain that there is no material error in any part of my details of the battle itself?" Yes—he will. He will stand to his position—even like unto an image of the animal aforesaid cut in stone, and placed upon a pedestal. For in his *Refutation* of Major Pringle's previous *Aspersions*, he opens his mouth and says, "it is *obvious to every one who reads my narrative with attention, that it is only by a forced construction, that it can be held to maintain that the British, at no part of the action, reached the ditch!*"

This out-herods Herod — out-balaams Balaam—out-brays the "animal that chews the thistle"—absolutely out-james-stuarts James Stuart. "The second paragraph, detailing Sir Edward Pakenham's attack, *contains no such* expression" —quoth he; "it is in the third, which relates to the continuation of the attack by Generals Gibbs and Keane, that the assertion is contained that the British did not reach the ditch!" Nay, he goes so far as to declare *now* that "his impression on reading the account in Sir John Lambert's despatch *certainly was, that during the first part of the attack, alluded to in the second paragraph of my narrative,* THE BRITISH REACHED THE DITCH, *and for a short period had a footing in the enemy's line.*" And why was that his impression? Because Sir John Lambert says, "I had the mortification to observe the whole falling back upon me in the greatest confusion!" And why, since it "certainly was his impression," did he not also give us its expression? But after all these miserable subterfuges, he adds, that he *now* knows, "from Major Pringle's letter, as well as *from information on which he can depend* from another quarter, that part of the British army *did reach the ditch* during the attack made by Generals Gibbs and Sir John Keane, and that part of the 21st regiment, which got within the lines, shewed all the gallantry and resolution *for which Major* Pringle *gives them credit; but it mattered not at all to the result,* whether this partial success took place during the first part of the attack, when Sir E. Pakenham headed the troops in person, or during the short period which afterwards occurred before General Gibbs was killed, and Sir John Keane was wounded." We cannot but admire the spirit in which this admission is made—that the British did reach the ditch. Why was it accompanied with an ungracious and foolish *but?* "*But it mattered not at all to the result.*" Alas! it did not! We all know too well it did not; and not another "man alive," (to use an expression of his own,) but Mr Stuart, would, on such an occasion, have uttered such senseless words. They shew such extreme irritation as a creature not very unlike a bee, only yellower, and no maker of honey, shews when running up and down a pane of glass in a window, deprived, not without some suspicion in his own mind that it is so, of his sting.

But it is unlucky for Mr Stuart, that while he thinks himself always in the right, it is visible to every body else that he is always in the wrong—especially in every thing regarding military affairs. "The information on which he could depend from another quarter," is entirely erroneous; and at this hour, while he "prates of its whereabouts," he is as ignorant as before, after all, of the time when the British really did reach and get into the ditch—and out of it into the American lines! Major Pringle shews this in two sentences. "Any one acquainted with the details of the action before New Orleans, is aware that our most gallant Commander-in-chief lost his life at an *early* period of the action, and before it was almost possible that the men could have reached the ditch; *and it was when he was in front of the men, cheering them on, that he lost his valuable life.*" This shews how absurd Mr Stuart's "impression" was that the men had then entered the ditch, and got even into the lines—an impression which, however, his good or evil genius told him not to express. In Latour's map the spot is marked where Pakenham fell; and it is at least 150 yards from the ditch, and he fell at the head of the colum Major Pringle adds—"Subsequ to his death, owing to the exces

... moment a staff-officer arrived, and ordered the officer commanding the 21st regiment to retire with his men. I have thus shewn that the author of Three Years in North America *has been misinformed even with respect to the period of the action at which the British* DID *reach the ditch.*"

Mr Stuart, in arguing that he did not say that the British "never reached the ditch" at any time of the action—and in declaring that he *now* knows they did reach it—observes that he could not have intended to say "they never reached it," because in that part of General Jackson's account of the action, which he has quoted, the General speaks of *a few rash men who forced themselves* into the unfinished redoubt on the river." These *few rash men* were *many brave men* led on by Rennie; but though it may pass in General Jackson to call them a few rash men, such words cannot be tolerated from the lips of a British subject. Mr Stuart, from sheer obstinacy, here falls into an additional contradiction. He has told us that his *impression certainly was* that the British had got to the ditch and were within the ...es, before Pakenham was killed ... most absurd impression: and

thority of General J... vauntingly bids the pub... his style of writing abou... with Major Pringle's, "... in mind that the one is *t... bute of a civilian* on visit... trous battle-field, while *the eloquence of an old ... who had figured on the* which of the two is the ... priate and becoming." campaigner for ever—w... thrice-tried in the fu... bright; brass broken int... that it may no more pa... nailed to the counter.

Mr Stuart is angry ... Pringle for not having s... in condemnation of Sir E... kenham, and for having ... respecting some matters ... with the attack. "He c... be ignorant that the sig... fiture of the British army, ... casion alluded to, has be... ascribed to Sir Edward P... persisting in the attack, afte... that the scaling ladders a... necessary for the assault ... ing at the moment when ... required. He cannot be ... that part of the 44th re... whom was assigned the d... ing ready with ...

in the army the possibility of knowing the true character of a British soldier." If Mr Stuart knew the true character of a British soldier, he would know that Major Pringle would rather thrust his right hand into the fire than needlessly utter one word of blame of the character or conduct of his noble commander—who had died before his eyes on the field of battle. Far better acquainted with all to which Mr Stuart "merely alludes," is Major Pringle than Mr Stuart; but remembering that fatal morn, his generous spirit felt "peace to the soul of the hero." Let such men as Mr Stuart, in an angry argument about their own insignificant selves, and their paltry mistatements, speak as they choose of that "signal discomfiture of the British army," and of its being "mainly ascribed to Sir Edward Pakenham's persisting," &c.; and let military men, when they write the history of the war, deliver their opinion—it will be done in a right spirit—on the conduct of the high-souled leader in that disastrous conflict. If he erred—yet will they do him justice. But Major Pringle knew too well, and felt too deeply what is due to the British army, and to the memory of one of its most distinguished Generals, to pass any judgment on the dead, in such a quarrel. Nor could it but have given him pain "merely to allude" to the misconduct—of whatever kind it may have been—of the field-officer who was brought to trial. That field-officer's courage was not doubted—it had been proved, and even honoured; but a miserable mistake he did make—"and rueful has the expiation been." The broken-hearted man has long been in his grave; and a brother officer has not disturbed his ashes. Yet here Mr Stuart shews that he is ignorant of what he unfeelingly, because unnecessarily, writes about that unfortunate officer. "Was not found at the appointed place" shews this; for the 44th were a mile and a half in advance of the redoubt where lay the ladders and fascines; and that officer's mistake consisted in not having brought them with him from the redoubt to the spot where he at the head of his regiment was ready, like the rest, to advance *with his men to the attack, at the ascent of the signal rocket. Like, but worse ignorance, is* shewn in speaking "of Sir Edward Pakenham's *persisting in the attack, after he knew that the scaling ladders and fascines necessary for the assault were wanting at the moment when they were required.*" The attack had not begun; the fascines and scaling ladders were not "wanting at the moment when they were required," for they were known not to be within a mile and a half of the army, when it advanced to the storm. Sir Edward might be right or wrong in ordering the attack without them; but Mr Stuart does not state the case correctly; and experience proved, that even with the fascines and the ladders, the event would probably have been the same—before that exterminating torrent of fire.

"Having now," quoth the very self-complacent author of the "Refutation of the Aspersions on Stuart's Three Years in America," "disposed of the specific charges advanced against me in Major Pringle's letters, relative to the affairs at Washington and New Orleans, it remains for me to refute those which apply generally to the tone and character of my work on America. And here I cannot refrain from expressing the *extreme astonishment, and the indignant feelings* with which I have read part of his last communication, which at once requires the most explicit contradiction." What is this part? The following few words: "*I am sorry to say* THERE IS NO PAGE *allotted to praise of the British seaman or British soldier in the work*—CENSURE ALONE FINDS AMPLE ROOM." Sometimes a man does well to be angry, but not so Mr Stuart. No "man alive" will sympathize with his "indignant feelings" and "extreme astonishment." The charge is true; and his answer to it—to borrow again his own words, impotently applied to Major Pringle—we give, "to hold it forth as an example to what a laughable length the *esprit de corps* will carry a man." Mr Stuart tells us to turn to page so and so, and we will find it thus written—"*It is admitted on all hands, that British bravery was never put to a severer test, nor ever was more* conspicuous, (than at *New Orleans.*) The generals, *officers, and men*, marched steadily to *the mouths* of their guns." That is

...s in proper gratitude. But he cannot shew, what Major Pringle is sorry for the want of, "*a page* allotted to their praise;" and the Major was correct to the letter in saying that "*censure alone* FINDS AMPLE ROOM." The praise is bit-by-bit praise—and confined to small single sentences, in which it runs great risk of catching cold. Some instances he quotes are very ludicrous. As for example —he prides himself on having said "*the canal agent* spoke in terms of great respect of Sir Isaac Brock as the best commander the British had ever sent to Canada—equally regretted on both sides of the St Laurence." His sins of omission are perhaps greater and more numerous than his sins of commission—and to us more offensive. He defends himself on the ground of not wishing to go many miles out of his way; and by some the plea may be admitted, but not by ardent admirers, like us, of the British army. Had he felt as he ought to have done towards them, he would have rejoiced to speak of them on many occasions where he is silent—nor would he have had far to seek for exploits of theirs in America worthy of all his eloquence. Is it praise or censure—it is certainly not truth—to say that the American cam-

is the monument whic
lady asked Mr Hami
seen, and then apolog
having alluded to an
could not be though
much less looked at,
ful emotions being aw
breast, by the rememb
Mr Stuart would call
comfiture of the British
action, which Mr St
successful action, on
the Americans, stro
were most expeditious
their position, and put
General Ross having b
a rifle on the advance.
cannot have heard of tl
from some lying Ameri
doubt, for the first time
fall on the following
Colonel Brook's despat
order, the signal beinj
whole of the troops adv
to the charge. In less
minutes, the enemy's
utterly broken and di
in all directions over
leaving on the field t
cannon, with a consid
ber of killed, wounde
soners. The enemy lost
but brilliant affair, fro
men in killed and

barrier of vessels sunk at the mouth of the harbour, defended inside by gun-boats, flanked on the right by a strong and regular fortification, and on the left by a battery of several heavy guns." The army, therefore, was reimbarked.

Were we to take the trouble of retravelling through Mr Stuart's dull dull narratives of military affairs during the great war for American Independence, we could, we believe, collect plenty of proofs of his unfairness towards the British army, and his readiness to look at every thing of a questionable kind in the worst possible light. An instance or two of this may suffice. "The British troops, when they arrived at Lexington, about ten miles on their way, *fired on some American militia on parade, and killed eight of them.*" Now it never has been satisfactorily ascertained whether the British troops or the American militia *fired first.* In the London Gazette, it was positively stated that the militia did so; and John Horne was convicted of a seditious libel, amerced, and immured, for having published that our American brethren had been murdered. Mr Stuart's words imply, or rather assert, that the British "fired first;" and yet in his "Refutation" he says, in reference to the chapter in which they occur, "there is not an expression in the slightest degree derogatory to the honour of the British troops in any part of the chapter." Perhaps he will say the same of what follows. "The inhabitants of Kingston were amongst the first opposers of the British dominion in North America, and the village (Esopus) fell into the hands of the British general, Vaughan, who was on his way to meet General Burgoyne, at the time he heard of the disastrous situation of Burgoyne's army. *He very wantonly burnt this village to the ground.*" We dare say Vaughan burnt the village to the ground; but that he did so *very wantonly*, we do not believe, merely on the assertion of Mr Stuart. He adds, "We *searched in vain* for an inscription which, we were told, was upon the end of the village church, *recording the particulars of this very unjustifiable act.*" Can you imagine any thing more ludicrous than "the great *American traveller*" *staring* with all his eyes on the end of a village church, "searching in vain for an inscription recording the particulars of this very unjustifiable act," committed by his countrymen some half-a-century ago! Except it be indeed the same great American traveller sitting at a table in the act of recording that vain search — alas! like many other searches—after a nonentity—a pleasing, no doubt, but a delusive dream. Compare his accounts of the execution of Colonel Hayne and of Major André, and you will see how his leanings all lie away from his own country. He tries all he can, and in the silliest way, to palliate Hayne's conduct, which was as bad as could be, and deserved death, and paints what he no doubt thinks a pathetic picture of the traitorous rebel's death—in order to heighten indignation against "Lord Rawdon's cruelty," which he says is "a theme of conversation even at the present day." Of André he speaks with much less feeling; and concludes with quoting some doggerel verses said to have been written by him, at a time when he could laugh at the thought of such an event, about the probability of the *poet being hanged.* Mr Stuart, we venture to say, would not have made such quotation, had Hayne been the luckless versifier. As to Lord Rawdon's "ordering Hayne to be executed without even the formality of a trial," all we need say is this—that the Duke of Richmond having, in the speech with which he introduced his motion for an enquiry into that affair, said something which Lord Rawdon thought cast a reflection on his honour, his Lordship demanded that his Grace should make an ample apology in his place in the House of Peers. This the Duke for a while declined to do; but on receiving his Lordship's ultimatum from Lord Ligonier, he rose to declare, in hearing of the Peers, the following excuse,—"I find that my motion for the enquiry into the execution of Isaac Hayne, has been considered as provoking a suspicion against Lord Rawdon's justice and humanity. I solemnly protest that I did not conceive that it could throw the most distant insinuation upon his Lordship's conduct; nor did I ever mean

to say any thing that could have that tendency. Since I learn that the matter is thought liable to bear a false construction, I declare that I am sorry to have introduced it upon authority to which, at the time of making my motion, I said I could affix no degree of credit." In his "Refutation," we perceive that Mr Stuart says, "*I am bound to mention* that the facts relative to Colonel Hayne's execution, as stated in my book, are to be found in the British journals of the period alluded to; and were the subject of a motion in the House of Peers, when the Duke of Richmond 'called the attention of the House to the inhuman execution of Colonel Hayne, the particulars of which had been forwarded by Mr John Bowman.'" Now we say that Mr Stuart was also *bound to mention* (which he, however, did not do) that the motion was negatived by an immense majority; and most especially *was he bound to mention* (which however he did not do) the Duke of Richmond's ample and public apology to Lord Rawdon, in which he lets the world know that he never doubted that Mr John Bowman was a liar.

Leaving this enthusiastic eulogist of the British army to enjoy his triumph over Major Pringle, we wish to say a word or two about his respect for the British navy. He speaks of Sir George Cockburn's "*piratical expeditions* on the Chesapeake." He severely rates Major Pringle for not quoting a sentence from Gales, in which that gentlemanly Yankee says, "Cockburn was quite a mountebank in the city, exhibiting in the streets a gross levity of manner, *displaying sundry articles of trifling value, of which he had robbed the President's house, &c.*" Mr Stuart is very lachrymose and libellous on Captain Gordon of the Sea-horse, senior naval officer of the British fleet off Alexandria, who, he says, "commenced an indiscriminate work of plunder;" and he repeats, that upon this occasion, "*it is undeniable we plundered upon a great scale.*" With much candour and caution, he says, "I certainly do not mean to *attest the truth of the fact,*" (*how the deuce could he?*) "*that the Americans had got an authoritative assurance that private* property was to be respected, though it is asserted in all the American accounts of what passed at the period of the capture of Washington—*but this I know,*" and then he talks of "from 15,000 to 18,000 barrels of flour, 800 hogsheads of tobacco, 150 bales of cotton, with a quantity of sugar and other commodities,"—of all of which the Captain of the Sea-horse made plunder. Whatever Sir James Gordon did, he did well and according to orders; and it is impossible for us to mention his name without saying that the navy does not possess another officer more honoured and beloved than he—and that every tar's face brightens as he hears the tread of his timber-toe on deck—for a blasted French cannon-ball carried off a leg hardly equalled in vigour by any leg in the service, except by that one still remaining in his own possession. Mr Stuart says, "no other injury than plunder was committed on the inhabitants by the Sea-horse. On the Chesapeake, however, into which the waters of the Potomac flow, the warfare carried on by the British, it is melancholy to reflect, was not confined to the mere plundering of the inhabitants. Attacks for a long period were made by the squadron, under Sir George Cockburn, on defenceless towns along the coast (he names them), and the inhabitants were subjected not only to the loss of their property, but to *treatment and privations of the most horrible description!*" "The American details of the excesses *committed by the troops, are well known to have been of the most heart-rending description, owing to its having been impossible for the officers to restrain the troops.*" *Ecce iterum Crispinus!* Lo again the cobbler! "The despatch of Major Crutchfield, the officer commanding at Hampton, is published verbatim in the London Courier of the 14th August, 1813, and contains the following shocking detail—'The unfortunate females at Hampton, who could not leave the town, *were suffered to be abused* in the most shameful manner, not only by them (the troops), but the venal savage blacks, *who were encouraged in their excesses.*'" And again, "the people at Baltimore, and in the neighbourhood, give sad accounts of the ex-

in this quarter, especially by our naval troops, under the command of Sir George Cockburn, who landed on various parts of the adjoining coasts, *and acted in the most barbarous manner towards the unarmed and female part of the population.*" We hope the present editor of the London Courier will not debase its pages by any such calumnies. It would not be easy to decide whether Mr Stuart's admiration of the British army, or of the British navy, is the higher; here he speaks of the conduct of both—but *especially of our naval troops;* however, here and elsewhere, as well as at Washington, "it was found impossible to restrain them from plunder," or even *from rape and murder.* We do not observe these exploits of our blue and our red jackets mentioned in the long list of passages which Mr Stuart refers to in his Refutation, as containing such unqualified panegyric by him on the British army as should make Major Pringle blush. We have, indeed, reason to be proud of the picture painted by this great artist of the United Service.

Conscious of having ever done ample justice to the character of the British navy and the British army, of having written at all times with enthusiasm of their gallantry and devotion to their country's service, and of having "merely alluded," in the tenderest and most delicate way, to a few other matters on which a hero-hating back would have malignantly dwelt calling "unfortunate truths" certain Yankee allegations, which all the civilized world knew instinctively to be libels and lies—Mr Stuart must feel himself entitled to look down upon Major Pringle, as from a superior sphere. The hauteur of the "great American traveller" is equal to that of "the proud Duke of Somerset," or any Bubbley-jock—wild or tame—in wood or wuddy—that ever gobbled on either side of the Atlantic Ocean. With swollen ruddy chops, head crowned with a diadem royally bending back towards an erected and expanded tail that rustles in frequent shudder, with magisterial feet pompously prancing in parade, with all *their ten toes looking to be at least twenty,* ever and anon *right or left wing dropt* down to the dirt, as if it would sweep the path on which is sidelong progressing—himself a procession—the King of all the Turkeys—so have you seen, while all other fowl, half in fun and half in fear, have stood aloof from the usurper, the Pseudo-peacock celebrating the ceremony of his own coronation-day.

"Major Pringle," says he, in his first letter, "declares that his object for engaging in this correspondence 'was to put the character of his fellow-soldiers in a true light before the eyes of their countrymen,' and in his last letter he states that 'he had no motive to commence this correspondence but that of doing justice to his *fellow-soldiers in every point of* view.' His championship of the British army is, therefore, *of the most extensive description.* Whether *his fitness for the honourable office he has undertaken be equal to his zeal,* may be doubted by those who peruse the following *facts and considerations* with a desire to form an impartial conclusion." This is not true. Major Pringle does not undertake a championship, of the most extensive description, of the British army; he undertakes "to do justice to his fellow-soldiers, in every point of view," who fought and bled with him in America, and other countries, and he has performed his duty in the closet as he did in the field. "Major Pringle's testimony is good for nothing;" "not the slightest value attaches to Major Pringle's authority on this occasion"—though he had been selected for an important duty which he had performed to the entire satisfaction of General Ross—but not so as to satisfy Mr Stuart. Major Pringle, too, is accused, as we have seen, "of a degree of unfairness, *probably without an example,* in such a controversy as the present"—a most ridiculous instance of self-importance in this sensitive civilian, who would insist on the Major copying the vulgar insolence of a Yankee, who called "Sir George Cockburn a mountebank." "It is not, however, by the perusal of garbled and partial extracts from my work, *or the documentary evidence that supports it,* that my statements are to be judged of. Major Pringle has not only omitted the material parts of my descriptio of the battle of New Orleans, and

I have shewn, of the proceedings at Washington, which he has impugned, but in his quotation from American documents, has omitted such portions of them as prove his own statements to be erroneous. This is not the course of proceeding which I *conceive I had a right to expect from a British officer, who* 'publishes,' as he writes, to you, 'simply, as far as in him lies, to put the character of his fellow-soldiers in a true light before the eyes of his countrymen.'" We really do not very well know what Mr Stuart "has a right to expect from a British officer;" but never was charge more false than this against Major Pringle of making "garbled and partial extracts," and "omitting such portions of them as prove his own statements to be erroneous." What can Mr Stuart's description of the battle of New Orleans possibly be to Major Pringle, who led the gallant 21st to the ditch—who had his own foot on its brink—and stood there sword in hand in the hottest of that torrent of fire, among the many hundreds of killed and wounded, till ordered, on the fall of Sir John Keane by his side, to gather together the broken brave, and conduct them into the shelter of the wood? He has shewn that at this hour Mr Stuart knows nothing of the battle; and it was his duty to quote and confute such statements as denied or withheld due honour from his companions in arms. These are "the most material parts of my description of the battle of New Orleans;" all the rest, perfectly true and perfectly dull, may go for nothing, like much other information collected during "Three Years in America." "It appears from other parts of Major Pringle's letter, that those despatches *were in his hands at the time when he was writing it.* He is, therefore, as I shall shew, *altogether without excuse for publishing the above as a correct return* of the numbers employed on the day of the engagement." We have shewn how groundless this charge is, and only quote it now as another instance of the gentlemanly style which the civilian uses towards the soldier. Sneers and sarcasms *abound; and there is some wit too —but weak and muddy as ditch-water. Mr Stuart*, as a writer, is who, we believe, sat fifty-seven stone; yet he is severe on the Major's style, calling it an "inflated and rhetorical style." We are not a very good judge of mere style, and our own may be as bad or as good as the Major's; but all his letters are, in our humble opinion, written with great ease, vivacity, and vigour. Grossly traduced as the character of his brave brethren in arms has been by Mr Stuart, and often as he has been *all but insulted* by the civilian, the soldier, conscious of the goodness of his cause, never for one moment loses his temper, and it is needless to say, always writes like a perfect gentleman. "I shall now advert to page 42 of the pamphlet, where Mr Stuart writes these words, 'Moreover, he (Major Pringle) has not scrupled to make it a public complaint, "that men who are willing to suffer every privation, and to shed the last drop of their blood in the defence, or for the honour of their country, should have their good name filched from them by those who are equally unwilling to allow, and unable to appreciate their worth." These are heavy charges; affecting as they do, not only the credit of the work, but the character of the writer, in point of veracity, intelligence, and good feeling.' Sir, I never made such charges against Mr Stuart, I never questioned his 'veracity, intelligence, and good feeling,' I knew too well what was due to his feelings, and to my own character; and if Mr Stuart had done me the justice to quote the latter part of my letter, as it was written, this explanation would not have been necessary. Let him turn to his own pamphlet, in which my letter is published, and he will find the passage thus expressed, —'should have their good name "filched from them" by those who are (*no disrespect to Mr Stuart*) equally unwilling to allow, and unable to appreciate their worth.' It was my firm conviction that Mr Stuart had received his intelligence from persons not capable of giving him correct information on several points stated in his work. To those persons alone were my observations directed; and that no mistake might occur on this point, I inserted the words, 'no disrespect to Mr Stuart;'

Mr Stuart has promulgated a most alarming doctrine on the duties of a critic. "It was his duty, according to the received rules of criticism, to have read my book, and the preface to it, *before he ventured to become the reviewer of any part of it.*" We again call that an alarming doctrine. Major Pringle having heard that a work in two thick volumes (nearly eleven hundred pages!) contained some slanders and calumnies on the British army, and especially on that part of it with which he had served, and on that part of their conduct in which he had taken an active share, boldly turns up the slanderous and calumnious passages, and squeezes out the poisonous matter with a muscular grasp that disdains a glove. Though an old campaigner, he is still in the prime of life; but having gone through many hardships and dangers in the tented field, we protest against the cruelty of ordering him on such a service as that sought to be imposed on him by Mr Stuart. The perusal of the preface he might get through; but the eleven hundred pages have even a more formidable look than the lines before New Orleans, whatever may have been the number of "toises" to which they extended—and we know several officers of indisputable valour, who have retreated from the attack on the work which Mr Stuart has thrown up,—more than one who, by ladder and fascines, unluckily not left behind, having got across the ditch, and over the cotton bags and hogsheads of sugar, and bales of tobacco, surrendered within the lines, and were liberated on parole.

Mr Stuart tells Major Pringle "that the reputation of the British army will not be increased either by *overrating the merits of the army as superhuman*, or *underrating the merits of the enemy it met*." This is sheer nonsense. Where has Major Pringle "*overrated the merits of the British army?*" Where has he used a single word of exaggeration? "Superhuman," indeed! Like mere mortal men, he has seen them lying dead or dying in thousands. But in one sense the British army is superhuman—*numbers against numbers, and in fair fields, it has beaten every army with which it has fought.* Nor has Major Pringle ever "underrated the merits of the enemy it met." The Americans are as brave as ourselves—for their blood is ours—but for all that, we do not agree with Mr Stuart when he says, "Major Pringle has devoted a considerable part—*and as I think the best part*—of his second letter to a merited encomium on General Jackson." It is quite natural for Mr Stuart to say so; but excellent as that part of his letter is, the best parts—that is nearly the whole—of all his letters are those in which he bestows "merited encomiums" on our own soldiers and our own officers, and vindicates them against the aspersions of one who has dared to slander them on what he calls "authorities," but which are, in fact, foul and foolish falsehoods, which a man of honour like Mr Stuart, but for some unhappy twist in his understanding, would have scorned to credit.

General Jackson behaved with humanity and generosity to all his prisoners, which did him as great honour as his conduct in the defence. We do not hesitate to call him a great man. Unappalled by the landing of a formidable army of British veterans, he infused fresh courage into the hearts of his countrymen, naturally brave; the danger was great, but the Americans under him had no fear, even of such a foe; strong as their position was—"a mile-long line full of men," it was found impregnable—not because of cotton-bags only and parapets, but because of patriots deadly with steady hands, keen eyes, and stern hearts—invincible where they stood—unerring marksmen, whatever were their numbers—with a commander endowed with a genius for war—and in all respects equal to the glorious duty he had taken upon himself in his country's cause.

Hitherto, we have purposely avoided all allusion to one part of Mr Stuart's "work," because we wished first to settle the controversy between him and Major Pringle; and because it contains the most atrocious charge ever brought against the character of a civilized state. Here it is—not "garbled," but in all its loathsomeness.

"It has been said, and never contradicted, so far as I could learn at New Orleans, that the British Commander

in-chief had promised the plunder of the city to his army. This is a matter which even now concerns the honour of the British name, for the statement is founded on no light authority.

"Mr Eaton, holding one of the highest offices in the general government of the United States, the present (1830) secretary of war to the American government at Washington, and the author of a life of General Jackson, expressly asserts, in that work, that 'Booty and Beauty,' was the watchword of Sir Edward Pakenham's army in the battle of the 8th. He thus writes: 'Let it be remembered of that gallant but misguided general, who has been so much deplored by the British nation, that to the cupidity of his soldiers he promised the wealth of the city as a recompense for their gallantry and desperation, while, with brutal licentiousness, they were to revel in lawless indulgence, and triumph uncontrolled over female innocence. Scenes like these our nation, dishonoured and insulted, had already witnessed at Hampton and Havre de Grace, (alluding to Sir G. Cockburn's expedition,) but it was reserved for her yet to learn, that an officer of high standing, polished, generous, and brave, should, to induce his soldiers to acts of daring valour, permit them, as a reward, to insult, injure, and debase those whom all mankind, even savages, reverence and respect. The history of Europe, since civilized warfare began, is challenged to afford an instance of such gross depravity, such wanton outrage on the morals and dignity of society. English writers may deny the correctness of the charge; it certainly interests them to do so, but its authenticity is too well established to admit a doubt, while its criminality is increased, from being the act of a people who hold themselves up to surrounding nations as examples of every thing that is correct and proper.

"This charge does not rest upon Mr Eaton's authority alone. It is mentioned in all the American statements relative to this battle down to the present day. Mr Timothy Flint, who has given a detailed account of the campaign, repeats it in his geography and history of the Western States,—and it also appears in the travels of Bernhard, Duke of Saxe Weimar, brother-in-law to the Duke of Clarence, (now King of Great Britain,) published so late as 1828."

No gentleman—no man in Britain *—unless besotted by some strange set of sentiments beyond* the power *of our imagination even to conceive* can lines without seeing that they were ONE LOATHSOME LIE. One would have thought that no person Britain-born would have suffered himself to be brought, even by the most pressing necessity, to make any use whatever of paper so ineffably foul; and what are we to think of Mr Stuart, naturally a generous and honourable man, who publishes such filth in his "work," and manifestly *believes* that it may be flung deservedly in the face of the British People?

"Now we, the undersigned, serving in that army, and actually present, and through whom all orders to the troops were promulgated, do, in justice to the memory of that distinguished officer, who commanded, and led the attack, the whole tenor of whose life was marked by manliness of purpose, and integrity of view, most unequivocally deny that any such promise was ever held out to the army, or that the watchword asserted to have been given out, was ever issued; and further, that such motives could never have actuated the man, who in the discharge of his duty to his King and country so eminently upheld the character of a true British soldier.

"That a refutation of the above calumnies not having before appeared, is solely to be attributed to their not having come to the knowledge of the undersigned that they existed, until the work from which they are taken was given to the public in the present year, 1833.

(Signed) JOHN LAMBERT, Lt.-General.
JOHN KEANE, Lieut.-General.
W. THORNTON, Maj.-General.
EDW. BLAKENEY, Major-Gen.
ALEX. DICKSON, Colonel.
Deputy Adjt.-Gen. Royal Artillery."

And how does Mr Stuart behave on the appearance of this "document?" Is he covered with confusion of face—bowed to the ground by a sense of self-humiliation—driven to hide his head in silence and obscurity, till the storm of indignation, blowing upon him from all quarters, has subsided, and he and his base calumnies are alike forgotten? No. We hear him priding himself in the exposure of the GREAT BIG AMERICAN SERPENT LIE, which he had imported in a broad British bottom, and let loose to defile our soil with its fetid slime.

"Where do you find that I have made any charge against the British army, [illegible] (lately refuted by Sir John

the goodness, sir! to read that part of my narrative which relates to my recent correspondence with Sir John Lambert, and the other general officers who served with him on the expedition to New Orleans: and you will at once perceive, that it contains no charge against the British army, and that my authority is not at all pledged for the accuracy of the fact stated relating to Sir Edward Pakenham, the Commander-in-chief, alone. I have only mentioned, that I was told at New Orleans that the British Commander-in-chief 'had promised the plunder of the city to his army.' I added, that 'this was a matter which even yet concerned the honour of the British *name*'—I did not say of the British *army*, because the charge related to the single individual who was implicated. If I had known that the statement made to me was true, or if I had given implicit credit to it, I should not have conceived myself called upon to specify the authorities which led me to publish this, any more than the other details respecting the battle. The authorities which I produced are undoubtedly of the most respectable description; two of them American, and one of them European; the European authority being that of the distinguished officer Bernhard, Duke of Saxe Weimar, brother-in-law of the King of Great Britain, who now, I believe, commands the Dutch army, under the Prince of Orange. It certainly did appear to me at the time, as it still does, that those authorities, not exclusively American, coupled with the information given to me on the spot, rendered it imperative on me to mention that this statement was made to me at New Orleans, and that I had not heard it contradicted; but I might, had I thought it necessary in order to screen myself from the accusation of trusting to American authority, have confirmed it by even further evidence, which proves its general belief in Europe at the period when I was at New Orleans. Count Marbois, President of the Council of Ancients before the French Revolution, and who was afterwards one of the Ministers of Louis XVIII., has, in his admirable History of Louisiana, published in 1828, I believe,) expressly declared (at page 380,) 'that the pillage of New Orleans was announced to the army as a magnificent recompense for its dangers and toils. In fact, the crops of cotton and other rich productions of these vast countries, were stowed at this city, it being the limit and entrepôt of the navigation *of the Mississippi* and *Missouri.*'

"*The expressions used by Marbois, and the other writers to whom I formerly appealed, are unqualified.* It appears from them, as well as from the notices which have appeared in the American newspapers of my correspondence with Sir John Lambert, that the report of the plunder of New Orleans having been promised by the Commander-in-chief to the army, was implicitly believed, as well in Europe as in America, until it was authoritatively contradicted by Sir John Lambert, in consequence of the notice which appeared in my book. My publication, therefore, has been most useful in eliciting the complete refutation of the calumny, which otherwise might have remained unknown in this country, until the death of the other general officers who were with the army had rendered a complete contradiction impossible. Mr Eaton, who was lately one of the Secretaries of State at Washington, seems first of all to have published it to the world; but he is quite incapable of inventing such a story, which may at the time have been believed on the authority of some deserter or worthless person attached to the army.

"Upon the whole, I have not seen occasion to retract or cancel a single word that I have written," &c.

He publishes a self-evident lie of the most loathsome kind, and all the "authorities," who have told it, and then says, "*my authority* is not at all pledged for the *accuracy of the fact!*" What does he mean? How could *his* authority be pledged for the accuracy of a fact of which it was impossible he personally could know any thing at all? He was probably in the Parliament House, walking about arm in arm with another of "the most fair and liberal Whigs of the age," the day Pakenham was said to have issued that nefarious watchword—snoring in his bed the morning Pakenham and two thousand other gallant spirits fell—many of them to rise no more. *His authority pledged,* forsooth! All he could do he did to dishonour that gallant man and his gallant troops—he collected all the evidence that existed, and gave it to the world without one word to indicate that he had the slightest suspicion of the charge being the Lie of all Lies. "*If I had known that the statement made to me was true,* or if I had GIVEN IMPLICIT CREDIT to it, *I should not have conceived myself called upon to specify the authorities which led me to publish this, any more than the other details respecting the battle.*" Infatuated he was to publish it at all; but even he would n

have dared to publish, without any tittle of proof, such an incredible charge against such a man. Had he done so, he would have been set down as a madman. We do not know what he means by *implicit credit;* it is plain he does not understand the word *implicit;* but that he *did credit it* is certain; or, if he did not, never before did any man publish to the world so foul a charge against the character of his country, without deigning to let that country know that he disbelieved the slander on the national honour and humanity, at the very moment he was writing it, and during all the months that three editions of his "work" were giving it circulation at home and abroad. And did it never occur to him, "one of the fairest and most liberal writers of the age," to write to any one of the Five British Officers who served under Pakenham, communicating to him, or to them all, the hideous calumny to which he "did not give implicit credit," that they might stifle or strangle the ugly and decrepit monster, or if guilty, that the Truth might go forth, and the whole British People be thenceforth justly numbered among Barbarians? No man of honour like Mr Stuart, could, till his mind was ruined by some unimaginable Anti-British mental habit grown into an anomalous disease, have circulated such a Lie, without first ascertaining whether or not it was a Lie, from those Five Officers—or from some one of the hundred officers or thousand men still surviving, we hope, who served under Pakenham. Nor can the utmost lenity of judgment allow the omission to be but the grossest imprudence — it were either shocking injustice—reckless folly—or stupid infatuation. Whatever it was it still is—for hear him *now.* "My publication has *been most useful!* in eliciting the *complete refutation of the calumny,* which otherwise *might have remained unknown in this country,* until the death of the other general officers who were with the army had rendered a complete contradiction impossible." Dr Browne, *the ingenious and learned* editor of *the Caledonian Mercury,* in an admirable article, well asks, "Would known in this country, especially considering the tainted source whence it is supposed to have originated? Or if the publication thereof on insufficient evidence had not been justified on the plea of its alleged 'utility' in eliciting a complete refutation; a plea, be it observed, which is equally available for a description of cases which Mr Stuart could not have had in his contemplation, when he perused the words we have just quoted, and which, in fact, might with like force be urged in defence or extenuation of the most wanton and atrocious slanders?"

Unless we saw it there with our own eyes now lying before us, we could not credit the attempt he makes to deny that the charge affects either the British people or the British army! It only affects the character of Sir Edward Pakenham! Dr Browne puts the absurdity of such a notion in so strong a light, that it must now surely strike even Mr Stuart.

"But is it meant to be seriously maintained that 'Sir *Edward Pakenham's* army' formed no part of 'the *British* army?'—or that the former could have been disgraced without affecting the credit of the latter?—or that if such a 'watchword' had actually been given out it would not have implied a conviction, on the part of the Commander-in-chief, that the ruffians under his command were inaccessible to any other motive or stimulus than that supplied by the prospect of rioting in all the excesses of unrestrained rapine and licentiousness?—or that this would not have involved the severest censure, nay the bitterest reproach on 'Sir Edward Pakenham's *army*' as well as its General-in-chief?—or that, on such a supposition, the latter would have been 'the single individual who was implicated?' The issuing of such a 'watchword' would, under any circumstances, have been highly culpable in a General-in-chief, because grossly at variance with all the usages of civilized warfare; but if it had actually been given out, it must either have been held as a gross insult and outrage to every officer and man in the army, or it must have been construed as *probatio probata* that 'Sir Edward Pakenham's army'

red Indians, capable only of being moved by an appeal to the lowest and most brutal animal appetites. And in either case would it not have inferred a reproach to the British army?—in the one, that a Commander-in-chief should have been found capable at once of violating the laws of civilized warfare, insulting the character of his troops, and endeavouring to destroy the very discipline which it was his most sacred duty to maintain and enforce by every means in his power?—in the other, that the army of a highly enlightened and civilized nation should have consisted of such abandoned and detestable miscreants as to be moved to do their duty only by an unlimited warrant, in the event of success, to commit every crime which is calculated to degrade and to brutalize human nature?"

All the rest of his unfortunate floundering is equally pitiable—and at last he attributes the origin of this "universal belief" in America to "*some deserter or worthless person attached to the army!!*" Mr Secretary Eaton—who must be a poor creature—had the information from a "deserter or other worthless person;" Timothy Flint — who must be an equally poor creature—had it from Eaton; Count Marbois, author of an "admirable History of Louisiana," and "one of the fairest and most liberal writers of the age"—who must be a poor creature too—had it from Flint; and so it passed from one poor creature to another—into what Mr Stuart calls "universal belief;" and he—in this affair the poorest creature of all—without "pledging his own authority to the accuracy of the fact"—without "giving it implicit credit"—and without taking the trouble to ask any questions of the many honourable British officers who could have settled the matter at once—circulates three editions of the calumny here—and on five honourable and distinguished men declaring it to be all a lie, draws himself proudly up, and exclaims, *What a useful man am I!!*

And yet this very person reads a lecture to the Editor of *The Edinburgh Evening Courant, on his rashness in presuming to give any opinion on Major Pringle's letters, without waiting to hear what he,* Mr Stuart, might have to say in reply! Why, Mr Buchanan must have waited nearly *three months* before venturing to say a word. What laughable arrogance! Mr Buchanan is a man of remarkable talents and information—and an honour to the Press—and will not suffer himself to be thus dictated to, and rated, like an inferior, by a man so far beneath him in intellect—and certainly not above him in rank and station. He has borne the reproof with singular good temper—but, to be sure, anger is not contempt. He had written not a word against Mr Stuart, to whom it is well known he is in all respects friendly; he had merely expressed, with mildness, his belief that Major Pringle had rectified some errors in the "Three Years in North America." Yet his High Mightiness, the "Great American Traveller," in the final sentence of his "Refutation," or rather "Exposure," thus addresses this highly-respected gentleman. "I have now, sir, shewn, by referring to a mass of evidence, especially to official documents, more to be depended upon than the testimony of a single individual, whatever his rank in the army may have been, how entirely erroneous are Major Pringle's statements, in every essential particular; and that the grievous accusation against me, of having preferred unfounded charges against my countrymen, and upon American authority, is itself the most baseless of unfounded calumnies. With respect to yourself, (whom I freely acquit of all *intention* to injure me, *though I cannot exempt you from the blame of rashness,*) *I hope the lesson which this exposure has given you, will lead you in future to adhere to that system of cautious management for which your Journal has hitherto been remarkable.*—I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,
"Jas. Stuart."

Major Pringle deserves well of the British army; and has shewn, like many other military and naval men, that he can use the pen as well as the sword. It is seldom that we meddle, in this way, with military or naval affairs; for we leave them to that excellent monthly Magazine, the United Service Journal, and to that excellent weekly paper, the United Service Gazette, edited by Mr Watts.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST MR SHEIL.

Mr Hill, member for Hull, during a visit to that town, some time in October last, in a harangue to his constituents, at the Cross-keys Inn, accused one, or more than one, of the Irish Members, of the most disgraceful duplicity in regard to the Coercion Bill. His speech was reported in three Hull papers, the Hull Packet (an excellent paper), the Hull Advertiser, and the Hull Rockingham, and was, within a few weeks, copied into every newspaper in Great Britain and Ireland. The three reports of the speech agreed in all that was essential—the charge being, that one of more of the Irish Members, who voted publicly against the bill, urged Ministers in secret not to abate a single atom of its severity, as otherwise no man could live in Ireland. The version of it given in the Examiner, Nov. 10, 1833, and which is embodied in the Report of the Committee of Privileges, points very directly either to Mr O'Connell or Mr Sheil; and it soon became the general belief—not that the latter gentleman was the criminal—but that he was the person meant in Mr Hill's startling accusation. The public was every day more and more confirmed in this belief by denial after denial, given in various modes, by about nine-tenths of the Members to whom the charge could refer, without a syllable on the subject issuing from tongue or pen of Mr Sheil, who had formerly been famous for other qualities than taciturnity or retention, and shewn himself prompt and forward to wither, with the fires of his written and oral eloquence, all rash assailants of his political character.

Mr Hill, finding that he had made a charge which implicated *all* the Irish Members who had opposed the Coercion Bill, publicly offered to let every Irish Member, who chose to ask him the question by letter, know by return of post whether or no he was the alledged delinquent. We believe a good many of them availed *themselves* of this very polite and *generous offer, and received satisfactory answers in the negative; while other indignant patriots could* not stomach such insolence, and "repudiated the accusation" through other channels, in language which he who ran might read. Mr Hill's offer, which we have facetiously called above "polite and generous," and which many or most people, we remember at the time, gravely called "manly," was imprudent in the extreme to the many who he knew were innocent, and unjust, and worse than unjust, in the extreme, to the one or two who he thought were guilty; and from first to last the part he played can now be regarded by no upright mind but with disdain and disgust. Mr Sheil from the first saw that he was "the Irish Member" accused of speaking with great violence against every part of the Bill, of voting against every clause of it, and then going to Ministers, and saying, "Don't bate one single atom of it;" and who is Mr Hill, that he should have had the audacity to dream for a moment that Mr Sheil would condescend to correspond with him by letter about an accusation, made not against his honour as a gentleman, or his honesty as a man, but charging him with being the basest of villains?

Had Mr Sheil so far forgotten himself as to write to Mr Hill, no doubt he would have got the same answer then, which he afterwards got from that fat and foolish Lord; and he would have been placed by the publication of that answer in a pleasing predicament in Tipperary. To vindicate himself would for months have been utterly impossible; and had he become a correspondent of the very considerate Member for Hull, he would, as surely as he is now alive, have been now dead—while his murder would have been thought a sacrifice. We ask Mr Hill, in his own belief, *then*, if such would not have been the almost inevitable consequence of such a crime being publicly charged against Mr Sheil? But that gentleman smothered his indignation till Parliament should reassemble; and he knew that then he could vindicate himself, and cover his accusers, if not with shame, with

disgrace, proving them, one and all, to be ninnies, gossips, eavesdroppers, table-talk-retailers, tale-bearers, ornaments of the three-black-crows-school of poetry, with imaginations that meddle not with flowers, but find their materials of fiction in a succession of small vomits.

Parliament reassembled; and on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th Feb. 1834, Lord Althorp—in reply to Mr O'Connell, who had asked him first if any such statement had been made *by* any Member of the Cabinet—and secondly, whether any such statement had been made *to* any Member of the Cabinet—answered that, for the first, he begged to state, as far as he was concerned, that no such communication had been made, and that he believed he could also answer to the same effect for his colleagues in office; and that for the second, no such statement, as far as he was aware, had been made *to* any Cabinet Minister. But he added, "that he had good reason to *believe that more than one Honourable Member, who had not only voted but spoken violently against the Irish Coercion Act, had made use of very different language in private.*"

There seems to have been some little doubt or uncertainty, at first, arising from the emphasis laid by Lord Althorp on the word *Cabinet* Ministers; but that was soon removed; Mr Hill's statement at Hull was, even at this earliest stage of the enquiry, shorn of its most malignant beams; the House must have seen at once, that the gravamen of the charge was struck out of it, and that the "Irish Member," or Members, were already acquitted of *one* great crime—and all that remained was to ascertain—if the House chose to go into the enquiry—whether or not they were guiltless of *another*.

After some childish altercation with Mr O'Connell, Lord Althorp sat down, and remained deaf to the call of "Name—name;" for the House were naturally enough impatient to know "who is the traitor?" Mr Sheil—who had been waiting for the proper time to speak—was then loudly called for—and the following conversation ensued between him and Lord Althorp.

"*Mr Sheil, who was loudly called for, rose. He said that the Noble* Lord had in the previous part of the debate affirmed, that no Irish Member had actually communicated with the Cabinet—he meant an Irish Member who had spoken with warmth against the Coercion Bill—to urge them to pass the measure against which he meant to vote. The Noble Lord distinctly stated, that no Irish Member had communicated with the Cabinet. He should then wish to know on what authority the allegation was made. So far as the charge of communication to the Cabinet went, it was an acknowledged falsehood. He would also allude to the implied accusation, that Irish Members who voted against the Bill had absolutely urged it forward. What was the foundation for so hideous an imputation as that? The Chancellor of the Exchequer had stated, that no intimation was ever made to the Cabinet of the nature that the present accusation would warrant. He would then ask, on what authority was the statement made, and to whom was it communicated?

"Lord Althorp said a statement was surely made, but he would affirm that it was not made to a Cabinet Minister. — (Hear, hear, and laughter.)—He would say more, that no message to that intent was sent to the Government. But he would not say that the statement was not made to the Cabinet. From what source the information came he would not then exactly state.

"Mr Sheil said, that he would put it to the candour of the Noble Lord, as he had so studiously evaded a distinct declaration of the offender, whether he was one of those whom he heard had vehemently spoken and voted against the Bill, and at the same time declared that without the Bill there could be no tranquillity for Ireland?

"Lord Althorp—As the honourable gentleman has put the thing so directly and pointedly to me, and as he has not left me any means of evading so unpleasant a question, I must say that he is.

"Mr Sheil stepped forward to the table, and with great earnestness of manner, and in a very grave and measured tone, said—'As the Noble Lord has stated that I am one, I will only in this state of the proceedings

declare in the presence of this House, —in the presence of my country— and, if it be not profanation—in the presence of the living God, that the individual who furnished the information to the Government, has been guilty of the foulest, the grossest, the most malignant, and the most diabolical calumny.' "

Mr Hill now rose, and said, " that he was the individual who first uttered the words which were now made the subject of so much animadversion. His attention was not drawn to them till long after they were mentioned. They were words carelessly thrown out in the heat of convivial excitement. He saw three different versions of his speech, each of which disagreed from the other. He never made any declaration that any individual who voted and spoke warmly against the Irish Bill, had urged Ministers to pass it. He merely said, that such member had expressed his opinion of its policy." But not to cumber our pages with drivel of this sort, let our readers turn to the Report of the Committee of Privileges, and there they will see all that Mr Hill said at Hull and elsewhere.

Lord Althorp would not give up his authority—but he said he had perfect confidence in it—that he believed the charge was true—and that he was willing to " take upon himself the responsibility."

Then arose a discussion on the import of the word " responsibility," as used on this occasion by so great a master of the English language as my Lord Althorp. Lord Palmerston said wisely, that " he already refused to give up the name, and said he *merely took on himself the responsibility of the statement made. He did not pledge himself to the truth of the statement. How could he? Every one knew that the simple assertion of a fact on the authority of another was a very different thing from a pledge for the authenticity of that fact. It was too much to expect that every one should be thus called on to become a guarantee for the accuracy of every statement he made on the authority of one in whom he placed confidence.*" On this the House cried " *hear! hear!*" Yes, *they cried hear! hear!* to this hub-*bub of despicable nonsense.* But Mr *Sheil was not to be imposed on by such wretched stuff*, and at once most properly said, " as the Noble Lord skulked behind this fence of his own erection, *he would boldly, solemnly, and fervently declare, that the informant and the whole statement were blackened with the foulest, the most malignant, and the most dishonourable falsehood.*" Here the House groaned— and Mr Sheil continued to expose the shameful treatment he was meeting with—and insisted on nailing on Lord Althorp's breast the " responsibility " he had chosen to take upon himself—in spite of Mr E. J. Stanley's " putting it to the honourable and learned member to consider whether he was at all likely to clear his honour from the charge by fastening *the responsibility* on Lord Althorp." Mr Secretary Stanley then expounded "responsibility," and averred that Lord Althorp had not meant any thing offensive—and " that he was the last man in the world to wound the character of another." His Lordship had merely meant to say " that he had heard certain statements, *that he had a confidence in the person who made them,* but that, as a Minister, he could not disclose the name, *and therefore he himself vouched for such a statement being made!!*" Could Mr Secretary Stanley for a moment believe that Mr Sheil would swallow such a nasty dose as that? But Lord Althorp himself grew sick on seeing it offered to an Irish gentleman in one loathsome cup after another, and put an end to all farther folly among the grammarians by stating his own view of the meaning of " responsibility,"—" *a statement had been made to him in which he believed.* He felt, when the question was put to him, that a declaration to that effect was likely, nay must give offence; and therefore he determined himself to vouch, that such a statement had been made,—*to declare his belief in it,*—and not to disclose the name of the person who had made it, *but to take upon himself the responsibility.* If offence, therefore, was taken, he was answerable for it."

In the report, a column and a half of inconceivable nonsense follows this declaration; and so dull of apprehension was the Honourable House, that on Mr O'Dwyer saying, " he understood the Noble Lord to say that he fully believed the

statement of his informant," *there were loud cries of No! No!*

Mr Hill then rose, doubtless with great dignity, and, that the House might be under no mistake, observed, "that every syllable of what he had stated to his constituents at Hull he had heard,—he believed at the time,—and he still believed."—And this he said in presence of Mr Sheil, who had just sworn, in the face of Heaven, that every syllable of it was false!!!

But Mr Sheil's quarrel was with Lord Althorp, not this person; the history of man does not afford another instance of such insult; and the parties were, of course, committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms. We abhor duelling; but we abhor with a more mortal hatred, such conduct as inflicts on a man the necessity of having recourse to a challenge; and had Mr Sheil shot Lord Althorp through the head or the heart, the calumniator — humanly speaking—would have deserved death. The Christian religion alone can instruct and inspire a man to forgive such injuries and insults as those which were heaped in full and foul measure upon Mr Sheil's head, in the highest assembly of a nation not yet supposed to consist altogether of beaten slaves.

The House then hoped that Lord Althorp would promise not to accept a challenge from Mr Sheil—and his Lordship—by the advice of his colleagues—did so; Mr Secretary Stanley saying, "in fulfilling this duty, I am bound to state that my Noble Friend has acted by the advice of his colleagues, who on no occasion would, for any consideration on earth, hint to him advice which would in the slightest degree be discreditable to his character, *or would cast the slightest shade on his untarnished reputation!*"

After this Mr Sheil, of course, could do nothing else but acquiesce in the amicable arrangement; for the House had relieved Lord Althorp of the "responsibility," and taken the "responsibility" upon itself; so about ten o'clock the House rose, and sat down to dinner.

We forgot to say that Mr Shaw thought the honourable member for Hull *ought to make the same assurances as those which had been* made by the Noble Lord; and that the honourable member for Hull, in answer, said, "that if, in the judgment of the House, it was deemed incumbent upon him *to make such concessions!* though he certainly felt there was no necessity for them, yet he would, with due humility, bow to the opinion and wishes of the House." The House said nothing—but looked at Mr Hill with a significant smile. It was indeed a burlesque on Hurlythrumbo.

The House was occupied night after night with this shameful affair; but we have no room for their proceedings—suffice it to say, that Mr Sheil was subjected to a new series of insults, which he seems to have borne in a way that will bear looking back on—should his mind, in spite of disdain, ever revert to those scenes which his contemptible enemies believed were but the opening scenes of his shame, while they were the "prologue to the swelling act," of which the catastrophe involved their own utter and everlasting degradation.

The whole affair was rightly referred to a Committee of Privileges—and here is their report.

CASE OF MR SHEIL.

"Mr Grote brought up the Report of the Select Committee appointed to enquire into the charge against Mr Sheil.

"When the question was put that the Report be laid upon the table, it was followed by a general cry through the House of 'Read, read,' and 'Order, order.'

"The Report was then read, and the following is the substance of it:—

"The Committee of Privileges, to whom the matter of complaint was referred, arising out of a paragraph in the Examiner newspaper, dated Nov. 10, 1833, stated that they had agreed upon a Report, which they now submitted to the Honourable House.

"They stated, 'that the paragraph in question, purporting to form part of the report of a speech publicly delivered by Matthew Davenport Hill, Esq., Member of Parliament for the borough of Hull, was as follows:—

"'It is impossible for those not actually in the House to know all the secret machinery by which votes w

obtained. I happen to know this, (and I could appeal, if necessary, to a person well known and much respected by yourselves,) that an Irish Member, who spoke with great violence against every part of that Bill, and voted against every clause of it, went to Ministers and said, "Don't bate one single atom of that Bill, or it will be impossible for any man to live in Ireland."—"What!" said they, "this from you, who speak and vote against the Bill?"—"Yes," he replied, "that is necessary, because if I do not come into Parliament for Ireland, I must be out altogether, and that I do not choose."—(Cries of 'Name,' and 'No.')—'Consider for a moment, can I do it?'—('No;' 'Yes.')—'That is a point for my consideration. I have a great respect for every one here; but if every one in the room was to hold up his hand for it, I would not do it. The secret is not my own. If he had told it to me, I would have said, "Mark, I will keep no such secret as this; I will publish it to the world." But if I name the Member, I put it in the power of the individual who made that declaration, to know the gentleman who told me.'

"The Committee then proceeded to state that, in entering on the delicate and embarrassing duty imposed upon them, they ascertained from Mr Hill that, though he could not admit the entire accuracy of the above paragraph, as a report of what he had publicly spoken at Hull, he nevertheless recollected to have publicly charged an Irish Member of Parliament with conduct similar in substance to that which the paragraph described. The Irish Member so alluded to was Richard Lalor Sheil, Esq., M.P. for the county of Tipperary; and Mr Hill stated the charge, to the best of his belief, to have been substantially as follows:

"'That Mr Sheil made communications respecting the Irish Coercion Bill to persons connected with the Government, and others, with the intention thereby of promoting the passing of the Coercion Bill, and having a direct tendency to produce that effect, whilst his speeches and *votes in the House* were directed to *the defeat of the Coercion Bill.*'

"*Into the substance of this allegation* the Committee proceeded to enquire. Two witnesses were called before them at the suggestion of Mr Hill, and others were about to be examined, when Mr Hill himself, finding the testimony already heard very different from what he had expected, freely and spontaneously made the following communication to the Committee:—

"'That he had come to the conviction that his charge against Mr Sheil, of having directly or indirectly communicated, or intended to communicate, to the Government, any private opinions in opposition to those which he expressed in the House of Commons, had no foundation in fact;—that such charge was not merely incapable of formal proof, but was, in his present sincere belief, totally and absolutely unfounded;—that he had originally been induced to make mention of it in a hasty and unpremeditated speech, under a firm persuasion that he had received it on undeniable evidence; but that, being now satisfied of the mistake into which he had fallen, and convinced that the charge was wholly untrue, he came forward to express his deep and unfeigned sorrow for having ever contributed to give it circulation.' Mr Hill added, 'that if there were any way consistent with honour by which he could make reparation to Mr Sheil, he should deem no sacrifice too great to heal the wound which his erroneous statement had inflicted.'

"The Committee continued—'It is with the highest gratification that the Committee found themselves enabled thus to exonerate an accused Member of Parliament from imputations alike painful and undeserved. The voluntary avowal of an erroneous statement on the part of Mr Hill puts it now in their power to pronounce a decided opinion, and to close the present enquiry. Neither of the witnesses who appeared before the Committee deposed to any facts calculated to bear out the allegation against Mr Sheil, nor did their testimony go to impeach his character and honour in any way, or as to any matter whatever. The Committee had no hesitation in declaring their deliberate conviction that the innocence of Mr Sheil, in respect to

the whole matter of complaint referred to their investigation, was entire and unquestionable.

" ' The Committee felt bound at the same time to express their full confidence in Mr Hill's declaration, that the statement impeaching Mr Sheil's character was made by him at Hull under a sincere, though mistaken, persuasion of its accuracy. They derived this confidence as well from the tone of generous regret which characterised his communication at the close of their proceeding, as from the candid admissions and the evident anxiety to avoid all exaggeration and mistatements which they had observed throughout his testimony as delivered in their presence.' "

This report having been read to the House, Lord Althorp rose, *and was received with loud cheers from the Ministerial benches!* He ought to have been made to hear what a greater personage, in a nobler assembly, heard on his return—" one dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn." His Lordship—thank God we were not present—is said " to have spoken in a tone of voice so low and indistinct that it was difficult almost throughout to catch his sentences, except by conjecture from particular words." It would not perhaps be fair, therefore, to his Lordship, to criticise " sentences which it was difficult for the reporter to catch except by conjecture;" but we may ask why he did not speak up like a man? He had no right to stand there and mumble, for the people of England, and Ireland, and Scotland, wished to hear what he had got to say for himself—and he should have been made to clear his throat and jaws, nor suffered either to hem, or ha, or stutter. We have compared half-a-dozen reports of what he tried to say, and we quote part of it, in the belief that it is accurately reported, notwithstanding that the reporters may have had occasionally recourse to " conjecture from particular words."

" He supposed that by the call which the House now made upon him it was expected that he should express some opinion as to the Report. He was ready to declare himself quite *satisfied as to the fact that the Hon. and Learned Gentleman neither himself communicated to* Government, nor authorized others to make the communication, of opinions different from those which he expressed in his place in that House; but there was another question, namely, whether the Hon. and Learned Gentleman expressed on conversation sentiments different to those he maintained in the House. Upon this point he received his information first from persons on whose veracity he placed the utmost confidence, and the Hon. and Learned Gentleman did not appear to him at first to deny the statement made by him (Lord Althorp). He did not think when he made the statement that (as we understood) he was saying any thing which could be considered disparaging to a Member of Parliament; but, as a Minister, perhaps he acted imprudently in making it. As he mentioned before, he had his information from persons on whose honour and veracity he relied! But if the Hon. and Learned Gentleman now came forward and declared before the House that he did not express in private, opinions different to those he expressed in his place, he should be convinced, and rest satisfied that he had been misinformed, or that the Hon. and Learned Gentleman had been misunderstood!"

Insolent folly—brazen-faced injustice—ox-like insult, by an animal without horns! Honest Lord Althorp! Why,

" An honest man's the noblest work of God."

And is Lord Althorp, indeed, the noblest work of God? Such a dangerous assertion should not be hazarded—for it might make people atheists. The convicted calumniator ought not to have thus mumbled—he ought rather to have been mute.

But it is absurd in us to wax wroth with one who stood there stupified as a stot in a stall. Had he not lowed we should not have lost our temper. We have, however, recovered it; and calmly ask we our country, if ever she heard such an atrocious attempt as this of honest Lord Althorp's to withhold the benefit of complete vindication of character, thus solemnly pronounced by his peers, from a gent

man whom the mumbler had insulted and slandered, with all the malignity —not of a fiend—but far worse—of an old woman?

But Mr Sheil could now *afford* to do or say any thing honest Lord Althorp chose, in his stupidity, to ask in a low tone of voice, and in a lower tone of spirit. An innocent man stands in light, and candour is his robe. "The noble lord has stated, that if he (Mr Sheil) would state that he had not done those things which had been imputed to him, he should feel bound to believe him. He accepted the noble lord's apology and his invitation at the same time; and he did solemnly declare that he was not guilty of any of the charges that had been made against him. He had been led to make these observations" (we cannot quote his most manly speech) "against his original intention. After all that had been said and circulated against him upon this subject, the materials that had been furnished to newspapers for months past to wound and slander a reputation dear to him, not on his own account merely, but on account of others, who were dearer to him than his life, and to whom his reputation was more dear than their existence, he had found it impossible to remain silent. He accepted the apology of the noble lord, and if on his deathbed, at that moment about to appear in the presence of his God, he would fearlessly protest that he was not guilty."

Mr Secretary Stanley then addressed the House; and we shall say nothing either in praise or censure of what he said—though we might well do both—till we come to the conclusion of his speech, and *that*, we are sorry to say, was a shame to the name of Stanley. "*He also stood acquitted upon his own statement* of having held conversations of the character imputed to him, the imputations having originated in loose reports and *exaggerations*. He *did not wish to derogate* from the triumph of the honourable and learned gentleman; *but he was bound to state* that his noble friend *would not have advanced the statement if he had not believed it!* He was *glad the House had been spared an enquiry into loose and vague conversations. He hoped the honourable* and learn*ed gentleman* was satisfied with the manner in which Mr [illegible] ley expressed himself. He had obtained a complete vindication of character, and was relieved from the painful situation in which he had stood. There was not now the shadow of a doubt resting upon the word of the honourable and learned member." If there was not a shadow of a doubt, then pray why should Mr Secretary Stanley strive to create one? But Sir Henry Hardinge would not suffer this fresh injustice to escape exposure. "The Right Honourable Secretary appeared to him to have assumed most unjustly that the vindication of the honourable and learned gentleman rested in part on his own denial. The report acquitted him, not only from the charge brought against him at Hull, *but also from every other charge whatever connected with the subject.*" Mr Stanley had the grace to interrupt Sir Henry —and say—"*he had exonerated the honourable and learned gentleman in the most full and complete manner.*" Well —be it so.

"Sir H. Hardinge reminded the Right Hon. Secretary that he had expressly declared that the Noble Lord's informant believed in the truth of the charges, and that the Noble Lord himself believed in the veracity of his informant.—(Cheers.) —Now, the gentleman who had given evidence before the Committee, and who was the informant of the Noble Lord, had declared very frankly and honourably, that when he mentioned the matter to the Noble Lord, he attached no importance whatever to it—(Loud cheering from the Opposition benches)—and further, that the conversation he had held with Mr Sheil was held at dinner in the Athenæum Club House, and that Mr Sheil then expressed to him the strongest disapprobation of the Coercion Bill.—(Continued cheers.)—He (Sir H. Hardinge) had asked the witness whether he had ever stated the particulars of the conversation to any other person, and his answer was that he had not, not having thought it of any importance. He had said also that he did not mention the matter to the noble Lord till December, which was after the statement made by the honourable and learned Member for Hull.—(Hear, hear,

he must contend that the exoneration of the honourable Member for Tipperary rested, not upon his statement, but exclusively and comprehensively upon the Report of the Committee of Enquiry. He did not mean to cast blame upon the Right Hon. Secretary; but he thought the hon. and learned Member for Tipperary entitled to be relieved from the distinction which the Right Hon. Secretary appeared disposed to draw. —(Hear.)

"Lord Althorp said, that after the speech of the Right Hon. Baronet, it became necessary that he should address a few words to the House. The gentleman (Mr Wood) who had appeared before the Committee had certainly given him (Lord Althorp) such information as had just been stated to the House. But he was not the only person who had given him information—(Cries of 'Oh!') He did not mean to retract what he had said. He had the greatest reliance on the veracity of his informant, but he did not wish to go into that question. He was then only defending himself from the charge of having made a statement of a conversation different from that which he had heard. Mr John Wood was undoubtedly one of his informants, but there was another, whom he did not intend to name. He thought the Honourable and Learned Gentleman stood perfectly clear from imputation."

You have heard much, we do not doubt, experienced reader; but heard you every any thing at all comparable with *that*? He believes Mr Sheil guiltless, and he believes the person who told him that Mr Sheil was guilty! He has entire confidence in his informant's veracity—not in the least shaken by the conviction that he had told him nothing but falsehood. Is that Lord Althorp's meaning? Or does he dare *yet* to doubt Mr Sheil's honour?—Is this mere folly—or is it something worse than folly?

Leaving every one to answer that question for himself—may we be permitted to say that Lord Althorp, in this affair, shews himself, in various ways, very like an ox?

First, he *is like an ox chewing the cud, or ruminating, and you must be well acquainted with the half-asleep* countenance of the animal when engaged in that employment;—next, he is like an ox, after rumination, lazily returning with no very voracious appetite to his cut mangel-wurzel and oil-cake; then, he is like an ox in an enclosure unwieldily tossing up head and heels, and giving himself a clumsy set of airs, in imitation of the "fortunate youth," his brother; again, he is like an ox lowing in a lane, without any ostensible motive or object whatever; soon after, he is like an ox, marching with vacant eyes and unprophetic soul in below the archway of a slaughter-house; anon, he is like an ox presenting his numbskull to a succession of blows from an axe expertly handled by a man in a blue apron; ever and anon, he is like an ox shuddering and staggering under the hits that confound his brain, till down he sinks on his knees, rises up again, and then falling on his side with a squelch, seems to expire; finally, he is like an ox, in whom the vital spark is extinct, hauled out of the stall of slaughter by mules, like and unlike the famous Andalusian Bull, Harpado, so justly and so finely celebrated in one of Mr Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

As for Mr Hill, the honourable member for Hull, we cannot recollect, at present, any word in any language by which we could fitly designate his conduct. Up to the last minute, did he insolently stick to his slander; and his dignified demeanour so far imposed on the House, that he was cheered with frequent hear — hear — hears! In spite of his solemn asseverations of innocence, Mr Sheil seemed indeed standing on the brink of a precipice, over which he was, by a power in Mr Hill's hands, to be pushed to perdition. The word was given in the Committee of Privileges to apply the power—and it fell on the unquaking "Irish Member" like a goose-feather wafted on the wind. The whole charge was a fabrication of his many calumniators' want of brains! Nobody had ever told Mr Hill what he told his constituents in the Cross-keys! The gentleman appealed to for confirmation of the truth of the tale he had drivelled, declared he knew nothing whatever about it! The Committee of Privi

leges and the House had indeed "a specimen of the sort of mistakes to which the reporters of conversations were liable. Such was the mistake in this case, that the conversation was the very reverse of what had been reported." Crest-fallen, the Bantam will never crow again—the feathers are up on the nape of his neck—and he gives vent to a lamentable scraugh. How changed from that Bantam clapping his wings to his own shrill clarion in the Cross-keys!

Do we say that Mr Hill invented the accursed calumny? No—no—no. It was a lie begotten by many fathers on a common cloud. Not one of them all but disowns the monstrous birth—the black bastard dies an unnatural death—and is stuffed away, we suppose, among the chaff that deadens the ceiling of the room—if there be one—below that of the Committee of Privileges.

Mr Hill has confessed himself to be—at the best—a foolish and a dangerous gossip. The Committee may praise him as it will—but all the rest of the world can feel for him but pity more or less mingled with contempt.

With indignation and disgust must all men, worthy the name of men, regard the attempts yet making by the malignants to shew that Mr Sheil's acquittal and triumph are not complete. We quote with pleasure a few sentences on such base endeavours, by that accomplished and honourable gentleman, the Editor of the Examiner, whose perspicacity political feelings have never obscured, and whose conscience political feelings have never tempted to forget its trust.

"The Times infers from the report, 'that the witnesses brought forward by Mr Hill declined to give evidence of the facts upon which they were questioned, on the score of their having reached them through the medium of private conversation;' and the Courier states that the Committee cheered Mr Macaulay when he refused to answer their questions; and he asks why Mr Sheil and Mr Hill did not apply to the House to commit Mr. Macaulay? adding that 'the Committee have reported without obtaining the necessary evidence, and Mr Macaulay is now on his way to India.' We lose no time in correcting these misconceptions. The only witnesses examined were Mr Hill, and Mr John Wood and Mr Macaulay, both of whom were called by Mr Hill. Mr John Wood stated that Mr Sheil had condemned the Coercion Bill. Mr Macaulay stated that his conversation with Mr Sheil on Irish politics was previous to the introduction of the Coercion Bill, and that consequently nothing that passed in it could be relevant to the subject of the enquiry. As a matter of social principle, he declined disclosing a private conversation, unless compelled; and as the date of the conversation established that it could have nothing to do with the question before the Committee, of course he was not pressed to disclose what was obviously irrelevant. Thus the Courier may be assured that Mr Macaulay has not carried any information with him to India, that would bear on the abandoned charge against Mr Sheil. Nothing can be more complete than Mr Sheil's acquittal, unless it be the defeat and confusion of his assailants."

And who is the Gentleman in Black? The dark shadow in the back-ground? The lowest of all the Devils? Is his name in Greek, OUTIS? In Scotch—NOMAN OF THAT ILK? If he be not a non-entity—and indeed in the flesh—we address him in a hackneyed quotation—"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee—THOU LIAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE."

Printed by Ballantyne and Co., Paul's Work, Edinburgh.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXX. APRIL, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

Contents.

Baron Smith,	443
A Story without a Tail,	453
Cruise of the Midge. Chap. II.,	459
Family Poetry. No. V. A Tale of the Rhine,	481
My Cousin Nicholas. Chap. I., II., III., IV.,	486
The Indian's Revenge. By Mrs Hemans,	504
Edmund Burke. Part IX.,	508
Progress of Social Disorganization. No. III. The Prostration of Government,	526
The Sketcher. No. VIII.,	547
Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Local Courts,	562

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

To be published by Subscription, in Three Volumes, post octavo, price One Guinea and a Half,

THE LITERARY LIFE

AND

UNPUBLISHED MISCELLANIES

OF

JOHN GALT.

THIS Work will contain, in the Biographical part, an account of the origin and circumstances attending the conception and publication of the Author's separate productions, with various Literary Anecdotes. The Miscellanies will consist of Tales in the Scottish, English, and American dialects, with Essays on different subjects; also, various Schemes and Suggestions for Public Improvements, and Poems composed since the indisposition of the Author; together with a History of the Seven Years' War, somewhat similar in design to Schiller's Sketch of the Thirty Years' War.

The Work will be sent to press whenever a sufficient number of Subscribers is obtained.

Subscribers' Names received by Mr BLACKWOOD, Edinburgh, and Messrs LONGMAN, and Co., London.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXX. APRIL, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

BARON SMITH.

THIS was—and that not immemorial—when a single defeat told Ministers to resign, and when they would have been ashamed to retain their places for an hour, after having been left in a minority on a Ministerial question. But now—though beaten black and blue, over and over again—they will not budge, but keep as obstinately in their burrows as so many badgers. Shame, pride, honour, conscience—all once forbade our rulers to persist in being our rulers, in spite of the declaration of the House of Commons that they were unprincipled or incapable; nor would the country have endured such tenacity to office as is now exhibited by the rump of the Whigs, but plucked them from their places, and flung them aside like rubbish. The people seem now to have lost that power. There sit a set of men calling themselves a Ministry, all quarrelling with one another, suspected, despised, or hated by all parties, and yet at times all talking big, and all pocketing their salaries, as if they were toiling from morn to night for their country's good. Not a creature can you meet anywhere, out of the circle of their own immediate menials, who does not regard them with dislike, indignation, or disgust; and yet—look—there they sit—with honest Lord Althorp, now *apparently their head*—resolved to *sit for ever—immovable by groans or laughter—or rising up*, ever and anon, and insolently exposing honest Lord Althorp, then apparently their bottom, to the uplifted foot of the Nation, as if they dared it to attempt kicking them out of their shameful position. The sight is humiliating, and cannot be long witnessed without degradation of the national character.

What a House of Commons! It is not of the crowing of cocks, nor even of the braying of asses, that we complain—the imitations of the latter animal being generally perfect; nor is our wrath excited by those indescribable noises which baffle the art of the most skilful reporter. In a popular assembly it was still to be expected that there would frequently be heard oh! oh! oh! and even in a Reformed Parliament, we laid our account with meeting much expectoration. We have no objection to any quantity of coughing, provided it effect its purpose; but now nobody can be coughed down—not even Pease. Why should the House "here exhibit symptoms of impatience," each successive proser being a worser, till the debate is closed by an anonymous oddity from some manufacturing town, who, it is conjectured in the gallery, may be reading a lecture to the country-gentlemen in the unknown tongue?

A few years ago, it was ennobling to read the debates—though even then the age of eloquence was well

lencing of them who, without eminent endowments, spoke the words of truth and soberness, plain in their patriotism, homely in their eulogies as in their invectives, and inspired but by love of their country and institutions. The people were too free not to be discontented almost always with one thing or another in the conduct of every Ministry, and of every Parliament; nor were they ever choice or chary in their expressions about their rulers or their representatives. But they regarded both Houses with a respect and even veneration that were not shook in their minds by such temporary ebullitions of discontent or anger—however violent; and there was confidence—not undeserved—in the superior knowledge and wisdom, and in the integrity of public men. Is there the same confidence now—or has the character of the House of Commons risen, since the people got their own Bill, in the estimation of the people?

No—it has fallen almost to zero. Not a new man above mediocrity in talent—nor by the people themselves so esteemed; most of the popular members being sad dunces, and having nothing to pride themselves on

on any importan
most of the spe
pings and paring
we have found n
a single paragrap
cle in the Standa
than in many a d
three sides of th
name of one or o
rable papers. Th
the meanest cons
sorry and asham
pieces, and, afte
two, will be found
men. The Englis
ple.

The Conservati
Britain, fast gainin
Parliament it is t
serving a name.
are not an hundre
Whigs are so gener
by themselves the
a day. 'Tis a gr
so worthless; for
some virtue, comm
have been made v
Conservatives, wit
of principle on ou
other sacrifice w
cheerfully made by
but their country's
is impossible. Yet

they open their mouths and are fed, quoth he of the Admiralty; the one denounces all Corn Laws as expedients by which the landowners seek to enrich themselves at the expense of all other classes, and the other upholds them as essential to the very existence of the Empire. And they row in the same boat—and that boat is the vessel of the State! Sir James pulls the stroke-oar—and the lads on his side, by a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether, turn round the wherry, against all the efforts of their opponents in the same craft; and this is the way in which they seek to prosecute their voyage—racing against themselves amidst the shouts of the wondering spectators that line both shores! This is the Whig way of managing a vital question.

But this precious Government of ours has other fundamental features which it has lately been turning up to the public disgust. Its members do not behave like gentlemen. In the case of Mr Sheil their behaviour was such as would have excluded some of them from society if it had referred altogether to an affair in private life. We ought rather to have said, they did not behave like men. They appeared like frows in petticoats—elderly maiden ladies maliciously gossiping, over gunpowder tea, about the supposed frailties of a sister overtaken by a moment of softness. Lord Althorp's sex seemed more than doubtful—though we admit we thought him like an ox. Lord Brougham, we are sure, will forgive us for that simile—the use of which does not interfere with any simile of his—as he confines himself to bugs, and wasps, and vermin. Not till death can the Chancellor of the Exchequer hope to escape the sceptical doubts that pursued that perplexing personage—the Chevalier D'Eon. He railed—quailed—mumbled—stumbled—pouted—spouted—smiled—reviled—stammered—hammered—stuttered—spluttered—on his cheeks came a blush, from his lips went a slush—and all about nothing—and far less than nothing—and covered with glory he stuck to his story—till he burst like a bladder, and all that "windy suspiration of forced breath" *expired* like the *stink of a farthing candle*, that had *been illuminating* the stormy atmosphere of St Stephen's Chapel, and supposed to be at the least a comet.

Surely the men are not fit to be rulers over a country on whose dominion the sun never sets, who would be hissed and hooted, as malignant or idiot gossips, from the teatables of any pelting village. Think of William Pitt apologizing to a member in the House of Commons for such twaddle! Had Lord Althorp fainted on hearing Mr Sheil say he was satisfied, and fallen back in the arms of Mr Stanley, what a noble subject for a historical picture of the highest order! That scene in the House of Lords, with Chatham in a death-swoon, would have been unimpressive in comparison.

Never were there, surely, in this wide world, such credulous Ministers as these of ours. Why, they believe even O'Connell, and this brings them before us in an exhibition even more novel, where they are self-exposed, as in a pillory, to universal scorn. They court execration—and are absolutely enamoured of rotten eggs—as Danaë was of that shower of gold.

But it is time now to be serious—and from derision to pass over into indignation. In that former affair they looked like fools, and must have felt like fools; but in this they appear like something worse; and they will never get over it, unless the inhabitants of this country have indeed lost all sense of justice, and become indifferent to the sanctity of the law, and careless of the character of those whose high duty it is to administer the law, and to preserve its administration free from fear and favour, according to a conscience unswayed by King, Parliament, or People.

It was reserved to this—the worst Whig Ministry—to seek to subject the Judicial Bench to the tyranny of a demagogue whom their own imbecility had suffered to set the law of the land at defiance, and whose sedition was at that very hour being vicariously punished in the person and property of one of his tools, whom he had basely left to fine and imprisonment, while he lived at large on alms contributed for his support by paupers.

Had they themselves originated this measure, we might for a moment have believed that their mo-

his whip over a gang of slaves. How mean all their behaviour to that man! What signify all Stanley's sarcasms, cutting as they have sometimes been; what all Althorp's lowings, sulky as those of an ox recalcitrating to the goad, when the whole Ministry submit their snouts, like swine, to be ringed by their savage driver, and hold up their hinder legs to be noosed by him, that he may collect all the ties into one knot, and holding it in his sinister, and an iron-tipped thong in his dexter hand, may leeringly look on the drove in spite of all their obstinacy marching from Mullingar to Michaelmas, as if, so they think, according to the freedom of their own will, but, as the cunning Irishman knows, moved onwards by the magic of the string that encourages while it seems to control, and sends them all a-bristle and a-scamper to their own bed in the mire, which he has heaped up for them from a hundred ditches!

Had the Agitator's defeats been a hundred times greater than they have ever been—and sometimes he has indeed seemed to lick the dust at Stanley's feet, and even to shun the hoof of Althorp—one fatal

very shame they
ed the calumniat
aggravated the gu
his attempt to sha
tice, by incredible
to themselves, to
Parliamentary his
rallel. The Judge
motion was to be
ally told that it wo
sink—and his frie
into the House u
molish the lying a
they knew would d
found, not to thei
their disgust and
the motion was to
the whole strength
a shocking sacrific
one whom his cou
her best and wisest
not that a hair of hi
should be touched,
Ministry from perd

The Irish Secrets
ken truth, which so
people seem disp
must be by far the
in Christendom. I
told us, till his sma
volved in the final
Connell's speech, th
entered the vacuu

without throwing a slur on the character of the Judge; and Mr Stanley was pleased to say, in a subsequent debate, that the Judge must be anxious for farther enquiry, that he might vindicate himself from the charges to which the carrying of O'Connell's motion had given weight. Should those charges be proved, why, some of the Ministers and their friends thought Baron Smith should be cashiered; others, that he would merely resign; while all men of common feeling, that is, all men out of the Ministry, felt that were such an enquiry entered into, and all O'Connell's accusations shewn to be steeped in bitterest and basest falsehood, Baron Smith would not, though honourably acquitted, disgrace himself by remaining another day on that bench which would then be a seat but for slaves.

Is it credible, then, that Mr Littleton can be the blockhead he has boldly proclaimed himself to be? Not altogether incredible; for you cannot have failed to remark, that every week throws up a new blockhead more portentous than one and all of his predecessors, who, brought beside his bulk, all fall into shade. Thus but one blockhead at a time occupies the public eye, which seems capable of taking in something immense—and now has on its retina, let us trust, the image of the biggest possible of the breed, with the face freest of all human expression. And is he indeed to be re-shipped for Ireland?

But all the Ministers are not Littletons. Shame and sorrow to see Mr Stanley seeking to degrade the wise and good, whom in his better heart he must love and admire! He knows the sacred nature of a promise, and the inviolability of truth in the soul of a statesman. The path of duty lies plain before every man's feet, nor is there any danger of deviation into cross-ways to any man who but keeps his eyes open, and winks not in fear, or anger, or any other unworthy passion. We keep a promise, not by the letter merely, but according to its spirit, and that is felt by the conscience that palters not with us in a double sense, but *is ever clear* as daylight. *Nor will the people of England* tolerate *any plea that would justify* evasion; they abhor all shifting; and unless you be so, no special pleading, however ingenious, will ever persuade them that you are an honest man. Here there was much special pleading, but far, indeed, from ingenious; the Ministers and their menials became all loathsome Littletons of a smaller size, and the finger of public scorn has written indelibly their proper names on their brazen foreheads, which he who runs may read.

But what were the charges brought against Baron Smith by O'Connell? Such as carried with them, on their face, their own refutation. Look back on them now, and you blush to think they should have been entertained for a moment in any supposed assembly of gentlemen. How false they glare! He pictured the Judge as old, feeble, indolent, obstinate, prejudiced, bigoted, cruel, implacable, capricious, crazy,—a dangerous dotard, who changed day into night, and, that his absurd sleep might not be disturbed, huddled prisoners into the bar by dozens, and tried them during the dark hours without mercy or justice. All the while he was speaking, O'Connell knew there was not one word of truth in all these allegations; but he knew also the power of bold bluster over the timid and treacherous; a hundred times had he tried it in that House, as well as in the open air of Erin, and for once that it had failed, ten times had it succeeded; to gain his end, he had a hundred times been indifferently cajoler or cajoled, and frequently, by some sudden jerk, had wrested his object from the hands of the Incapables, or by some supple jugglery made it slip like quicksilver through their fingers—and now he trusted to frighten low-minded Littleton out of his small wits by a series of audacious falsehoods, till the trembling coward should not dare to defend the calumniated—so black should be the picture—but be wheedled into consent to a motion for Enquiry—not, mind ye, for removal from the Bench—oh, no, no, no—nothing of that sort—but a mere motion for Enquiry—a moderate and most humane motion that could hurt nobody's feelings—in itself injure nobody's character—and, by eliciting the truth, could no

...ssing contempt. The outrage was marked by every quality Englishmen most abhor. Over all were conspicuous fear and falsehood—the two united composed a mess of meanness, of which one look was an emetic to the stomach of John Bull, who instantly drenched the Ministry in vomit. There they were, shaking their ears in that shower like half-drowned rats—and a long course of fumigation will be required to restore Mr Littleton to any thing like his former sweetness—now he is rank and smells to heaven. It must be far from pleasant to Mr Gleig to approach at present too near his patron—Stanley is strong—and as for Mr John Campbell—he stinks in the nostrils, not only of the good people of Dudley, but of John-o'-Groat's.

The country on this occasion may be well proud of the Press. It saved the majesty—the purity—the sanctity of Justice. But one base blockhead abused Baron Smith, and commended Ministers, and of his interminable paragraphs no man taketh heed. The pothouses have long been impatient of the eternal drawl. All the Conservative papers of course did their duty—the Standard in the van. with his ...

affecting and irre
Mr Stanley to ha
this disgraceful aff
his former self—l
like himself—for '
us to cease to re
him—to have fre
conviction that all
ges against Baron
shattered to piece
could gather up—s
ced in that perfect
his evil genius—ob
ed, and he had not
the example of Sir J
too proud perhaps
tator even of the h
duct of a friend w
start of him in win
nions from all men
ority he had shewn
feelings in a case of
science. Was it M
haps we are mistak
of the House stultif
scinding its former
worse than stultif
infamous vote; an
shame adheres to i
one set of men cann
stain incurred by
praise is all with th
The Ministers did ...

the recollection of his own sulky submission to Mr Sheil still pinching his kidneys—and his desire, very naturally, being to see a judge in the same abject condition before the House, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the cases are not parallel—if produced, they will not meet. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had behaved to Mr Sheil like an eavesdropper who had lost retention of matter; and was forced to apologize to that gentleman—not on his knees, for Mr Hill had done that already—but on all his four hoofs, and down to the very tip of his tail, that trembled with shame and anger. He was in an attitude of humiliation; but Baron Smith was exalted by the insult he forgave, and all the world felt that an apology was due to him by the Ministry, by offering which, in the way open to them, they might have raised themselves out of the mire.

Sir Robert Peel had well said "that he had that conviction of the learned Judge's integrity, that he hoped he would not demean himself by any thing which could be considered tantamount to an apology. The learned individual was far advanced in years, and the infirmities of age might have somewhat quenched the energy of character for which he was once so remarkable; but he hoped that the learned Baron would feel that in his person he was fighting the battle of the independence of the Judges, and if he were conscious that no public inconvenience had arisen from his late hours,—if he had continued to deliver political charges, partly because he thought he was maintaining the cause of good government, partly because he thought he was encouraged and sanctioned by Ministers, partly because he was proud of seeing the appendices to the reports of the House of Commons graced by the publication of his compositions, and by doing so should draw upon himself the wrath of that House, he trusted that, if fall he must, he would fall without having submitted to the voluntary degradation of an apology."

Such noble expression of such noble sentiments should—beg our reader's *pardon—have muzzled* the *ox, even while he was* treading out *his neighbour's corn.* But there are animals who know not when to be mum. "If the learned Judge," said Althorp, "had authorized any member to state that he would not continue to pursue the course which had been complained of, he would not have been disposed to press for the enquiry; but, since it appeared, though Baron Smith had communicated with some honourable members, he had not authorized them to hold out any hope that he would alter his conduct, he would not consent to the proposal to discharge the order for the appointment of the Committee." Baron Smith had indeed held out no hopes to the House that he would alter his conduct; he had left the House to despair; not one drop of comfort could he send to the unhappy House; and it was clear that he cared no more for Lord Althorp than for a kyloe. Yet he wished to hurry no man's cattle, and had no objection to see his Lordship grazing away on clover in the field, or munching turnips in the stall, till he was fit for a Smithfield show. Wherefore all this passion for apologies? No man would ask another man for an apology, except in such extreme case as made the demand necessary to his own honour. Here nobody's honour had been touched, but that of the Judge; and no high-minded man would have permitted such a Judge to make any thing approaching to an apology had it been volunteered, even had he been of opinion that the charges in question had been too political; all his feelings would still have been for the venerable person who had been so brutally abused, and he would have rejoiced to sink all disapprobation "of the course complained of" in vehement indignation at the ruffianism of his calumniator.

Lord Althorp himself "was bound to say that the explanations given by the honourable member for the University of Dublin had entirely refuted the charge with respect to Baron Smith coming late into Court, and sitting to a late hour in Armagh." Now that was in truth the whole gravamen of the charge. O'Connell himself malignantly dwelt on it as such—and that charge having been refuted to Lord Althorp's satisfaction, why did he not turn round

Monaghan, the writer, as bound in his capacity of High Sheriff, waited on him with the calendar, which then contained the names of but twenty-four persons for trial. (Hear, hear.) The Sheriff congratulated the Judge on the prospect of a light assizes, and as the calendar at Monaghan was heavy, Baron Smith said he would remain there to assist the Chief Justice, on the Thursday on which he (Baron Smith) was to open the commission at Armagh. He accordingly sat for some hours in Monaghan, and thence proceeded to Armagh, and at three o'clock took his seat on the bench, and sat till seven o'clock. The next and every morning he went into court at half-past eleven; and here he (Mr S.) would observe, that there seemed to be some mistake about the hours at which courts in Ireland had been accustomed to sit. What he said on a former occasion was, that in Ireland, in the superior courts, it never had been the practice of the Judges to sit before eleven o'clock. Every day at the Armagh assizes, Baron Smith sat at half-past eleven o'clock; no complaint was made so far as regarded the sitting on the Friday. He (Mr S.)

and allow all per
ness at the assize
homes with all
tion. Would it
every hon. memb
at night was prod
mischief than it w
large number of
trial at the next
Smith took the b
turday morning, h
great and unprece
business, he sat un
twelve that night,
as he possibly cou
fringing on the S
the bench again o
same hour, half-pa
found the greatest
ting through the
for eighteen hours
off the bench. (Hear
a mere whim or
hear.) Could this
enjoyment to an ol
seventy-five years o
But, above all, was
duty? (Loud cheer
to bed for five ho
hours and a half he
bench to perform
(loud cheering for
and he sat from hal

ed Judge had been countenancing, in place of denouncing, agitation (cheers), what an excellent ground it would have been for a vote of thanks to have been moved to him by the hon. and learned gentleman. (Cheers.) The result of these extraordinary and most laudable exertions on the part of the learned judge was, that he had been confined to his bed by illness for a considerable time after his return to Dublin. (Hear.)"

It was this Armagh case that had staggered Mr Stanley; and yet, alas! after it had been thus disposed of, he persisted in supporting O'Connell against Baron Smith! The House, had it been pervaded by a spirit of common justice, such as actuates men in the ordinary affairs of life, would have scorned to pay the slightest attention to any other minor charges of the same kind, but taken it for granted that they were, one and all, odious excrescences sprouting from the body of this one big ugly lie.

But there was another separate and supplementary lie, which, after Baron Smith's triumph in the House, was cut down in the open day as by a scythe. O'Connell had insisted that Sir William did not go into Court, to try the police in the Castle Pollard affair, before half-past three o'clock; and farther imputed to him the having forced the Jury to continue the trial through the night, and coerced them into a verdict of acquittal. It was chiefly—so we think they said, though we do not believe them—upon this statement, that Mr Stanley and Lord Althorp opposed Sir Edward Knatchbull's motion. O'Connell made it on the authority of a Mr Patrick Egan of Moute. The Editor of the Standard from the first declared his disbelief in the existence of this pastoral swain. If there be such a person, we should like to see the inside of his tongue. For here is "The certificate of the petit Jury who tried the Castle Pollard case.

"We, the jury who tried the Castle Pollard case, having seen the statement in the newspapers, that Baron Smith proceeded with the trial in that case against *our will* and desire, *and coerced us by his* charge to acquit the prisoners, declare, that *neither of the above statements are the facts*, but quite the reverse; neither was it the case, that the trial was entered upon at half-past three o'clock. Baron Smith entered at about or before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the trial commenced almost immediately after, by calling the jurors; but so much time was taken up in putting jurors aside, and challenging and signing objections, that Sergeant Pennefather did not begin to state the case for the prosecution until about two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Charles Arabin, Foreman, Robert Matthews, John Thomson, R. H. Levinge, Christopher Adamson, John Smith, Robert M. Jameson, Peter Smith, Angier Brock, Peter Green.

"Captain Tennison Lyons, one of the jury, is dead above six months; and Mr John Black has since gone to reside in the county of Longford, but his signature is expected to be affixed to said certificate."

Sir James Grahame, before O'Connell's charges had been all thus refuted, torn to pieces, and trampled under foot, felt instinctively, and saw intuitively, that they were all false; but even if not all false, he nobly declared, "that as one who valued his own independence and character, if the motion were acceded to, and an address to the Crown presented for the removal of Baron Smith from his judicial situation, (supposing all the alleged facts proved,) it would be highly inexpedient, nay more, a most unjust proceeding. As an humble individual, whose character was dearer to him than any other consideration, he felt that he could not support his colleagues in the view they had adopted with regard to it. The present would be the most painful vote he had ever given, since he felt it incumbent upon him to draw himself from those friends with whom, during a life of some duration, he had had the honour of acting; but feeling, as he did, the proposition to be dangerous in itself, he conceived he should be betraying the trust committed to him by his constituents if he did not declare against it. He should never forgive himself were he to adopt a contrary line of conduct. He again professed his inability to argue the question; but felt he should no

discharge his duty to the satisfaction of his own mind unless he voted against the motion."

Sir James Grahame has already had his reward—the only reward he contemplated at the time he did his duty—the approbation of his own conscience and of his country. He has shewn that he is worthy of that esteem with which his character is generally regarded, and proved that he will never, by any weak or base act, under any temptation, sully that name to which he has in many ways given additional lustre. Three years of Whig rule may have deadened, but they have not extinguished the spirit of this once magnanimous nation; and though it gave him pain to sever himself, on this occasion, from his friends in the Ministry, he thereby gained a million friends, and if it be asked, "What will they say at Cockermouth?" it may be answered, "The same that they say all over Great Britain and Ireland—the First Lord of the Admiralty is a man of honour."

We have purposely avoided saying one word about Baron Smith's charges; for we wished first to expose the falsehood of all the accusations the incendiary urged against his character and conduct as a Judge. Political charges they indeed are; and full of the humanest wisdom. Therefore by O'Connell are they abhorred; therefore to an infatuated Whig Ministry are they hateful; therefore was Baron Smith marked out as a victim; and therefore did the voice of the people forbid the sacrifice.

These charges ought to be collected, and widely diffused—they would make at once a statesman's and a subject's manual. The King's Speech was far from being a very bad one, though its composition was execrable; and the charge of Baron Smith chiefly complained of by Lord Althorp, was, from beginning to end, a fervid exhortation to the most influential classes in Ireland, to crush sedition and preserve order by all the means and appliances recommended to the lieges by their most gracious monarch. We dare-*say Lord Althorp does not admire the style of Baron Smith's charges, for it is classical; but, being classi-*cal, it is [illegible]

ble compositions must have made a powerful impression on all educated men in Ireland, be their politics or religion what they may, for they breathe in beautiful language the beautiful sentiments of Christian love and charity, and call on all brethren to dwell together in peace. There are not wanting flashes of indignation to wither the wicked; but their general character is gentle, and the law which this good and great man desires to see all-powerful, is the law not of fear but of love. What other sentiments could have been uttered by that Judge whose only fault is—that he is too merciful—remembering ever that all men are criminals—and that pardon may often do the work of punishment—at the expense of far other tears?

We have much more to say—but must reserve it for other occasions. Meanwhile, we conclude with the beautiful close of Mr Shaw's speech, to which the heart of Ireland has responded with a voice of blessing on the honoured head which the Ministry hoped to humiliate, and with a voice of ban against all his persecutors and slanderers.

"I challenge the boldest adventurer in Irish agitation to stand forward before an assembly of English gentlemen, and bring a charge of the slightest corruption, partiality, oppression, or any other species of criminality against Baron Smith. Let them betake themselves to the veriest haunts of faction, turbulence, sedition, and cater in the fetid atmosphere of the most squalid misery and vice—let them include, nay, I should wish they would, every criminal that learned Judge (who, if he had a fault, it was that he was too humane) has ever tried, and I defy them to carry thence one single breath wherewith to sully the pure and untarnished reputation of that distinguished man. Has one individual dared, throughout the two nights of this discussion, to cast the shadow of an improper motive across the long and honourable path of his judicial life? What then! Will this House—the question is not whether they approve or disapprove of some particular phrase or figure, or some trifling unpunctuality—but without the imputation of a crime—without the charge of an offence—drag that venerable man—the father of the Irish bench—the head and ornament of Irish society—the pride of Irish literature—

vigour, his health, had illumined the brightest pages of Irish history; now—when the brightness of his former fame and great attainments was sinking into the peacefulness of retirement, full of years, covered with the honour, respect, and esteem of his entire country, and place him a criminal at that bar? Forbid it justice, honour, truth! Is there a generous mind, a feeling heart, a noble sentiment in Ireland, that would not revolt against an act of such grievous injury—such wanton, crying, cruel, unprecedented injustice? And who is his accuser? who is it—that asks you without evidence, and upon his mere statement, to condemn that aged and venerated Judge? The factious—turbulent—and seditious agitator; the man who caused the passing of a special act of Parliament against illegal associations—violated its provisions, and escaped its penalties by its accidental expiration—who is at this moment vicariously suffering in the person of another the punishment of that sedition of which he is this night the advocate—and whom you, this very Parliament, are now only holding within the bounds of allegiance and the limits of the law, by the provisions of an extreme and extra-constitutional statute. Is this the man at whose feet you will prostrate the laws of the land, and in place of their mild and salutary sway, set up the iron rule of his dictation? Will you subvert the judicial bench, and for it substitute the arbitrary will of one despotic tyrant? Will you render insecure our persons, our properties, and our lives? Will you, at his bidding, drive peace and safety from our homes, and leave us, our wives and children, at the mercy of the lawless agitator—a prey to the midnight murderer and the voluptuous assassin? Will you overturn the altars of our holy religion? I speak this in no spirit of religious or sectarian bigotry—I was myself friendly to the concession of political equality to my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen—I thought they would have then been content, but I was grievously mistaken. They cry aloud for the destruction of our Church; and if this policy be continued, it will but inflame the infuriate zeal, with which the Irish agitator thirsts for the life's blood of Protestantism. I speak not personally of Protestants, but religiously of Protestantism. If you confirm the vote, you set the most fatal precedent that ever was established in a British House of Commons. You abrogate the boasted charter of judicial independence, passed not to uphold the personal rank and dignity of the Judge, but as the best security of the rights and liberties of the subject. And as to Ireland—you will stab to the heart her laws, her liberties, her peace, and her prosperity; and with them will fall withered to the ground every hope of amelioration in the unhappy condition of that unhappiest of countries."

A STORY WITHOUT A TAIL.

CHAP. I.

HOW WE WENT TO DINE AT JACK GINGER'S.

So it was finally agreed upon that we should dine at Jack Ginger's chambers in the Temple, seated in a lofty story in Essex Court. There was, besides our host, Tom Meggot, Joe Macgillicuddy, Humpy Harlow, Bob Burke, Antony Harrison, and myself. As Jack Ginger had little coin and no credit, we contributed each our share to the dinner. He himself provided room, fire, candle, tables, chairs, tablecloth, napkins—no, not napkins; on second thoughts we did not bother ourselves with napkins—plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, (which he borrowed from the *wig-maker,*) tumblers, lemons, sugar, water, glasses, decanters—*by the by, I am not sure that there were decanters*—salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard, bread, butter. Plain and melted,) cheese, radishes, potatoes, and cookery. Tom Meggot was a cod's head and shoulders, and oysters to match—Joe Macgillicuddy, a boiled leg of pork, with peas-pudding—Humpy Harlow, a sirloin of beef roast, with horseradish—Bob Burke, a gallon of half-and-half, and four bottles of whisky, of prime quality ("Potteen," wrote the Whisky-man, "I say, by Jupiter, but of which *many*-facture *He* alone knows")—Antony Harrison, half-a-dozen of Port, he having tick to that extent at some unfortunate wine-merchant's—and I supplied cigars à discretion, and a bottle of rum, which I borrowed from a West Indian friend of mine as I passed by. So that, on the whole, we were in no danger of suffering from any of

man on board a pirate in the Brazilian service. "Ah!" said Jack, often and often, "these were my honest days—Gad—did I ever think when I was a pirate that I was at the end to turn rogue, and study the law."—All was accurate to the utmost degree. The table-cloth, to be sure, was not exactly white, but it had been washed last week, and the collection of the plates was miscellaneous, exhibiting several of the choicest patterns of Delf. We were not of the silver-fork

him punctual, an
table in less than
five. Down we s
ters, and eager fo
"Is there a par
said Jack Ginger,
the table.
"No," respond
"Then, thank
and proceeded,
grace, to distribu
and shoulders to
tude.

Chap. II.

how we dined at jack ginger's.

The history of that cod's head and shoulders would occupy but little space to write. Its flakes, like the snow flakes on a river, were for one moment bright, then gone for ever; it perished unpitiably. "Bring hither," said Jack, with a firm voice, "the leg of pork." It appeared, but soon to disappear again. Not a man of the company but shewed his abhorrence of the Judaical practice of abstaining from the flesh of swine. Equally clear in a few moments was it that we were truly British in our devotion to beef. The sirloin was impartially destroyed on both sides.

gillicuddy, wiping
the back of his han
"With pleasure,
"What wine do yo
may as well say po
other; but attentio
ways becomes a ge
"Port, then, if y
Joe, "as the ladies
when a man looks a
table."
"Hobnobbing w
Jack Ginger, layin
out of which he h
for the last few mi
sides, it is not

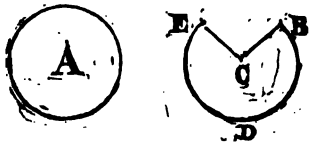
Antony's face would be like gilding refined gold.

Whether cheese is prohibited or not in the higher circles of the West End, I cannot tell; but I know it was not prohibited in the very highest chambers of the Temple.

"It's double Gloucester," said Jack Ginger; "prime, bought at the corner—Heaven pay the cheesemonger, for I shan't—but, as he is a gentleman, I give you his health."

"I don't think," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "that I ought to demean myself to drink the health of a cheesemonger; but I'll not stop the bottle."

And, to do Joe justice, he did not. Then we attacked the cheese, and in an incredibly short period we battered in a breach of an angle of 45 degrees, in a manner that would have done honour to any engineer that directed the guns at San Sebastian. The cheese, which on its first entry on the table presented the appearance of a plain circle, was soon made to exhibit a very different shape, as may be understood by the subjoined diagram:—



[A, original cheese; EBD, cheese after five minutes standing on the table; EBC, angle of 45°.]

With cheese came, and with cheese went, celery. It is unnecessary to repeat what a number of puns were made on that most pun-provoking of plants.

"Clear the decks," said Jack Ginger to Jerry Gallagher. "Gentlemen, I did not think of getting pastry, or puddings, or dessert, or ices, or jellies, or blancmange, or any thing of the sort, for men of sense like you."

We all unanimously expressed our indignation at being supposed even for a moment guilty of any such weakness; but a general suspicion seemed to arise among us that a dram might not be rejected with the same marked scorn. Jack Ginger accordingly uncorked one of Bob Burke's bottles. Whop! went the cork, and the potteen soon was seen meandering round the table.

"For my part," said Antony Harrison, "I take this dram because I ate pork, and fear it might disagree with me."

"I take it," said Bob Burke, "chiefly by reason of the fish."

"I take it," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "because the day was warm, and it is very close in these chambers."

"I take it," said Tom Meggot, "because I have been very chilly all the day."

"I take it," said Humpy Harlow, "because it is such strange weather that one does not know what to do."

"I take it," said Jack Ginger, "because the rest of the company takes it."

"And I take it," said I, winding up the conversation, "because I like a dram."

So we all took it for one reason or another—and there was an end of that.

"Be off, Jerry Gallagher," said Jack—"I give to you, your heirs and assigns, all that and those which remains in the pots of half-and-half—item for your own dinners what is left of the solids—and when you have pared the bones clean, you may give them to the poor. Charity covers a multitude of sins. Brush away like a shoeblack—and levant."

"Why, thin, God bless your honour," said Jerry Gallagher, "it's a small liggacy he would have that would dippind for his daily bread for what is left behind any of ye in the way of the drink—and this blessed hour there's not as much as would blind the left eye of a midge in one of them pots—and may it do you all good, if it a'n't the blessing of heaven to see you eating. By my sowl, he that has to pick a bone after you, won't be much troubled with the mate. Howsomever"—

"No more prate," said Jack Ginger. "Here's twopence for you to buy some beer—but, no," he continued, drawing his empty hand from that breeches-pocket into which he had most needlessly put it—"no," said he, "Jerry—get it on credit wherever you can, and bid them score it to me."

"If they will"—said Jerry.

"Shut the door," said Jack Ginger, in a peremptory tone, and Jerry retreated.

"That Jerry," said Jack, "is an uncommonly honest fellow, only he is the damnedest rogue in Londo

... The wine circulated with considerable rapidity; and there was no flinching on the part of any individual of the company. It was quite needless for our president to remind us of the necessity of bumpers, or the impropriety of leaving heel-taps. We were all too well trained to require the admonition, or to fall into the error. On the other hand, the chance of any man obtaining more than his share in the round was infinitesimally small. The Sergeant himself, celebrated as he is, could not have succeeded in obtaining a glass more than his neighbours. Just to our friends, we were also just to ourselves; and a more rigid circle of philosophers never surrounded a board.

The wine was really good, and its merits did not appear the less striking from the fact that we were not habitually wine-bibbers, our devotion generally being paid to fluids more potent or more heavy than the juice of the grape, and it soon excited our powers of conversation. Heavens! what a flow of soul! More good things were said in Jack Ginger's chambers that evening, than in the Houses of Lords and Commons in a month. We talked of every thing — politics ...

cend the throne
ed Louis Philipp
is never mentio
and drank the he
of Berri. Opini
what about the E
—some thinking t
on the Poles—oth
him for not squ
tighter. Antony
seen the Grand
when he was ca
with tears in his
trious prince—dec
oath, to have been
low. As for Leopol
ly voted him to be
and Joe Macgillicu
to say something c
the Prince of Oran
have, no doubt, m
Royal Highness, if
municated to him,
ver reached his ear

Turning to dom
gave it to the Whi
If Lord Grey had b
ing, he must have
—he never could
thunders of our elo
hundred and one G
been forgotten—he
before us. Had

zines, if the editors of those works would have had the perspicacity to insert them—and this we did with such ease to ourselves, that we never for a moment stopped the circulation of the bottle, which kept running on its round rejoicing, while we settled the affairs of the nation.

Then Antony Harrison told us all his campaigns in the Peninsula, and that capital story how he bilked the tavernkeeper in Portsmouth. Jack Ginger entertained us with an account of his transactions in the Brazils; and as Jack's imagination far outruns his attention to matters of fact, we had them considerably improved. Bob Burke gave us all the particulars of his duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th, and how he hit him on the waistcoat pocket, which, fortunately for the Ensign, contained a five-shilling piece, (how he got it was never accounted for,) which saved him from grim death. From Joe Macgillicuddy we heard multifarious narrations of steeple-chases in Tipperary, and of his hunting with the Blazers in Galway. Tom Meggot expatiated on his college adventures in Edinburgh, which he maintained to be a far superior city to London, and repeated sundry witty sayings of the advocates in the Parliament House, who seem to be gentlemen of great facetiousness. As for me, I emptied out all Joe Miller on the company; and if old Joe could have burst his cerements in the neighbouring churchyard of St Clement Danes, he would have been infinitely delighted with the reception which the contents of his agreeable miscellany met with. To tell the truth, my jokes were not more known to my companions than their stories were to me. Harrison's campaigns, Ginger's cruises, Burke's duel, Macgillicuddy's steeple-chases, and Tom Meggot's rows in the High Street, had been told over and over—so often indeed, that the several relators begin to believe that there is some foundation in fact for the wonders which they are continually repeating.

"I perceive this is the last bottle of port," said Jack Ginger; "so I suppose that there cannot be any harm in *drinking bad luck* to Antony *Harrison's wine-merchant*, who did *not make it the dozen.*"

"Yes," said Harrison, "the skinflint thief would not stand more than the half, for which he merits the most infinite certainty of non-payment."

(You may depend upon it that Harrison was as good as his word, and treated the man of bottles according to his deserts.)

The port was gathered to its fathers, and potteen reigned in its stead. A most interesting discussion took place as to what was to be done with it. No doubt, indeed, existed as to its final destination; but various opinions were broached as to the manner in which it was to make its way to its appointed end. Some wished that every man should make for himself; but that Jack Ginger strenuously opposed, because he said it would render the drinking unsteady. The company divided into two parties on the great questions of bowl or jug. The Irishmen maintained the cause of the latter. Tom Meggot, who had been reared in Glasgow, and Jack Ginger, who did not forget his sailor propensities, were in favour of the former. Much erudition was displayed on both sides, and I believe I may safely say, that every topic that either learning or experience could suggest, was exhausted. At length we called for a division, when there appeared—

For the jug,	*For the bowl,*
Bob Burke	Jack Ginger
Joe Macgillicuddy	Humpy Harlow
Antony Harrison	Tom Meggot.
Myself.	

Majority 1, in favour of the jug. I was principally moved to vote as I did, because I deferred to the Irishmen, as persons who were best acquainted with the nature of potteen; and Antony Harrison was on the same side from former recollections of his quarterings in Ireland. Humpy Harlow said, that he made it a point always to side with the man of the house.

"It is settled," said Jack Ginger, "and, as we said of Parliamentary Reform, though we opposed it, it is now law, and must be obeyed. I'll clear away these marines, and do you, Bob Burke, make the punch. I think you will find the lemons good—the sugar superb—and the water of the Temple has been famous for centuries."

"And I'll back the potteen against any that ever came from the Island of Saints," said Bob, proceeding

his duty, which all who have the honour of his acquaintance will admit him to be well qualified to perform. He made it in a couple of big blue water-jugs, observing that making punch in small jugs was nearly as great a bother as ladling from a bowl—and as he tossed the steamy fluid from jug to jug to mix it kindly, he sang the pathetic ballad of Hugger-mo-fane.

"I wish I had a red herring's tail," &c.

It was an agreeable picture of continued use and ornament, and reminded us strongly of the Abyssinian maid of the Platonic poetry of Coleridge.

Chap. IV.

How Humpy Harlow broke silence at Jack Ginger's.

The punch being made, and the jug revolving, the conversation continued as before. But it may have been observed that I have not taken any notice of the share which one of the party, Humpy Harlow, took in it. The fact is, that he had been silent for almost all the evening, being outblazed and overborne by the brilliancy of the conversation of his companions. We were all acknowledged wits in our respective lines, whereas he had not been endowed with the same talents. How he came among us I forget; nor did any of us know well who or what he was. Some maintained he was a drysalter in the City; others surmised that he might be a pawnbroker at the West End. Certain it is that he had some money, which perhaps might have recommended him to us, for there was not a man in the company who had not occasionally borrowed from him a sum, too trifling, in general, to permit any of us to think of repaying it. He was a broken-backed little fellow, as vain of his person as a peacock, and accordingly we always called him Humpy Harlow, with the spirit of gentlemanlike candour which characterised all our conversation. With a kind feeling towards him, we in general permitted him to pay our bills for us whenever we dined together at tavern or chop-house, merely to gratify the little fellow's vanity, which I have already hinted to be excessive.

He had this evening made many ineffectual attempts to shine, but was at last obliged to content himself with opening his mouth for the admission, not for the utterance, of good things. He was evidently unhappy, and a *rightly constituted* mind could not *avoid pitying his condition*. As jug, *however, succeeded jug*, he began to *recover his self-possession*; and it the fourth bottle of potteen was converting into punch, that he had a desire to speak. We had been for some time busily employed in smoking cigars, when, all on a sudden, a shrill and sharp voice was heard from the midst of a cloud, exclaiming, in a high treble key,—

"*Humphries told me*"—

We all puffed our Havannahs with the utmost silence, as if we were so many Sachems at a palaver, listening to the narration which issued from the misty tabernacle in which Humpy Harlow was enveloped. He unfolded a tale of wondrous length, which we never interrupted. No sound was heard save that of the voice of Harlow, narrating the story which had to him been confided by the unknown Humphries, or the gentle gliding of the jug, an occasional tingle of a glass, and the soft suspiration of the cigar. On moved the story in its length, breadth, and thickness, for Harlow gave it to us in its full dimensions. He abated it not a jot. The firmness which we displayed was unequalled since the battle of Waterloo. We sat with determined countenances, exhaling smoke and inhaling punch, while the voice still rolled onward. At last Harlow came to an end; and a Babel of conversation burst from lips in which it had been so long imprisoned. Harlow looked proud of his feat, and obtained the thanks of the company, grateful that he had come to a conclusion. How we finished the potteen—converted my bottle of rum into a bowl, (for here Jack Ginger prevailed)—how Jerry Gallagher, by superhuman exertions, succeeded in raising a couple of hundred of oysters for supper—how the company separated, each to get to his domicile as he could—how I found, in the morning, my personal

that unconstitutional band of gens-d'-armes created for the direct purposes of tyranny, and held up to the indignation of all England by the weekly eloquence of the Despatch—how I was introduced to the attention of a magistrate, and recorded in the diurnal page of the newspaper—all this must be left to other historians to narrate.

Chap. V.

What story it was that Humpy Harlow told at Jack Ginger's.

At three o'clock on the day after the dinner, Antony Harrison and I found ourselves eating bread and cheese—part of *the* cheese—at Jack Ginger's. We recapitulated the events of the preceding evening, and expressed ourselves highly gratified with the entertainment. Most of the good things we had said were revived, served up again, and laughed at once more. We were perfectly satisfied with the parts which we had respectively played, and talked ourselves into excessive good humour. All on a sudden, Jack Ginger's countenance clouded. He was evidently puzzled; and sat for a moment in thoughtful silence. We asked him, with Oriental simplicity of sense, "Why art thou troubled?" and till a moment he answered—

"What *was* the story which Humpy Harlow told us about eleven o'clock last night, just as Bob Burke was teeming the last jug?"

"It began," said I, "with '*Humphries told me.*'"

"It did," said Antony Harrison, cutting a deep incision into the cheese.

"I know it did," said Jack Ginger; "but what was it that Humphries had told him? I cannot recollect it if I was to be made Lord Chancellor."

Antony Harrison and I mused in silence, and racked our brains, but to no purpose. On the tablet of our memories no trace had been engraved, and the tale of Humphries, as reported by Harlow, was as if it were not, so far as we were concerned.

While we were in this perplexity, Joe Macgillicuddy and Bob Burke entered the room.

"We have been just taking a hair of the same dog," said Joe. "It was a pleasant party we had last night. Do you know what Bob and I have been talking of for the last half hour?"

We professed our inability to conjecture.

"*Why, then,*" *continued* Joe, "it *was about the story that* Harlow told *last night.*"

"The story begins with '*Humphries told me,*'" said Bob.

"And," proceeded Joe, "for our lives we cannot recollect what it was."

"Wonderful!" we all exclaimed. "How inscrutable are the movements of the human mind!"

And we proceeded to reflect on the frailty of our memories, moralizing in a strain that would have done honour to Dr Johnson.

"Perhaps," said I, "Tom Meggot may recollect it."

Idle hope! dispersed to the winds almost as soon as it was formed. For the words had scarcely passed "the bulwark of my teeth," when Tom appeared, looking excessively bloodshot in the eye. On enquiry, it turned out that he, like the rest of us, remembered only the cabalistic words which introduced the tale, but of the tale itself, nothing.

Tom had been educated in Edinburgh, and was strongly attached to what he calls *metapheesicks*; and, accordingly, after rubbing his forehead, he exclaimed—

"This is a psychological curiosity, which deserves to be developed. I happen to have half a sovereign about me," (an assertion, which, I may remark, in passing, excited considerable surprise in his audience,) "and I'll ask Harlow to dine with me at the Rainbow. I'll get the story out of the humpy rascal—and no mistake."

We acquiesced in the propriety of this proceeding; and Antony Harrison, observing that he happened by chance to be disengaged, hooked himself on Tom, who seemed to have a sort of national antipathy to such a ceremony, with a talent and alacrity that proved him to be a veteran warrior, or what, in common parlance, is called an old soldier.

Tom succeeded in getting Harlow to dinner, and Harrison succeeded in making him pay the bill, to the great relief of Meggot's half-sovereign, and they parted at an early hour in the morning. The two Irishmen and myself were s

[illegible] said Antony Harrison, "may I be drummed out if I can recollect another word."

"Nor I," said Meggot.

The strangeness of this singular adventure made a deep impression on us all. We were sunk in silence for some minutes, during which Jerry Gallagher made his appearance with the ale, which I omitted to mention had been lost by Joe Macgillicuddy. We sipped that British beverage, much abstracted in deep thought. The thing appeared to us perfectly inscrutable. At last I said "This never will do—we cannot exist much longer in this atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty. We must have it out of Harlow to-night, or there is an end of all the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent. "I have credit," said, I, "at the widow's, in St Martin's Lane. Suppose we all meet there to-night, and get Harlow there if we can?"

"That I can do," said Antony Harrison, "for I quartered myself to dine with him to-day, as I saw him home, poor little fellow, last night. I promise that he figures at the widow's to-night at nine o'clock."

"Sir," replied H
nicknames—it is a
mind to use them—a
brought here only t
shall not trouble y
with my company."

Saying this, the lit
his hat and umbrella,
of the room.

"His back is up,"
gillicuddy, "and the
trying to get it dow
he is gone, because
made him pay for an

But he was gone,
again—and the story
known. Yea, as und
the hieroglyphical w
ancient Egyptians. I
sure, in the breast of
there it is buried, ne
into the light of day.
the world—and means
it, there, in my opinio
The world must go
and states and empir
tinue to flourish and
out the knowledge o
that Humphries told H
is the inevitable cours
For my part I

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

Chapter II.

"Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."—*Othello.*

When I came to myself I was sitting in the small muddy path through which our antagonists had been driven. About a fathom from me, partly hid by the mangrove bushes, lay the dead body of one of the white crew of the polacre. He had fallen across a stout branch, that shot out horizontally from one of the trees at a height of about a foot from the ground, so that, while his feet and legs rested on the soft black alluvial soil on one side of it, his head and relaxed arms hung down on the other. He was dressed in the striped shirt already mentioned, largely open at the breast, and wide white fisherman's drawers, that reached to the knee, made of some strong cotton stuff of the same fabric as the India salampore, so that the garment looked like a Greek kilt. It was fastened at the waist by a red silk sash, one end of which hung down over the branch across which he lay, apparently saturated and heavy with black blood, that gave it the appearance of a large purple tassel. His collapsed loins, where he was doubled over the branch, looked as thin and attenuated as if he had been shot in two, and his prominent chest and lower extremities merely connected by his clothing. His feet and legs, as well as his arms, were bare—his shirt-sleeves extending only three inches below his shoulder; and it was a fearful sight to look on the death-blue colour of the muscles, which no longer stood out in well-defined and high relief, but had fallen and assumed the rounded appearance of a woman's limbs. The crown of his head touched the ground, resting on his long black hair, that had been worn turned up into a knot, but was now spread out in a rich tress, a foot beyond him. He had ear-rings in his ears, and a broad gold crucifix tied round his neck by a cord of spun hair—Alas for her whose raven locks composed the *strands of it!* His *mouth was open, but his eyes* were closed as if he slept; and a small coal black tuft of hair on his chin, under his nether lip, startled one, from its conspicuousness in contrast with the deathly pallor of his face. He was a very handsome youth, yet the features inverted, as his head hung down, assumed from this circumstance an expression so unusual, yet so soft and so touchingly melancholy, that although I had often looked on death before, even in my own miserable plight I could not help noticing it, and being moved by it. There was no wound that I could see, but thick black gouts were slowly trickling from the white fresh splintered end of the branch that had been split off in the rush, across which he lay; but this was only noticeable at the splinter-mark, the sluggish stream being invisible, while it crept from his body along the dark green bark of the limb of the mangrove-tree. A small pyramid had already been formed on the ground, directly below the end of the branch, by the dropping of the coagulating blood. The whole scene was pervaded by the faint mysterious light of the subdued sunbeams, as they struggled through the screen of motionless leaves, above where the dead corse slept in the deep cold shadow, that to the eye of one suddenly withdrawn from the glare of the tropical noontide, appeared to approach absolute darkness; still a soft green ray, or *pensil*, like moonlight piercing the thick woven leaves of a summer arbour, fell on and floated over the face and one of the naked arms, until the still features appeared to become radiant of themselves—as if they had been blanched by it into the self-luminous whiteness of fresh hewn alabaster.

It was in truth a most piteous sight, and as the image of my aged parent rose up, in my extremity, before my mind's eye at the moment, I held up my feeble hands to heaven, and prayed fervently unto the Al-

mighty to bless her declining years, and, if that my race were indeed run, and that now in very truth my place was to know me no more, that my sins might, for Christ's sake, be forgiven me. "Alas, alas!" thought I, bowed down by intense suffering to the very dust, "may he too not have had a mother?" For a minute, as I slowly recovered from the stunning effects of the shot, I sat observing all this, and pressing the torn skin of my forehead to my temples with one hand, whilst with the other I kept clearing away the blood as it flowed into my eyes; but by the time I had perfectly recovered my recollection, my sympathy vanished, all my thoughts became absorbed, and my energies, small as they were at the time, excited in almost a supernatural degree by the actual approach of a hideous, and, in my helpless condition, probably the most appalling danger that a human being could be threatened with.

For a second or two I had noticed that the branch across which the dead Spaniard lay, was slightly moved now and then, and that some object was advancing from beneath it, out of the thicket beyond. I was not long left in doubt, for one of the noble blood-hounds now dragged himself into the light, and wriggled from amongst the mangroves to within a fathom of me. At first when he struggled from beneath his master's body, he began to lick his face and hands, and then threw his head back with a loud whine, in expectation of some acknowledgment. Alas! none came; and after another vain attempt, pain seemed to make the creature furious, and he seized the arm next me by the wrist, making the dead bones crackle between his teeth in his agony. All at once he began to yell and bark, although at intervals he turned his fierce eyes on me, and then swung his head violently back, and again howled most piteously.

All this time I could hear the loud shouting of our people in the distance, and a scattering shot now and then, but the work nearer home was more than sufficient to occupy me, for the dog, after another moment *of compa*rative repose, suddenly *raised himself on his fore*-paws, and *for the first time I could* see that he *had been shot through the spine* near the flank, so that his two hind-legs were utterly powerless, and trailing on the ground.

He scrambled on a foot or two further towards me—again all was still, and he lay quiet with his nose resting on the ground, as if he had been watching his prey; but the next moment pain appeared suddenly to overcome him again, and once more he stretched out his fore-paws straight before him, and throwing his head back, he set up the most infernal howl, that ear ever tingled to. "Merciful powers! can he mean to attack me?" thought I, as the fierce creature left the dead body he appeared to be watching, and reared himself on his fore-legs, with open mouth, and tongue hanging out, uttered the most fearful cries, between a fierce bark and a howl, and again attempted to drag himself towards me. I made a desperate effort to rise, but could not; and in the prospect of so dreadful a death, I shouted for aid, as loud as my feebleness would let me. Once more suffering seemed to overcome the creature's ferocity, and he stopped and yelled again.

Although I was still in some degree bewildered, and almost blinded from the blood that continued to flow down my forehead, and the flap of skin that covered my left eye, so as effectually to seal it, acting as a deadlight as it were; still, for dear life, I grasped my cutlass—alas, the blade was broken short off by the hilt! My left hand then mechanically clutched my belt where my pistol hung—"Ah, *it* is there, any how." I instantly changed the broken blade into my other hand, and with the coolness of despair cocked the pistol in my right, and lay still, awaiting the approach of my fierce antagonist, under the tremendous persuasion that my fate was inevitable if I missed him. As I looked in breathless dread, he suddenly gave a scrambling wallop towards me—"I am done for—God have mercy on me, and receive my soul!" Another scramble. I felt his hissing hot breath; and the foam that he champed from his fangs, as he tossed his head from side to side in a paroxysm of rage and pain, fell like snow-flakes over my face. "Now is the time!" I thrust the pistol into his mouth, and pulled the trigger. Almighty

powers! it flashed in the pan! With my remaining strength I endeavoured to thrust it down his throat, as he coughed up blood and froth into my face; he shook his head, clutched the weapon in his teeth, and then threw it from him, as if in disappointment that it had not been part and portion of his enemy, and again made a snap at my shoulder. I struck at him with my broken cutlass—he seemed not to feel the blow—and throwing myself back as far as I could, I shrieked in my extremity to that God whom I had so often slighted and forgotten, for mercy to my miserable soul. Crack—a bullet whizzed past me. The dog gave a loud, long howl, gradually sinking into a low murmur as his feet slid from under him, and his head lay open-jawed on the mud—a quivering kick of his feet—and he was dead in reality—as I was figuratively from fear.

"Hillo," quoth old Clinker, the master-at-arms, who had come up from the boats, "who is this fighting with beasts at Ephesus, eh?" The moment he recognised me, the poor fellow made his apology, although, Heaven knows, none was required.

"Beg pardon, sir; I little thought it was you, Mr Brail, who was so near being worried by that vile beast."

I breathed again. The bullet that had so nearly proved my quietus at the commencement of the action, had struck me on the right temple, and, glancing, had ran along my whole forehead, ploughing up the skin, as I once saw a fallow field torn by a thunderbolt, until it reached the left eye, where it detached a large flap of the skin, that, as already mentioned, hung down by a tag over my larboard daylight, fairly blinding me on that side.

"Here, Quintin, and Mornington," said Clinker, to two of the people, who followed him, "here, lend a hand to bring Mr Brail along, will ye?" They raised me on my legs, and gave me a mouthful of grog from a canteen, and we proceeded, following the voices of our shipmates. Comforted by the cordial, I found my strength return in some measure; and when I was once satisfied that no bones were broken, that I was *in fact only* and *simply kilt*, *my spirits revived*, and before we overtook our allies, having bathed my wound with rum, and bound it with my handkerchief, I was quite able to walk, and talk, and in a certain degree to take care of myself.

The path continued for about half a mile farther, and in all that route we no longer heard or saw any indications of our comrades. "Why, there is no use in all this," said old Clinker; "they must have taken another direction, so we had better return, and wait the young flood to enable us to back out of the scrape."

I considered this the wisest advice that could be given, and right-about-face was the word, when a scapegrace of a marine, who had straggled from the main body, suddenly came running at the top of his speed from the advance, and sung out,—"Lord, sir, and messmates, come here, come here!"

"Why, what do you see?" responded Clinker.

"Why, sir, here is the queerest sight I ever see'd in all my born days."

"What is it, man? what is it?" exclaimed one of the old quartermasters of the ship, as we bowled along, following the man; but the fellow gave no answer, but skipped on before us like a dancing-master. Presently we arrived at an open space, situated apparently at the head of the tortuous mangrove-fringed creek that we had landed in. The channel of it was dry, all above the crook, about fifty yards from us, where it bent towards the east, and full of black slimy mud, overarched entirely by the black snake-like roots and branches of the mangroves, whose upper branches, as usual, supported a thick matted canopy of green leaves, while all below was bare naked convolutions of green weather-stained stems and branches. The muddy canal seemed to end at this spot, under the dark green shade of the bushes. In its obscene channel, hauled close up to the head of the creek, lay a large Eboe canoe, about fifty feet long, the bottom hollowed out of one single tree, but the top-sides were built of some kind of hardwood plank, so as to raise the gunwale about a foot above the ledge of the original vessel. The two bamboo masts were unshipped, and stowed amidships on the thwarts, and

appearing to have been mixed with white ashes, and then baked, or rammed down into a hard floor. This open space was girdled in with a thick forest of cashaw trees on the land side, through which several paths opened; while on every other, except the small space where it opened on the head of the creek, it was surrounded by thick mangrove bushes. In the very centre of the cleared space stood a native house, a long, low, one-story, mud building, about forty feet in length, by fifteen wide, and thatched with the leaves of the dwarf palm. It had one large aperture in the roof amidships, raised a foot or two by piled turf, from which curled up a thick stream of blue smoke; but there was no opening on the side we approached it from, beyond a low door, not above three feet high; indeed, the eaves of the house itself were not above four feet from the ground.

Right in front of us, and precisely opposite the door, ensconced in a curious nondescript chair of wicker-work, sat, very drunk apparently, and more than half asleep, a ponderous middle-aged negro, dressed in a most primitive fashion, his sole article of clothing being a common woollen blanket, with a hole cut in the

Peake by name, stole u
whether or no the afor
taken a small pull at his
not tell, but he rattled
of the dormant savage,
sleeping beauty, if you
in a twinkling where
Spanish raggamuffins
away, by Saint Patric
make free to waken
point of this cutlass h
way by no means cer
all, at all;" and suiting
the word, he gave the
pheus a very sufficing
the point of his weapo
region of the midriff, w
taneously extracted a
of any Bengal tiger tha
tumbled up to see. P
howling subsided int
sounds, but not one o
could make any thing sh
of the barbarous exclam

"Now, my darlin'," co
middy, "try toder tack,
he again excited the sav
reals, after a very sharp
the same instrument, an
was louder than before.

"Now, may the dev
with me," quoth the
will blow your brain

rhinoceros. By this time Davie Doublepipe's attention was attracted to a noise within the house. "Now, Master Blueskin," said he, "have the kindness to open the door there;" and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, in a voice of thunder he exclaimed—"Surround the house, men. Shoot any one who tries to escape."

All this seemed at length to arouse our sluggish friend, who immediately got up, and staggered a few paces towards the margin of the wood, where a most remarkable object met our eyes. It was a Fetish hut or temple, composed of a shed about ten feet square, raised on four bamboos. From the eaves or thatch of the roof, to the ground, might have measured ten feet; and three feet below the roof there was a platform rigged, on which sat the most unearthly and hideous production of the hand of man that I had ever witnessed. It was a round, pot-bellied, wooden figure, about two feet high, with an enormous head, a mouth from ear to ear, and little, diminutive, spindly legs and arms. A human skull, with the brain scooped out, but the red scalp, and part of the hair, and the flesh of the face adhering to it, while the lower jaw had been torn away, was hung round this horrible-looking image's neck. Immediately beneath there was a heap of white smouldering cinders, as if the embers of a large fire had been swept together, with three or four white bones protruding from the glowing fissures in the cake of white ashes, which, from their peculiar shape and extraordinary whiteness, gave me some shuddering qualms, as to the kind of living creature to which they had belonged. The whole space round the heap, under the platform on which the Fetish stood, as well as the posts of the rude and horrible temple itself, was sprinkled with fresh black spots like dried blood.—I doubted exceedingly whether the same had ever circulated through the hearts of bulls or goats.

"Now, my good man, bestir you, and let us into the house," said I, by this time renovated by another *small pull at a marine's* canteen.

The surly savage, who, in his *attempt to escape, had fallen* headlong, and had all this while lain as motionless as a coiled up hedgehog, now slowly opened his eyes, and peered at me with a sort of drunken gravity—but he did not speak. I took the cutlass from the midshipman—"Now, my darling, if you don't speak, it is spitting you on this same that I will be after;" and accordingly, to corroborate my word, I made a most furious demonstration with the naked weapon, when he sung out, in great terror, "Stop, massa, me is Sergeant Quacco of de—West India, and not a savage nigir natural to dis dam country. Long live Kin Shorge, massa."

"Why," said Lieutenant Sprawl, "how came you here, my beauty—tell us that?"

"Surely," quoth Blackie; "no objection in de wide world, but"—

Here our people had forced the door of the long shed, on the opposite side from where we were, and we could hear from their shouts that they were now in the interior of the house. This entirely discomposed our new friend, and seemed to sober him all on a sudden, if, indeed, the appearance of inebriety had not been assumed for the occasion. "Ah, dere—all is known—all known. Call off your people, gentlemen—call off your people. Oh, what is dat?"

Here several pistol-shots were fired in the house, and the clink of steel was heard, and loud shouting, in Spanish as well as English.

"Who are in the shed?" I called out,—"Who are concealed there?"

"How de debil can I tell?" said the man—"How de debil can I say?"—and he started from his chair, where he had again bestowed himself, and made a bolt, with intent to escape.—I tripped up his heels.

"Now, you scoundrel," said I, as the fellow lay sprawling on the ground—"confess who are concealed there, or I will run you through where you lie."

"I will confess," shrieked he—"I will confess—de crew of dat dam poleacre is dere, and her cargo of one hundred fifty slave, is dere—so sink, burn, and destroy dem all, if dat pleasure massa; but don't cut my troat, please, massa—don't, I beg you, cut my troat—God bless you, massa—Oh—oh—no cut my troat, please good massa?"

each of which might have made a very passable battering-ram.

The uproar increased. "Zounds!" said he, "the fellows are mad;" and he started off round the northernmost end of the shed, finding that all attempts to force the door on the side next us proved futile. Presently the topman, and two marines, who had remained beside him, also bolted to "see the fun on the other side of the house," and left me alone with the savage to whom allusion has already been made.

It was now "the uproar, with variations," as old Bloody Politeful's two voices swelled the row. I looked at the negro, weak and worn-out as I was. "And can I manage him, in case he shews fight?" thought I. He seemed to be taking the same measure; for by this time he had gathered himself up, and advancing a stride or two from his seat or bench, he appeared to balance himself, and weigh his gigantic proportions against my comparatively tiny thews and sinews; and like a tiger about to make his spring, he now drew suddenly back, and crouched, concentrating all his energies, as it were. Time to make a demonstration, thought I; and I thereupon drew a pistol from my belt, and opening the pan, slapped it with —

with great force on m
but on the instant I sh
the muscle of his upl
down he tumbled, r
very devil. I had sta
stant I pulled the trig
of the long building,
stant of time, gave
rushed four white n
part of the crew of th
—followed by our peo
I was, I stood up to t
and I appeared to hav
for he instantly thre
arms. The crackling
tinued; bursts of blue s
from the roof; presen
intermingled with brig
the yells arose even lo
ble, from the inside;
rushed our people, he
redoubtable Davie Dou
self, who was thrashing
in his usual style, until
vanished, and he had t
nise me.

"Hillo, Brail," said
what *has* come over yo
wounded you?"

"That black rascal t

"The devil! shall
the savage where he lie

"No, no—attend to

savages appeared streaming out of the door, as fast as they could run, as if flying from instant death—chiefly men, old and young, and well-grown children, and several elderly women—the ancients staggering along after the more nimble as fast as their feebler strength would admit. They rushed forth, all as fast as they could, never halting, until they had landed up to the waist in the muddy creek, and an interval of half a minute elapsed, when several of the women made signs that there were still some of the miserable creatures within; and indeed this was but too sadly vouched for, by the shrill and heartrending cries that continued to issue from the burning shed. Old Bloody Politeful was at this time standing in the middle of the open space, with the four middies, and Pumpbolt, and about ten men, grouped around him. The rest being employed in various ways—some in an unavailing attempt to extinguish the fire—the others in guarding the prisoners, when all at once the first lieutenant sung out—"Men, there are women and children burning there—follow me." The men he spoke to were British seamen—could he have said more? And away they rushed after their heroic leader, stumbling over each other in their anxiety to succour the poor helpless beings within. A minute of most intense suspense followed, when upwards of a dozen women rushed out from the flaming hut, sheltering, with their bent bodies and naked arms, their helpless infants from the sparks and fire, and falling timbers; and even after they had escaped, and had couched at our feet, the cries and groans from amongst the burning mass too fearfully evinced that numbers of our fellow-creatures, in all likelihood the most helpless of the party, were still in jeopardy, nay, in very truth, were at that instant giving up the ghost. Our crew did all they could to get the remainder of the poor creatures out, but many perished in the flames.

It was evident that this had been the depôt of the polacre's cargo. About fifty human beings, chiefly women, were saved, and placed huddled *together in the* centre of the *open space; presently* several of the *white Spaniards, who* had held on in the shed amidst flame and smoke, that I thought more than sufficient to have suffocated any man of woman born, started off into the woods, and disappeared, all to the five whom we had seized, and who were placed beside, and secured along with the captive blacks. Those we had taken were surly, fierce-looking bravoes; and when we asked them any questions, as to the name and character of their vessel, they only smiled savagely, as much as to say—"*Our* vessel! where is she *now*? You are none the better for her at all events!"

"Brail, my dear," said Lieutenant Sprawl, "what is to be done? Had we not better be off with our white prisoners, and take fresh instructions from the captain?"

"If the tide will let us," said I; "but the boats are high and dry in the creek, and we have lost the only opportunity that offered for burning the polacre; had we confined ourselves to that object, and kept the boats afloat, we might have accomplished it where she lies at low water."

"Better as it is," rejoined Sprawl—"better as it is; we found no slaves on board, and might have got into a scrape, had we set fire to her in cold blood.—No, no! let us be off and try and launch the boats. Here, men, secure your prisoners; shall we carry the black Broker—this respectable resetter of human beings—with us, Brail—eh?"

"Why, we had better," said I; "we may get some information out of the vagabond; so kick him up, Moses;"—he was at this moment lying on his back, apparently in a trance—"up with him, pique him with your boarding pike, my man."

The seaman I had addressed did as he was desired; but the fellow was now either dead-drunk, or had sufficient nerve to control any expression of pain, for the [illegible] hard thumps and sharp prog[illegible] received, produced no apparent effect. He lay like a log through them all; even the pain of the wound in his arm seemed insufficient to keep him awake.

"Why, what is that—do you hear that?" said I, in great alarm; for several dropping shots now rattled in the direction of the boats. All was still for a minute, and every

was turned to catch the sound, during which time we distinctly heard in the distance a loud voice hail,—

"Come out from beneath the bushes there, you villains, or we shall fire a volley."

Again there was a long pause—a horn was sounded—then another—and a wild confused yell was heard, mingled with which the musketry again breezed up, and we could hear from the shouts of our people that the covering party at the boats had been assailed. When the first shot was fired, the black resetter lifted his head, anxiously, as if to listen, but seeing my eyes were fixed on him, he instantly dropped it again. But the instant he heard the negro horns, and the yells set up at their onset, and the renewal of the firing, he started to his legs, as active as a lynx, and before any of us could gather our senses about us, he was on the verge of the wood, when all at once a thought seemed to come across him, and he turned, and hung in the wind for a moment, as if irresolute whether to bolt or turn back. At this moment one of our people let drive at him, but missed him, although the ball nipped off a dry branch close above his head. He instantly ran and laid hold of one of the pillars of the frame that supported the abominable little idol. Another shot was fired, when down tumbled his godship on the head of his worshipper, who instantly caught the image by the legs, and seeing some of our people rushing to seize him, he let go his hold of the upright, and whirling the figure round, holding on by its legs, he let drive with it at the man nearest him, and dropped him like a shot. He then bolted out of sight, through one of the several muddy paths that opened into the mangrove thicket landward.

"No time to be lost, my lads," [illegible]d old Davie; "keep together;"—then, in his thorough bass, "Don't throw away a shot; so now bring along your prisoners, and let us fall back on the boats—that's it—march the Dons to the front—shove on, my fine fellows—shove on."

The firing had by this time slackened in the distance, but the cries had increased, and were now rising higher and fiercer as we approached. [illegible] place of our former conflict. Heavens! what a scene presented itself! It makes one's blood run cold to reflect on it, even after the lapse of years. On the platform lay three of our people and two Spaniards stark and stiff, and already stripped naked as the day they were born, by whom Heaven only knows, while half-a-dozen native dogs were tearing and *riving* the yet scarcely cold carcasses, and dragging the dead arms hither and thither, until our near approach frightened them away, with a loud unearthly scream, of no kindred to a common bark.

One fierce brute, with his forepaws planted, straight and stiff, before him, on a dead body, was tugging with his front teeth at the large pectoral muscle, occasionally letting go his hold to look at us, and utter a short angry bark, and again tearing at the bleeding flesh, as if it had been a carcass thrown to him for food. Another dog had lain down, with a hold of one of the same poor fellow's cold hands. Every now and then he would clap his head sideways on the ground, so as to get the back grinders to bear on his prey; and there the creature was, with the dead blue fingers across his teeth, crunching and crunching, and gasping, with his mouth full of froth and blood, and marrow, and white splinters of the crushed bones, the sinews and nerves of the dead limb hanging like bloody cords and threads from ——Bah!—you have given us a little *de trop* of this, Master Benjie.

Two wounded Spaniards were all this time struggling in the soft mud beyond the platform; their lower limbs, and in fact their whole bodies up to the arm-pits, had already settled down into the loathsome chaos. Some of our people were soft-hearted enough to endeavour to extricate them, but "Get along, get along—be off to the boats will ye, be off to the boats, if you wish to sleep in a sound skin," shouted by Mr Sprawl, made all hands turn to the more engrossing affair of self-preservation.

But as it was some time before we could all string over the stockade, and the single plank that led to it from the platform across the mud, I could not help remarking one of the poor fellows who appeared to have

blood on his face, and he appeared very pale. His struggles had gradually settled him up to the chin in the mire—he was shrieking miserably—he sunk over the mouth—his exertions to escape increased—the mud covered his nose—he began to cough and splutter for breath—while he struggled hard with his arms to keep himself above the surface—had he been one of the best swimmers alive—alas! he was now neither on earth nor in water—his eyes were still visible. Father of mercies, let me forget their expression—their hopeless dying glare, as he gradually sunk deeper and deeper into the quagmire. Oh! what a horrible grave! He disappeared, but his hands were still visible—he clasped them together—then opened them again—the fingers spread out, and quivered like aspen leaves, as he held them up towards heaven in an attitude of supplication.

By the time the last of our stragglers had dragged their weary limbs into the enclosure, the shouting and firing again waxed warm in the direction of the boats, so we made all sail towards them the instant we had scrambled over the rude stockade, leaving the other wounded Spaniard, who lay in a harder part of the mud, to his fate, notwithstanding the poor fellow's heart-piercing supplication not to be left to perish in so horrible a manner as his comrade, who had just disappeared. We advanced as rapidly as we could, and presently came in sight of this new scene of action. The boats were filled with our people who had been left to guard them, but were still aground, although the flood was fast making. They had evidently made the most desperate attempts to get them afloat, and had been wading up to their waists in the mud. Four white Spaniards were blazing away at them, and at least one hundred and fifty naked black savages were crowding round the head of the creek, and firing from half-a-dozen old rusty muskets, and throwing spears made of some sort of hard wood burnt at the ends, while several were employed cutting down the mangroves and throwing them into the mud, so as to be able to pass over them like a mat, and get at the boats. One or two of the demonlike savages were *routing* on bullocks' horns, while six or seven had already fallen wounded, and lay bellowing and struggling on the ground before the well-directed fire of our people.

"Advance, Mr Sprawl, for the love of heaven," the midshipman in charge of the party in the boats sung out—"advance, or we are lost; our ammunition is almost out."

Our own danger made it sufficiently evident, without this hint, that our only chance of safety was by a desperate effort to drive our opponents back into the wood, and there keep them at bay until the boats floated.

"Ay, ay, my boys," cried I, "keep your fire—don't run short."

"Confound you, don't fire," continued Mr Sprawl, "or you will hit some of us," as several of the boat's crew nearest us continued, notwithstanding, to pepper away; then to his own people—"Follow me, men; if we don't drive them into the wood," as Mr Brail says, "till the tide makes, we are lost."

"Hurrah!" shouted the brave fellows, "we shall give them a touch of the pike and cutlass, but no firing.—Hurrah."

We charged them, and the black savages and their white leaders were in an instant driven into the recesses of the jungle, but not before we had captured three more of the white Spaniards and seven of their black allies. Our object being in the meantime attained, we now called a halt, and sent back a man to the boats, with orders to advise us the moment they were afloat. Worn out and feeble as most of the party were, from want of food and fatigue, many fell asleep, leaning against trees, or slipped down on the twisted roots of the mangroves. Every thing had continued quiet for about a quarter of an hour, no sound being heard beyond an occasional shout or wild cry in the recesses of the brushwood, when all at once the man we had despatched to the rear, came rushing up to us at the top of his speed.

"The boats will be afloat in ten minutes, sir."

"Thank heaven, thank heaven," I exclaimed.

"But an Eboe canoe," continued the man, suddenly changing my [illegible] into sadness, "with more [illegible]

and be off to the boats—so send the wounded forward; the officers and marines will bring up the rear. So heave ahead, will ye; but no rushing now—be cool, for the credit of the ship."

The instant we retreated the sound of the negro horns and drums again commenced; the yells rose higher than ever, and dropping shots whistled over-head, clipping off a leaf here and a dry branch there. We sculled along; the noises behind us increasing, until we once more reached the head of the creek. The boats were by this time not afloat exactly, but the advance of the tide had so *thinned* the mud, that it was clear, if we could once get the people on board, we should have little difficulty in sliding them into deep water. However, the nearest could not be got within boat-hook length of the bank, and two of the oars being laid out to form a gangway, no sooner did the first seaman step along them, than—crack—one gave way, and the poor fellow plumped up to the waist in the mud. If we were to get disabled in our fins, certain destruction must ensue; this was palpable to all of us: so we had

fifteen years of age.
my voice seemed to r
lifted his head; but th
prisoners, whom we h
board, on the instant,
one common impulse,
overboard, and althou
up to the waist, they
rate attempt to reach
leading one, who see
been an officer, shoutin
allies in the wood,
una golpe bueno, y somos
golpe fuerte, y somos
was the signal for a ge
the combined column
thicket of black naked
on by the white crew
As they rushed down
the poor wounded lad
perate attempt to rise;
a step or two staggering
creek, he looked behin
savages, who were ad
loud shouts. He then
as pale as ashes, and li
digo, and eyes starting
ket, called out, "For t
of Jesus, shove ahead,
Oh! Mr Sprawl, save m

waist, another laid hold of him by the hair, and before he could free himself, the latter drew his knife round his neck, and the next instant the trunk, with the blood gushing from the severed arteries, was quivering amongst the mud, while the monster held aloft the bleeding head with its quivering and twitching features.

"Heaven have mercy on us—Heaven have mercy on us," said I, but we were now widening our distance fast, although I could see them strip the body with the speed of the most expert camp-follower; and while the Spaniards on shore were, even under our fire, trying to extricate their comrades, all of them wounded, who were floundering in the slime and ooze, the black allies were equally active in cutting up and mutilating the poor boy with the most demoniacal ferocity, and . . . . . I dare not attempt further description of a scene so replete with horror and abomination. We poled along, with all the little strength that a day of such dreadful incidents, and a climate of the most overpowering heat and fearful insalubrity, had left us. At length the creek widened so as to allow us to ply our oars, when we perceived the large Eboe war-canoe, already mentioned, in the very act of entering the narrow canal we were descending. As we approached, we had an opportunity of observing the equipment of this remarkable craft; it was upwards of sixty feet long, and was manned by forty hands—twenty of a side, all plying their great broad-bladed paddles. These men sat close to the gunwale of the vessel on each side, and were sufficiently apart to leave room for upwards of fifty men and women to be stowed amidships. These last were all bound with withes, or some kind of country rope; and although there were no serious or very evident demonstrations of grief amongst them, yet it at once occurred to me, that they were slaves sent down to our black friend's depôt, to await the arrival of the next vessel, or probably intended to have completed the poleacre's cargo. An old white-headed, *yellow-skinned negro*, bearing *the tatooed marks of a high-caste man of his tribe on his* square-featured visage, and having the skin marked as if it had at one time been peeled off his temples on each side, was seated in the bow. He evidently took us for part of the crew of some slaver lying below. He shouted to us, and pointed to his cargo; but we had other fish to fry, and accordingly never relaxed in our pulling, until at five in the afternoon, we were once more on board of the felucca. On musteringwe found seven missing, four of whom I knew had been killed outright, and no fewer than fourteen wounded, some of them seriously enough. The first thing we did was to weigh and drop down out of gunshot of the fort, when we again anchored close under the bank on the opposite side of the river. By the time we were all snug it was near six o'clock in the evening; and the wild cries and uproar on the bank had subsided, no sound marking the vicinity of our dangerous neighbours, excepting a startling shout now and then, that gushed from amongst the mangrove jungle, while a thick column of blue smoke curled up into the calm evening sky from the smoking ruins of the house. Presently, thin grey vapours arose from the surface of the stream on each bank, and rolled sluggishly towards us from the right and left, until the two sheets of mist nearly met. Still a clear canal remained in the middle of the noble stream, its dark flow now circumscribed within a space that a pistol-shot would have flown across point-blank, and apparently banked in with wreaths of wool, or blue smoke. In a few minutes the mist on both beams rose gradually for about ten minutes, until the bushes beyond it, on each side on the river's brink, appeared as if a gauze screen had been interposed between us and them. It continued gradually to roll back, right and left, landward, until it folded over and overlapped the mangroves on the shore, creeping along the tops of them, and leaving the air clear as crystal above its influence, where presently the evening star rose sparkling as brightly as if it had been a frosty sun-set. This had no sooner cleared, than, right ahead of us, a thicker body of mist than what had floated off from the banks, came rolling down the river, in like manner as it

sing above ten or twelve feet from the surface of the water, where it hung in a solid mass, without in any way melting into the clear atmosphere overhead. When it reached within a cable's length of us, it became stationary, and owned allegiance to the genius of the sea-breeze, becoming thin and smoke-like until it blended into the dissipating vapours from the banks. It was the most noxious I ever breathed—"A palpable, and visible marsh miasmata, the yellow fever in visible perfection," quoth Lieutenant Sprawl.

Through this mist, the glowing sun, now near his setting, suddenly became shorn of his golden hair, and obliged us with a steady view of his red bald globe; while his splendid wake, that half an hour before sparkled on the broad rushing of the mighty stream, converting its whirling eddies into molten gold, was suddenly quenched under the chill pestilential fen-damp, and every thing looked as like the shutting in of a winter's night in Ould Ireland, with a dash of vapour from my own river Lee, which has mud enough to satisfy even a Cork pig, and that is saying a good deal. Had we only had the cold, the similitude would have been perfect.

The sun set; and all hands, men and officers, carried on in getting themselves put to rights as well as they could, after a day of such excitement and such stirring incidents. None of the wounded, I was rejoiced to find, were likely to slip through our fingers; but the fate of the poor fellows who were missing—What was it? Had they been fairly shot down, or sabred on the spot, or immolated afterwards—or, after what we had witnessed, what might it not have been? The surgeon's mate, who constituted part of our appointment, was a skilful fellow in his way, and I had soon the gratification to see all the men who had been hurt, properly cared for. As for my own wound, thanks to the profuse hæmorrhage, the sensation was now more that of a deadening stunning blow than any thing else; and with the exception of the bandage round my head, I was *not a great deal the* worse, neither *to look at, nor indeed* in reality.—*Old Davie Doublepipe* and I had ving taken all the precautions that men could do in our situation, we sat down, along with old Pumpbolt the master, the two reefers, who had come in the frigate's boats, and little Binnacle, to our salt junk and grog.

"A deuced comfortable expedition, Brail, my darling, we have had this same day."

"Very," responded Benjamin Brail, Esquire. "But here's to you, my man," rapidly followed: "*Dum vivimus vivamus*,—so spare me that case bottle of rum."

However, we were too awkwardly placed to spend much time over our frugal repast, as the poets say, and presently we were all on deck again. How beautiful, and how different the scene. A small cool breath of air from the land had rolled away the sluggish mists from the broad bosom of the noble river, and every thing overhead was once more clear and transparent. The bright new risen moon was far advanced in the second quarter, and cast a long trembling wake of silver light on the dark rushing of the broad stream, sparkling like diamonds on the tiny ripples, while the darkened half of the chaste planet herself was as perfectly visible, as if her disk had been half silver and half bronze. Her mild light, however, was not strong enough to quench the host of glorious stars that studded the deep, deep firmament, which was without a cloud. On either bank the creeping sickly fog had disappeared, and the dark black banks were clearly defined against the sky, the one shore being lit up by the rising moon, and the other by the golden track of the recently set sun.

The smoke over the site of the conflagration, which had been pale grey during the daylight, became gradually luminous and bright as the night closed in; and every now and then, as if part of the building we had seen on fire had fallen in, a cloud of bright sparks would fly up into the air, spangling the rolling masses of the crimson-tinged wreaths of smoke, that now shone with vivid distinctness. At length the light and flame both slowly decreased until they disappeared altogether, leaving no indication as to their where-

"Come," said I, "we may all turn in quietly for the night. The savages ashore there seem at length to be asleep."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when a strong bright glare, as if a flame from a heap of dry wood chips had suddenly blazed up, once more illuminated the whole sky right over above where we had seen the sparks and luminous smoke, while a loud concert of Eboe drums, horns, and wild shouts, arose in the distance.

"Some vile Fetish rite is about being celebrated," said I.

The noise and glare continued, and with a sickening feeling, I turned away and looked towards the rising moon. Her rays glittered on the gurgling and circling eddies of the river, making every trunk of a tree, or wreath of foam as it floated down with the current, loom clear and distinct, as they swam in black chains and dark masses past the sparkling line her chaste light illuminated. I had leaned for near a quarter of an hour with folded arms, resting my back against the lowered yard, admiring the serenity of the scene, and contrasting it with the thrilling events of the day, and pondering in my own mind what the morrow was to bring forth, when a large branch of a tree, covered with foliage, floated past and attracted my attention, the leaves twinkling darkly in the night breeze between us and the shining river. Immediately a small canoe, with two dark figures in it, launched out from the darkness, and swam down the river into the bright wake of the glorious planet, and floated slowly across it, on the bosom of the mighty stream, that rolled past like a sheet of molten silver. The next moment it vanished in the darkness. I saw it distinctly—there could be no mistake.

"I say, friend Sprawl,"—he was standing beside me enjoying the luxury of a cigar,—"did you see that?" pointing in the direction where the tiny craft had disappeared. He had also seen it.

"We had better keep a bright look-out," continued I; "those savages may prove more venturesome in the darkness than we chose this morning to *believe possible*."

I kept my eye steadily in the direction where we had seen the canoe vanish; but she was still invisible, and nothing for some time occurred to create any alarm. Every thing continued quiet and still. Even the shouting on shore had entirely ceased. On board of the felucca, the men were clustered round a blazing fire forward, that cast a bright red glare on the dark rushing of the mighty stream as it whizzed past, lap-lapping against our bows, and closing in on the rudder, that *cheeped* as it was *jigged* from side to side by the water with a buzzing gurgle; while the small round whirling eddies, visible by the tiny circles of white froth and hissing bells, where the divided waters spun away as if glad of their reunion in our wake, and then rolled down astern of us, blending together in one dark eddy, wherein the boats under the tafferel sheered about, with the water flashing at their bows, like so many captured hippopotami, until I expected every moment to see the taught painters torn away.

The wounded by this time were all stowed snugly below, but the figures on the crowded deck of the little vessel glanced wildly round the crackling fire. Many of the men, who had floundered in the slime of the creek, appeared like absolute statues of plaster of Paris, when the mud had dried on them, as they busily employed themselves in picking off great patches of the hardened filth that adhered to their clothes like greaves and cuisses. Some were engaged cooking their food; others were cleaning their arms; while the grog went round cheerily, and the loud laugh and coarse jest evinced the buoyancy of young hearts, even while they sat within ear-shot of the groans of their wounded comrades, and while the bodies of those who had fallen were scarce cold, and the most appalling dangers to themselves had just been surmounted.

I was now called below by the surgeon's mate to inspect the condition of the wounded. Old Bloody Politeful accompanied me. None of the sound part of the crew had yet turned in, but, in the hurry of going ashore, all their hammocks had been left slung; and, as the between-decks was barely five feet high, it was rather a bothersome matter to navigate

... the little perforated tin domes at the top of them sufficiently evinced. Immediately above the lanterns, that were suspended each by a piece of spunyarn about six inches long, on each side of the beam, where it had been bevelled away, was arrayed a whole swarm of cockroaches in two semicircles, one on each side of the timber, with their heads inward, and their long feelers in perpetual motion, like the spears of the serried phalanx of old,—a more courageous beetle than the rest, every now and then making a forward movement of a step or two, until the heat of the ascending flame scorched him back again. However, we soon had to attend to other matters.

The first amongst the wounded that I had occasion to address was the corporal of marines, of whom mention has been before made, one of the boats'-crews who were leagued with us. He was a fine handsome young fellow—a Scotchman. When we came down he was speaking to a messmate, who stood beside his hammock helping him to some drink.

"Oh, man," said he, "did ye no remark the clearness and stillness of the creek, after leaving the muddy rushing of the river, just before the

in a moment amang
blue hills and heather
clear saugh-fringed s
too, rippling bonnily
owre their half-dry ch
sand and pebbles, t
louping *plump, plu*
swirls at the bottom
the grey flies, and th
up the rushing stream
zag like fire-flaughts
dowy bank till anothe
the while, I was consc
be between disease,
cauld iron, I was but
ven—we'll no name t
Oh, that thocht of my
upon my mind like a
shine on a stormy sea

Presently the poc
peared to become h
and to breathe very
and I had by this ti
heads up between the
mocks.

"Well, Lennox, w
wrong with you?" sa

"Nothing very pa
the answer; "only I
I am about departing

"What place?" saic

"Ou! I just meant
your honour, that I w

ing from violent dysentery,—indeed, he had been ill before he left the Gazelle, and this very morning the surgeon had given him eighty drops of laudanum,—but, notwithstanding, he would not on any account be left behind, indeed he insisted on going in the boats. It was soon evident, however, that even during the attack he was unnaturally elevated by the effects of the medicine; for although a known and tried hand, and acknowledged to be one of the bravest men in the ship, yet his extraordinary conduct had startled many of us, myself amongst others. When the long shed was set fire to, for instance, I thought he was drunk, for he kept swaggering about, with half shut eyes and speaking to himself, in a manner altogether unaccountable, knowing as I did the character of the man; but in the tumult I had at length lost sight of him.

"What makes you so down-hearted, my man?"

I now saw that the poor fellow was evidently still under the influence of laudanum, after the exhilarating effects had evaporated. It afterwards came to my knowledge, that the surgeon, seeing his weak state when the boats got on board again, had given him another dose, but this had not yet had time to operate.

"What makes you so down-hearted?" I repeated.

"Down-hearted!" he rejoined, his eyes twinkling brightly; "down-hearted, bless your honour! I was rather so certainly some time ago, but now I begin to feel myself growing the happiest fellow in the whole ship,—yes, the happiest—happy—hap"——and he fell over into a short troubled snooze.

Some time elapsed, and I had removed to another part of the vessel, when I again heard his voice.

"Stand clear until I get out—don't you hear them call all hands?—so,"—and before I could prevent him he had floundered on deck.

We lifted him into his hammock again. He still continued to breathe very hard. At length he looked me right in the face,—

"I say, master-at-arms—Lord! what a comical dream I have had! Why, we were all ashore cutting out,—*what, do you think?*—a little heathen god, defended by bull-dogs!—and a devil of a good fight he made of it, ha, ha, ha!—We were too many for him though; and when we had set fire to his house, and split the skulls of a thousand of his people or so, the little grinning, monkeyfied son-of-a-gun, just as I was taking aim at him, jumped down from his perch, and flew like a cannon-shot right against me, giving me such a settler, ha, ha, ha!—Zounds! only fancy Jack Lennox mentioned in the return, as 'Killed by a heathen god! the bloody little image pitching itself right into his stomach!'—ha, ha, ha!"

And so in truth it was. For when our friend Sergeant Quacco bolted, after finding the shrine of the Fetish no sanctuary, and had whirled the image amongst us, the uncouth missile had brought up in the pit of poor Lennox's stomach sure enough, and had there told most fearfully.

All of the wounded complained greatly of thirst, scarcely one of them in his groanings saying a word about the pain of his wounds.

Another poor fellow, an Irishman, who belonged to the frigate's mizen-top, had got a cruel cut transversely down his cheek, which it had fairly laid open.

"Well, Callaghan," said I, "how do you get on? Ugly gash that—spoiled your beauty, my fine fellow. But never mind—Greenwich at the worst under your lee, you know."

He looked at me, with a face as pale as death, but with a comical expression notwithstanding, and a bright twinkle of his eye—

"Please you, sir, tobacco juice nips like fury."

"I don't doubt it. But what have you to do with it at present? Wait until your wound gets better. Surely you have not a quid in your cheek now?"

He sucked in his sound cheek; but the exertion started the plaster-straps that had been applied across the wound in the other, and the blood again began to flow.

"Blazes!" said he, "if that d—d quid won't be the death of me!" and thereupon he hooked it out of his potato-trap with his finger, and threw the cherished morsel with great violence from him.

Here our Scotch friend again broke in upon us—"I say, you Clinker—yo

...ness, but followed up as this was by his speaking of a *contusion*, a word utterly unknown amongst the crew on the berth deck, I became riveted to the spot, and most anxiously desirous to know something more of our marine. I had stepped a few paces towards the ladder, when my curiosity again drew me to the side of his hammock.

"I say, friend, wha may ye be?" said the man—in common routine of the ship, I had never noticed his Scotch accent, more Scotch now, by the way, than it usually was—"I say, friend, what for do you persevere in haunting me in this way?"

"Why, my good man, I am only endeavouring to see you and the rest of the wounded properly cared for—believe me, I have no desire to bother you or any one else."

"It may be all vera true," said the man, turning himself, apparently with great pain, on his back; "it may be vera true—but noo, sin I am persuaded that I dona dream, let me gather the sma' wits God has gi'en me, weel about me. Let me see—let me see—we all ken the service we were ordered on this blessed morning—nane better than Saunders Skelp—what am I dreaming o'? Jack Lennox. I mean—gude ha...

The poor fellow o...

"Tipsy! me f... back and drew a l... porpoise. He in... nued—"Ay, and I... after all—but wha... taunts me thereane... niously, and me ma... It was na *yeer* sill... me, I'se warrant, if... sma' manners hav... puir cheil like me... my certie, whisky... plentier than gentl... the day, or foo I ne'... —Foo!"

I was now much... the poor fellow, an... ded the wounded r... the cot next him t... round to the other... addressed our ec... "Now, my good m... don't want to teaze... doctor says he has... you, I again ask you... thing for you; have... to leave?"

"I say, freen'," fap... fellow, "the doct... damned,"—this was... plain, if not very co... "and it will not br...

Mr Brail; but never mind, dinna massacre him, noo since you have ta'en him—never abuse a prisoner."

I began to get tired of this, and was about moving from where I stood, and going on deck, when, on turning round, I found the ladder had been unshipped on purpose to afford access to some locker behind it, and Sprawl and I, unless we had chosen to give additional trouble to poor devils who were most of them sufficiently *done* already, were obliged to remain a little longer where we were. Immediately after this Lennox again sung out, "Neebour, can you tell me whar about we are, eh?"—and before I could answer he continued, "Hech, man, he's but a puir shilpit cretur, that Brail lad." I was half inclined to be angry at this unceremonious opinion of my personal qualifications, but to be thus apostrophized to my face, was so very absurd, that I laughed in spite of myself. "A puir bit animal, sir," the man continued—"and tak my word for it, Saunders Skelp's word, that he must have been ony thing but gleg at the uptack. The chiel, I'se warrant, was slow, slow at his lair—a kind of *yird taid* as it were—and what the deevil that hairum-scairum Captain of ours, Sir Oliver, could see in the animal to take him to sea with him as leetenant, I'm sure I canna tell. But then the Commodore is sickan a through-ither kind o' chap himsell, that whan ane has time to reflect on't, there is nay miracle in his drawing to this camsteerie callant, Benjie Brail, after all."

I could no longer contain, so smothering my laughter the best way I could, I left him, and made my visits to the other poor fellows; when finding them all as comfortable as in their melancholy predicament they could be, I desired that the ladder might be shipped again, and was in the act of ascending when I heard our friend Skelp again maundering to himself.

"God, to have seen the bir with which the wee heathen god flew richt through the air, and gied me sickan a devel in the wame. Hech, it is ominous—vary ominous, and I'll die o't, I'll die o't. It is maist awfu' het in this cursed *hole*; oh for a *green tree and a cool breeze!*

'Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.'"

A long pause.

"Lord, but it's chokey!"

I laughed outright, and so did Sprawl. Saunders noticed this, and in his delirium began to laugh too.

"What's that skirling like the curlew one moment, and grunting like a nine farrow pig the other? I say, friend, what kittles ye sae? Come here, my wee man, come here," and raising himself in his hammock he stared idly into my face, and then shook his head violently. "Heard ever any Christian the like o' that?" said the poor corporal; "hear till that," and he again walloped his *cabesa* from side to side; "dinna ye hear hoo my brain is dried up and knotted in my *cranium* by this vile fever? Safe us, it's aw into lumps like aitmeal in brose, and noo the lumps have hardened intil a consistence like flint,—losh! how they rattle in my skull like chucky stanes in a wean's rash-basket!" Another shake of his head. "Ech, the very fire-sparks are fleeing from my ee. I wonder if they can be hardened ideas; at ony rate they have struck fire frae ilk ither. Do ye ken I could write poetry the now—I'll be up and overboard, if ye dinna haud me. I'll be up and overboard."

Discreet even in his madness, he had given warning and time for the hint to be taken by his messmates, and he was now forcibly held down.

As he lay back he continued to murmur, "Oh, puir Saunders Skelp, puir Saunders Skelp, that ye should hae gotten yer death-blow frae a bloody wee heathen god, and you the son of a minister's man—a godly bairn of the Reformation!" Then shaking his head, as if his own exclamation had startled him, "Saunders Skelp—wha ca's on Saunders Skelp—there is nae Saunders Skelp here, I trow? As for you, ye wee blackened deevil," (me, Benjie Brail, viz.) "Oh, man, if I had gotten the educating o' ye, my taws wad hae driven mair lair intil ye at the but-end, than ten Southern maisters wha appeal till the head."

Our attention was here diverted by the hail of the look-out on deck.

"Boat, ahoy!" A pause. "Coming here?" Still no answer.

the voice, but we cannot see the man who shouts, sir."

Both Davie Doublepipe and myself strained our eyes to catch the object; for although it was a bright moonlight overhead, yet astern of us the thick mist that had rolled down the river, and still hovered in that direction, concealed every thing under its watery veil.

Presently we heard the splash of a paddle, and a voice shouted out, "Oh, dis current, dis current! I never sall be able for stem him. Send a boat to pick me up; do—send a boat, massa."

This was one thing I begged to decline doing.

"My man, whoever you may be, you must shove ahead, and get alongside yourself, for no boat shall be sent to you until we make you out."

Here we could hear the creature, whatever it was, puff and blow, and the splashing of the paddle became louder, while every now and then it gave a thump with its open palm on the side of the canoe, or whatever it might be it was in. At length a small dory, as it is called in the West Indies, a tiny sort of canoe, shot out of the fog, with a dark figure paddling with all his might in the stern, while a slighter

don't know him if you got your h you desarve it—al

A momentary fe shot across me, bu the whole affair in and, in spite of m help laughing.

"Well, well, Cli this man, and the w him, will ye? and supper in the cabin

The lieutenant our walk on the con little vessel for a qu when the steward announced that su We went below, wh in a small way had l well attended to; burning cheerily, the covered with an i cloth, although non and two well-filled d neriffe sparkled on t a beautiful junk of and a dish of taties with the steam smok the cracks in them, a bottle of capital ol assurance of a small fort after the disast of the day.

Speaking of

ly at the start, to sup with me, along with Dick Marline, one of the master's mates of old Gazelle, and young De Walden, another reefer of the dear old barky, a most beautiful boy; he was sixteen, tall and handsomely, although slightly, framed. So far as I can judge, the youngster might have stood five feet ten. He might have been more. He had his shoes on, but no stockings — very wide trowsers—no waistcoat nor jacket, but a broad white-and-blue striped shirt, folded very far back at the throat, and no neckcloth. He wore an enormously broad-brimmed straw hat, with a black ribbon round it, in rather a natty bow on the left side, while his loins were still girt with his by no means maiden sword. As I was diving into the cabin through the small companion, he came up to me—"Do you know, sir, that I cannot sup with you to-night? I hope you will excuse me."

"Indeed, Master De Walden," said I, "I cannot; you must come; I am sure a glass of wine will do you good."

"I know, sir, I know, and am very much obliged to you; but—but I have no clothes, sir. I wet my jacket this morning in weighing the stream-anchor, and the only other one is so covered with mud, that really I am unable decently to appear in it."

"Poo, never mind, boy; come down in any way you choose."

We adjourned to the cabin. My brother lieutenant, as pleasant a fellow as ever stepped, notwithstanding his peculiarities, and old Pumpbolt and myself, sat down at one side of the small table, having first deliberately taken our coats off. We were confronted by little Binnacle, and the other midshipmen, who came down immediately after. Young De Walden sat in his trowsers and shirt, with his black silk handkerchief tied only once round his neck, and a red silk handkerchief round his waist. The dress set off the handsome young fellow's figure to great advantage, the fineness of his waist giving a beautiful relief to the spread of his shoulders, while his beautifully moulded neck, white as the driven snow, contrasted strikingly with his *fine but sun-burnt countenance. His hair curled in short black ringlets far back on his large marble* forehead, "smooth as monumental alabaster." That is a fine turned sentence now, but I am quite certain that all this portended early baldness.

The salt junk was placed on the table, and we all began our operations with great zeal; the biscuit vanished in great quantities,—the boys were happy as princes, the smallest, my own tough bargain, little Binnacle, becoming talkative, when who should walk into the cabin but Sergeant Quacco himself? He had diversified his loveliness after a most remarkable manner; first, he was naked as the day his mother bore him, all to his waistcloth of red serge. He had sandals of coarse untanned leather on his feet, a cross belt of black leather slung over his right shoulder, which supported a bayonet without a sheath, and into which the rust had eaten, the whole affair being irregularly honey-combed, while his broad chest and brawny arms were tatooed with gunpowder or indigo, into the most fantastic shapes that one could dream of. On his head he wore an old military shacko, the brass ornaments cruelly tarnished, and he carried a long wand of a wild cane in his hand, of the thickness of my thumb, and about ten feet high, the top of which kept rasp, rasping against the roof of the low cabin as he spoke.

"Hillo, steward, what do you mean by this, that you let these savages turn us out of house and home in this manner?"—Then addressing the interloper—"my fine fellow, you are a little off your cruising ground, so be after making yourself scarce—Bolt—vanish—get on deck with you, or I shall be after swearing a very ugly oath."

"Massa, massa," quoth the man, "easy for you chuck me oberboard—nobody can say you shan't,—but only listen leetle bit, and I know you yourself shall say my hargument good for someting."

There was a pause, during which he civilly waited for me to speak, when finding I had no inclination to do so, he continued—

"Ah I know, and I older [illegible] you, massa, people never [illegible] trike when dem blood [illegible] in de case of fight [illegible] Ah alway walk, mal

and consider of de reason of de ting."

I was rebuked before the poor black savage, and I suppose he saw it in my face, for all at once he gathered courage, and approached close to me, and placing his large black paw—I noticed the palm was a dingy white—on my arm between the elbow and wrist, he looked up into my face,—

"Massa, you have not got one wife?"

"No, I have not."

"But, massa, you can fancy yourself to hab one wife."

I nodded.

"Well den, I go on. Suppose you hab one comfortable house, plenty pig dere, yam grow all round, orange tree blossom close to, plantain throw him cool shadow over all, bending heavily in de breeze, over de house, wid de fruit ready for drop into your mout, when you look up at him; de leetle guinea pig squeak here and snort dere; we hab pineapple and star-apple—oh, wery sweet—de great corn (maise dem call him) grow all round de house, pease cover him like one vine, and your servants are working and singing, and de comfortable sunshine is drying everyting, and closing all de beautiful flowers in him sleepy heat, and you are sitting in your chair, wid some small drop of grog after you hab eat good dinner of goat, and maybe one broiled fis, and just when you take your pipe, light him, and put him into your mout—crack—one musket-shot sing over your head—you jomp—(who would not jomp?—Debil himself would jomp)—and before you can tink—flash—one sailor make blow at your head wid him glass-clear cutlass. And ah, massa, suppose de worstest come, and dese strangers set fire to your quiet hut, after beating and bruising you, and de flames begin to crackle and hiss over de wery apartment where you know your wife is, and are consuming all your goods at de same time; and dem black people were my goods, for if you had left we to ourself dis morning, I should have got two hundred doubloon, and five hundred piece of check clot, *from de Spanish* Captain, for dose *one hundred and fifty* slave, who to *prevent dem from* being miserable to be happy in Heaven." And he smiled in great bitterness of spirit.

I was much struck with all this, and looked steadfastly at the poor creature, who was standing right opposite me with his arms folded in all the dignity of a brave man, who considers his fate sealed. There was a long pause. When he next spoke, it was in a low melancholy tone.

"De morning sun when him first sparkle on de waterdrop dat hang like diamond on de fresh green leaf, shine on me dis wery morning, one rish and happy man—one leetle chief—master of all dem ting I speak about. White man-of-war peoples come. Sun set in de west—red trou de sickly fog, leaving every wegitable yellow and dry and dusty—who him shine on now—on me, Quacco, once more—aye, but Quacco widout house, or home, or friend, or goods more as he hab on him back—on Quacco standing up in him skin, desolate as one big large baboon de day him new catch." Here the poor fellow could no longer control his feelings, but wept bitterly—after a burst of grief, he continued, with a voice almost inarticulate from intense emotion—"If all dis was pass wid you, Captain, in one leetle hot day, in one small twelve hour!" But his manhood once more rallied in his bosom, and making a step towards me with all the native independence of a noble savage, he said, laying one of his hands on his heart, "Yes, massa, I ask you, had all dis happen to you, let alone one poor black debil like myself, white man as you is—King's officer as you is—Christian person on de back of bote—can you put your hand where mine is now, and say, dat your spirit would not have been much move—dat it would not have been a bitter, bitter ting to look back to what you was when dat sun rose, and den to consider what his last light glanced on?" He now slowly drew his bayonet—I started at the motion, and Sprawl half rose from his chair, and seized the carving knife that lay on the table.

The man did not move a muscle, but continued looking steadfastly in my face, while he placed the handle or pipe of the naked weapon in my right hand.

and deliberately, "I am helpless and unarmed, and a poor drunken rascal beside, and in your power—one moment and you can make cut my troat—if I have ill used you dis day, I have told you of de provocation—you best know what you would have done in my place. But, massa, bote for we blood is red, and you should not forget dis ting, dat one time dis forenoon it might hab been for you place to hax Serjeant Quacco to save you from dem brute beast on sore."

I was taken regularly aback.

"But what brought you here, my good man?" said I.

"De fear of death," he promptly replied. "It has enter de foolis head of de blacks dat I was de cause of de attack—dat I was in league wid you, being, as you see, one Englis gentleman like yoursefs." (I had great difficulty in maintaining my gravity at all this.) "So my wife dere creep to where I hide when de evening come, and say"—here he took hold of Sprawl's hand in both of his, and looked up tenderly into his face—(any one having our friend Liston's countenance, when the Beauty is shamming Bashful, painted on the retina of his mind's eye, has a tolerable idea of our superior officer. Oh for an hour of Wilkie to have caught the two cherubs as a group!)—"'Quacco'—him say '*Hokey doodle doo.*'"

"Say what?" quoth Sprawl, like to choke with suppressed laughter—"Say what?"

The poor fellow regarded the lieutenant for some time with the greatest surprise, murmuring aside, "What can de good gentleman see to amuse him so mosh?" then aloud, "Him say in de Eboe tongue, 'you old willain, your troat is to be slice dis wery night.'—'De debil,' say I, '*Jooram junkee pop*,' say I; dat is, it shan't if I can help it. So I bolt—run away—launch dory—and here I is, Serjeant Quacco, ready once more to serve his Majesty Kin Shorge—God save de Kin!"

Here old Bloody Politeful fairly exploded into the most uproarious mirth. The negro looked at him in great amazement for some time, until at length the infection caught me, when blowing all my manners to the winds, off I went at score after our Doublepipe's voice were more conspicuous in his joyous moments, if that were possible, than when he spoke calmly, and as he shouted out, "I say, Benjie, *Jooram junkee pop*," in one tune, and "Why, Brail, *Hokey doodle doo*," in the other, the alternations were so startling to poor Quacco's ear, that he looked at the lieutenant and then at me first of all in great alarm, and with his eye on the door, as if to ascertain that there was no impediment to a rapid retreat. At last he seemed to comprehend the mystery, and caught the contagion of our mirth also, shouting as loud as either of us—"What dem white gentlemen can see to laugh at—what funny ting it can be? ha, ha, ha—dat big one speak wery comical; one time squeak squeak like one leetle guinea-pig, den grunt grunt like de big boar; he must surely be two mans tie up in one skin—ha, ha, ha!" The negro instantly saw the advantage he had gained over us, in being the cause of so much merriment, and he appeared determined not to lose it. "So you shee, massa Captain—you really mosh not be asame, after all, to be shivel to me and my vife—who is here cowering behind de door, and I bring him dat you may see him take care of, for de men dere forward don't behave well—no."

"Why, Mr Serjeant," said Sprawl—"shew the lady in, and no more about it." The man said something in Eboe, and forthwith in stepped one of the most startling apparitions that ever I witnessed. It was a tall, exquisitely formed young Eboe woman—fair enough to have passed for a mulatto. She wore neatly worked grass buskins, that fitted round the ankle, as close as a laced boot made by Gundry. Her only dress was composed of a long web of some sort of native cloth, about a foot wide, and composed of red, blue, and yellow stripes alternately. Three or four turns of it were wrapped round her loins, and then an end hung down before, with a deep fringe of the blended colours of the stripes, while the other end was carried up from the right hip, across her back, and brought over the left shoulder, and was again festooned, by being twined two or three turns round the left arm, which, when she entere

folded across her bosom. Her skin was thickly tatooed at the waist, but her beautiful bosom was untouched, all to a dark peak, that projected upwards, giving the tatooing the appearance of a dark-coloured stomacher. Her cheeks and forehead were also thickly marked, but without impairing the beauty of the expression of her bland, although African features—such an eye, and such teeth! She wore large gold earrings, and anklets, and armlets of solid silver. Her head was bound round with a large green or blue cotton shawl; and there she stood, looking at us with the greatest composure, totally unconscious of the unusualness of her costume, or the scantiness thereof.

"Well, my good man, take a glass of grog, will ye? and here, give your wife a glass of wine, and then go and betake yourselves to rest, in the quietest corner you can find.—Here, steward, see that Serjeant Quacco and his wife are cared for—a corner forward of some kind or another until morning."

"Never say such a ting, massa—de men were unpleasant company—can't go to dem—so I bring my vife to sleep wid you."

"Mighty obliged, master Serjeant—but would rather be excused, if it be the same thing to you."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed the savage—"I mean, massa, dat you would permit we to sleep at foot of de ladder dere, and not be obliged to go among de rude peoples in de oder part of de sip."

"Well, well, do as you please; but let me go and secure a couple of hours' sleep, before the tide turns, will ye?"

"Certainly, massa—would like to drink your health, though, massa—Leetle more grog, please, massa."

"Not another drop, sir.—Here, steward, see Serjeant Quacco and his wife safely bestowed under the ladder there, and then fasten the door."

Here Quacco once more stuck his round head in at the door. "Massa, I beg one fowl to kill before de Fetish."

"Get along with you, sir—away."

My black visitors finally disappeared, and I turned round to look at my guests. The lieutenant had fallen back, with his head resting against the small side-berth, sound asleep, with a piece of beef on his fork, the latter firmly clutched in his hands; old Pumpbolt had slid off his chair, and was fast enough on the bare deck with his unquenched pipe sticking in his mouth; while the poor little reefers had fallen forward with their heads on the table, Dick Marline having actually dropped with his nose into his plate amongst the beef and potatoes, and all three snoring most melodiously. We were in truth completely done up; so, having stretched my guests on the lockers and in the berths, bestowing them as well as my slender means permitted, I adjourned to the deck once more, to see that the look-outs were all bright.

I then returned to the cabin, and having desired my steward, who was comparatively fresh, to call me when the tide turned, I offered up my short, but heart-warm prayer of thanksgiving, to the God of my fathers, for his great mercy vouchsafed to me during the past day, and imploring his gracious protection during the coming night, I lay down in my berth, where in a minute I was as sound asleep as the others.

FAMILY POETRY.

No. V.

A TALE OF THE RHINE.

Sir Rupert the Fearless, a gallant young knight,
Was equally ready to tipple or fight,
Crack a crown, or a bottle,
Cut surloin, or throttle;
In brief, or as Hume says, "to sum up the tottle,"
Unstain'd by dishonour, unsullied by fear,
All his neighbours pronounced him a *preux chevalier*.

Despite these perfections, corporeal and mental,
He had one slight defect, viz. a rather lean rental;
Besides, as 'tis own'd there are spots in the sun,
So it must be confest that Sir Rupert had one;
Being rather unthinking,
He'd scarce sleep a wink in
A night, but addict himself sadly to drinking,
And what moralists say
Is as naughty—to play,
To *Rouge et Noir*, Hazard, Short Whist, *Ecarté*;
Till these, and a few less defensible, fancies
Brought the Knight to the end of his slender finances.

When at length through his boozing,
And tenants refusing
Their rents, swearing, "times were so bad they were losing,"
His steward said, "O, sir,
It's some time ago, sir,
Since ought through my hands reach'd the baker or grocer,
And the tradesmen in general are grown great complainers."
Sir Rupert the brave thus address'd his retainers:
"My friends, since the stock
Of my father's old hock
Is out, with the Kürchwasser, Barsac, Moselle,
And we're fairly reduced to the pump and the well,
I presume to suggest,
We shall all find it best
For each to shake hands with his friends ere he goes,
Mount his horse, if he has one, and follow his nose;
As to me, I opine,
Left sans money or wine,
My best way is to throw myself into the Rhine,
Where pitying trav'lers may sigh, as they cross over,
'Though he lived a *roué*, yet he died a philosopher.'"

The Knight, having bow'd out his friends thus politely,
Got into his skiff, the full moon shining brightly,
By the light of whose beam,
He soon spied on the stream
A dame, whose complexion was fair as new cream;
Pretty pink silken hose
Cover'd ankles and toes,
In other respects she was scanty of clothes;
For, so says tradition, both written and oral,
Her *one* garment was loop'd up with bunches of coral.

Full sweetly she sang to a sparkling guitar,
With silver cords stretch'd over Derbyshire spar,
And she smiled on the Knight,
Who, amazed at the sight,
Soon found his astonishment merged in delight;
But the stream by degrees
Now rose up to her knees,
Till at length it invaded her very chemise,
While the heavenly strain, as the wave seem'd to swallow her,
And slowly she sank, sounded fainter and hollower;
Jumping up in his boat,
And discarding his coat,
"Here goes," cried Sir Rupert, "by jingo I'll follow her!"
Then into the water he plunged with a souse
That was heard quite distinctly by those in the house.

Down, down, forty fathom and more from the brink,
Sir Rupert the Fearless continues to sink,
And, as downward he goes,
Still the cold water flows
Through his ears, and his eyes, and his mouth, and his nose,
Till the rum and the brandy he'd swallow'd since lunch
Wanted nothing but lemon with punch;

Some minutes elapsed since he enter'd the flood,
Ere his heels touch'd the bottom, and stuck in the mud.

But oh! what a sight
Met the eyes of the knight,
When he stood in the depth of the stream bolt upright!
A grand stalactite hall,
Like the cave of Fingal,
Rose above and about him; great fishes and small
Came thronging around him, regardless of danger,
And seemed all agog for a peep at the stranger.
Their figures and forms to describe, language fails—
They'd such very odd heads, and exceeding odd tails;
Of their genus or species a sample to gain,
You would ransack all Hungerford market in vain;
E'en the famed Mr Myers
Would scarcely find buyers,
Though hundreds of passengers doubtless would stop
To stare, were such monsters expos'd in his shop.

But little reck'd Rupert these queer-looking brutes,
Or the efts and the newts
That crawled up his boots,
For a sight beyond any of which I've made mention,
In a moment completely absorb'd his attention.
A huge crystal bath, which, with water, far clearer
Than George Robins's filters, or Thorpe's (which are dearer),
Have ever distill'd,
To the summit was fill'd,
Lay stretch'd out before him, and every nerve thrill'd
As scores of young women
Were diving and swimming,
Till the vision a perfect quandary put him in;
All slightly accoutred in gauzes and lawns,
They came floating about him like so many prawns.

Sir Rupert, who (barring the few peccadilloes
Alluded to, ere he leapt into the billows)
Possess'd irreproachable morals, began
To feel rather queer, as a modest young man;
When forth stepp'd a dame, whom he

As the one he had seen by the light of the moon,
And lisp'd, while a soft smile attended each sentence,
"Sir Rupert, I'm happy to make your acquaintance;
My name is Lurline,
And the ladies you've seen,
All do me the honour to call me their Queen;
I'm delighted to see you, sir, down in the Rhine here,
And hope you can make it convenient to dine here."
The Knight blush'd, and bow'd,
As he ogled the crowd
Of subaqueous beauties, then answer'd aloud:
"Ma'am, you do me much honour,—I cannot express
The delight I shall feel—if you'll pardon my dress—
May I venture to say, when a gentleman jumps
In the river at midnight for want of 'the dumps,'
He rarely puts on his knee-breeches and pumps;
If I could but have guess'd—what I sensibly feel—
Your politeness—I'd *not* have come *en dishabille*,
But have put on my *silk* tights in lieu of my *steel*."
Quoth the lady, "Dear sir, no apologies, pray,
You will take our 'pot-luck' in the family way;
We can give you a dish
Of some decentish fish,
And our water's thought fairish; but here in the Rhine,
I can't say we pique ourselves much on our wine."

The Knight made a bow more profound than before,
When a Dory-faced page oped the dining-room door,
And said, bending his knee,
"*Madame, on a servi!*"
Rupert tender'd his arm, led Lurline to her place,
And a fat little Mer-man stood up and said grace.

What boots it to tell of the viands, or how she
Apologiz'd much for their plain water-souchy,
Want of Hervey's, and Cross's,
And Burgess's sauces?
Or how Rupert, on his side, protested, by Jove, he
Liked his fish best cook'd plain, without

Suffice it, the meal
Boasted trout, perch, and eel,
Besides some remarkably fine salmon peel.
The Knight, sooth to say, thought much less of the fishes
Than of what they were serv'd on, the massive gold dishes;
While his eye, as it glanc'd now and then on the girls,
Was caught by their persons much less than their pearls,
And a thought came across him and caus'd him to muse,
"If I could but get hold
Of some of that gold,
I might manage to pay off my rascally Jews!"

When dinner was done, at a sign to the lasses,
The table was clear'd, and they put on fresh glasses;
Then the lady addrest
Her redoubtable guest,
Much as Dido, of old, did the pious Eneas,
"Dear sir, what induced you to come down and see us?"
Rupert gave her a glance most bewitchingly tender,
Loll'd back in his chair, put his toes on the fender,
And told her outright
How that he, a young Knight,
Had never been last at a feast or a fight;
But that keeping good cheer
Every day in the year,
And drinking neat wines all the same as small beer,
Had exhausted his rent,
And, his money all spent,
How he borrow'd large sums at two hundred per cent;
How they follow'd—and then,
The once civilest of men,
Messrs Howard and Gibbs, made him bitterly rue it he
Had ever raised money by way of annuity;
And, his mortgages being about to foreclose,
How he jump'd in the river to finish his woes!

Lurline was affected, and own'd, with a tear,
That a story so mournful had ne'er met her ear;
Rupert, hearing her sigh,
Look'd uncommonly sly,
And said, with some emphasis, "Ah, miss! had I
A few pounds of those metals
You waste here on kettles,
Then, Lord once again
Of my spacious domain,
A free count of the empire once more I might reign,
With Lurline at my side,
My adorable bride,
(For the parson should come, and the knot should be tied;)
No couple so happy on earth should be seen
As Sir Rupert the brave and his charming Lurline;
Not that money's my object—No, curse it, I scorn it—
And as for my rank—but that *you'd* so adorn it—
I'd abandon it all
To remain your true thrall,
And, instead of 'the *Great*,' be call'd 'Rupert the *Small*;'
To gain but your smiles, were I Sardanapalus,
I'd descend from my throne, and be boots at an alehouse."*

Lurline hung her head,
Turn'd pale, and then red,
Growing faint at this sudden proposal to wed,
As though his abruptness, in "popping the question"
So soon after dinner, disturb'd her digestion.
Then, averting her eye,
With a lover-like sigh,
"You are welcome," she murmur'd, in tones most bewitching,
"To every utensil I have in my kitchen!"
Upstarted the Knight,
Half mad with delight,
Round her finely-form'd waist
He immediately placed
One arm, which the lady most closely embraced,
Of her lily-white fingers the other made capture,
And he press'd his adored to his bosom with rapture.
"And, oh!" he exclaimed, "let them go catch my skiff, I
'll be home in a twinkling, and back in a jiffy,
Nor one moment procrastinate longer my journey
Than to put up the banns, and kick out the attorney."

One kiss to her lip, and one squeeze to her hand,
And Sir Rupert already was half way to land,
For a sour-visaged Triton,
With features would frighten

* "*Sardanapalus*" and "Boots," the Zenith of human

Old Nick, caught him up in one hand, though no light one,
Sprang up through the waves, popp'd him into his funny,
Which some others already had half filled with money;
In fact, 'twas so heavily laden with ore
And pearls, 'twas a mercy he got it to shore;
But Sir Rupert was strong,
And, while pulling along,
Still he heard, faintly sounding, the water-nymphs' song.

LAY OF THE NAIADS.

"Away, away! to the mountain's brow,
Where the castle is darkly frowning;
And the vassals, all in a goodly row,
Weep for their lord a-drowning!
Away! away! to the steward's room,
Where law with its wig and robe is;
Throw us out John Doe, and Richard Roe,
And sweetly we'll tickle their tobies!"

The unearthly voices scarce had ceas'd their yelling,
When Rupert reach'd his old baronial dwelling.

What rejoicing was there!
How the vassals did stare!
The old housekeeper put a clean shirt down to air,
For she saw by her lamp
That her master's was damp,
And she feared he'd catch cold, and lumbago, and cramp;
But, scorning what she did,
The Knight never heeded
Wet jacket or trowsers, nor thought of repining,
Since their pockets had got such a delicate lining.
But oh! what dismay
Fill'd the tribe of *Ca Sa*,
When they found he'd the cash, and intended to pay!
Away went "*cognovits*," "bills," "bonds," and "escheats,"—
Rupert cleared off all scores, and took proper receipts.

Now no more he sends out
For pots of brown stout,
Or *schnaps*, but resolves to do henceforth without,
Abjure from this hour all excess and ebriety,
Enrol himself one of a Temp'rance Society,
All riot eschew,
Begin life anew,
And new-cushion and hassock the family

Nay, to strengthen him more in his new mode of life,
He boldly determines to take him a wife.

Now, many would think that the Knight, from a nice sense
Of honour, should put Lurline's name in the license,
And that, for a man of his breeding and quality,
To break faith and troth,
Confirm'd by an oath,
Is not quite consistent with rigid morality;
But whether the nymph was forgot, or he thought her
From her essence scarce wife, but at best wife-and-water,
And declined as unsuited
A bride so diluted—
Be this as it may,
He, I'm sorry to say,
(For, all things consider'd, I own 'twas a rum thing,)
Made proposals in form to Miss *Una Von* —something,
(Her name has escaped me,) sole heiress, and niece
To a highly respectable Justice of Peace.

"Thrice happy's the wooing
That's not long a-doing!"
So much time is saved in the billing and cooing—
The ring is now bought, the white favours, and gloves,
And all the *et cetera* which crown people's loves;
A magnificent bride-cake comes home from the baker,
And lastly appears, from the German Long Acre,
That shaft which the sharpest in all Cupid's quiver is,
A new plum-colour'd coach, and rich pompadour liveries.
'Twas a comely sight
To behold the Knight,
With his beautiful bride, dress'd all in white,
And the bride-maids fair with their long lace veils,
As they all walk'd up to the altar rails,
While nice little boys, the incense dispensers,
March'd in front with white surplices, bands, and gilt censers.

With a gracious air, and a smiling look,
Mess John had opened his awful book,
And had read so far as to ask if to wed he meant?
And if "he knew any just cause or impediment?"
When from base to turret the castle

Then came a sound of a mighty rain
Dashing against each storied pane,
The wind blew loud,
And a coal-black cloud
O'ershadow'd the church, and the party, and crowd;
How it could happen they could not divine,
The morning had been so remarkably fine!

Still the darkness increased, till it reach'd such a pass
That the sextoness hasten'd to turn on the gas;
But harder it pour'd,
And the thunder roar'd
As if heaven and earth were coming together;
None ever had witness'd such terrible weather.
Now louder it crash'd,
And the lightning flash'd,
Exciting the fears
Of the sweet little dears
In the veils, as it danced on the brass chandeliers;
The parson ran off, though a stout-hearted Saxon,
When he found that a flash had set fire to his caxon.

Though all the rest trembled, as might be expected,
Sir Rupert was perfectly cool and collected,
And endeavoured to cheer
His bride, in her ear
Whisp'ring tenderly, "Pray don't be frighten'd, my dear;
Should it even set fire to the castle, and burn it, you're
Amply ensured, both for buildings and furniture."
But now, from without,
A trustworthy scout
Rush'd hurriedly in,
Wet through to the skin,
Informing his master "the river was rising,
And flooding the grounds in a way quite surprising."
He'd no time to say more,
For already the roar
Of the waters was heard as they reach'd the church door,
While, high on the first wave that roll'd in, was seen,
Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline;
And all might observe, by her glance fierce and stormy,
She was stung by the *spreta in juria forma*.

What she said to the Knight, what she
d to the bride,
id to the ladies who stood by
ide,
What she said to the nice little boys in white clothes,
Oh, nobody mentions, for nobody knows;
For the roof tumbled in, and the walls tumbled out,
And the folks tumbled down, all confusion and rout,
The rain kept on pouring,
The flood kept on roaring,
The billows and water-nymphs roll'd more and more in;
Ere the close of the day
All was clean wash'd away—
One only survived who could hand down the news,
A little old woman that open'd the pews;
She was borne off, but stuck,
By the greatest good luck,
In an oak-tree, and there she hung crying and screaming,
And saw all the rest swallow'd up the wild stream in;
In vain, all the week,
Did the fishermen seek
For the bodies, and poke in each cranny and creek;
In vain was their search
After ought in the church,
They caught nothing but weeds, and perhaps a few perch;
The Humane Society
Tried a variety
Of methods, and brought down, to drag for the wrecks, tackles,
But they only fish'd up the clerk's tortoise-shell spectacles.

MORAL.

This tale has a moral. Ye youths, oh, beware
Of liquor, and how you run after the fair!
Shun playing at *shorts*—avoid quarrels and jars—
And don't take to smoking those nasty cigars.
Let no run of bad luck, or despair for some Jewess-eyed
Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide.
Don't sit up much later than ten or eleven—
Be up in the morning by half after seven.
Keep from flirting—nor risk, warn'd by Rupert's miscarriage,
An action for breach of a promise of marriage;
Nor finger your friend's silver dishes and plates,
Lest you too, like him, should be "shown up" by Yates;
And, to sum up the whole, in the shortest phrase I know,
BEWARE OF THE RHINE, AND BY OF THE RHINE!

MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

CHAP. I.

MY cousin Nicholas was the liveliest, the sprightliest, the handsomest, and the cleverest little fellow in the world—so said every body, (at least every body that visited at the Hall,) and, "what every body says must be true." If there were any persons in the neighbouring village of a contrary opinion, they were of that description which usually comes under the designation of Nobody—the Attorney, the Parson, and the Doctor, for instance; besides, as my cousin seldom came in contact with either of these worthies, but his genius effervesced in some juvenile prank at their expense, their opinions were naturally prejudiced, and, of course, the less to be relied on. As to my uncle, he looked upon this issue of his loins with mingled love and reverence, and frequently swore (for my uncle had contracted a bad habit of anathematizing) that there was more wit in Nick's little finger than in the entire corporeal economy of the whole parish, including its churchwardens and overseer. Whether my uncle proceeded upon any particular hypothesis in thus determining the locality of my cousin's talents, must remain a matter of conjecture; to those who favour the supposition that he did, it may afford no slight confirmation to observe, that Master Nicholas's jokes being invariably of a practical description, it is far from improbable that the seat of wit, in his particular instance —for one would not rashly oppugn a system in the abstract—was rather in his fingers' ends than in the more recondite recesses of the pineal gland.

To those who maintain that my uncle never formed an hypothesis in his life, I have nothing to say. This exuberance of fancy was forever exhibiting itself in a variety of shapes, and usually more to the surprise than delectation of those who witnessed its career. Indeed, it must be confessed, that if wit, like all other good qualities, be, according to Aristotle's idea, a medium between two extremes, my cousin's certainly inclined rather to the *Hyperbole* than the *Ellipsis*, inasmuch as that it seldom happened but that, in the opinion of some one or other, he "carried the joke a little too far."

The education received by this hopeful heir of an ancient family was commensurate with his abilities, and, in its earlier stages at least, admirably adapted to bring talents like his to their full maturity. His father, Sir Oliver Bullwinkle, or, as he loved to write it, Bolevaincle, was the highest blossom of the genealogical tree which hung in his study, (a room so designated, *a non studendo*,) and shot up in a variety of luxuriant and overhanging branches from a root coeval with the Norman Conqueror, among whose more immediate attendants Sir Roger de Bolevaincle was numbered. This worthy Paladin performed, it seems, such good service at the battle of Hastings and elsewhere, that he was, like many others, his brave compeers, rewarded by his victorious master, when at length securely seated on the throne of these realms, with the grant of a castle and lordship, the forfeited fief of some outlawed Saxon noble. Such, at least, was the account frequently given by Sir Oliver to that most patient of auditors, Captain Pyefinch; and if the name of his illustrious ancestor, through some unaccountable neglect, is not to be found either in Domesday Book, or the Roll of Battle Abbey, so trifling a circumstance can scarcely impeach the credit due to an historical fact, in all other respects so well authenticated. The castle, it is true, had long since mouldered into dust, "*perierant etiam ruinæ*," nor did a stone remain to tell on what precise spot of the domain the feodal habitation of the valiant and venerated Roger had existed, or whether it had ever existed at all. Not so with the estate, the "dirty acres," as Sir Lucius somewhat disparagingly calls them, the rich arable land and the luxuriant pastures, the

from their appearance, have afforded a grateful shade to the renowned progenitor of the family,—these still continued unimpaired in beauty as in value, and to the possession of them the present representative of the race was perhaps as much indebted for the respect and precedence yielded him at the Quarter Sessions, as to the long list of illustrious Bullwinkles who had severally contributed to produce him.

But if the pride of ancestry were the most conspicuous foible of Sir Oliver, it was by no means so predominant as to repress in him the inclination to associate with others, his neighbours, less fortunate in their descent. His exalted birth, like the vaunted prerogative of James the First, was rather a theme on which its possessor loved to descant, than a principle to influence his actions, and the worthy Baronet's affability, especially to his grooms and gamekeepers, was even proverbial in the vicinity; nor was it long before Cupid, that most radical of levellers, who

> "Lords down to cellars bears,
> And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs,"

exerted his equalizing influence on Sir Oliver, and convinced the most incredulous that the heart of his votary was even more susceptible of love than alive to dignity. The day had been cold, boisterous, and raw, the country deep and miry, while Reynard, taking advantage of all these circumstances in his favour, had led his pursuers rather a longer round than usual. The Baronet reached his home, after an unsuccessful chase, chilled, wet, and weary; the length of his ride had occasioned a proportionate increase of appetite, and as the readiest way of getting rid at once of two such uncomfortable sensations as cold and hunger, or rather perhaps governed by that ruling chance which so often decides the fate of mortals, he declined the splendid glories of the saloon for the more genial comforts of the kitchen fire. The ample grate blazed bright and cheerful; one end of it was occupied by—the cook!!—in the act of subjecting a most delicious rump-steak to the discipline of St Laurence, and reflected her glowing beauties to the oblique glances of her master, while its other extremity administered the most vivifying warmth to his inmost recesses, as, with the skirts of his hunting-frock subducted and restrained by each encircling arm, he exposed to the fire that particular portion of the human frame which it is considered equally indecorous to present to a friend or an enemy.

Eleanor Skillet was round, plump, and, at this moment especially, rosy; and Cupid, who is seldom very dilatory in his proceedings, did Sir Oliver's business in the frying of an onion. Seating himself (somewhat too suddenly for his comfort) in a huge arm-chair, the ruggedness of whose wicker bottom was much at variance with the yielding softness of the cushion which usually supported his august person, the enamoured son of Nimrod, like another great man in a similar predicament,

> "Sighed and ate,
> Sighed and ate,
> Sighed and ate, and sighed again!"

Nor did the impression made by the winning graces of the buxom cookmaid prove a transitory fancy; in the parlour, the field, or the bedchamber, her image failed not from this hour to present itself to his imagination; it even broke his rest, and it is a well-authenticated fact, that during the three successive nights immediately following the culinary expedition aforesaid, the most nervous person in the world might have reposed tranquilly in any chamber on the same side of the house with Sir Oliver, without having his slumbers invaded by the deep-toned bass of that gentleman's nasal organ.

The Baronet, having once imbibed this master passion, was not a man to be long deterred by any of that *mauvaise honte*, that distressing timidity which too often prolongs most unnecessarily the sufferings of impassioned swains, from making his ardent wishes known to the fair object that inspired them; indeed, it has been shrewdly conjectured, that the extraordinary wakefulness of the three preceding nights had been the effect of consideration rather than uneasiness, and produced rather by the operation of duly weighing within himself the "To be, or not to be?" than by any apprehension for the final miscarriage of his suit, she

reflection eventually induce him to decide in the affirmative. Of the precise nature of his original proposals various were the surmises and reports; certain it is, that four months after the decisive interview with Miss Skillet in the Hall kitchen,

> —— "to the nuptial bower
> He led her, nothing loath,"

and received at the altar of the parish church of Underdown the hand of the fair and lively Nelly, who, in something less than half a year afterwards, being, as she averred, much alarmed by the noise and shouting of the rabble as she passed in her coach through a fair held on the village green, presented him with a very fine little boy, marked on the back with a penny trumpet. The robust and healthy appearance of the infant, introduced thus prematurely into the Hall, gave rise to many an admiring shrug, many a sagacious shake of the head; too often would a trifling elevation of the shoulders, accompanied by a corresponding dropping of the eyelids, take place as the young heir of the Bullwinkles was exhibited to the occasional inspection of the gossips of Underdown; and many a significant tone as well as gesture, meant to convey much more than met the eye or the ear, attended the communication of the birth of the hero of these memoirs to his aunt, the sister of Sir Oliver, and mother to the humble biographer by whose unpractised pen this eventful history remains to be commemorated.

This lady, on the marriage of her brother, had retired from Underdown Hall, feeling, and, indeed, expressing, great indignation at the contamination caused by the hitherto unsullied stream of the blood of the Bullwinkles becoming thus intimately commingled with the plebeian puddle which stagnated in the veins of Nelly Skillet. Vain were all the remonstrances of her brother, who probably conceived that the aforesaid stream was infinitely too pure to admit the possibility of pollution, *but that* its clear current, like that of *the majestic Rhone, must* still flow *on, undefiled by* the accession of *those meaner waters, which,* though rolling in the [illegible] bosom. His utmost efforts did not avail to detain her one moment in the ancient seat of her ancestors, thus desecrated, as she conceived, by the reception of so ignoble a mistress. She accordingly quitted the hall on the day previous to the celebration of these inauspicious nuptials, proceeding to the house of an old friend and schoolfellow, by whom she was most cordially received, and whose inmate she continued till her union with Major Stafford, the younger brother of a good family, to whom she had been long and tenderly attached, an event certainly accelerated by the circumstance which occasioned her secession from her brother's roof.

Major Stafford was, as I have already hinted, of high and unblemished lineage; but fortune in bestowing this mark of her good-will upon him, had exhausted all her favours, and denied him that portion of the good things of this world so necessary to secure to rank the respect it claims. He was what is commonly called "a soldier of fortune," that is, a soldier of *no* fortune, and possessed little more than a high sense of honour, a generous and noble heart, a handsome person, his commission and his sword. He was the junior of three brothers: the elder, Lord Manningham, a General in the army, and at this period on foreign service, was a married man with a family; the second, the Honourable Augustus Stafford, who was fast rising into eminence in his profession as a barrister, remained a bachelor; while Charles, the youngest, having felt no decided inclination for the church, to which he was originally destined, had resolved to enter the army, and with his sword carve out his way to that distinction which his lofty spirit panted to attain. My mother's fortune, though little more than six thousand pounds, added to the income derived from his commission, enabled them to live in comfort if not in splendour, till the birth of myself, their first, and, as it proved, their only child, left, to dispositions happy and contented as theirs, little else on earth to be desired. I was six years old when this state of [illegible] felicity was broken in upon by the [illegible]

of discord had again unfurled the standard of war, and my father, now Colonel Stafford, was forced to obey the rude summons which tore him from the arms of his wife and child to encounter all the inconveniences and hazards of the tented field.

Lady Nelly, meanwhile, in the full enjoyment of all that wealth and finery which, when in single blessedness, she had been accustomed to consider as rivalling the joys of Elysium, did not find her sanguine anticipations altogether realized by the event which had put these objects of her eager wishes so unexpectedly within her grasp. True that, instead of cooking an excellent dinner for others, she had now only to undergo the fatigue of eating it herself; that London particular Madeira, and an occasional sip of the best cogniac, had superseded Barclay's entire, egg-hot, and gin-twist; that the woollen apron, muslin cap, and pattens, had fled before flounces and furbelows, a yellow silk turban with a bird of Paradise to match, and a barouche and four: nevertheless many things were still wanting to complete her happiness, while many were occurring to render her situation irksome and uncomfortable in the extreme. The new Lady Bullwinkle was by nature of a social disposition, and finding little to amuse or interest her in the few ladies of the neighbouring gentry, who, from electioneering motives, were induced by their husbands to leave their cards at her residence, she sighed in secret for the less dignified but more enlivening entertainments of that servants' hall which she had so rashly abandoned; and still infinitely preferred a game at "Hunt the Slipper," or the mystic rites of the Christmas mistletoe, to all the more refined methods of killing time, practised by ladies of the rank in life to which she was now elevated. This ruling propensity, however, she still contrived sometimes to indulge, especially after the birth of my cousin Nicholas, whose infantine wants frequently furnished her with an excuse for a descent to the lower regions; while, during the occasional absences of Sir Oliver, she was in the *constant habit of witnessing*, and to *a certain extent joining with*, "Little *Master*" *in the merry pranks and* facetious conceits of the parti-coloured gentry and Abigails in the kitchen, who, sooth to say, particularly in those festive moments which mark the commencement and termination of the year, were much more encouraged by the condescension and "largesse" of "My Lady," than awed by her authority, or abashed at her presence.

In so excellent a school, a boy of the most inferior abilities could scarcely fail of picking up much useful and valuable information; it is therefore far from surprising that a youth of Nicholas's great natural parts and lively genius, should, in a comparatively short period, make such a progress as to create surprise and admiration, even in his instructors. At eight years old, my cousin was the veriest wag in Christendom. Besides being thoroughly initiated in the mysteries of "Put" and "All-Fours," "Blindman's Buff," and "Threadle-my-needle," the superiority of his talents had evinced itself in a vast variety of ways; he had put cow-itch into the maids' beds, and brimstone into his father's punch-bowl; crackers into the kitchen fire, and gunpowder into the parlour snuffers; nay, on one peculiarly felicitous opportunity, when the annual celebration of his own birth-day had collected a party in the great diningroom of Underdown Hall, he had contrived to fix a large bonnet-pin, so perpendicularly erect, in the cushion about to be occupied by the Reverend Dr Stuffins, as to occasion much detriment and inconvenience to that learned gentleman, whose agility on the occasion would not have disgraced Mr Ellar, or the "Flying Phenomenon." In the course of the same eventful day, moreover, he subtracted a chair from the deciduous body of Lawyer Goosequill, amputated the apothecary's pig-tail, and, by the ingenious adaptation of a fishing hook and line, previously passed through the pulley of a chandelier, elevated by a sudden jerk the flaxen jasey and redundant tresses, heretofore the *dulce decus* of Miss Kitty Pyefinch, to a situation emulating that of Mahomet's coffin. For this last *jeu d'esprit* he was certainly reprimanded by his father with more of severity than usually escaped him. Sir Oliver being penetrated with th

most profound respect for the lady, the honours of whose brow had been thus wantonly invaded. Indeed, the confusion of the party was not a little increased by the vehement anathematizing of my uncle, who, in the first transports of his indignation, so far forgot himself as to apply his foot, with a sudden and irresistible impetus, to that precise spot in my cousin Nicholas's system of osteology which appeared the best adapted for its reception, it having completely escaped him for the moment that the gout had for a little time past been coquetting with his own great toe, a circumstance which this rash manœuvre brought at once most forcibly to his recollection. Nicholas, equally astonished and incensed at the very unexpected manner in which his endeavours to contribute to the amusement of the party had been received, yelled like a Catabau, and ran roaring down to the kitchen, whither he was followed by Lady Bullwinkle, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger. After the lapse of some half-an-hour, passed in administering her consolations to his wounded spirit, her ladyship at length succeeded in assuaging the poignancy of his grief, and somewhat softening the excess of his resentment; then having exacted from him a reluctant promise not to be comical any more that evening, she led him back to the parlour, apologizing, with a grace peculiarly her own, to the company, for the sweet child's being "a little too funny." By the gentlemen her excuses were received with the most gratifying good humour; but Miss Pyefinch was by no means inclined to extend the olive-branch so easily. This lady was a poetess—her soul all tenderness, sentiment, sympathy, and feeling; of course, her nerves were sadly shattered by this attack, and she had hesitated for a moment as to the propriety of going into hysterics, but fortunately recollecting that the execution of such a measure would, in the present state of her head-dress, be far from advisable, she very considerately deferred taking so decisive a step till a more convenient opportunity should present itself, and gathering up her spoils, hastily retreated to compose an ode "To Sensibility," in the course of which she took occasion to compare herself to Belinda, in the "Rape of the Lock," not omitting to cast a most Medusean glance on the offender, whom she encountered on the stairs in her retreat. It would be tedious, not to say impossible, to recount the hundredth part of my Cousin Nicholas's brilliant sallies, of a similar description, which took place between this piece of pleasantry, and an event which, for some time, had the effect of checking the ebullitions of his genius. This occurrence was the sudden death of Lady Bullwinkle, who having unluckily fallen from the top of the back stairs to the bottom, in consequence of treading on a few peas which my cousin had placed there for the express purpose of giving one of the maids a tumble, broke an arm and a leg. When borne to her room, she positively refused to abide by the directions of Dr Drench, who, as she shrewdly observed, "only wanted to starve her into taking his 'poticary's stuff," but resolved to abide by a regimen prescribed by herself, in which roast-goose, mock-turtle, and devilled sweetbreads, were prominent articles. To this diet she rigidly adhered, seldom exceeding a pint of madeira at a meal; but whether it was that the injuries received were in themselves so serious as to baffle the art of medicine, or that, as Dr Drench never failed to aver, her whole system of living was radically wrong, it somehow happened that a mortification ensued, which carried the poor lady off, within a fortnight after the accident.

Chap. II.

Six months after the decease of *Lady Bullwinkle, my* mother once *more returned to* take up her residence *at Underdown* Hall. Poor Sir lutely "forgot himself to stone" on the loss of his lady, whose charms had long since declined very much in his estimation, was nevertheless

cease. The cares of housekeeping, to which he had never in his life been accustomed, were heavy and grievous. Previous to taking upon himself the rosy fetters of Hymen, his household affairs had been conducted by his sister, whose prudent management he had somewhat missed on the keys of office being transferred to his late lady; but when she too was called upon, though under different circumstances, to retire from the seat of government, his situation was lamentable indeed. The affairs of the home department got into sad disorder; the servants, he said, nay swore, were worse plagues than any which infested Egypt of old; over the men, indeed, he did with great difficulty preserve some little supremacy, but the women——! No, he must positively call in some more practised and efficient hand than his own to seize the helm and steer his bark amidst the rocks and quicksands by which it was on all sides surrounded.

Two schemes offered themselves to his election; the one, to make advances to his sister, whose husband was now in the Peninsula, having left her in furnished lodgings in London; the other, to raise Miss Pyefinch to the vacant throne. Pride and shame rendered him averse from the first measure; besides which, he was by no means certain that Mrs Stafford would come into his terms; while awe of Miss Kitty's talents, and no very great inclination for her person, (which certainly bore little or no resemblance to the "statue that enchants the world,") threw serious obstacles in the way of his second expedient. It is true that Captain Pyefinch, her brother, an invalid officer on half-pay, was a great proficient in the noble science of backgammon, and very excellent company, seldom interrupting the most longwinded of the Baronet's stories by any remarks of his own, which, of Spartan brevity, "few and far between," just served to convince his entertainer, that his narratives were not thrown away on the listless ear of an unobservant or somnolent auditor. His society would by the proposed match be at once converted from a casual good into a perma*nent blessing; but then* the Lady—— *For Miss Catharine* Pyefinch, a maiden who owned to six-and-thirty, the worthy Baronet felt the greatest reverence and respect; but then reverence and respect are not precisely the sensations with which a hale widower, in Sir Oliver's circumstances, would wish to be wholly penetrated towards the proposed partner of his bed and fortune. In the first place, her learning was so transcendent that his faculties were often bewildered in the vain attempt to unravel the meaning of her commonest expressions; then her sensibility was so exquisite, that if by chance, during her visits at the Hall, Sir Oliver found it advisable to horsewhip a refractory pointer, or kick an intruding cat out of the parlour, the scene never failed to overcome her; and if, which was too frequently the case, an unlucky oath would slide out of the wrong corner of his mouth in her presence, the shock was electrical, and rendered her completely *hors de combat* for the rest of the day. With all this, he had a high opinion of the good sense which enabled her to discover so many excellent qualities in himself, since, though she constantly assured him that they were open and visible to all mankind, still, with every disposition in the world to credit her, he could not, from the silence of every body else on the subject, but entertain some doubts whether these said excellences were altogether so obvious to others as her own fine perception induced her to imagine. Then, again, her verses were so delightful;—not that Sir Oliver piqued himself upon his taste for poetry, which, sooth to say, had usually a narcotic effect upon him, but her glowing muse painted so exquisitely the noble actions of the renowned Sir Roger, the sage decrees of the learned Sir Marmaduke (a Whig justice of the peace in the reign of Queen Anne, whose portrait adorned the principal saloon), and the innumerable virtues of the whole race of Bullwinkle, that even without the well-merited eulogium on the existing representative of that dignified family, Morpheus himself must have thrown away his poppies, and hung on the recital with all the vigilance of the most insomnolent mouser. Nevertheless, though the Baronet's ears were tickled, and his vanity gratified,

his heart was not subdued; and wisely reflecting that there was little fear of losing the Captain's society, as he could not call to recollection that the gentleman had ever declined one invitation to the Hall, or hesitated to prolong his stay when there, on the slightest intimation that such a course would be agreeable to its inmates—remembering, too, that he had no reason to suppose Miss Kitty would cease to immortalize the glories of the family, though she were never to become a member of it—loath, moreover, to part so soon with his newly acquired liberty—he finally decided, one eventful evening, after losing eight successive hits to the Captain, and being somewhat annoyed by an incautious expression of the lady's aversion to tobacco, on writing to Mrs Stafford, proposing a cessation of hostilities, and requesting her to resume that station at the head of his household which his unadvised nuptials had formerly induced her to renounce. Rome was not finished in a day, neither was Sir Oliver's epistle; both, however, were, after much toil and labour, completed, and the old butler was despatched to Upper Seymour Street with the letter, which he faithfully delivered into Mrs Stafford's own hands.

My mother was surprised, and a little agitated on perusing its contents. Years had elapsed since she had quitted her native roof, without any expectation of revisiting it; but the cause which banished her thence was now removed, and a feeling, easily conceived, gave her a strong inclination to behold once more those scenes, which, in her early youth, had been her home, her world. Habit and education had indeed combined to estrange her from her brother, more than is usual between members of the same family, even before his ill-assorted marriage; still a sincere, if not a very ardent, affection had ever filled her mind towards him; and, though somewhat quenched by the unfavourable circumstance alluded to, it was by no means extinguished, and she could not but confess to herself, that a reconciliation with him would be most grateful to her. Superadded to this, motives of economy spoke trumpet-I was now at Westminster, my father engaged in all the perilous scenes of a dangerous and doubtful war. The Honourable Augustus Stafford had lately departed this life, and having long since quarrelled with his younger brother, who had warmly resented some slighting expressions used by him relative to the marriage with my mother, had bequeathed whatever property he possessed to Lord Manningham, who still retained his government in the East. Should any unfortunate event occur to deprive me of a father, Underdown Hall would be a secure asylum for us both; while even at present, with the limited income she was able to command, and the consciousness that all my hopes of a competency must rest upon her ability to save from her own expenses, it was a retreat pointed out to her as well by prudence as inclination—at least till Colonel Stafford's return.

My mother was not long in resolving to accept her brother's invitation, and a communication to that effect speedily conveyed to my uncle the pleasing intelligence, that the proffered olive branch was accepted, while it fixed a day for his long estranged sister's reappearance at the Hall. Thither, in fact, after taking a most affectionate leave of me, she repaired at the appointed time; much, I believe, to the discomfiture of Miss Pyefinch, and the real joy of Sir Oliver, who, after he had got over the little awkwardness of their first interview, scrupled not to declare that he had not felt himself so thoroughly comfortable since their separation.

For myself, I must own I was by no means pleased with my mother's new arrangements, especially when in the ensuing vacation I went to spend six weeks at the Hall. It is true the frank good-humour of my uncle, and the evident pleasure he took in seeing me, soon won my regard in spite of his peculiarities; but I did not like the Captain; I did not like Miss Kitty, who had, however, contrived to make a friend of my mother, and was fast rising in her good graces in proportion as she declined in those of Sir Oliver. This lady's conduct had indeed un-

since Mrs Stafford's arrival. Her muse was still prolific, but it was no longer the panegyric of the house of Bullwinkle that formed its exclusive theme. The Baronet was no longer its object; all the poetic artillery of the fair Sappho was levelled at my mother. She sung of the delightful union of two sensitive souls, and the charms of female friendship. My mother smiled. She changed her strain to a recapitulation of all Mrs Stafford's good qualities, attributing to her the excess of every virtue under the sun. My mother frowned. She shifted her ground once more. The subject alike of her lays and her discourse was now the praises and merits of the gallant soldier, who, amidst dangers, difficulties, and death, still thought with fondness on the only object of his affections, and panted for the hour when, his perilous duties all fulfilled, the pains of absence should be more than balanced by the transports of a joyful return to the embraces of his beloved. My mother's flint began to melt, and an affection for me as violent as instantaneous, which seized the good lady the moment I was introduced to her, completed her conquest; she "had never seen so fine or so engaging a boy;" and before the day was over, Mrs Stafford hesitated not to affirm that "Miss Pyefinch was really a very sensible woman, and possessed one of the best hearts in the world."

Sir Oliver whistled and left the room, muttering something in an under-tone, which, from the only monosyllable that could be distinctly heard, related in all likelihood to a female greyhound that followed him out of the parlour.

Despite the *encomia* with which I was overwhelmed by her, I cannot say that the manners of my new friend made a very favourable impression upon me; nay, I must own that with respect to my cousin Nicholas, (whom, by the way, I have too long neglected,) my temper was even more fastidious. In vain did that facetious young gentleman exhibit some of the choicest specimens of his wit for my entertainment; in vain were the most jocose feats of *practical ingenuity, feats* which *convulsed all the grooms* and footmen *with laughter, brought* forward to amuse me; in vain did he tie the wheel of a post-chaise, which had drawn up at a door in the village, to one of the legs of an adjacent fruit stall, and occasion in consequence a most ludicrous subversion of the fragile fabric on the sudden movement of the vehicle, to the utter consternation of a profane old apple-woman, who loaded the unknown malefactor with execrations; in vain did he even exercise his humour on my own person, putting drugs of a cathartic quality into my soup, or removing the linch-pins from a pony-chaise which I was fond of driving about the grounds, and thereby occasioning me an unexpected descent from my triumphal car, accomplished with far more of precipitation than grace—still I was so weak as to remain insensible to his merit, and even to look upon these sprightly sallies with some degree of anger. I have little doubt but I must have appeared to him a very dull dog, and should in all probability have soon incurred his supreme contempt, but for an event which, I have reason to imagine, changed in some degree the nature of his feelings towards me.

The last accounts from Spain had stated the approximation of the two contending armies, and the public journals did not hesitate to speculate on the probability of an approaching engagement. These conjectures derived much additional strength from the contents of private despatches, and, among others, of letters received by my mother from her husband, who, from his situation on Lord ——'s staff, had good grounds for supposing such a circumstance to be very likely to take place. My mother's anxiety was, of course, extreme; nor could I fail to partake of the same feelings, when one morning, the rest of the family being already assembled at breakfast, my cousin Nicholas, who was usually later than any other of the party, entered the room.

His countenance, unlike its usual expression, was serious, and even solemn; his step slow and hesitating, with a degree of disorder visible in his whole demeanour. He took his seat at the table in silence, and began to occupy himself with his tea-cup bending down his head, as if with

intention of shading his face from the observation of the company. My uncle at this moment enquired for the newspaper, the invariable concomitant of his breakfast, and was answered by the butler that he had placed it on the table as usual, before any of the family had come down, except Mr Bullwinkle, whom he thought he had seen engaged in its perusal.

"And, pray, Mr Nick, what have you done with it?" cried Sir Oliver. "I did not know you had been up so early."

"Done with it, sir?" stammered my cousin,—"Nothing, sir,—that is, nothing particular. I have left it in my room, I dare say; I can fetch it, if you wish me, sir,—that is—but, perhaps, you will like to read it after breakfast?"—and his eye glanced significantly towards my mother.

Its expression was not to be mistaken. She caught the alarm instantly, and rising from her chair, while her trembling limbs scarce sufficed to bear her weight, and her face turned ashy pale, exclaimed, "There is news from Spain! I am sure of it —and Stafford is killed!"

Her words were electrical, and a simultaneous conviction of their truth blanched every cheek.

"Killed!" returned my cousin Nicholas—"No, my dear aunt—that is, I hope not; but there has been an action, a severe one, and it is as well to be prepared"—

Mrs Stafford's worst fears were confirmed; she fainted, and was carried from the room. In the confusion of the moment, no one thought of enquiring into the sad particulars of the disaster that had overwhelmed us. Sir Oliver first asked the question, and demanded to see the fatal paper. My cousin immediately complied with the requisition, and produced it from his pocket; saying coolly, as he put it into his father's hand, that "he was sorry to see his aunt so discomposed, as his uncle Stafford might not after all be killed, or even wounded, as his name certainly was not in the list of either the one or the other."

"Not in the list!" roared Sir Oliver. "Then what did you mean, you young rascal, by alarming us all in this manner?" and stood with an expression of countenance in which joy, surprise, and anger, were most ludicrously commingled; while I, as the conviction that my ingenious cousin had merely been once more indulging his taste for pleasantry flashed upon my mind, sprang forward in the heat of my indignation, and with a tolerably well-directed blow of my arm levelled that jocose young gentleman with the floor.

A yell, shrill and piercing as that of the fabled mandrake when torn by the hand of violence from its parent earth, accompanied his prostration, and the ill-concealed triumph which had begun to sparkle in his eye at the success of his stratagem, gave way to a strong appearance of disgust at this forcible appeal to his feelings. But Sir Oliver, with all his partiality for his heir, was at this moment too angry to take up his cause, and ordered him instantly out of the room, while I hurried off to console my mother with the intelligence that the fears she had been so cruelly subjected to were altogether groundless, and that the affair, to use a frequent and favourite phrase of my cousin Nicholas, was "nothing but a jolly good hoax from beginning to end."

Chap. III.

I found my mother still suffering severely under the impression that the blood of her beloved husband had mingled with that of many of his brave countrymen in crimsoning the plains of Talavera. Painful as it was *to* witness her distress, I almost *dreaded to inform her* that she had *been imposed upon, lest* the sudden *transition from despair* to extreme his safety entirely groundless, should prove too much for her agitated mind, and plunge her perhaps into a situation still more to be dreaded than that state of insensibility from which she was now beginning slowly to emerge. Fortunately, while I was yet meditating on the best method of conveying the happy news to her with the caution it required, Dr

ment. The worthy old butler, on seeing the condition in which his mistress had been borne from the breakfast parlour, had hurried unbidden in search of that gentleman's assistance, and had luckily found him at his own house, scarce a hundred yards distant from the avenue leading to the Hall, in the very act of mounting his galloway in order to pay a visit to a patient. Of course no persuasion was necessary, under the circumstances, to induce him to alter his route for the present; and, having stored his pockets with a profusion of the usual restoratives, a very few minutes brought him to Mrs Stafford's bed-side. Taking him aside to the window, I, in as few words as possible, recounted to him the cause of my mother's sudden indisposition, together with the real state of the case, the assurance of which would, I was persuaded, prove the most effectual remedy for her disorder, and leaving it to his discretion to announce the glad tidings in the manner most befitting the occasion, I retired from the room. The worthy doctor, not being blessed with a very keen relish for the ridiculous, was at first a good deal shocked at my narration, and, in the simplicity of his heart, cursed my cousin Nicholas for "a mischievous young cub," but then, it may be observed in palliation, that he was but a plain man, with very little taste for humour. By his care and skill, however, together with the judicious way in which he communicated to his patient, after a free use of the lancet, the information which had indeed nearly again overwhelmed her, such beneficial effects were produced as to warrant him, on joining us in the parlour below, in holding out the strongest hopes that no ulterior consequences of a more serious nature would attend the execution of my cousin's frolic.

Sir Oliver pressed the doctor strongly to stay and partake of our family dinner; this invitation, however, frankly as it was proffered, he thought fit most positively to decline. Indeed, ever since the surreptitious abduction of his queue, which had taken place on the memorable occasion of the party formerly mentioned, he had been rather shy of committing his person within the four walls of Underdown Hall, except upon professional emergencies. He had by this time, after infinite care and pains, succeeded in rearing another pigtail to a size and longitude nearly coequal with those of its lamented predecessor, and was therefore, not without reason, especially apprehensive lest the scissors of my cousin Nicholas, scarcely less fatal than those of the Parcæ, might once more subject this his "dulce decus" to the unpleasant ceremony of a divorce. Despite, therefore, the Circæan allurements of a fine haunch of forest mutton, his favourite joint, Dr Drench shook me cordially by the hand, bowed to Sir Oliver and the Captain, and quitted the house.

My uncle, whose love and regard for his sister was, perhaps, greater now than at any former period of his life, was truly rejoiced to find that no seriously ill effects were likely to ensue from what, now his apprehensions were allayed, he again began to consider as a pardonable, though somewhat too lively an ebullition of youthful vivacity; he had even begun to explain to the Captain, for the five hundredth time, what a *desideratum* it was that "a boy should have a little mischief in him;" the Captain, in no wise relaxing from his customary taciturnity, was very composedly occupying himself in arranging the men upon the backgammon board, neither assenting nor demurring to the proposition he had so often heard laid down by his host before; and I, in that restless, fidgety state of mind which one feels when subsiding agitation has not yet quite sunk into composure, was endeavouring to divert the unpleasant current of my thoughts, by turning over the leaves of the last novel, brought by Miss Kitty Pyefinch from the circulating library at Underdown, when a strange medley of voices and confusion of sounds, portending some new calamity, and proceeding from the outward hall, arrested my attention, caused even the imperturbable Captain to raise his eyes from his game, and drew from Sir Oliver Bullwinkle the abrupt exclamation,—"What the devil's that!"

The sounds evidently and rapidly approached; in a few seconds the parlour door flew open, and a figu

which, by its general outline, only could be recognised as that of Drench, occupied the vacant space, while the background of the picture was filled up by an assemblage of sundry domestics, bearing clothes, brushes, and rubbers of various descriptions, and exhibiting a set of countenances, in every one of which, respect, and a strong inclination to risibility, manifestly contended for the mastery.

The unexpected appearance of such a phenomenon excited scarcely less surprise and astonishment in my own mind than in that of Sir Oliver, who stood gazing on the apparition with symptoms of the most undisguised amazement, till a voice, broken by passion, and impeded by the mud, which filled the mouth of the speaker, stammered out—

"Look here, Sir Oliver! I beg you will look here—this is another of the tricks of your precious son Nicholas—his behaviour is unbearable, he is a pest to the whole neighbourhood, Sir Oliver."

"Why, what on earth is all this about? What is the matter, my good friend?"—

"Matter?—the devil's the matter—almost dislocating my neck's the matter. I am a plain man, Sir Oliver"—No one who looked in poor Drench's face could gainsay the assertion—"I am a plain man, and I now tell you plainly, that if you do not curb that young man's propensity to mischief, some time or other he will come to be hanged—only see what a pickle I am in!"

The last sentence was uttered in a lachrymose whine, so different from the highly-raised tone in which the former part of the invective had been pronounced, that my uncle, who had begun to bristle at hearing the lineal heir of Sir Roger de Bullwinkle consigned thus unceremoniously to the superintendence of Mr Ketch, was immediately mollified, and his attention being thus pointedly attracted to the rueful appearance exhibited by the Doctor, his anger was forthwith subdued. Dr Drench was a little punchy figure of a man, standing about five feet nothing, plump *and round as* a pill; he was placed *opposite to Sir Oliver, dilating* his *height to the very utmost*, and if he *did not on this occasion* [illegible] to his stature, it was manifestly from sheer inability, and not from any want of inclination; his snuff-coloured coat, black silk waistcoat, and kerseymeres, no longer boasted that unsullied purity in all the pride of which they had quitted Underdown Hall, not half an hour before; a thick incrustation of dark blue mud, agreeably relieved by spots of the most vivid crimson, now covered them with plastic tenacity, rendering their original tints scarcely discernible by the most microscopic eye. Nor had the visage of the unfortunate gentleman escaped much better, since, but for the sanguine current which flowed down the lower part of his face in a double stream, he might not unaptly have been compared to the "Man with the Iron Mask," so completely had the aforesaid incrustation adapted itself to the contour of his features. If Pope's assertion be correct, when, following Ariosto, he pronounces that all things lost on earth are treasured in the moon, the Doctor's well-brushed beaver was, in all probability, by this time safely laid up in that poetic repository, for below it was unquestionably nowhere to be found; its place, however, was supplied by a cap of the same adhesive material as decorated his face and habiliments, affording strong presumptive evidence that whatever portion of his person had first emerged from the ditch he had so lately evacuated, his head had at all events taken precedence on his entry into it. His pig-tail too, that cherished object of his fondest affection, to guard whose sacred hairs from the remotest chance of violation, he had so reluctantly declined the Baronet's proffered cheer, stood forth no longer a splendid specimen of the skill of Humphrey Williams, sole *friseur* to the village of Underdown, but now exhibited indeed a melancholy resemblance to the real appendage of that unclean animal, from which it had metaphorically derived its designation.

Rueful, indeed, was the aspect of the worthy disciple of Galen, as he bore the scrutinising gaze of Sir Oliver, who found it very convenient at the same time to have recourse to a family snuff-box usually carried about his person; a mode of proceeding

tain, who now for the first time broke silence to request the favour of a pinch from the well-known *tabatière*, after which a more specific enquiry was instituted into the predisposing and proximate causes of Dr Drench's disaster.

The cause was but too soon made manifest. My cousin Nicholas had encountered the Doctor at the Hall door on his return; and had stopped him to make enquiries respecting the health of his patient, whose indisposition he vehemently deplored, as well as that a silly joke of his own should have produced it. For this he declared he should never be able to forgive himself, although it had never entered his imagination that the trick could have been attended with consequences so alarming. Touched by his remorse, the good Doctor comforted him with the information that, if nothing occurred to produce a relapse, his aunt would not, he trusted, be so serious a sufferer as he had at first feared, and seized the opportunity to read his young penitent a short but energetic lecture on the folly and wickedness (so he expressed himself) of thus terrifying, or even inconveniencing others, merely to gratify a silly and mischievous propensity. My cousin Nicholas listened to these well-intended and well-delivered observations with the profoundest attention; he heaved a sigh at their conclusion, and with a becoming gravity assented to their justice, at the same time volunteering a promise that this offence should be his last. Pleased with the effect of his own oratory, and nothing doubting that the contrition of the youthful offender was, for the moment at least, sincere, Dr Drench put one foot into the stirrup attached to his galloway, which a groom had now led out, and throwing his leg over the saddle, failed to remark that his proselyte had taken the opportunity afforded by his back being turned for the nonce, to introduce a large thistle beneath the tail of the quadruped on whose back he had now attained so perilous an elevation. The effect was obvious and immediate: utterly unaccustomed to any *application of a similar* description, *and highly resenting* the indignity *thus offered to his person*, Jack, as sober a gelding as any in the three kingdoms, instantly evinced his sense of the degradation to which he had been subjected by violent and repeated calcitrations of no common altitude, and in every direction. Becoming every moment more eager to relieve himself from so disgraceful and inconvenient an adjunct as that which now encumbered and annoyed his rear, he at length took the resolution of starting off at score, and soon deviated so much from his usually rectilinear mode of progression as to convey his unfortunate rider to the edge of a large sewer, into which all the filth and drainings of the Hall stables, with other not less noisome concomitants, eventually flowed. Here, on the very brink of this abyss, an unlucky curvet, describing an angle of forty-five degrees, dismounted the hapless equestrian, and precipitated him head foremost into the centre of the "vast profound."

But for the groom, who had brought the Doctor his horse, and witnessed the whole of the foregoing scene, poor Dr Drench would probably have encountered a fate compared with which the not altogether dissimilar end of the "Young princes murther'd in the Tower" might have been esteemed a merciful dispensation, since, whether we subscribe to Walpole's "doubts" or not, there is no reason to imagine that the means employed for their suffocation were attended by that "rank compound of villanous smells" which served in the present case to heighten the catastrophe. By his assistance the sufferer was, with some difficulty, extricated from the imminent peril in which he was plunged, and was reconducted to the Hall, whither he once more repaired for the double purpose of complaint and depuriation.

These particulars were, with some little trouble, at length collected from the soiled lips of the indignant Doctor, and confirmed by the supplementary attestation of the servant who observed the transaction, and whose levity in giving his evidence (the fellow absolutely grinned) drew down upon him a well-merited rebuke from the Court. A summons was instantly despatched, commanding the immediate attendance of

... entrance of the village of Underdown, presented a formidable barrier to the farther progress of the liberated nag in the shape of a lofty gate, flanked on each side by a thick plantation of evergreens. To leap it was out of the question, as poor Jack held fox-hunting in utter abomination, and had never cleared any thing more formidable than a gutter in his life; to escape on either side was impossible, the shrubs were absolutely impervious; so having discovered in the moment of hesitation what the headlong precipitation of his flight had hitherto prevented him from perceiving, namely, that he had long since got rid of his old tormentor, the thistle,—all these considerations, joined with the recollection that he had neither galloped so long nor so fast at any one time during the last fourteen years, induced the philosophic Jack to await quietly my cousin's approach, and once more to surrender his newly acquired freedom, without making a single struggle to retain it.

Having thus possessed himself of a horse, my cousin Nicholas thought he would take a ride. Many reasons concurred to render his doing so

... picion had by this tim
cousin's head, that ce
tious bickerings might
ty, arise at the Hall o
cumstances which had
place, and that a contr
ensue, in which he mi
self personally involvec
greater than would b
pleasant to his feeling
cousin Nicholas hatec
about trifles, nor was he
to enjoy a joke at his o
Any of these motives,
parately, would have be
there was no resisting t
bined—so my cousin ca
and, having a pretty t
for the picturesque, wa
lighted by several cha
pects of the surroundi
which he encountered in
of his ride. So much,
they engross his attentio
slipped away unheeded,
not reach Underdown
return, till long after the
had dismissed the Doctor
" Sweet Home," as we
scrubbed, and scraped, a
gone through a regular
brickdust, sand, and eme

ing hand of a master, those vigorous shoots of intellect might acquire a proper direction—hinting, at the same time, that considerable danger might arise, lest, like all other plants of equal exuberance, his genius, from being allowed to run wild and uncultivated, might eventually become weak and exhausted, or even perish immaturely, from the force of its own luxuriance. She even went so far, when once more sufficiently recovered to join the family circle, as to make his temporary secession from home the *sine quâ non* of her own continued residence there. It may, however, be doubted how far her well-meant remonstrances would have succeeded with Sir Oliver, in inducing him to part from his darling Nicholas, had not that young gentleman's genius assumed at this time a peculiarly malignant aspect, and impelled him, in perfect contradiction to his usual custom, to direct the next effort of his wit against the Baronet himself.

A long passage at the extremity of the house (used in the late Baronet's time as a laundry, but dignified by the present with the name of the "Northern Gallery") contained, among much other curious matter, a series of portraits, representing sundry real or supposed worthies of the illustrious house of Bullwinkle. At the extreme end stood the redoubted Roger himself, or rather his armour, consisting of an habergeon, or shirt of chain mail, a cuirass, which some hypercritical Meyrick might not improbably have referred to a later age —a helmet, gauntlets, and shield; all which had, till within these few years, occupied a niche in one of the aisles of the parish church of Underdown. They had swung suspended over a tomb, on which the mutilated remains of a recumbent figure still reclined, though so much defaced, as to render it difficult to pronounce with certainty whether it were the effigies of a human being or not. At the lower extremity, however, those parts which corresponded to the legs of a man, were manifestly crossed, and this circumstance at once induced Sir Oliver to pronounce it to be the tomb of a Crusader, and, if of a Crusader, *a fortiori* of that flower of chivalry, the magnanimous Roger himself; nay, so far did he carry his enthusiasm in favour of this hypothesis, that nothing but the sacred character of the offender had prevented him in his earlier years from challenging a former incumbent of the parish, who observed, with more of levity than of reverence, that "the position was undoubtedly that either of a Templar or a Tailor." This palpable attempt to detract from his venerated ancestor eight-ninths of his consequence in the scale of humanity, my uncle never forgave.—But to return.

On the death of the aforesaid scoffer, my uncle obtained the consent of the Rev. Mr Bustle, whom he then presented to the living, the Churchwardens, for divers weighty reasons, not opposing his wishes, to remove the several pieces of armour, mentioned above, from their exalted situation to his own house, and as a due acknowledgment of their politeness, Sir Oliver presented the parish in return with a handsome set of communion plate for the use of the church. Having secured his prize, his first care was to have the rust and accumulated impurities of years removed as much as possible, and the whole put into a complete state of repair, under the immediate and personal surveillance of the village blacksmith. In the course of the process, the remains of something like a device, which time and damps had combined to obliterate, were discovered on the shield, and the delighted antiquary forthwith availed himself of the talents of a wandering artist, then luckily engaged in painting a new sign for the "King's Arms," to delineate (or, as he said, replace) upon its surface three golden fetterlocks, clasped, in a field azure, the [illegible] heraldic blazonry of all the Bull[illegible]kles. Thus renovated and rest[illegible] to their pristine splendour, the a[illegible] of Sir Roger were erected, in th[illegible] manner of a trophy, over a pedest[illegible] inscribed with the Knight's name, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the gallery. This was Sir Oliver's favourite apartment, and thither he retired the evening after my mother's attack upon him, to reflect upon her [illegible], and on alternative she had presented [illegible] choice [illegible] perambulated the

the delight of his eyes; the youthful scion destined to transmit the blood of the Bullwinkles to remotest posterity; the last sole hope of an honourable name! True, indeed, Nick was certainly rather too bad—rather too much devoted to pleasantry, and of a disposition requiring the curb rather than the spur; but then to banish him from the home of his fathers, an exile from those scenes which his progenitors had so long (in all likelihood) trodden—which somebody had unquestionably trodden, and Bullwinkles more probably than any body else;—there was sorrow in the thought—it was *not* to be thought of. "No!" exclaimed my uncle, facing about suddenly, and confronting the panoply of Sir Roger—"No!" cried he, extending his hand with the force and majesty of a Demosthenes, "never be it said that the heir of Underdown was, even for an hour, thrust like an expatriated fugitive from that roof which has sheltered so many generations of his forefathers!—never be it said that a youth of such noble endowments, so alive to the dignity of his family, so justly proud of his high descent and unblemished lineage, so"—

The glance of Sir Oliver rested for a moment on [illegible]

[illegible] Oliver rushed in a paroxysm of rage ment. The servants, the house, from my m the scullion, were ex their knowledge of the piece of atrocity. No was found able or wi any light upon the sul Kitty Pyefinch suggest bility, "that, after all, joke of Master Nicho the footmen recollect two days before, a ca ployed in painting and fences in the grounds, h ed to him that Master run away with his p brushes. The subseque and identification of th ticles in a corner of th longer left any doubt as of the culprit.

The fate of my cou was from this moment decree, as irrevocable as Medes and Persians, nounced, and another f Master Bullwinkle an i parsonage house, occu Rev. Mr Bustle, who to functions superadded th of the *menagerie* to "a l ber of select pupils"

"preparing him for the University" by a very summary process, not unlike that by which poulterers in the metropolis are said to prepare turkeys for the spit, viz.: by cramming them with all sorts of good things, till their crops are ready to burst from repletion—I was proceeding, through the usual routine of the foundation of which I was an *alumnus*, towards the same desirable end; and, as the plan adopted by my instructors was that of going on in the old, straightforward, beaten track, used by our fathers before us, without bewildering themselves in the modern fashionable short cuts to the Temple of Knowledge, or "leaping learning's hedges and ditches," in order to arrive at their goal by a less circuitous route, it cannot be supposed that my progress in the *belles lettres* was half so rapid or so brilliant as that of my cousin. Indeed, the intellectual as well as the corporal gullet of Mr Nicholas Bullwinkle was of an extraordinary capacity, and, from its amazing powers of expansion, might almost have warranted a suspicion that it must be composed of Indian rubber. If its powers of digestion were not commensurate, but suffered the raw material which it received to remain crude and unconcocted, that could hardly be supposed the fault of his purveyor, the Rev. Mr Bustle. In point of fact, that learned gentleman was in a very short time mightily pleased with the proficiency of his new pupil, who, as he declared, evinced a decided taste for poetry, as well as for polite literature in general,—an opinion in which his father (who, to say the truth, was not perhaps qualified to do more than hazard a conjecture on the subject) perfectly coincided, so that in the space of a couple of years my cousin Nicholas ran an imminent risk of being considered an absolute *lusus naturæ*, a prodigy of genius. His fame about the same time was fully confirmed and established by the *fiat* of Miss Pyefinch herself, whose exquisite tact and experience in all matters of this description rendered her, as we have before taken occasion to observe, sole and undisputed arbitress of the literary merits and demerits of every pretender within five miles of Underdown. This excellent lady, whose prejudices at no very distant period had certainly operated to my cousin's disadvantage, had been of late much propitiated by various effusions, of rather an amatory cast, which, issuing from the pen of the young poet, had been, with the appearance of much devotedness, most humbly inscribed to herself; nor was the deportment of the juvenile bard, on his occasional returns to the Hall, such as wholly to supersede the idea that her charms, like those of the celebrated *Ninon*, had achieved a conquest, and lighted up a flame in a youthful breast, when somewhat past what rigid critics might call the period of their maturity. Several of these tender lays were, by Miss Pyefinch, extolled above all that Hammond or Moore ever wrote; and though many persons were of opinion, from the hyperbolical compliments contained in them, that Mr Nicholas had either taken leave of his senses, or was only indulging his old propensity to "hoaxing," she never could be brought to subscribe to the one or the other. One of these lyrics, containing less of passion and more of sentiment than the generality of his effusions, I shall beg to present my readers with. It was placed by him in Miss Pyefinch's hand one fine evening after his return from a solitary ramble in the garden, being rudely written down with a pencil, and is, on the whole, no bad specimen of my cousin's poetical abilities.

THE POET'S BOWER.

A bower there is, a lowly bower,
In which my soul delights to dwell;
No gorgeous dome, or storied tower,
Can charm my bosom half so well!

No Zeuxis ere its walls adorn'd,
No Phidias bade its columns rise;
Such aids the humbler artist scorn'd,
Nor taught its towers to court the skies.

Far in my garden's utmost bound
  The modest mansion rears its head,
There noisy crowds are never found,
  No giddy throngs its peace invade;

No "stores beneath its humble thatch,"
  Like Edwin's, "ask a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,"
  Receives the lonely swain or fair.

Within inscribed, above, around,
  Are lines of mystic import seen;
And many a quaint device is found,
  And many a glowing verse between.

'Tis here, at morn or dewy eve,
  In meditative mood reclined,
The world, its pomps and cares, I leave,
  And shut the door on all mankind.

Full many a tome's neglected weight,
  Here, page by page, mine eyes survey;
Full many a patriot's warm debate,
  And many a youthful poet's lay;

When noisy, rough, intestine broils,
  Or rude commotions, sore molest,
My sentimental soul recoils,
  And here I fly for peace and rest.

Sweet! oh sweet, the evening hour,
  'Tis then I bid the world farewell—

scenes, without any violent apprehension of a failure. Colonel Stafford had been some time in England; his constitution, originally not a strong one, had been much injured by the exertions, privations, and fatigues, necessarily attendant on a desultory and protracted series of campaigns; of late, too, the mode of warfare had begun to assume a more decided character, and the "marchings and counter-marchings" were now, as the plans of the great commander who directed the operations changed from the offensive to the defensive, interspersed with skirmishes and actions, dangerous in the extreme during their progress, though ever glorious in their results. Frequently exposed, from the nature of his official situation on the staff, to the hottest fire of the enemy, and urged by the innate gallantry of a disposition rather impetuous than prudent, into dangers which he might perhaps without discredit have avoided; still the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," seemed to watch over my father's safety with unwearied vigilance. Often was the weapon levelled by man, but Heaven averted the ball; and with a single exception, he came out of every conflict scathless and uninjured. It was not till after his return to England, whither he was at length despatched with the official accounts of the battle of ——, and his subsequent retirement into the bosom of his family, that the ravages made in his health, by his long continued subjection to the hardships of a military life, passed under the inauspicious combinations of an active enemy and an ungenial climate, were fully apparent. A wound, too, originally of a trivial nature, as his friends had been taught to believe, but which had never been entirely healed, now joined to occasion alarm to his friends, and to give a character to other symptoms which betokened a sure, though gradual decay. Mrs Stafford, for a while, shut her eyes, and remained obstinately blind to what was perfectly apparent to every one else, and fondly flattered herself that the increasing debility of her husband might be successfully combated by quiet, his native air, and the soothing attentions of conjugal affection. Her hopes were groundless; the hectic on his cheek became, it is true, more vivid, but it contrasted painfully with the sallow paleness of the rest of his countenance, while a short dry cough, and his attenuated form, evinced but too surely that his stamina were affected, if not reduced. The symptoms were but too prophetic; as spring (the third since his return) advanced, his inability to contend against disease became daily more evident, till early in the fatal month of May, a month so critical to invalids, my dear father resigned his upright and honourable spirit into the hands of Him who gave it.

My poor mother was overwhelmed with the most profound grief by this melancholy event, the more so, as although of late the conviction had been forced upon her, that Colonel Stafford was in a rapidly declining state, still she had never contemplated the probability of so sudden a dissolution of those ties which formed the principal joy of her existence. It was done, however.—Those ligaments of the soul which bound her to an adored and adoring husband, were at length severed; and till their reunion in a future world, I was the only object to which she was now to look for comfort and support. My father's death had been so sudden, that I had barely time to reach home, from Christ Church, of which I was now a member, in order to receive his blessing. He died like a Christian, calm, fearless, and resigned, with his latest breath commending my mother to my care. Years have since rolled on, but the moment is fresh as ever in my memory.—May I never forget it!

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

But by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Oroonoko's breath
That fires yon Heaven with storms of death,
Shall guide me to the foe!
Indian Song in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.*

Scene—The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods—A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees—Herrmann, the Missionary, seated alone before the cabin—The hour is evening twilight.

Herrmann. Was that the light from some lone swift canoe
Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash
From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again
In the deep bay of Cedars. Not a bark
Is on the wave; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange world,
Oh! how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods!
The Desert's own great spirit, infinite!
Little they know, in mine own father-land,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst
The wild Harz mountains, or the silvan glades
Deep in the Odenwald, they little know
Of what is solitude! In hours like this,
There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage-hearths
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home-path;—while round his lowly porch,
With eager eyes awaiting his return,
The clustered faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest-moon. Be still, fond thoughts!
Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God!
Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with thyself be filled!—Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnize
My lonely life, if for thine altar here
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win
The offering of one heart, one human heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving!
Hark! a step,
An Indian tread! I know the stealthy sound—
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
Gliding so serpent-like.
He comes forward and meets an Indian warrior armed.
Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk; yet scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.
Enonio. My father speaks my name.
Herrmann. Are not the hunters from the chase returned?
The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

---

* *Circumstances similar* to those on which this scene is founded, are recorded in *Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland*, and may give to this dra-

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
The lone path free.
Herrmann. The forest-way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.
Enonio. Tell me not of rest!
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.
I must begone.
Herrmann (*solemnly.*) No, warrior, thou must stay!
The Mighty One hath given me power to search
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,
And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart
Be grown thus restless, is it not because
Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
Some burning thought of ill?
Enonio (*with sudden impetuosity.*) How should I rest?
—Last night the spirit of my brother came,
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
And said—"*Avenge me!*"—In the clouds this morn,
I saw the frowning colour of his blood—
And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And thro' its thunder-music spake a tone,
—A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said—"*Avenge me!*"—There have I raised
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my couch,
And take the strange sound from the cataract,
And sleep once more.
Herrmann. A better path, my son,
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—ev'n the way
Thy dying brother trode.—Say, didst thou love
That lost one well?
Enonio. Know'st thou not we grew up
Even as twin roes amidst the wilderness?
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path,
We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we lay
Beneath one oak to rest.—When fever hung
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand
Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe
Covered my bosom from the chill night air.
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love,
Until he turned him from his fathers' gods,
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass
Grew in the way between our parted homes,
And wheresoe'er I wandered, then it seemed
That all the woods were silent.—I went forth—
I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,
And so returned:—and where was he?—the earth
Owned him no more.
Herrmann. But thou thyself since then
Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,
And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant knee
To the one God.
Enonio. Yes, I have learned to pray
With my white father's words, yet all the more,
My heart, that shut against my brother's love,
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
Burning my sleep away.—In the night-hush,
Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things

Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
Unto the forest and the cataract,
The angry colour to the clouds of morn,
The shadow to the moonlight—Stay, my son!
Thy brother is at peace.—Beside his couch,
When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he died,
I knelt and prayed; he named his Saviour's name,
Meekly, beseechingly;—he spoke of thee
In pity and in love.
Enonio (*hurriedly.*) Did he not say
My arrow should avenge him?
Herrmann. His last words
Were all forgiveness.
Enonio. What! and shall the man
Who pierced him, with the shaft of treachery,
Walk fearless forth in joy?
Herrmann. Was he not once
Thy brother's friend?—Oh! trust me, not in *joy*
He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
The late repentant of its heart estranged,
Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train
Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape?
Enonio, dream it not!—Our God, the all-just,
Unto himself reserves this Royalty—
The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
Leave it with Him!—Yet make it not thy *hope*—
For that strong heart of thine—oh! listen yet—
Must in its depths o'ercome the very wish
For death or fortune to the guilty one,
Ere it can sleep again.
Enonio. My father speaks
Of change, for man too mighty

Hath to his Master passed.—He waits thee there—
For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the grave,
Immortal in its holiness.—He calls
His brother to the land of golden light,
And ever-living fountains—couldst thou hear
His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
" My brother! oh! be pure, be merciful!
That we may meet again."
Enonio (*hesitating.*) Can I return
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?
Herrmann. To Him,
To Him, return, from whom thine erring steps
Have wandered far and long!—Return, my son,
To thy Redeemer!—Died he not in love,
—The sinless, the divine, the Son of God—
Breathing forgiveness midst all agonies,
And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless?—By His aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
Midst the pure spirits.—Oh! retrace the way
Back to thy Saviour! he rejects no heart
Ev'n with the dark stains on it, if true tears
Be o'er them showered.—Aye, weep, thou Indian Chief!
For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold
Thy proud lips working—weep, relieve thy soul!
Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
Of its great conflict.
Enonio (*giving up his weapons to Herrmann.*) Father, take the bow,
Keep the sharp arrows, till the hunters call
Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell
A little while, my Father! by thy side,
That I may hear the blessed words again
—Like water-brooks amidst the summer hills—
From thy true lips flow forth. For in my heart
The music and the memory of their sound
Too long have died away.
Herrmann. Oh! welcome back,
Friend, rescued one!—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
And we will pray beneath my sycamore
Together, morn and eve; and I will spread
Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last
—After the visiting of holy thoughts—
With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes!
—Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back,
To peace, to God, thou lost and found again!

[*They go into the cabin together*

Herrmann (*lingering for a moment on the threshold, looks up to the starry skies.*)

Father! that from amidst yon glorious worlds
Now look'st on us, thy children! make this hour
Blessed for ever! May it see the birth
Of thine own image in the unfathomed deep
Of an immortal soul;—a thing to name
With reverential thought, a solemn world!
To Thee more precious than those thousand stars
Burning on high in thy majestic Heaven!

philosophers themselves. Yet, too much light may be as overwhelming as too little, and it is possible that our sansculotte politicians may be as much bewildered in the excessive sunshine of the nineteenth century, as the most carefully costumed minister in the obscurity of the eighteenth. However, "Di meliora." It is not the part of wisdom to boast, or of reasoning to draw conclusions in scorn of facts. We have discovered, that our forefathers were totally ignorant of every sound principle of government at home, and policy abroad. Among our accessions of knowledge, we have ascertained, that in distrusting France, and allying themselves with Germany, they entirely miscalculated the nature of the national good and evil. And not to speak contemptuously of those whose blood flows in our veins, and who, by some means or other, certainly contrived to build up a very considerable empire, we admit that luck is an element of policy, that the blunderer may be as well off as the sage, and that there is a pity, or a protection, which, as the Turks say, especially saves the bones of children and idiots from being broken. / Yet History, old almanack as it is in the

fight for the land of F
was the heroism of
thought it "foul sha
or Spain should inva
of her realms; and
hand, which would
that magnanimous fe
last drop of the enem
its own, that awed th
ever from the land.
other powers of Eu
earth she is inaccessib
can subdue with her
fore she strikes with h
tactic is not in the fi
cottage, the manufac
streets; her campaig
spiracy; and the most
of her eternal rivalry,
alliance with the spiri
cils. Let us not be n
as desiring war with
as even repelling the i
amity with France, wh
ble to be retained.
generated only by th
identity of purpose, b
of her principles, by
of our policy from th
allies for the sake
more exclusively with
thinking the world w
playing the part, to m

fall upon it from a higher source than the passions or principles of man, it must break off by the nature of human things; what began in imprudence must end in caprice: fortunate if a community of error does not end in a community of corruption, and the ill-judged alliance of the vices and the follies surprise the world with the moral, how a great nation may be most speedily undone.

It is not to be supposed that we can be panegyrists of the ancient church of France. Its prejudices, and its unfitness for being the teacher of a national mind, or the depository of those deathless truths, which were given for the instruction of that mind in higher objects than the rights even of kings, churches, and prelates, brought their own heavy penalties. But, we think, with Plutarch, that the darkest superstition is better than infidelity; the most ignorant reverence of an Eternal Source of truth, purity, and justice, is a better element of society than the most sparkling contempt of them all; and that when the winds are abroad, and the commonwealth is on the surge, we should confide more in the fidelity that piloted itself by the dimmest gleam of the worlds above, than in the most flourishing promises of reaching our anchorage, with republican honour at the prow, and republican Atheism at the helm. We therefore pronounce that our alliance with the throne and people of Louis-Philippe must be insecure; if we extend it, must be dangerous to the full degree of its extent; and in the first serious collision with Europe, may be our ruin. In France, at this moment, there is no national religion. That has been abolished by the legislature of the streets. The deliberations of the pike and the pistol, in the three days of July, decided that question without the formality of debate. The rabble of Paris spoke the word, and it was done. The legislature was worthy of the work, and the work worthy of the legislature. Now every man in France may choose his religion for himself, or make his religion, or may neither choose nor make. Thus, nine-tenths of France have no religion of any kind. The *rising generation will be the* inheritors *of their fathers'* principles; France, without the declaration of Atheism, will have the substance; and the popular novelty will be the man who believes in the existence of a hereafter, or binds his oath, and keeps his conscience in awe, by the acknowledgment of a God. We say this in no angry recollection of old rivalry, and in no modern fear. We say it as little in offence to the personal honour of her people, or the political integrity of her sovereign. The stipulations of public council may be formed in the purest spirit of good faith; but the solidity of the connexion is forbidden by a law more powerful than human honour or national policy. With a people nationally divorced from religion, no other safe connexion can follow. Strength and weakness may combine. But Protestant England and Infidel France must overpower a repulsion seated in nature, before they can combine. As well might both ends of the needle point to the pole.

When Pitt, in 1793, was reproached by Opposition with refusing to make peace with France, he turned on his reproachers, and boldly asked, With whom was he to make peace? where was the French Government? Was England to send an ambassador to treat with the Tribunal, or catch the faction as it passed through the streets to the scaffold? What, could the honourable gentleman tell him, was the Government of France at that hour, or who; or how long they might last, or whether another week of change might not see the firmest treaties worth no more than the paper they were written on, and France, under the new sovereignty of a new mob, choosing new allies, acting on new principles, and finishing a mock negotiation by a furious plunge into hostilities? And what is the difference in the year 1834? A rabble quarrel, a popular play, a trial for libel, a Parliamentary duel, a refugee princess, a duellist's funeral, each and all shake the consumptive frame of the State into convulsions. A hundred thousand of the rabble following the hearse of an individual never heard of before, and five-and-twenty thousand troops of the line paraded to keep them from sacking the Tuileries, are the evidences of royal stability. If Louis-Philippe were to die to-morrow, who

publique of ten-franc freeholders. These truths are as palpable as the day: and it is to this floating government that we are to anchor the British Empire, and bravely resolve to sink or swim with our companion.

But the still more formidable fruits of the alliance are already sprouting among ourselves. The literature of France, the product of Republican principles on private licentiousness, is coming over in every shape of temptation; profligate novels for the closet, profligate plays for the theatres, are the last importations from France. We have already had an exhibition on the Metropolitan Stage, of the profanation of the tomb, the dead actually walking out of their coffins, to the tune of a quadrille, and a hundred and fifty opera girls running about the stage, in a condition, as to dress, startling even among opera girls. In this instance, the public were taken by surprise. Disgust soon put down the exhibition, and a fortnight in London finished the display which in Paris enjoyed the full flame of popularity for a year. But another exhibition followed, of a more mature order of the profane. The history of that magnificent and wonder-working pe-

publishers, and the w
mere agents; they
change of the time—t
—they are the carrier
the instruments—to t
may be unconsidered
The crime is in the p
the perversion is the
If this channel be n
corruption of the lan

And the chief calam
of things is, that it
thing of the shape o
of nature. Whether
nisters have been the
not believe them to
cause), or whether t
sire to get rid of the
yond their power.
ration might be as ru
tity. We are *Siame*
we cannot cut as
without hazarding b
must await the work
vigilant to watch for
nities which Provid
nations, not wilfully
must try to recover
with the great Germ
cherish such amity a
Prussia, now only an
great northern Empi
most unhesitating fa

undefended shore. And that war will essentially be anti-English. But that all conjecture on things so little within the competence of man must be vague, it might be pronounced that the direction and the instruments of that war will equally differ from all the past. The first struggle will be at sea, and the field of battle will be the Mediterranean. The means will be, not skill, but numbers; science will have little operation; the true element of the war will be multitude. With the Euxine for her wet dock, Russia may pour down a thousand ships, some to be destroyed, some to be captured, but the rest to sweep the seas. Europe will be no longer the grand tilting-place of armies. Asia Minor, Syria, the borders of the Euphrates, and the Indus, will be the field. The days so long expected, may be at hand, when those vast stagnant countries, to be roused from their stagnation only by war, will feel the force of that thunder-storm, and awake before the whirlwind. Egypt and the Saracen world will pour forth, to meet the North. The Tartar tribes which have now for two hundred years been swelling their undisturbed population, and sharpening their unused swords for war, will be once more summoned to their old work of devastation, and fill the East with the terrors of barbarian inroad, and perform their terrible share in shaking the system of the world. Whether this will be the last blow; or whether a still more universal havoc shall complete the catastrophe, is among those questions which only presumption would attempt to resolve. But, of one thing *we* are sure, that to prepare for struggle is the best security for turning it into success; and that to adhere to the maxims by which England has been made wise, happy, and free, is the best preparation, let the struggle come when it will.

What was the fine far-seeing language of Burke forty years ago? "A French conspiracy is gaining ground in every country. This system, happening to be founded on principles the most delusive, indeed, but the most flattering to the natural propensities of the unthinking multitude, *and to the speculations of* all who *think, without thinking profoundly,* *must* extend its influence. A predominant inclination towards it appears in all who have *no religion*; when otherwise, their disposition leads them to be advocates even for despotism. Hence Hume, though I cannot say that he does not throw out some expressions of disapprobation on the proceedings of the levellers, in the reign of Richard II., yet affirms that the doctrines of John Bull were conformable to the ideas of primitive equality, *which are engraven in the hearts of all men.* Boldness formerly was not the character of Atheists, as such. They were even of a character nearly the reverse. They were, like the old Epicureans, rather an unenterprising race. But they have grown active, designing, turbulent, and seditious. They are sworn enemies to king, nobility, and priesthood."

Republicanism was checked in Europe by the double cause of its excesses in France, and its ravages beyond France. The nations hurrying to prostrate themselves before a god, shrank from the worship of a maniac. Even the populace who hailed the French armies as deliverers, were indignant when their deliverance was felt only in blows. But the salutary terror is gone with its cause. France is now no longer the naked lunatic, rending its own flesh, and pledging the nations round it in cups of blood. She now wears the dignity of a settled government; she speaks the principles of rebellion from the majesty of a throne. She is not now the wild sibyl uttering her frenzied inspirations from caverns and ruins, and sending her fragile decrees to be borne on the gusts of the storm. She is now the Pythoness, standing on the golden tripod, with the magnificence of national wealth, and the solemnities of national worship round her; and summoning the grave procession of kings and kingdoms to listen to the words of fate. A total and a most formidable change has come over her whole instrumentality for affecting the European future. Alliance, not war; the appearance of the most generous candour, instead of the most ostentatious perfidy; a fond, zealous, universal sympathy in the wrongs of mankind, undistinguished by clime or colour, instead of one

nately regarding Ministers as their tools and their antagonists, feel perfectly satisfied as to their being able to sweep all administrations into their current; it must be of some import to know what those principles are. Forty years ago their creed as to Kings was laid down by the celebrated Condorcet in his paper on the education of the Dauphin, of whom he had been chosen by the National Assembly to be the tutor, or rather the jailor. "The Assembly willed that the *uselessness of a King*, and the necessity of seeking means to establish something in lieu of a power founded *on illusion*, should be one of the first truths offered to the reason of the pupil; the obligation of conforming himself to this, being *the first of his moral duties*. The object is less to form a King, than to teach him that he should know how to *wish no longer to be such*." This was the creed of the man who had filled the chair of the National Assembly, was their perpetual secretary and their principal guide. And this was in the period when a King was still acknowledged, and before the philosophers had given the practical illustration of their doctrines by cutting off the King's head

a blunderer, we have Cicero proposed hi business. Burke ce not have embarked most difficult career life, if he had not gi himself that the bark the voyage. On reti liament in June, 179 tained his son's retu and had placed him o of office, by Lord Fi pointment of him as l the Irish Viceroyalty reer was to be untrie tations of power, and the casualties of fortu der soon gave evidenc tion. Burke's sensitiv was so well known that Bracklesley, the cian, decidedly suppr mation of the nature from the unfortunate ring that it would soo to his life than his sc tient was now remov urbs for the benefit of he should commence Ireland. But that per to arrive. At length before he breathed h found necessary to gi

The letters are to Mrs Haviland, a connexion of the family. A few extracts are here given:—"*August* 1, 1794—As Dr King" (afterwards Bishop of Rochester) "undoubtedly communicated to you the melancholy contents of my yesterday's letter, you will be anxious to know whether another day has brought any new hope. There is a little, feeble and faint. The sentence is at least respited for a time. A second letter from Mr Burke yesterday evening informed me that the physicians forbade him to despair. The disorder is a consumption, which has, however, not yet reached the lungs. * * * * The family are with poor Richard in lodgings a little beyond Brompton. It is a house of mourning indeed. Dr Bracklesley says, it is almost too much for him, who, as a physician, is inured to such sights, and in some degree callous to them. * * * * * Mr Burke writes to me that he is almost *dried up*. The conclusion of his first letter was highly affecting. He ended with an abrupt exclamation—'Oh, my poor brother died in time!'"

Before the next letter, the catastrophe had arrived. "*August* 4,—When I shortly informed you of the melancholy event on Saturday, I was acquainted with the event, and nothing more, from the mouth of Dr Bracklesley. Some of the particulars I have since collected, as well as I could. They may afflict you, but there is a pleasure in such sorrow, which he who cannot taste, deserves to be pitied. You know every thing till the night previous to his death. During that night he was restless and discomposed. In the morning his lips were observed to have become black. His voice, however, was better. * * * * * His father and mother did not suffer themselves to be flattered by the favourable symptoms. Their lamentations reached him where he lay. He rose from his bed. He then desired the servants to support him towards the room where his father and mother were sitting in tears. * * * * He endeavoured to enter into conversation with his father, but grief keeping the latter silent, he said, after some observations on his own condition, 'Why, sir, do you not chide me for these unmanly feelings? I am under no terror. I feel myself better, and in spirits, yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray, talk to me, sir; talk of religion, talk of morality; talk, if you will, on indifferent subjects.' Then turning round, he said, 'What noise is that? Does it rain? No, it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' And immediately, with a voice as clear as ever in his life, and a more than common grace of action, he repeated some beautiful lines from Adam's morning hymn. They are favourite lines of his father's, and were so, as I recollect, of his poor uncle's, to whom he was then going, with those very lines on his tongue,—

> "'His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow—
> Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
> With every plant, in sign of worship wave!'

"He began again, and again pronounced the lines with the same happiness of elocution and gesture, waved his head in sign of worship, and, worshipping, sank into the arms of his parents, as in a *profound and sweet sleep!* * * * The behaviour of our two poor friends is such as might be expected by those who know both their sensibility and their strength of reason. * * * During the first day, the father was, at times, as I have heard, truly terrible in his grief. He occasionally worked himself up to an agony of affliction, and then, bursting away from all control, would rush to the room where his son lay, and throw himself headlong on the bed or on the floor. Yet, at intervals he attended, and gave directions relative to every little arrangement, pleasing himself most with thinking what would be most consonant to the living wishes of his son. At intervals, too, he would argue against the ineffectual sorrow of his wife." * * * "*Aug.* 7.—At last I have seen poor Burke. His grief was less intolerable than I had supposed. He took me by surprise, or I should then have avoided him. He told me he was bringing his mind by degrees to his miserable situation; and he lamented that he went to see his son after death, as the dead countenance has made such an impression on his imagination that he cannot retrace in his mind

the features and air of his living Richard!" This letter corrects some of the statements of the foregoing. The patient had reached the room where his father was, but, finding himself feebler, returned to his bed. It was his father who explained to him the noise, as the rustling of the trees. He then repeated the lines from Milton, sank back, and, after a short struggle, breathed no more.—"*Aug.* 12. At last I have had the pleasure (I may truly say, under the circumstances) of seeing our dear Mrs Burke. After the first meeting, she was more composed than he; or she played her part more naturally, in order not to discompose him. *He* took me by the hand, and spoke in a tone of artificial and laborious fortitude; *she* saw through the disguise, and gently reproved him for not supporting himself as he promised."

There is undoubtedly in this violence of sorrow something that may be reproved, as well as much that must be forgiven. It does not become men who have learned to "bear and forbear" in the high school from which the principles of Burke flowed, to exhibit despair on any visitation, let the blow be however severe. In the excess of sorrow there is an approach to rebellion against the decrees of a wisdom which orders all things in the spirit of benevolence. But much must be allowed to the peculiar glow and susceptibility of Burke's mind: the temperament of genius is not merely tender, but imaginative; and its quickness expands such a vision of sorrow, raises such clouds over the mind, and so sharpens and envenoms every sting of mental suffering, that all its pains, like all its joys, are urged to their keenest pitch; and the spirit that is alone capable of rapt and enthusiastic delight, repays its privilege by turning anguish into agony. The loss of Burke's son would have been melancholy under any circumstances, as his only offspring; but he was lost at an age when he might seem to have ensured a long and active existence, in the height of accomplishment and intellectual vigour; descending into that arena where his father's fame threw a glory round his advance, and where all the noblest prizes of the generous contention. He died at thirty-six. On Burke's remaining years the effect was powerful, and he might be said to be visibly approaching the grave from the day when his son was laid within its bosom. His mind was vigorous still. Perhaps the effect on his mind was, by clearing it from the immediate pressure and contact of the world, to add purity to its strength, to generalize its knowledge into the principles and essence of universal wisdom, and, by elevating, to spiritualize alike its views and its powers. But his frame was palpably shaken. He never afterwards entered Beaconsfield Church, nor could bear even to look towards it, since the interment of his son. It was the observation of those friends who had not seen him for some time before and after, that the change portended dissolution; his countenance was meagre, his chest was hollow, and his body evidently infirm and bowed down by the blow.

We have now to see this celebrated man returning to that field in which his fame was first won, and shewing, that if he wore the arms of the patriot and the statesman no longer, it was not for want of the power to wield them in the front of the battle. But he returned now by compulsion; forced in his latter days, and with his heart subdued by calamity, to defend his character, and waste on party the weapons which were made to war for humankind. Burke had closed his parliamentary career by sealing the exclusion of the Foxites from Ministerial hope. Having first awakened all the rational members of Opposition to a sense of the national danger, he roused them into activity in the national cause. A junction of those members with the Ministry was effected by Burke's especial influence; and in July 1794, the junction was made practical and public by the appointment of the Duke of Portland to the third Secretaryship of State, with the management of Ireland, and the addition of the blue riband. Earl Fitzwilliam was President of the Council, after which he accepted the Irish Viceroyalty. Earl Spencer was made Lord Privy Seal, and afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty; and

cretaryship of War. Lord Loughborough was already Chancellor.

This solid barrier rendered Opposition furious. It had been deprived of all those whose advice and weight had hitherto restrained its violence; and the remainder were desperate with the sense of exclusion. Burke's share in this important transaction was well known, and on his head all the tempest lowered. The first attack was made on him by a man whom Opposition were in the habit of pushing forward on all formidable occasions, on the principle of the Irish rebels pushing forward their bullocks to disorder the charge of the English cavalry. The Duke of Norfolk was a nobleman of the species most admirably adapted for this service. Coarse, dull, and self-sufficient, he blundered head foremost into the battle; and almost too obtuse to feel when he was struck, and too self-satisfied to doubt that his absurdities were argument, and his vagaries would be listened to as principles, he burlesqued the cause with the most undoubting conviction that he was doing it and himself immortal honour. His personal character was not of an order to make up for the deficiencies of his understanding. Born a Roman Catholic, he had discarded his belief, without any very public evidence that he had imbibed any other in its stead. He was probably as keen a theologian in his cradle, as he was to his dying day. The change had produced its fruits in the possession of parliamentary privileges and public rank; but the records of White's, and the gross symposia of the party, must be the vouchers for all that is to complete the biography of this heavy-headed patriot, and vulgar voluptuary. Burke felt that this was an antagonist beneath him, and perhaps he gave way rather rashly to his sense of injury, in condescending to notice the babblings of a very foolish and very worthless old encumberer of debate. But he was not in the habit of suffering any man to think that to attack him was a safe exercise, and he flung a loose thunderbolt at the unlucky Duke of Norfolk, which startled his sense of security, if not of shame, and taught him the wisdom of fear for the future. In the close of his remarks, he says, "Amongst those gentlemen who come to authority, as soon, or sooner than they come of age, I do not mean to include his Grace. He has had a large share of experience. He certainly ought to understand the English Constitution better than I do. He had studied it in the fundamental part. For one election I have seen, he has been *concerned* in twenty. Nobody is less of a visionary—nobody has more drawn his speculations from practice. No *Peer* has condescended to watch with more vigilance the declining franchises of the poor Commons. 'With thrice great Hermes he has outwatched the Bear.' Often have his candles glimmered in the sockets whilst he grew pale at his constitutional DUTIES. Long nights has he wasted; long, laborious, shriftless journeys has he made, and great sums has he expended, in order to secure the *purity*, the *independence*, and the *sobriety* of elections." But the poor Duke was too imbecile an object for the pen of Burke, the sarcasm was too fine to be felt, and the Duke of Norfolk harangued, voted, and blundered away, half unconscious that he was covered with ridicule, until he gave up the Opposition bench and the bottle together for the grave. But a new event stirred all the latent ire of party into animation. The King, influenced by a just sense of Burke's services to the empire in exposing conspiracy, extinguishing disaffection, and at once rousing and guiding the old national spirit in the path of national wisdom, virtue, and security, awarded to him a pension of L.1200 a-year on the Civil List, and L.2500 on the four-and-a-half per cent fund. The sum was liberal; but if national justice ever authenticated royal liberality, it was in this instance. Yet the outcry of Opposition was instantly let loose. Fox, who had squandered tens of thousands, thrown away in license of all kinds every shilling that he could get into his hands, lived at the gaming-table, and was at this moment subsisting on a party pension, a *subscription*, was all astonishment alike at the prodigal expenditure and the scandalous degradation! Sheridan was indignant at the extravagance, which could not comprehend the value of pow

shillings, and pence. The Duke of Bedford, with a rent-roll of L.100,000 a-year, and yet raising money in all directions, was bursting with wonder, to conceive *how* so capacious a sum as L.3700 could be occupied in the comforts or uses of any individual, let his merits be what they may. This genuine specimen of all that makes aristocracy a burden, and a burlesque in the national eye, arrogant without dignity, daring without manliness, and officious without zeal, a bloated possessor of wealth which had been dropped on his head by the mere accident of birth, and who, in any fair comparison of the two men, by nature, abilities, or accomplishments, would scarcely have been fit to lacquey Burke's heels, Francis, Duke of Bedford, whose grand demonstration of politics and patriotism was actually *to make his footmen comb the powder out of their locks*, that he might terrify Mr Pitt into resignation!—this was the man, who, in an unlucky hour for his own repose, set himself forward as the denouncer of Burke for accepting the inadequate reward of services that no money could repay, from the justice of his Sovereign, and the gratitude of the empire.

The common suggestions of fact and reason, that Burke had earned public remuneration many a year before, even on the mere ground of official services; that he had surrendered L.20,000 to the public, of the political perquisites of the Army Pay-Office; that his bill for the improvement of the public revenue, by abolishing useless offices, had produced a direct annual saving of L.80,000 a-year — all passed unnoticed by those men of narrow notions and capacious patriotism. It was nothing to the purpose that the sum was granted to a man, who, after thirty years of the most vigorous and brilliant efforts in public life,—efforts whose renown had illustrated the British name, as much as they had enlarged his own, in every region of the globe; that it was incapable of being taken as the pledge of corruption by a man who had *withdrawn entirely from Parliament;* and that it *was not beyond the* income of a *decent barrister, or the* profits of a *prosperous grocer, and* not a twenuseless Duke of Bedford. The clamour was raised by this pampered son of opulence, and the public saw, with equal disgust and surprise, the new moralists of the age starting up in their masquerade habits from the club, the gaming-table, and the race-course. Burke's remarks on this equally absurd, ungenerous, and hypocritical proceeding, were given to the public in his "Letter to a Noble Lord;" one of those performances, which, of itself, would be enough to fix the writer in the highest honours of genius. We may be almost grateful to the aggressive folly which produced this noble retaliation. The barbarism, or the absurdity, of the attack, may well be forgiven, when we see the permanent grandeur and loftiness of the rampart thrown up for its repulse. He begins by acknowledging his *obligations* to the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale. "Those noble persons have lost no time in conferring upon me that sort of honour which is alone within their competence. * * * * To have incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans or the Duke of Bedford, to fall under the censure of Citizen Brissot, or his friend Lord Lauderdale, I consider as proofs, not the least satisfactory, that I have produced some part of the effect I proposed by my endeavours. I have laboured hard to earn, what the noble lords are generous enough to repay. * * * * * Why will they not let me remain in obscurity and inaction? Are they apprehensive, that if an atom of me remains, the sect has something to fear? Must I be annihilated, lest, like old John Zisca's, my skin might be made into a drum, to animate Europe to eternal battle, against a tyranny that threatens to overwhelm all Europe and the human race?

"The Revolution of France seems to have extended even to the constitution of the mind of man. The moral scheme of France furnishes the only pattern ever known, which they who admire will instantly resemble. In my condition, though scarcely to be classed among the living, I am not safe from them. They have tigers to fall upon animated strength. They have hyænas to prey upon carcasses. The National Menagerie is complete

and it is defective in no description of savage nature. They pursue even such as I, into the obscurest retreats, and haul them before their revolutionary tribunals. They have so determined a hatred to all privileged orders, that they deny even to the departed the sad immunities of the grave. Their turpitude purveys to their malice; they *unplumb the dead for bullets to assassinate the living.* If all Revolutionists were not proof against all caution, I should recommend it to their consideration, that no persons were ever known in history, either sacred or profane, to vex the sepulchre, and by their sorceries to call up the prophetic dead, with any other event than the prediction of their own disastrous fate. Leave me, oh, leave me to repose! In one thing I can excuse the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary pension. He cannot comprehend the transaction he condemns. What I have obtained was the fruit of no bargain, the production of no intrigue, the result of no compromise, the effect of no solicitation. The first suggestion of it never came from *me*, mediately, or immediately, to his Majesty, or any of his Ministers. It was long known, that the instant my engagements would permit, and before the heaviest of all calamities had condemned me to obscurity and sorrow, I had resolved on a total retreat. *I had executed that design.* I was entirely out of the way of serving or hunting any statesman or party, before the Ministers carried into effect the spontaneous bounty of the Crown. Both descriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer serve them, Ministers have considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the Revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity."

With that application to first principles, which forms the charm, and makes the imperishable value of his writings, he then touches on the ground of public reward. "I decline his Grace's jurisdiction as a judge. I challenge the Duke of Bedford as a juror upon the value of my services. I cannot recognise, in his *few and idle years*, the competence to judge *of my long and laborious life.* * * * * *His Grace thinks I have obtained too much.* I answer, that my exertions, whatever they have been, were such as no hope of pecuniary reward could possibly excite, and no pecuniary compensation can possibly reward them. Between money and such services, (if done by abler men than I am,) there is no common principle of comparison. They are qualities incommensurable. Money is made for the comfort and convenience of animal life. It *cannot* be a reward for what mere animal life must indeed sustain, but never can inspire. With submission to his Grace, I have not had more than sufficient. As to any noble use, I trust I know how to employ, as well as he, a much greater fortune than he possesses. When I say I have not received more than I deserve, is this the language I hold to Majesty? No. Before that presence I claim no merit at all. One style to a gracious benefactor; another to a proud and insulting foe."

In this language Burke states at once the maxim of a wise government, and the error of a foolish people. In our day, when the mob are the masters, money, the idol of the rabble, is naturally supposed to be the measure of every thing. The artificer measures the work of his hands by its worth in wages; and having no other standard, and being capable, from his gross and handicraft education, of no other, he thinks that he can ascertain the weight of genius, eloquence, virtue, and the noble energies of hearts living and dying for the great interests of mankind, by a guinea more or less in the scale. When revolution is creeping through the multitude, the first cry is always, Economy. This is the sole principle on which the Humes and charlatans of that coarse and miserable class, propose to build their regeneration of mankind. The temple is to have no priest but the money-changer. The nation is to traffic for statesmen as the pedlar traffics for his wares,—buy them at the cheapest rate, and then make the most of them. The question with the new authorities from the workshop, is not, which is the highest-minded, the most accomplished, the most ardent, active, and manly Cabinet, but which is the Cabinet that will be content to work for the lowest wages. The whole system is constructed on

old Jewry principle. The lopping off five hundred a-year from the income of a Minister, is a victory which these men think deserving of all the honours of triumphant patriotism. Envy and malice, aided by the true Republican uncharitableness, which suspects every man to be a villain on the first opportunity, doubtless have their weight with the rabble, and, in nine instances out of ten, are the whole and sincere motives of the charlatans, who trick them into vice and folly. To a low mind, to a vulgar antagonist, to a miserable struggler for influence, which he finds always withheld where his claims are to be tried on the standard of gentlemen, no enjoyment is equal to that of proving that he can molest, if he cannot wound; that if he cannot degrade the honour of the rival whose talents throw him into perpetual contempt, he can at least narrow his income; that if his arguments are cast back helplessly upon himself, his patriotic pretences stripped, and his name turned into a burlesque, he can at least be felt in his arithmetic, and mulct his lofty scorner in the shape of so many shillings patriotically shorn from his subsistence. Prodigality is one thing, and parsimony is another. The true principle is, that the men who administer the government, are to receive all the national subsistence which can enable them to do their office in the most effectual manner. To the fulfilment of their public duties, all other considerations are totally trivial, and must be postponed. The object of England must be to have first-rate men; and to have the whole time and thought, the whole heart and mind of those men, devoted to the guardianship of her interests. Money must be an entirely subordinate consideration. Money ceases to be an element, when the calculation is of the fate of Empires and posterity. In the presence of things of such overwhelming magnitude, salaries and personal means fall into dust, and are nothing. The wisdom of one man averts a war, which would have cost us a hundred millions of money. The intelligence of another establishes a commercial code, which covers the land with activity. The valour of a third sends his spirit into the [illegible] the land, coerces victory, and brings home the national banner covered with inscriptions of triumph, and waving in the acclamations of the world. The eloquence of a fourth, accomplishing the still more capacious success, tramples down revolutionary violence at home, puts it to shame abroad, and throwing light at once on the evil and the good, withers the treachery, by the same flash which opens the face of heaven to the virtue, piety, and fortitude of the Empire. What money could produce such services, or what money can recompense them? But the narrowness of public liberality may seriously cramp and distract the powers and the uses of such men. The policy that reigns now will soon reason itself into the advantage of making our couriers travel on foot, fighting our battles with not-proof gunpowder, and dismounting our cavalry until the trumpet announces the enemy, and dismantling our ships until the battle is to be fought in the chops of the Channel. The public man who is uneasy in his personal circumstances, is so far compelled to withdraw his mind from the service of the State. The public man who feels that the decent expenditure of his station is rapidly sinking into encumbrances, must be uneasy. The public man who, in contemplating the natural effect of years, looks upon the future as opening to him only a vista of poverty, must be often disturbed, when it is essential to the highest interests of the State that he should be free from all disturbance. The public man whose eyes cannot fall upon the circle of his family without thinking of the certain difficulty, if not the actual destitution which must be their lot, aggravated too by their fall from the station of their father, and the pain of being followed by the public gaze into their obscurity, must have thoughts obtruding themselves on the hour when on his undivided council may hang the fate of his country—may have prognostics and fears driving sleep from his pillow, and withering into an early grave the heart, every pulse of which should have been given to the glory and the good of mankind. Pitt died at forty-seven, overwhelmed with debt. No man could charge this greatest of all British Statesmen with personal

waste; no gaming-table, no horse-race, no dissipated banqueting, no pomp of expenditure, could be alleged against this virtuous and high-minded man. Yet it is clear that his means were too narrow for his situation. None could be too magnificent for his services. We cannot enter into the recesses of the great statesman's mind; but who can say, how far the sense of this state of his affairs might not be among the causes of a death, thus occurring in the vigour of years? Pitt's *elder* brother is still living. What invaluable services might not have been obtained from the master mind of Pitt during the long vicissitudes of Europe since the day that saw him laid in the grave—his principle, his purity, his fortitude, matured by the experience of thirty years! From what miserable changes of party might not the national character have been defended; from what gross degradations of public men, issuing in what fatal inroads on the constitution, might we not have been rescued? From what rising atrocities of Republicanism, already gathering its folds, and lifting its crested head and darting out its venomed tongue over the struggling liberty of the land, might we not have been delivered by the strong hand which crushed its neck, in what was scarcely more than the infancy and immaturity of his political being? Or, with what still nobler vigour, reserved for a still more perilous time, might we not see him grasping the deceiver, "that old serpent, which now goeth about to deceive all nations;" and plunging the evil angel of Revolution into the dungeon, to abide there for a thousand years? And, after all, what saving, even in the most vulgar sense of the word, is *effected*? The Committees, Reports, and Commissioners, originating in Mr Hume's rhetoric, and the weakness of the Legislature, which stooped to listen to that indiscriminate disciple of the counting-house, have amounted to, probably, ten times the sum which would have sustained every member of the Cabinet in the independence essential to their office and politic in the nation. Let us not be conceived to be the advocates for *throwing away* a single shilling. Our *advocacy is for the true* economy *which knows that a bad* commodity *is dear at any price, and denies that* to be a saving at all, by which, while we save farthings, we lose millions, and sparing our pockets, suffer an empire to go to decay.

Burke, in allusion to his own efforts in the reduction of the sinecures of the Civil List Establishment, states more of those general principles. He had found two opinions on the subject of the reduction. One pronounced all change absurd, from the complication of the abuse; another would sweep all away at once. "Nothing but coarse amputation, or coarser taxation, was talked of. Blind zeal, or factious fury, were the whole contribution brought by the most noisy on the occasion." He then finely observes, in that style in which his imagination acts as his reason, and a most splendid allusion is invigorated into a convincing argument,—"Let me tell my youthful censor, that the necessities of that time required something very different from what others then suggested, or what his Grace now conceives. Let me inform him, that it was one of the most critical periods in our annals. Astronomers have supposed, that if a certain comet, whose path intercepted the ecliptic, had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign, it would have whirled us along with it in its eccentric course, into heaven knows what regions of heat and cold. Had the portentous comet of the 'Rights of Man,' which 'from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war, and with fear of change perplexes monarchs,' crossed upon us in that internal state of England, nothing human could have prevented our being hurried into all the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French Revolution. * * * * Happily, France was not then jacobinized—her hostility was at a good distance. We had a limb cut off, but we preserved the body. There was much intestine heat, there was a dreadful fermentation. Wild and savage insurrection quitted the woods, and prowled about our streets in the shape of Reform. Many of the changes, by a great misnomer called Parliamentary Reforms, went, in their certain and not very remote effect, home to the utter destruction of the constitution of the kingdom. Had they taken place, not France, but England, would have had the honour of leading up the death-dance of democratic Revolution. * * * * As the

time I was connected with men of high place in the community. They loved liberty, at least as much as the Duke of Bedford can do, and they understood it at least as well. The liberty they pursued was a liberty inseparable from order, morals, and religion, and was neither hypocritically nor fanatically followed. They did not wish that liberty, in itself the first of blessings, should in its perversion become the greatest curse that could fall upon mankind. * * * * The desires of the people (partly natural, and partly infused into them by art) appeared in so wild and inconsiderate a manner, with regard to the economical object, (I set aside the dreadful tampering with the body of the constitution itself,) that if their petitions had been literally complied with, the State would have been convulsed, and a gate would have been opened through which all property might be ravaged."

He then strikes out more broadly into the general question. "It cannot at this time be too often repeated, line upon line, and precept upon precept, until it comes into the currency of a proverb, *To innovate is not to reform.* The French Revolutionists complained of every thing. They refused to *reform* any thing; they left nothing *unchanged.* The consequences are before us—not in remote history, not in future prognostication—they are about us, they are upon us. They shake public security, they menace private enjoyment, they dwarf the young, they break the quiet of the old. Knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance, by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation. The Revolution harpies of France, sprung from Night and Hell, or from that chaotic anarchy which generates 'all monstrous, all prodigious things,' hatch their eggs in the nest of every neighbouring state." He then gives a passing look at his helpless Grace of Bedford. "I was not, like his Grace, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator. '*Nitor in adversum*' is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the *favour and* protection of the great. *I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts, by imposing on* At every step of my progress in life, (for at every step I was traversed and opposed,) and at every turnpike I met, I was forced to shew my passport."

He now comes more directly to the Duke's charge, and retorts it with an effect which, if that shallow nobleman could ever derive any lesson from experience, must have made him wish the day of his unlucky speech blotted out of the calendar. "The Duke of Bedford conceives that he is obliged to call the attention of the House of Peers to his Majesty's grant to me, which he considers as excessive. I know not how it has happened, but it seems that, while his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be incongruously put together, his Grace preserved the idea of reproach to *me*, but took the subject from the Crown grants to *his own family.* In that way of putting things together his Grace is perfectly right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage all economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the Royal bounty. Huge as he is, and while he 'lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray; every thing of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the Royal favour? * * * * It would be not gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has *any public merit of his own*, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed *pensions* were obtained. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate about the merit of all other grantees of the Crown. * * * * The first Peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII.

was taken, not from the ancient demesne of the Crown, but from the recent confiscations of the nobility of the land. The lion, having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackall in waiting. Having once tasted the food of confiscation, the favourite became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was made from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the Church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable in his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

"Mine was from a mild and benevolent Sovereign. His was from Henry VIII.

"Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously *legal*, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by their owners, with the *gibbet at their door*. The merit of the original grantee from whom he derives, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a *levelling* tyrant. The merit of the original grantee was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a Prince who plundered the national Church. His founder's merits were, by acts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness, and depopulation, upon his country. His founder's merit was that of a gentleman raised by the arts of a Court, and the protection of a Wolsey, to eminence. His merit in that eminence was, by instigating a tyrant to injustice, to provoke a people to rebellion. The political merit of the first pensioner of his Grace's house, was that of being concerned, as a Counsellor of State, in advising, and in his person executing, the conditions of a dishonourable peace with France; the surrendering the fortress of Boulogne, then our outguard upon the continent. By that surrender, Calais, the key of France, and the bridle in the mouth of that power, was, not many years afterwards, finally lost. *The labour of his Grace's founder merited the curses, not loud but deep, of the Commons of England,* in whom he and his master had effected a complete *Parliamentary Reform*, by making them, in their slavery and humiliation, the true and adequate representatives of a debased, degraded, and undone people. * * * * Let the Duke of Bedford reject with scorn and horror, the counsels of the lecturers; those wicked panders to avarice and ambition, who would tempt him, in the troubles of his country, to seek another enormous fortune in the forfeitures of another nobility, and the plunder of another Church. * * * * Then will he forget the rebellions which, by a doubtful priority in crime, his ancestor had provoked and extinguished. * * * *

"The Crown has considered me after long services. The Crown has paid the Duke of Bedford in advance. He has had a long credit for any service which he may perform *hereafter*. But let him beware how he endangers that constitution which secures his own utility or his own insignificance. The learned professors of the 'rights of men,' regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim, set up against all possession, but as itself a bar against the possessor. Such are their ideas, such their religion, such their law. But, to our country and our race, so long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the Sanctuary, the Holy of Holies of that ancient Law, defended by reverence, defended by power, at once a fortress and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Lion; as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the Orders of the State, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers, coerce and guard the subject land, so long the mounds and dykes of the *low, fat Bedford level* will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the *levellers* of France. * * * * But, if the rude inroad of Gallic tumult, with its sophistical rights of man, to falsify the account, and its sword as a makeweight to throw into the scale, shall be introduced into our city by a misguided populace, set on by proud, great men, themselves blinded and intoxicated by a frantic ambition, we shall, all of us, perish and be overwhelmed in a common

ruin. If a great storm blow on our coast, it will cast the whales on our strand as well as the periwinkles. His Grace will not survive the grantee he despises; no, not a twelvemonth. If the great look for safety in the services they render to the Gallic cause, it is to be foolish even above *the privilege allowed to wealth.*"

The loss of his son had broken the heart of Burke, and in the midst of all his thoughts of patriotism, fame, and honour, he reverts perpetually to this melancholy recollection. Like some shade of the departed, the image of his dead son starts up before him wherever he turns his step, no matter in what great affairs he may be occupied; no matter whether his foot be in the palace or the field; whether he give counsel to the disturbed and anxious minds of the nation, or confound, with indignant eloquence and prophetic rebuke, the revolutionary multitude and their profligate leaders, the form of his son always moves before his sight, and he always acknowledges it, as reminding him that the world is closed upon his hopes, and beckoning him to the grave. To others, this perpetual grief might be unmanly, because it would *unman.* To Burke's powerful and philosophic mind it diminished nothing of power, of generous zeal, or lofty perseverance. It solemnized and sanctified. It palpably mingled with the energies of his original genius, the elevation of sacred feeling. The bold partisan, the vigorous actor in public life, has disappeared. His views are more general, less concerned for triumph than for truth; and disposed, as he was, by nature, to this expansion of view, and making obvious advances towards it in every successive period of his public career, it was now that he attained the full dignity and purity of his powers. The same blow which had laid his son in the tomb, severed the last link which bound him to the localities of public life. The fetter fell away from his wings, and he at once sprang up above all the mists and obstacles which had before narrowed *the circle* of his vision. The world *was now for him,* and he was for *the world.*

"*Had it pleased God*" he says, "to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in honour, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon this provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He soon would have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant, wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a silent, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied."

Then follows the passage which has been so often panegyrized, and which, like some triumphal arch of Rome, at once a trophy and an emblem of mortality, will sustain, by the richness of its workmanship, all the admiration that can be lavished on its architect, to the end of time: "But, a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie, like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours—I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognise the Divine justice. But, while I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature,

in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone, I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. * * * I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed for me. I owe to him to shew that he was not descended from an unworthy parent."

After this tribute to his feelings he returns to what he considered as a duty. He slightly adverts to the follies of his accuser, and makes them the groundwork of important advice to all men of rank, who, stooping to rabble politics for party purposes, were blind to the palpable fact, that *they* would be the first victims of a rabble revolution. "Surely it is proper that the Duke of Bedford, and others like him, should know the true genius of this sect. He ought to know, that with them the *whole duty of man* consists in *destruction*. They are a misallied and disparaged branch of the house of Nimrod. They are the Duke of Bedford's *natural hunters*, and he is their natural game. Because he is not very profoundly reflecting, he sleeps in profound security. They, on the contrary, are always vigilant, active, enterprising. In Revolution every thing is new, and from want of preparation, every thing is dangerous. Never before, as in France, was a set of literary men converted into a gang of robbers and assassins. Never before did a den of bravoes and banditti assume the garb and tone of an academy of philosophers. Let me tell his Grace, that a union of such characters, monstrous as it may seem, is not made for producing despicable enemies. The men of property in France, confiding in a force which seemed to be irresistible, because it had never been tried, neglected to prepare for a conflict with their enemies at their own weapons. They were found in such a situation as the *Mexicans, when they* were attacked *by the dogs, the cavalry*, the iron, and the gunpowder, of a handful of bearded men, whom they did not know to exist in nature. In France they had their enemies within their houses, but they had not sagacity to discover their savage character. They seemed tame, and even caressing. They had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouth. They could not bear the punishment of the mildest laws on the greatest criminals. The slightest severity of justice made their flesh creep. The very idea that war existed in the world, disturbed their repose. Military glory, with them, was no more than a splendid infamy. All this while they meditated the massacres and confiscations which we have seen. Had any one told those unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen, how and by whom the grand fabric of the French monarchy would be subverted, they would have pitied him as a visionary. Yet we have seen what has happened. The persons who have suffered from the cannibal philosophy of France, are so like the Duke of Bedford, that nothing but his Grace's probably not speaking quite so good French, could enable us to find out any difference. A great many of them had as pompous titles as he, and were of full as illustrious a race. A few of them had fortunes as ample; several of them (without meaning any disparagement to the Duke of Bedford) were as wise, and as virtuous, and as valiant, and as complete in all the lineaments of men of honour, as he is. And to all this, they added the powerful outguard of a military profession, which, in its nature, renders men somewhat more cautious than those who have nothing to attend to but the lazy enjoyment of undisturbed possessions. But security was their ruin. They are dashed to pieces in the storm, and our shores are covered with their wrecks. If they had been aware that such a thing might happen, such a thing never could have happened."

He now turns to the effect of revolutionary principles arising from general society, and in England. His observations are true to this hour, and should operate as a warning to the peers and to the people, if both are not to be sunk in the gulf of confiscation and massacre. "I can assure his Grace," says his powerful

and perhaps pitying rebuker, "that the Frenchified faction, more encouraged than others are warned, by what has happened in France, look at him and his landed possessions as an object at once of curiosity and rapacity. He is made for them in every part of their character. As robbers, to them he is a noble booty; as speculatists, he is a glorious subject for their philosophy. Those philosophers are *fanatics*. I am better able, than the noble Duke can be, to enter into the character of this description of men. I have lived long and variously in the world. Without any considerable pretensions to literature in myself, I have aspired to the love of letters. I have lived for a great many years in habitudes with those who professed them. I can form a tolerable estimate of what is likely to happen from such a character, chiefly dependent for fame and fortune on knowledge and talent, as well in its morbid and perverted state, as in that which is sound and natural. Naturally, men so formed are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But, when they have *once thrown off the fear of God*, which was in all ages too often the case; and the fear of man, which is now the case; and when, in that state, they come to understand one another, and to act in corps, a more dreadful calamity cannot arise out of hell to scourge mankind. *Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough-bred metaphysician.* It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked Spirit, than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is, like the principle of Evil himself, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil."

It is remarkable that this great searcher of the heart of faction almost anticipates the peculiar shape of mischief, which, under the name of philosophy, is preparing the work of ruin in our day. In France, the sect of Economists, the true worshippers of Mammon, whose only enquiry in all public interests was, is it cheap, is it dear? and who thought that they had disposed of the question of a Throne or a Church, *when they had proved* that a Republic and Atheism would cost a less number of francs, rapidly subverted not use it as a manufactory, and turned the population into cut-throats, after having turned them into paupers. Burke strikingly awakes us to their universal principle, that the future is every thing, the present nothing; that the misery, famine, and death of a hundred thousand artificers or labourers at the present hour, is not merely a cheap but an allowable purchase for some benefit which in their speculations exists for the rising generation. Refining on that loose theory, which so undeservedly raised its propagators into a temporary name, that population was a national calamity to be cured only by a providential curse; God relieving man from the misfortune of the original blessing of "increase and multiply," by the "vice and misery" which are the direct violation of his commands; of all theories the shallowest, yet in its day received with a rapture worthy of political economy,—our present economists, *who are revolutionary to a man*, actually triumph in the steadiness with which they can contemplate individual havoc and national suffering, as the avenues to what they promise as national prosperity. When Huskisson, the pupil of the Jacobins, and a member of their club, was told that his measures had thrown 15,000 Spitalfields weavers out of bread, and that they must perish, and were actually perishing, of hunger, the answer of the economist was, "We must be prepared for such things. But we shall have the monopoly of the silk manufacture *yet*." On the wheels of this principle run their free trade; their abolition of companies, their disruption of all those corporate bodies and associations, by which thousands and tens of thousands must be cast into the streets, and from the streets into a pauper's grave. The universal answer of the smiling philosopher is—Wait a while. All will come round. The workmen may die by hundreds or thousands, if they like. That is a necessary operation. All is calculated on, and in twenty or a hundred years you will see that we have secured the universal supply of shoe-ties, all the tape and thread-making, the grand monopoly of the button-twisting of Europe.

speaking of the Economists, whom he knew to the inmost pith and marrow, "have a means of compromising with the humanity of their nature. It is not dissolved. They only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare that they do not think two thousand years too long a period for the good that they pursue. It is remarkable that they never see any way to their projected good but by the road of some evil. Their imagination is not fatigued with the contemplation of human suffering through the wild waste of centuries, added to centuries of misery and desolation. *Their humanity is at the horizon, and, like the horizon, it always flies before them.* Those philosophers consider men, in their experiments, no more than they do mice in an exhausted receiver, or in a recipient of mephitic gas. Whatever his Grace may think of himself, they look upon him, and upon every thing that belongs to him, with no more regard than they do upon the whiskers of that little, long-tailed animal, that has long been the game of the grave, demure, insidious, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed philosophers, whether going upon two legs or upon four. His Grace's landed possessions are irresistibly inviting to an *Agrarian* experiment. They are a downright insult upon the rights of man. They are more extensive than the territory of many of the Grecian republics. There is a scope for seven philosophers to proceed in their analytical experiments upon Harrington's seven forms of Republics, in the acres of this one Duke. * * * Abbé Siéyes has whole nests of pigeon-holes, full of constitutions ready-made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered, suited to every season and every fancy; some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and some with the bottom at the top; some of blood colour, some of *boue de Paris;* some with directories, others without; some with councils of elders, some with councils of youngsters, some without any council at all; some where the electors choose the representatives, some where the representatives *choose* the electors; *some in long coats,* some in short; *some in pantaloons;* some without *breeches;* some with five-shilling qualifications, some totally unqualified; so that no constitution fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment, exile, confiscation, revolutionary judgment, and legalized premeditated murder, in any shapes into which they can be put. What a pity it is that their progress of experimental philosophy should be checked by his Grace's monopoly. * * * * * Is the genius of philosophy not yet known? Deep philosophers are no triflers. Brave sansculottes are no formalists. They will no more regard a Marquis of Tavistock than an Abbot of Tavistock. The Lord of Woburn will not be more respectable in their eyes than the Prior of Woburn. They will make no difference between a Covent Garden of nuns and a Covent Garden of another description. They will not care a rush whether the colour of his coat be purple, or blue and buff. Their only question will be, that of Legendre, or some other of their Legislative butchers, how he cuts up, how he tallows in the caul, or on the kidneys. Is it not a singular phenomenon, that while the sansculotte butchers, and the philosophers of the shambles, are pricking their dotted lines upon his hide; and (like the print of the poor ox that we see in the shop windows at Charing Cross), alive as he is, and thinking no harm in the world, he is divided into rumps, and sirloins, and briskets, and into all sorts of pieces for roasting, boiling, and stewing; that all the while they are measuring *him,* he is measuring *me*—is invidiously comparing the bounty of the Crown, with the deserts of the defender of his order, and in the same moment fawning on those who have the knife half out of the sheath, *poor innocent!*

'Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.'"

With this parting blow of consummate scorn, well deserved by the noble Duke, he leaves him to such consolation as he could find in the kindred ribaldry of Crown-and-Anchor harangues—the laughter of the Empire.

PROGRESS OF SOCIAL DISORGANIZATION.

No. III.

THE PROSTRATION OF GOVERNMENT.

WHOEVER has carefully considered the progress of change, not only in political institutions, but public thought and opinion in Great Britain, during the last forty years, must be convinced, that some great and general cause has been in operation, which has far exceeded in power and importance the contests of faction, or the recklessness of ambition; and that the State, under the guidance of different parties, has been driven forward, like a vessel which has ceased to obey the rudder, and drifts away at the mercy of the winds and tides. The repeated changes of Administration, during the last ten years of that period, and the extreme difficulty which all of them have experienced in keeping possession of the helm for any length of time, afford decisive evidence, that here, as in France for a similar period, before the commencement of the first Revolution, some great general cause has been at work in society, which was pressing upon the frame of government, and forcing all parties into measures which their wisest members felt to be no other than destructive to the empire.

It is in vain to attempt to lay the *whole* responsibility of these changes on the Whigs. Unquestionably they bear the largest share in that terrible burden, because not only have they set the Empire on fire in all quarters, since they came into office, but the previous measures which have proved so destructive in their consequences, were all, without one single exception, pressed upon preceding Governments by their exertions. The fatal alterations in the monetary system, and the suppression of small notes in 1826, which spread far and wide the bitterness of distress among the industrious classes; the change in the Navigation Laws, which has reduced to such *unparalleled difficulties* the shipowners; *the free trade*, which has *exposed to so galling a competition* manufactures; the repeal of the Test and Corporation laws, which let into the Legislature the jealousy and heartburnings of the dissenting interest; the Catholic Relief Bill, which overwhelmed it by a flood of Irish rashness and intemperance; finally, the Reform Bill, which at once poured upon its devoted head the whole discontented humours of the Empire, have all proceeded from their efforts, or the exertions of the deluded Conservatives whom they had seduced into acquiescence in their measures. Perhaps it is impossible to find recorded in history a series of measures, proceeding from a single party, which have proved so disastrous in their consequences, or gone so far to destroy a fabric built up by the wisdom and virtue of a thousand years. With truth did Napoleon say, "If an empire were made of adamant, it would soon be reduced to powder by the political economists."

We do not accuse the Whigs of a deliberate intention to ruin their country, in advocating and pressing on this unparalleled succession of disastrous measures. They were themselves the victims of sophistry and delusion; they shared in the errors, which, under the influence of a general unhinging of the public mind, were so universally spread abroad. The unfortunate habits which had grown up among them from their long place in opposition; the peculiar and narrow circle in which they lived; their ridiculous and unceasing eulogy of each other; their invariable custom of reading nothing but what coincided with their own preconceived opinions, attaching no weight but to the oracles delivered by the leaders of their own party, and associating with nobody but the little exclusive circle of their own formation; all contributed in a most extraordinary degree to narrow their minds, to throw them behind both the discoveries and the real acquisi-

amongst them those plausible sophisms which were current with the philosophical world half a century before, but which the good sense and experience of mankind had elsewhere banished from the direction of affairs. By a curious coincidence, but the operation of the same cause, the English Whigs and the French Royalists at the same time were exposed to the operation of the same narrowing and deluding circumstances; political misfortune, long continued exclusion from power, equally hardened the minds and blinded the eyes of both; in the fastnesses of an exclusive circle, both were alike confirmed in the error of their ways; the celebrated saying of Napoleon, "Ils n'ont rien appris, ils n'ont rien oubliés," was equally, and for the same reason, applicable to both; and the one was as thoroughly prepared to convulse the world by a practical trial of the principles of Revolution, when an unparalleled combination of circumstances wafted them to the helm in 1830, as the other were to overturn the kingdom of Clovis by obedience to priestcraft and feudal prejudice, when the bayonets of the Allies seated them on his throne fifteen years before.

The evident shock which these erroneous and absurd principles necessarily gave to all the great interests of the Empire, when once reduced to practice, would have long ago chased these theoretical pilots from the helm, if they had not fallen upon the expedient of plunging into a monstrous innovation, which at once roused into fearful activity all the revolutionary passions of the Empire, and induced the multitude to support them in the firm and well-founded belief that they never again to all appearance would find rulers, who from the seat of power would bring forward such a project. Since that great Revolution, there has been, properly speaking, no Government in the country, but a mere Committee of Management to carry into effect the mandates of the Twelve Hundred Thousand Legislators of the British Empire. No one need hesitate in asserting that such is the state of things, when it has been *openly proclaimed* by Ministers *themselves.* Lord Durham, the author of the Reform Bill, the son-in-law of the Premier, has publicly declared that the measures of Government are necessarily dependent on public opinion; and that whatever a majority of the Electors firmly and resolutely demand, must sooner or later be conceded.

But admitting all this, the question still recurs, What has changed the character of the English people so much in so short a time, as to induce a vast majority of them to support measures which would have been at once scouted in any former period of English history? That is the important question. Admitting that there are in all ages and countries a certain proportion of hardened Jacobins, irreclaimable democrats, who would gladly catch at revolutionary measures by whomsoever proposed; still the point is, what has occasioned such a prodigious multiplication of their number in the last ten years? Mr Burke, in 1793, calculated that there were 80,000 irreclaimable Jacobins in England; but if he had lived to the present time, he would have estimated their number at several millions. It is in vain to assert that the Reform Bill, and the revolutionary measures which have followed in its train, were carried through by the mob, in opposition to the sense, property, or education of the empire. The highly educated classes, indeed—the Bar, the Church, and those who had been instructed at the Universities, and almost all persons of every description possessed of historical information, were by a great majority opposed to the changes; and the bulk of the holders of any considerable property were of the same way of thinking: but a vast proportion of persons who had received merely some degree of education, went heart and hand into the new order of things; and what was still more extraordinary, many respectable individuals, whose fortunes were mainly dependent upon the preservation of a conservative system, were the most loud in their clamour for the Reform Bill, and like the clergy in France, concurred in bringing about a Revolution which has already reduced numbers of themselves to beggary.

In investigating the course of this vast change, and of the progressive

decomposition of the British empire under the solvents which are now so liberally applied to it in all directions, the first feature which must strike every rational observer, is the immense increase which the *spirit of innovation* has received within the last fifteen years, and the marked disregard, not only of antiquity, but of experience, which distinguishes all the political theorists of the present day. This is the more remarkable, that it is not only an entirely novel feature in the English character, but an entirely new trait in the history of free states. Hitherto the tenacity with which men adhered to old institutions, and the customs of their forefathers, has been nearly in proportion to the share which they possessed in the administration of public affairs. It was greatest in free and democratical states, and least in those of a despotic character. The ideas and customs of the Forest Cantons were as permanent as the mountains in which they were cradled; the slow disposition and methodical habits of the Dutch burghers had passed into a proverb; while the gay and lively French, under their despotic princes, were the most volatile people in Europe. In England, down to the battle of Waterloo, the reverence for antiquity was the great and distinguishing feature of the national character; the customs of the people had descended to them from their Saxon forefathers; the laws of Edward the Confessor, confirmed by Magna Charta, still formed the foundation of British freedom; and the love of liberty, divested of its dangerous ally, the passion for innovation, had for five hundred years preserved unchanged in any essential particular the glorious fabric of the British Constitution.

Now all this is gone. The reverence for antiquity, the horror for innovation, the tenacity of custom, the force of habit, which for a thousand years have been all-powerful with the English people, have melted away. They have passed into history; they are numbered with the things that have been. A character which has withstood the vicissitudes of ten centuries; which remained unchanged through the bondage of feudal slavery, the legends of Catholic superstition; which neither the frenzy of the Crusades, nor the enthusiasm of the Covenant, could shake; which survived the wars of the Roses, the conquests of the Plantagenets, the sword of Cromwell; which appeared more firmly rooted than ever in our own recollection, and preserved this empire safe and inviolate through the perilous contagion of the French Revolution, has suddenly given way under our own eyes, and with it all the ideas and institutions which were looked on as most stable among our people. The demon of innovation had been imprisoned in the strife of former days, and his stronghold sealed by the seal of Solomon; but the entrance has been opened by the madness of a succeeding age; the awful apparition has spread, like the genie of the fable, in mist and darkness along our coasts, and from amidst its clouds the awful form of the giant has emerged.

That this extraordinary and almost incomprehensible change has been owing to some very general cause, operating suddenly and extensively upon all classes of society, must be obvious from the consideration, that it has appeared simultaneously in every department of thought and genius, and has affected more or less all the Administrations which have governed the country since the termination of the war. The Revolution of 1832 indeed has ripened the harvest with extraordinary rapidity; but the seed had been in some degree sown by the well-meant but deluded innovations of former years. The nation had been habituated to innovation, had been taught to deride the wisdom of its ancestors; to look for remedy for suffering, not to experience, but to speculation, long before the fatal era when the Whigs succeeded to the helm. What else but this mania of innovation led to the abandonment of the Navigation Laws, which Adam Smith pronounced to be a model of practical wisdom, and from which the maritime superiority of Great Britain may be dated; or the surrender of the Protestant constitution of 1688, the parent of one hun-

greatness? The Tories may well pride themselves upon the glorious stand which they have made in defence of the liberties of the country, and the institutions of their fathers, since they retired from office; but like other men, they have been improved in the school of adversity; and they will be fain to tear from the page of history, the vacillation, weakness, and concessions, which distinguished the last ten years of their reign.

We do not blame the individual members of former governments for this conciliatory system, how apparent soever it may be that it first shook the institutions of the empire, and produced that longing after innovation which is the sure precursor of revolutionary convulsion. It is evident that they were swept away by a torrent which no one was capable of resisting; that they maintained themselves deluded by the sophisms which were so lamentably prevalent in the state; that they were driven forward by the weight which was accumulating in their rear, and kept their place in the front rank, only by keeping always ahead of the devouring flame.

That this yielding to innovation was the result of a general change in the temper of the public mind, which no firmness how great soever could resist, and no capacity how great soever direct, must be apparent from the additional circumstance, that the statesmen who yielded to this seducing but perilous system, were among the ablest and the most indomitable who ever held the helm of affairs in this country. No man was ever more largely gifted with eloquence or energy than Mr Canning; none had more completely at his command both a stock of statistical details and a profusion of valuable information than Mr Huskisson; no one ever introduced Reform with a more cautious hand, or tempered innovation with the results of experience more thoroughly, than Sir Robert Peel; in firmness and decision of character, no British statesman ever exceeded, few have equalled, the Duke of Wellington—yet these were the very men by whom the innovating *system was* first adopted; *who tore away* the veil from *the front of the sanctuary*, and were at length compelled, after exhausting every effort to appease the demon of Revolution, to leave him in the unbridled sovereignty to which he had been elevated by their successors.

A very short examination of the history of the changes which the Constitution has undergone, must be sufficient to indicate the general cause, (now so fearfully increased,) which has for the last twenty years imprinted so ruinous a character on British Legislation.

The original, broad, and stable foundations of the English Constitution were laid in the agricultural interests. The Barons in Gothic times, who fought and bled for the liberties of their country, and established the now-forgotten edifice of feudal independence, were landed proprietors. They stood forth at the head of the rural tenantry, and supported in the Legislature the rural interests. Even in the days of the Long Parliament, and through all the fervour of the Covenant, it was the landowners of England who maintained the contest; and the most celebrated leaders of the Commons, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Sir Henry Vane, Pym, Hampden, and all their chief supporters in both Houses of Parliament, were the principal landholders of the kingdom. It is observed by Hume, and after him by Guizot, that at the commencement of the civil wars, the landed property in the hands of the Commons was about double that in the possession of the Peers; a striking proof of the preponderance of that great interest in the commonwealth, and the decisive influence which it gave to the popular side, with which the majority of it was identified.

When Cromwell formed a new Constitution, the preponderance was still given in the most marked manner to the landed interest. It is stated by Hallam, that the number of Members for counties and the Universities in England and Wales, was fixed at 267; while those for towns was only 132. In other words, the county Members were to the borough as 2 to 1 nearly. The House so constituted, evinced, as might have been anticipated, so Conservative a spirit, and was so decidedly

opposed to the usurpation of Cromwell, that he never was able to keep them any time together; and all the Sessions of Parliament during the remainder of his reign were brought to an abrupt termination, after a stormy and refractory Session of a few weeks' duration.

On the Restoration, the old Constitution revived, and the representation became vested in the counties and boroughs, with a few exceptions, in whom it has resided from that time down to the Revolution of 1832. The great number of boroughs which, under this system, sent Members to Parliament, amounting to nearly four-fifths of the whole representation of England and Wales, would long ago have overturned the Constitution, were it not that so large a proportion of them were returned for inconsiderable places, which fell under the influence of the great landholders in their neighbourhoods, and under the name of close, nomination, or rotten boroughs, long constituted the avenue by which talent was admitted into the Legislature, and the make-weight by which steadiness was secured in the measures of Government. These close boroughs were divided between the agricultural and the commercial interests; and the proportion in which this division took place varied with the increasing wealth of the landowners in some places, and of the manufacturing or trading interests in others; but, generally speaking, they were on the Conservative side; that is, they were either purchased or acquired by persons connected with the great interests of the State, in commerce, agriculture, or manufactures. In a few populous towns merely, the representation was vested in the mass of the labouring people; and although they returned, in general, noisy, intemperate Members, who advocated the cause of Democracy, their numbers were too inconsiderable to affect in any great degree the measures of Government. England, therefore, came, under the old Constitution, to be governed entirely by the representatives of property; by the great landed, commercial, and manufacturing interests of the State; and hence the remarkable steadiness and wisdom of its government, and the unparalleled extent to which prosperity spread among its numerous and varied inhabitants.

That the commercial and manufacturing interests had their full share in the Legislature, and that the landowners were by no means possessed of any overwhelming influence in the House of Commons, during the whole course of the last century, is proved by the fact, that by far the greatest part of the public burdens were laid on the agricultural classes. Without mentioning the Church, which is to be viewed rather as a part owner of the soil, than as a burden on its cultivators, it is sufficient to refer to the poor's rates, land tax, and county rates, for decisive evidence of this fact. At a time when a general income, or property tax, was unknown, and the manufacturing and commercial classes paid no direct taxes whatever to Government, (the assessed and income taxes being subsequent inventions,) the landowners were already burdened with a land tax of two shillings in the pound, a heavy poor's rate, and the exclusive payment of the county rates, or taxes for the local administration of justice. The former of these partial taxes now amounts to L.8,000,000, the latter to L.600,000 a-year.

But with the war undertaken for our national existence against revolutionary France, a change of interests and transfer of power has taken place, which at length has given such an extraordinary preponderance to the manufacturing classes, as has overturned the Constitution.

The manufacturing and shipping interests of the empire had been long the object of extreme solicitude on the part of the Legislature, as is evinced by the extraordinary multitude of acts passed to protect almost every branch of their industry. But during the progress of the Revolutionary war, the growth of these classes was unprecedented. Various causes conspired to produce this effect. The energy and skill of our sailors gave our fleets the command of the seas; the insanity of the Constituent Assembly delivered over St Domingo to the flames, and destroyed at once a colony which maintain-

ed twenty thousand seamen in the service of France; all the colonies of the world successively fell into our hands, and the British islands became the emporium for Colonial produce and manufactured articles from every quarter of the globe. The vast expenditure of Government, which went on continually increasing, from sixteen millions in 1792, till it had reached seventy and eighty millions a-year in 1814, encouraged to an extraordinary degree every species of manufacture; until at length the empire was overspread with artisans, and Great Britain came to be considered rather as a great manufactory for the world, than a kingdom feeding itself with its rude produce, and preserving a due balance between its manufacturing and agricultural members.

Another cause at the same period powerfully contributed to produce the same effect. The enormous sums which were borrowed by Government during the war, amounting in all to above L.600,000,000, immensely extended the numerous and powerful body who had advanced their capital to the State, and lived on the dividends paid on the public debt. By far the greater part of this class resided in towns, or were connected, directly or indirectly, with the commercial classes; and thus their great increase formed a direct and most important addition to the urban interest in the commonwealth. Add to this the prodigious sums, probably amounting to nearly as much as the public debt, which, during the same active and prosperous period, were saved by the industrious or trading classes, and lent out on mortgage, either directly, or through the intervention of banks or some public companies. If the operation of these concurring causes are taken into account, it will probably be deemed no exaggeration to affirm that creditors, living chiefly in towns, to the extent of nearly £1,500,000,000, were constituted during the war, and that the permanent income vested in them on its termination was little short of £50,000,000 a-year.

The important change on the currency introduced under the pressure of overbearing necessity by Mr Pitt, *in 1797, contributed in* a remarkable manner to the same effect. The well-known effect of this measure was in a few years to double the price of all the articles of commerce, and reduce to a half the value of money. Every person possessed of any kind of property found it continually rising in price. Men often became rich, as they now do in Canada, by the mere lapse of time, and constant addition to the value of their possessions, without any exertion of their own. The holders of these commodities, that is, the trading, manufacturing, and industrious classes throughout the State, prospered beyond all precedent, under the combined influence of increasing trade, immense Government expenditure, and a continued rise in the price of commodities. Hence the extraordinary growth of the towns during the war; the triplication of our exports and imports in twenty years; the vast increase of the commercial classes, and the unparalleled degree to which affluence was spread through the middling ranks of society.

These causes had, for long before the battle of Waterloo, produced a very great increase in the urban interests, and an evident preponderance of that class of society over the rural population; but as long as the contest lasted, and for some years after its termination, the influence of this change on the domestic affairs and balance of power in the nation was not felt. The passions excited during the dreadful contest with Napoleon, were so fierce, the patriotism elicited in all ranks so ardent, the peril to civil and national independence so evident, that every feeling was stifled during its continuance, but an unextinguishable desire of resistance; and as long as the generation remained in possession of power, who had grown up under these feelings, the monarchical part of the Constitution felt no want of support. But still the balance was endangered, and the ancient Constitution was tottering from the extraordinary growth of towns and city interests, which had taken place during the continuance of the contest. As the best proof that these statements are not overcharged, we subjoin an account of the progressive increase of the principal manufacturing counties in the

Empire for the last thirty years.* From this interesting table, it appears that the population in the great cities of the Empire has in general tripled, and that of the manufacturing counties doubled since 1801, while the increase in the agricultural districts has in general not been more than twenty or thirty *per cent.* The result of the whole has been, that while in 1700 it was calculated by the statistical writers of the day that the urban was to the rural population as 1 to 2 nearly, it is now so far altered that the proportion is as 2 to 1, there being in England and Wales 773,000 families employed in agriculture, which at 5 persons to a family, gives 3,865,000 individuals; while in manufactures and other employments there are no less than 1,572,000 families, or at the same rate 7,860,000 individuals.† The individuals employed in agriculture, therefore, are, in England, to the urban population, as four millions to eight millions nearly, that is, as 1 to 2; a proportion unparalleled in any State of similar dimensions in ancient or modern times, and fraught with a degree of danger to our political institutions, and very existence as a nation, of which we are far at present from appreciating the magnitude.‡

During the tumult of gratitude, exultation, joy, and enthusiasm, which followed the termination of the war, no one perceived, and few foresaw, the alarming consequences of this disproportion; but as years rolled on, and the excitement of the moment passed away, its effects upon the balance of power in the State gradually developed themselves. Urban interests, democratic ascendency, began to be systematically advocated; the strength of the Opposition in the House of Commons steadily increased; and Government, to retain its popularity, and avoid a perpetual collision with a clamorous and growing faction, insensibly slid into the fatal system of disarming the popular party by anticipating its

	1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.
* London,	720,000	930,000	1,125,000	1,475,000
Glasgow,	77,000	110,000	162,000	203,000
Edinburgh,	82,000	107,000	134,000	164,000
Manchester,	76,000	91,000	129,000	187,000
Salford,	18,000	24,000	32,000	50,000
Lancashire,	672,000	828,000	1,052,000	1,336,000
West Riding, York,	563,000	655,000	801,000	976,000
Warwickshire,	208,000	228,000	274,000	336,000
Staffordshire,	239,000	295,000	341,000	410,000
Nottinghamshire,	140,000	162,000	186,000	225,000
Chester,	191,000	227,000	270,000	334,000
Durham,	160,000	177,000	207,000	253,000
Lanarkshire,	146,000	191,000	244,000	316,000
Stirlingshire,	50,000	58,000	65,000	72,000
Renfrewshire,	78,000	92,000	112,000	133,000
Norfolk,	273,000	291,000	344,000	390,000
Dumbartonshire,	20,000	24,000	27,000	33,000
Edinburghshire,	122,000	148,000	191,000	219,000
Berwickshire,	30,620	30,779	33,000	34,000
Haddington,	29,900	31,164	35,137	36,135

† Population Return, 1831; Parliamentary Stat. Tables, vol. i. p. 154.

‡ According to the latest Statistical Returns, the proportion in France is just the reverse, there being 21,000,000 of persons in that kingdom engaged in agriculture, and 10,000,000 in all other pursuits. This extraordinary proportion in the British Empire is fraught with the most important inferences. What comes, *inter alia*, of the tendency of the human race to increase faster than food can be provided for them, and go on in a geometrical ratio, when, in England, old in years, teeming with wealth, and abounding in inhabitants, four millions of cultivators can feed eight millions of *the other classes; while* amidst the virgin soil and infant energy of America, the *Ukraine, and Poland, nineteen-twentieths* of the population are engaged in agricultural pursuits.‖

demands. Who began this ruinous system; by whom it was first matured; what delusion induced successive Administrations to imagine, that by constantly conceding to the wishes of the city or republican interest, they could permanently maintain our monarchical institutions, it is the province of the historian to enquire. Suffice it for us to observe, that it evidently and steadily was adopted; and that the cause of the change is to be found, not so much in the weakness and vacillation of particular men, as in the feeling of a common pressure, and the advent of times, when, without some change to meet and counterbalance the prodigious alteration in the balance of the town and country parties, which had taken place during the revolutionary war, it was hardly possible for any Administration to exist but on temporary shifts and ruinous concessions.

This tendency was increased, and in fact rendered irresistible, by the changes which in 1819, 1822, and 1826, took place in the currency of the nation. It is not our intention at present to enter into that much disputed and intricate question; still less to enquire, whether it was unavoidable, and whether the evils which have arisen from the adoption of the new system, the return to a metallic currency, and suppression of small notes, were or were not greater than those which would have attended an adherence to the old. Suffice it to say, that the thing was done, and that the change thus introduced has nearly doubled the strength of the town or democratic party, while it has reduced to a half the resources of productive and rural industry throughout the country. Grain, and with it almost all the articles of life, have been lowered fifty per cent in consequence of that change: the average price of wheat from 1814 to 1819 was 78s. the quarter; whereas the average price for the last five years has been 62s., and it is now, apparently steadily, under 50s.* Every body knows, that in the purchase of food, clothing, luxuries, and all the articles of commerce, L.100 will go as far now as L.150 would have gone fifteen years ago.

If the nation had been entirely clear of public and private debt, this change, how great soever, would not have been attended with any alteration in the relative situation of the Democratic and Conservative parties; but, unfortunately, this was not the case; and what was still more decisive against the latter of these bodies, the portion of the community who were to be benefited by the change, were, for the most part, resident in towns, while that which was to be injured, in great part resided in the country. The holders of stock or Government securities of every sort, of bonds, mortgages, and open account, in short, the whole class of creditors, found themselves fifty per cent richer by the change; while the debtors in their obligations, that is, the industrious classes, who had borrowed money in order to carry on their various undertakings, found themselves proportionally burdened. The former, almost all, were congregated in towns, while the greater proportion of the latter were scattered over the country, and carried on the immense and varied branches of industry by which the agricultural classes of the state were supported. Hence, for the last fifteen years, an increasing and most painful alteration has taken place in the relative situation of the town and country parties: the former, generally speaking, have been continually increasing in riches, comfort, and prosperity, while the latter have as steadily been declining, labouring, and unhappy. Exceptions have arisen from local causes, but this has been the general character of the condition of the two classes during that period. Estates have been brought to the hammer, old families have melted away, the landed property has in great part passed into other hands; farmers have been distrained, sequestrated, exiled; Canada has been overrun with British cultivators, and the foundations of a greater empire than England laid on the St Lawrence; while the towns in the British Isles have, during the same time, doubled in size and quadrupled

* *Porter's Parliamentary Tables, vol. i. 165.*

in splendour; while the increasing magnificence of shops has everywhere attested the growing wealth of their customers; and the multitude of open carriages, as well as the vast increase of upholsterers and dealers in luxuries of every description, has given unequivocal proof of the well-being of the middling orders in that class of society.

The continued operation of these causes not only weakened the strength of the country or Conservative party to a very great degree, but totally altered the feelings with which a large proportion of it regarded the Government. Finding themselves every day growing poorer, they knew not from what cause,—feeling their resources melting away, they knew not how, they became discontented with the Administration under which these calamities had arisen. Their feelings were embittered, their sufferings aggravated, by the painful contrast which their condition offered to that of the holders of money, which was continually improving. The constant refusal of the Legislature to enquire into their distresses, or even admit their existence, obliterated their feelings of loyalty, and at length disposed them to lend a willing ear to the clamour of the demagogues, who represented it as all owing to the government of an Oligarchy, and as only susceptible of remedy by Parliamentary Reform.

The effect of this change in the relative strength of the urban and country parties, soon developed itself. The Whigs, as the leaders of the popular party, rapidly veered round to the support of city and democratic interests. Departing altogether from the old and steady principles of Whig opposition, which were to support the *country* against the *Court* party, they uniformly, and on all occasions, advocated the interests of the town, that is, the consumers, in preference to the country, that is, the producers. The Free Trade system—the abandonment of the Navigation Laws—the changes in the Currency, were all the consequence of this vigorous support of city wishes, in opposition to that of all *the other great interests* of industry *in the State. The Whigs soon discovered that their chief support lay in great towns, that it* their dense masses and inflammable population that the democratic passion burned most strongly, and that by steadily advocating their interests, and assuming an extraordinary appearance of zeal in their service, they could acquire a degree of influence in the Legislature, which they would look for in vain amidst the steadier feelings and less corrupted principles of the rural population. Philosophy and talent lent their aid to the same designs; the noble science of Political Economy was made subservient to the purpose of party, and the advance of individual interests; and the flower of our youth, seduced by the names of Ricardo and M'Culloch, and led away by the general illusion in favour of liberal principles, flattered themselves they were adopting the principles of justice and liberality, when, in fact, they were merely advocating the interests of a noisy democracy in town, in opposition to those of more useful, but silent and unobtrusive industry, in the country.

We shall in a future number develope the effects of this alarming increase of city influence, in the Free Trade system, the abandonment of the Navigation Laws, the change in the Currency, and the shameful oppression of our West India Colonies; measures, one and all, prescribed by the same blind submission to the dictates of town democracies, the same weak concession to clamour in a few spots in these islands, and the same partial and unjust disregard of the suffering thereby produced on far more important, but distant and unrepresented, interests. We shall tear aside the veil which our liberal Ministers have so long thrown over the effect of this town-directed legislation, and demonstrate as clearly as that two and two make four, that under its influence, our foreign commerce and shipping interests are melting away, and the wooden walls of old England rotting under the suicidal hands of her own children. We shall exhibit a decay in British, and a growth in foreign tonnage, hitherto unaccountably overlooked, but now completely demonstrated, by the return laid before Parliament; and prove, that if the same system goes on for

periority will be at an end, and our very existence as a nation endangered. We shall exhibit also the monstrous injustice to which our West India Colonies have so long been subjected; forced in the first instance to cultivate by means of slaves, and burdened with a numerous and costly black population; next saddled with a tax on their produce, as heavy on them as a duty of fifty shillings on every quarter of wheat raised in England, would be on the British farmer; and now exposed, for a most inadequate compensation, to the incalculable evils of an idle, disorderly, and vagrant black population. On these great and varied subjects we cannot at present enter, flowing, though they do, directly and immediately from the principles now unfolded, and fraught as they are, in their ultimate consequences, with the certain destruction of the Empire. The important point for present consideration is—what has been the effect of this vast increase of cities and urban interests in Great Britain on the power of Government, and the stability of the Throne, acting as they now do directly on the Legislature, through the portals opened by the Reform Bill? The danger from that cause is now still more pressing.

The increasing influence of the democratic and urban parties for the last twenty years, and the evident diminution in the strength of the rural or Conservative interest from the burdens with which they were oppressed, should have suggested to every Statesman who reflected on profound principles, the necessity of providing some barrier against the imminent danger which was thus arising. He must be little read in history who is not aware, that the middling and lower orders in towns are generally attached to democratic principles, and that this obtains in an especial manner, where the great bulk of the urban population is engaged in handicraft occupations, and exposed to the contagion arising from the congregation of large masses of mankind together. The great advance, both in numbers and opulence, which had taken place in *the towns of Great Britain, during the last thirty years, had* evidently *increased to a most* extraordinary degree both the numbers and energy of the democratic party; and it was equally obvious, that from the prostration and suffering of the agricultural classes, no cordial or effective co-operation was to be expected from them. It became the duty of a prudent Statesman to consider, whether it was not possible to discover in the urban population itself, recently become so powerful, both from numbers, wealth, and intelligence, the means of counteracting the extravagance, and restraining the designs of its lower and more numerous members.

Now, there can be little doubt that such co-operation could have been obtained. Although the inhabitants of commercial and manufacturing towns are, generally speaking, inclined to democratic principles, there is always a portion, and, from its intelligence and wealth, a most important portion of such communities, strongly attached to the Conservative side, and the true principles of government. Wealth, whether made in commerce or manufactures, is averse to spoliation. Education, if carried the length of really instructing the mind, cannot fail to demonstrate the perilous nature of the anarchical designs which are all-powerful with the lower orders. Intelligence, whether acquired in town or country, soon perceives that it must be the first to be trodden under foot, when the lower orders are installed in supremacy. These causes are so powerful and universal in their operation, that they ever have, and ever must, produce an important body in every great town strongly attached to the principles of order, and from their proximity of situation, and habits of business, better qualified to give it efficient support, than those of the same way of thinking who are scattered over the wide surface of the country. Accordingly, the nucleus, the heart and kernel of the Conservative party, over the whole kingdom, is to be found in towns; in the respectable and highly educated classes of cities; in men possessed of historical and political information, and therefore qualified to form a judgment on public affairs. The most dangerous and the most valuable classes of the community are there brought in

close proximity; the extremes of wealth and poverty, of knowledge and ignorance, of rashness and caution, of virtue and vice, of steadiness and vacillation, of patriotism and selfishness, of piety and scepticism; the men who are fitted to disturb the peace of all the world, and those who can rule it when 'tis wildest.

The close boroughs, under the old constitution, opened, it is true, an inlet for the admission of this class into the Legislature; and it was in consequence of the entrance thus obtained that the balance of power was so long maintained, and the British Constitution remained for an hundred and forty years the envy and admiration of the world. But this barrier, though important and invaluable, against democratic violence and vacillation, was not established on the broad and extensive foundation requisite to enable it to withstand the shock of tempestuous times. It admitted a virtual representation of all the great interests of the state, perfectly sufficient for the protection of industry, the preservation of freedom, the disclosure of information, and all the purposes of a representative government; but not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of disordered imaginations and suffering industry, during a period of long continued and general distress. The inhabitants of the great towns clamoured for a share in the representation, because they felt that their increasing importance entitled them to it; the farmers and rural proprietors, because their continued distress, under a heavy fall of prices, rendered them desperate and desirous of any change in the system of government. The former demanded a change because they were prosperous; the latter desired it, because they were miserable. Hence the general feeling in favour of a reform in Parliament, which characterised the latter years of the Tory administration, and united the two great classes of society in supporting the demand, though their prejudices and feelings on every other subject were diametrically opposite to each other.

The great fault of the Tory *administrations at this* period was, that *seeing so formidable a union of* suffering, in urging the same demand for a change at all times perilous and uncertain, they did not make an attempt to divide the forces of their antagonists, by extending the elective franchise to the higher classes and respectable members of the city communities. There was their capital error; and that error we pointed out in treating of Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution at the time the contest was going forward. In the richer class of house proprietors, in all the highly educated and well-informed classes of the community, they would have found their strongest and most valuable allies, a barrier against revolutionary cupidity and democratic ambition, the more valuable that it was composed of the most intelligent and energetic class in the community, whose close proximity to the centre of discontent made them alive to its dangers, while their habits of combination and facility of meeting qualified them to counteract it. It is a remarkable, but well-ascertained fact, that the Conservative party is nowhere so strong as in the higher classes of the great manufacturing towns. It is more powerful in that description of persons at Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, than either in London, Dublin, or Edinburgh. The reason is, that the richer and more opulent classes in these great commercial districts are more immediately brought in contact with the working classes of the community; the terrible dangers of democratic ascendency are more forcibly brought before their eyes; instant ruin stares them in the face, if the designs of the anarchists are carried into effect. This was abundantly proved at the last election. The Conservative party in London and Dublin were totally overwhelmed; at Edinburgh, they mustered 1500 votes, just a fourth of the whole constituency; at Glasgow, they amounted to 2000, a full third of the electors; while at Manchester, the 750 electors who gave a dinner to Mr Hope, possessed among them property to the amount of ten millions, and gave bread to nearly five hundred thousand souls.

Viewing any extension of the constituency as a concession to demo-

the democratic party in the House of Commons, the Duke of Wellington was perfectly right in his famous declaration, in November, 1830, in asserting that he never would be a party to any such alteration, and that the popular interest was already as strong in the Legislature as was consistent with the stability of the Empire. But viewing the change as made on different principles, as an extension of the elective franchise to persons possessed of considerable property only,—to the *owners* of houses rated at L.50 a-year, or the payers of direct taxes to the amount of L.10 annually, it would have been attended with very different effects. Experience has now proved that the representatives of such constituencies would, almost unanimously, when matters approached a crisis, have sided with the Conservative party. If the constituency of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, or Edinburgh, were framed of persons of this description, there cannot be a doubt that the whole representatives of these cities would be Conservative, and that the Movement party in every one of them would be defeated by a majority of two to one.

Herein, then, was the fault of the Tories in the great crisis of the Constitution. It was a fault, not of commission, but omission: it arose from the long pursuit of a mistaken system of policy dictated by the democratic party in towns, an apprehension that any farther concessions would overturn the Monarchy, and an insensibility to the fact, that, by a prudent extension of the elective franchise to the higher classes of the great towns, the barrier against Democracy might have been strengthened instead of being weakened, and the efforts of the Revolutionary party retarded instead of being advanced.

Very different was the fault of the Whigs when they came into office, and by such violent and unconstitutional methods forced through the Reform Bill. Theirs was a fault, not of omission, but commission; they plunged the dagger into the heart of the Constitution, and left only the shadow of a Monarchy, without either its stability, its safeguards, or its security.

Argument or illustration would be worse than useless on this subject. The lapse of time has now confirmed the worst anticipations of the opponents of that fatal measure, and confounded, whatever they may say, the expectations of its friends. When we turn back to the consequences we foretold three years ago, as likely to result from the adoption of that tremendous change, which were then derided as the ravings of a frantic Tory, we find them all accomplished, or in the course of accomplishment.* We foretold that it would convulse Ireland, as the most inflammable part of the Empire; and the Coercion Bill demonstrates that the anticipation was well founded. We foretold it would lead to the emancipation and destruction of the negroes in the West Indies, and, through it, to the ultimate severing of those splendid colonies from the Empire; and that event is in the course of taking place. We foretold it would prostrate the Crown so completely as to render it powerless and contemptible; and Ministers have now been compelled, by a narrow division in the House of Commons, to surrender up the pensions —that is, the prerogative of the Crown—to the examination of a Committee of the popular part of the Legislature. We foretold it would ultimately occasion a confiscation of the Funds; and already that doctrine is openly proclaimed by the great Agitator, the leader of the Democratic party throughout the Empire. We foretold it would lead to the extraction of the existing surplus revenue and Sinking Fund, and the abandonment of all attempts to liquidate the Debt; and that deplorable effect has already ensued. We foretold it would at first shake, and at last overturn the Corn Laws, the sole protection of British agriculture against a ruinous foreign competition; and already the Radical party have mustered so strong when the question was brought forward

* See "*Parliamentary* Reform and the French Revolution," Blackwood's Magazine, *May, 1831*, vol. xxix. p. 757, and vol. xxx. p. 433, September, 1831.

(stronger than they ever did before the French Revolution of 1830 on Parliamentary Reform), and the Cabinet has shewn itself so divided on the subject, that the repeal of these laws at no distant period may be considered as certain. We foretold it would lead to the overthrow of the Church, and the ultimate appropriation of its funds to the liquidation of the National Debt; and already the right of patronage in Scotland, in other words, the propriety of vesting the nomination of the clergy in the Ten-pounders, has been remitted to a committee of the House of Commons; while in England Lord Grey has declared that he has a *series* of bills in preparation, which will concede ALL the demands of the Dissenters, except the separation of Church and State; and, in the Commons, Lord John Russell has stated it as his opinion, as a Cabinet Minister, that Church is to be regarded as national property, and that after providing for the ministers of religion, the Legislature may dispose of the remainder for national purposes; in other words, they may give every clergyman L.50 a-year, and then, like the Constituent Assembly, carry the remainder of the ecclesiastical revenue to the credit of the consolidated fund.

It is unnecessary to go farther. Nothing can be more apparent, than that Government is now completely prostrated, and that no class or interest in the State can calculate upon any resolution or course of policy being adhered to for any length of time together. The direct and immediate interference of constituents with their representatives, is the cause of this lamentable state of things. Instructions, remonstrances, threats, or praises, arrive every morning to the representatives of populous places, from their hundred-tongue constituents; representation has given way in a great many cases to delegation; the nation has ceased to be a constitutional monarchy, and become a turbulent democracy. All the evils of direct popular influence are in consequence developing themselves; the mutability, vacillation, selfishness, and uncertainty, which from the earliest times has characterised all nations where self-go-

blished, are daily becoming more conspicuous; doubt and hesitation as to the future, are more than ever obscuring the prospects of England. This is a fact upon which men of all parties are now as one: They differ, indeed, as far as the poles are asunder, as to the ultimate tendency of this state of things; the Revolutionists arguing that it is the commencement of a new and brilliant era, in which the intelligence, virtue, and wisdom of the people, are to extinguish all the evils which afflict society; the Conservatives, that it is the opening of a disastrous period, in the course of which all the institutions of Government, and all the safeguards of property, are to be violently overthrown, or gradually worn away by the incessant attacks of an insatiable, anarchical faction; but as to the fact of the present weakness of Government, all men of all parties are now agreed.

The excessive and unparalleled vacillation of the House of Commons, upon the most important subjects of State policy, affords the clearest evidence, that its members are alternately acted upon by opposing forces, and that without any decided power of self-government, they yield to the strongest current to whose influence they are exposed. We put the matter upon the most favourable ground for the Legislature, and in the anxious wish to increase rather than diminish the respect in which they are held in the country. Their decisions have been fluctuating and contradictory to an unparalleled degree; it is better the inconsistency should rest on their constituents than themselves. Last session they first voted in a full House, by a majority of ten, that the malt tax should be taken off; they voted, in four days afterwards, by a majority of above an hundred, that it should be put on again. They first voted, by an immense majority, on the West India Question, that the Planters should receive a loan of L.15,000,000 in indemnification; next, by a still greater, that it should be a gift of L.20,000,000. In the present session, they first voted, by a majority of 97, that Baron Smith's case should be remitted to a special committee; in less than a fortnight this resolution was most

by a majority of 6. They first rejected, by a majority only of 4, in a House of 400, the proposal that in any reduction of taxation, the agricultural interest should in the first instance be considered; and next they carried by a majority of 101, in an equally large House, that no reduction is to take place on the Malt Tax. They first determine by a majority of 4, that the existing Pensions having been bestowed by the Crown, in the free exercise of its prerogative, could not, on constitutional principles, be subjected to examination of the House of Commons; and in a few days the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself moves for, and carries unanimously, the appointment of a committee for that very purpose, with more ample powers than were sought for by the Radical mover, Mr D. Whittle Harvey.

We do not bring forward those instances of inconsistency with the slightest wish to disparage the Reform Parliament in the eyes of the country; we do so with an intention the very reverse—in order to shew that these contradictions arise, not from the fault of the Members, but the faulty principles on which the House is constructed. It is with institutions, not men, that we are concerned: it is to bring about the amendment of institutions, not lower individuals, that our efforts are directed. We are quite aware how these seemingly inexplicable contradictions occur, with few, if any, individuals being reduced to the humiliating necessity of rescinding their own vote. We know perfectly that great numbers of Members are compelled, in opposition to their better judgment, and under pain of losing their seat, to vote in accordance with the wishes of their constituents; and that when the result of their vote has placed Government in such a predicament that they must either rescind the vote or resign, the implicated Members stay away, deeming it better to incur the lesser evil of contradictory resolutions being passed by the Legislature, to the greater of the nation being delivered over to a Radical Administration. All this we are fully aware of; and we have no doubt, that if we were ourselves *placed in similar circumstances, we should* find ourselves obliged to do the same. But the point we rest upon is this. What chance is there that the empire can flourish, the Constitution, broken down as it is, subsist, or even the Monarchy endure, under a system of government which brings the vacillation and passions of the people so directly to bear on the decisions of the Legislature? Instability and weakness in the Executive, is the radical evil which in all ages has beset democracies, and rendered them invariably but the prelude to dictatorial power, or military despotism—to a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Napoleon. Or supposing that the temper of the people, and the habits of a free country, are a sufficient guarantee against such an anarchical catastrophe, what is to save us from a Revolution as complete, brought about by different and bloodless means; from the gradual and pacific grinding down of all our institutions by the unceasing inroads of the Revolutionary party, let in to flood the Constitution by the Reform Bill? It is this sort of Revolution which the Radicals look for; it is this sort of a Revolution in the middle of which we are now placed. Let us attend to their own words on the subject: "It seems to be the notion of our statesmen," says the Westminster Review, "to avoid a danger by letting it alone. They talk of averting Revolution, *while the Revolution is left in full progress.* Not indeed a Revolution of force and blood such as they conceive, imagining the possibility of no other; but the gradual casting off the old skin, and putting on the new;—the silent change of opinion which is inward, moving with a force accelerated by the resistance offered by these cobbling Statesmen. The Revolution which is their dread is but one possible phasis of the Revolution which is going on; *the temper eager for change* resisted, and irritated by resistance. They know if they were to repeat the cry that Reform is not needed, a Revolution of blood would come; but they vainly conceal from themselves that the same temper, mortified by the continual disappointment of expectations of greater good than is given, may be roused to the most violent steps. Suppose the occurrence of any of those thousand political acci-

dents which have many times heretofore dashed to the ground the hopes of the age, is there no danger? A day may bring forth that state of things which makes a Revolution of violence inevitable: for who could quell the vehemence *of an ignorant people—in politics ignorant*—if excited by want, and despair of the good which has been promised?" * This, then, by the admission of the Movement party, is the state to which they have reduced the country by their Reform in Parliament. Undergoing a silent, but progressive Revolution, which is rapidly throwing off the old slough of the Constitution, and quivering on the edge of a bloody convulsion the moment that any serious check is given to the demands of an "ignorant people."

The excessive weakness and vacillation of Government is apparent to all the world: to none more than their late noisy and extravagant adulators among the Revolutionary party. Let us again hear what the Radicals say on the subject.—"The Government, that is, the few chosen from all the people as the men fit to rule the land, and whose opportunities and intelligence should render them leaders and guides to the House, have turned out hare-brained riders. At one moment they run to outstrip the thing needed, and the next fall back trembling at the speed they make—blind leaders of the blind. There is not, nor has there been, a *more awkward thing in nature or nature's works, than the present House of Commons.* The mob of Rome *might be counted upon with as much certainty as this mob of gentlemen.*" † Such is the account of the effects of the first great Democratic invasion of the Constitution, from the very persons who were most strenuous in supporting its introduction. We do not refer to their opinions as an authority: we quote them as the testimony of an unwilling witness.

The divisions of last Session are amply sufficient to demonstrate this alarming weakness of Government, and those of this Session, short as it has hitherto been, place it in a still stronger light. We say the weakness of *Government*, because the present is no question of Ministry or place, of Whig or Tory; it is that of order against anarchy, of monarchy against republicanism, which is now at stake. On the great constitutional questions which involve the very existence of a mixed constitution, and in resisting motions which struck at the very foundations of the monarchy, the majorities of Government were so small, and their defeats so frequent, as to leave Ministry repeatedly on the verge of dissolution; and such as under any former Administration, and under the influence of any weaker feeling, than that in abandoning the helm, they would expose the empire to certain shipwreck, must inevitably have led to their resignation.‡

Would that we could add, that,

---

* Westminster Review, October, 1833, p. 429.

† Ibid., p. 389.

‡ The following divisions collected in an able pamphlet recently published, entitled "A Protest against a Reformed Ministry and a Reformed Parliament," will demonstrate this in the clearest light:—

"On Mr T. Attwood's motion (March 21) for 'a committee to enquire into the distresses of the country,' there were—

For the Committee	160	In the House,
Against it, with Ministers . . .	194	354.
Ministerial majority . .	34.	

"On Mr Robinson's motion (March 26th) for 'a committee to enquire into the present system of taxation, with a view to the substitution of an equitable property-tax,' the numbers were—

For the motion	155	In the House,
Against it	221	376.
Ministerial majority . .	66.	

during this Session, the hands of Government have been strengthened, and that the returning good sense of the new constituencies has lightened the load which the Reform Bill has now so manifestly imposed

---

the names of each member in the majority and minority on every division,' the numbers were—

For the motion	94	In the House,
Against it	142	236.
Ministerial majority . .	48.	

"On Mr Tennyson's motion (July 23d) for the repeal of the Septennial Act, when Lord John Russell declared it 'the result of many years' consideration of the subject, and in this opinion he had never varied, that the alteration to Triennial Parliaments would be the total destruction of our mixed constitution,' the numbers were—

For the motion	166	In the House,
Against it	215	381.
Ministerial majority . .	49!	

"On Mr Buxton's motion respecting the Slavery Bill, (July 24,) the majority was still less 'overwhelming,' *viz.* 7!

On the Bank Charter it was—

For the resolution	214	In the House,
Against it	156	370.
Ministerial majority . .	58.	

"On Sir J. Hay's motion for extending the right of voting for magistrates in Scotch burghs to the 5*l.* householders, the numbers were—

For the motion	53	In the House,
Against it	54	107.
Ministerial majority . .	1.	

"On Mr Buckingham's motion for the abolition of impressment, (Aug. 15,) the numbers were—

For the motion	56	In the House,
Against it	61	117.
Ministerial majority . .	5.	

"On Sir W. Ingilby's motion (April 28) for the reduction of the malt-tax, of which notice had been given for weeks previous, and a deliberate decision come to, afterwards rescinded for the avowed purpose only of not ejecting the Ministers, the numbers were—

For the motion	162	In the House,
Against it	152	314.
Majority against Ministers .	10.	

"On the 19th of June, on the second reading of the Registry Bill, the numbers were—

For the Bill	69	In the House,
Against it	82	151.
Majority against Ministers .	13.	

"On the 21st of June, on Lord Oxmantown's amendment to the 132d clause of the Irish Church Bill, the numbers were—

For the amendment	85	In the House,
Against it	49	134.
Majority against Ministers .	36.	

"On Mr Halcomb's motion for a committee to enquire into the present state of the Channel Fisheries, a most important question, (June 6,) the numbers were—

For the motion	53	In the House,
Against it	24	77.
Majority against Ministers .	29.	

upon the nation. Alas! our worst fears have been realized; the growth of the Radical party, the peremptory nature of the instructions communicated by the new town constituencies is now apparent; and Government, so far from gaining strength, is daily increasing in weakness. Questions on which a considerable majority were obtained last year, are now abandoned; and those like the Corn Laws, on which the vital interests of society depend, are defended only by a daily decreasing majority. A very slight retrospect of the present Session, short as it hitherto has been, must be sufficient to demonstrate this to every unprejudiced mind.

The motion of Mr Whitmore, for a repeal of the Corn Laws, was thrown out last Session by a majority of 305 against 106: the whole number who voted being 411. This year, a similar motion, brought forward by Mr Hume, disguised under the thin veil of a protecting duty of 10s., diminishing by a shilling annually till it is extinguished, was rejected by a majority of 312 to 155: the whole number who voted being 467. Thus, all the efforts of part of the Government and the Conservatives acting together, and with the aid, too, of more than half of the Irish Radicals, could only swell the opponents of the measure from 305 to 312, that is, by 7 members; while the opposite party increased from 106 to 155, that is, by 49 members.

But this is not all. By far the worst feature in that question was the indecision and vacillation exhibited by Government during its discussion. Sir James Grahame, indeed, made a noble speech on the occasion, in defence of the great interests of the empire; but what did Lord Althorp, the leader of the House of Commons, declare? Why, that he agreed with the arguments urged by Mr Hume and the opponents of the Corn Laws, but that as the Parliamentary investigation of last Session had proved the agricultural interests to be in a state of great depression, and the manufacturing comparatively prosperous, this was not the time to press the change. Mr Poulett Thomson, a member of the Government, though not a Cabinet Minister, argued strenuously against the Corn Laws, while Lord Howick, son, and Mr Ellice, brother-in-law, to Earl Grey, with Mr William Brougham, brother to the Lord Chancellor, and many other members or relations of Government, voted on the same side! Thus Ministers are divided on the subject, while the opposite party are rapidly increasing in numbers and confidence. It is easy to predict what will be the result of such a contest.

Mr Harvey's motion, "that the Speaker make arrangements for publishing the names of each member in the minority and majority on each division," a measure evidently and powerfully calculated to increase the subjection of the Members to the new constituencies, was thrown out last session by a majority of 48. This session, the point has been conceded by Lord Althorp, and the new system will speedily be put in force. The old, established, and hitherto unchallenged right of the Crown to grant pensions, has been maintained in the House of Commons this session against Mr Harvey's motion, only by a majority of 4; and since that time the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been compelled to succumb in the conflict, to abandon the principle that the King is entitled to judge for himself in these matters,

---

"On Lord Ashley's motion (July 5) for the committee on the Factory Bill, the numbers were—

For the motion	164	In the House,
For Lord Althorp's amendment, . .	141	305.
Majority against Ministers .	23.	

"*On Mr Ruthven's motion (July 16) for the reduction of taxation and the abolition of sinecures, the numbers were—*

For the motion	90	In the House,
Against it	81	171.

and himself bring forward a motion to have the existing pensions submitted to the examination of a committee of the popular branch of the Legislature!

Mr O'Connell, the great agitator, the leader of Irish, and it may almost be said of English democracy, obtained by a majority of 97, a resolution of the House of Commons to appoint an enquiry into the conduct of Baron Smith, one of the greatest and best men whom Ireland ever produced. His charges against him were, that he began business at 11—sat too long, and *did too much work*, and denounced from the Bench the efforts of the agitators, under whose influence crime had multiplied to such a degree that Ministers themselves tell us, "the only question was, whether Ireland was not to relapse into the savage anarchy of Abyssinia."* This vote was, by a great effort of the gentlemen of the House of Commons, rescinded by a majority of 4—a memorable example of moral courage in the majority; a lamentable proof of the state of the representation, when that majority was so small!

Inconsiderable as the portion of the session therefore is, which has already elapsed, it has evinced an increasing weakness in Government to the highest degree alarming. But melancholy as these prospects are, they are nothing to what is opened up by the sudden change which has taken place in the declaration of Ministers regarding the Church, and the clear evidence of conscious weakness which their conduct now affords in regard to that first and most important part of the social edifice.

The Radicals, like the Revolutionary party, in all ages and in all countries, consider the Church as their first victim, and exult more in the success of their attempts to depress or degrade religion, than in all their triumphs over the civil institutions of the Empire. "The great triumphs of the session in this department," says the Westminster Review, "have been the defeat of the Sabbath Observance Bill, and the Irish Tithes Bill; and though the English Tithes Commutation Bill has not passed, surely the die is cast. The omission of the 147th clause in the Irish Church Bill has, more than any other measure, damped the confidence in Ministers as friends to unflinching Church Reform."† This being the well-known and settled determination of the Radicals, and the Church being avowedly the first and favourite point of their attack, it was the chief duty of Ministers to be cautious but firm on this subject; to consider well the ground they took, but having taken it, to defend it manfully; and, above all, to avoid that ruinous irresolution and vacillation, which in political, not less than military conflicts, is the sure prelude of defeat.

It was with surprise, therefore, but no small degree of satisfaction, that the Conservatives, whether Whig or Tory, (for that title is already including the estimable even of the Reform party,) heard the strong and emphatic declarations of Earl Grey in favour of the Church, delivered both in his place in Parliament, and in conversation with the Dissenters of Nottingham and other places. They were delighted to find that the real objects of complaint only were to be redressed; that the hand of spoliation was to be stayed; and that Lord John Russell's bill relating to marriages, burials, registers, and other points not touching on the real interests of the Establishment, afforded the measure of the concession which Ministers were to admit. But how brief are the days of hope to the friends of order, under a Government exposed to the pressure of an insatiable democracy! Hardly were the words of consolation uttered; scarcely had the feeling of joy shot through the hearts of the friends of Christianity, when the divisions on the pension list, Baron Smith, and the Marquis of Chandos's motion regarding agricultural taxation, ensued; the elections at Leeds and Dudley shewed Ministers that they were losing the support of the Dissenters and Radicals, and instantly the transient gleam was overcast. Clouds, darker than ever, succeeded. Lord Grey declared that the bill introduced by Lord John Russell into the lower

* *Reform* Parliament and Reform Ministry, p. 7.
† Westminster Review, Oct. 1833, p. 401.

House was only the first of a series of bills which should concede to the Dissenters ALL their demands, except the separation of Church and State. And Lord John Russell in the Commons proclaimed the principle, that the property of the ecclesiastical bodies belongs to the nation, and that after making a provision for the ministers of religion, the remainder was at the disposal of the State. The defeat of the Whigs on the Budget, and the timber duties, in spring 1831, occasioned the desperate leap in the dark of the Reform Bill, and overturned the Constitution; the defeat at Dudley, and the narrow majority at Leeds, with the divisions on the pension list and Baron Smith, have overthrown the Church of England.

A Whig leader, when he has lost the support of the Dissenters and Radicals, is comparable to nothing but an Austrian General when his flank is turned and his communications cut off. His first and only thought is to lay down his arms. The whole of that party have been so long accustomed, during their opposition campaigns, to look for support only to the populace; mob adulation, popular applause, have so long rung in their ears, that they are incapable of conducting Government on any other principle, and exhibit a degree of timidity, when assailed in rear by their former allies, which *a priori* would have been inconceivable in persons of their capacity. This is the only principle, and it is the most charitable one, on which we can explain the uniform abandonment of their professions to uphold the Constitution, or any part of it, the moment that matters approached a crisis. Earl Grey declared with great emphasis in the House of Peers, that he would live and die with his order; and shortly after he brought in the Reform Bill. He declared more recently, that the bill Ministers had introduced into the House of Commons redressed all the real grievances of the Dissenters; and now he suddenly abandons his former professions, and declares, that he is to concede all their demands except the *separation* of Church and State, *which, after such concessions, will be not worth contending for.*

We heard an acute Conservative of Ministers in favour of the Church were made, that they were going to overturn it; and this anticipation was founded on their invariable previous custom of abandoning that part of our institutions, which they professed their intention most strenuously to support. We are inclined, however, to put a more charitable construction on their conduct. "It is a bad habit to get into," as Lord Advocate Jeffrey said of Napoleon in 1815, "that of *abdicating*." With equal truth it may be affirmed, that the worst of habits for a Ministry in stormy times to get into, is that of abandoning their professions, the moment they bring them into danger. It at once reveals the secret of their weakness; and shews the revolutionary party how they may succeed in carrying the most anarchical designs. "Threaten! Threaten! Threaten!" that is their sole principle of action—the only requisite to ensure success. This could only be done, under the old Constitution, by open denunciations of violence and civil war; because the Legislature, being founded on the representation of the great interests in the State, was proof against any other species of intimidation, and it was accordingly liberally made use of during the Reform contest. Now, such express threats are no longer necessary. The new constituencies have established a smoother and easier method of concession. Certain monitory letters are found on the Members' tables when they come down to breakfast; a few significant hints are given to Ministers by the result of contested elections in certain populous places; they are held up to contempt in one or two divisions in the House of Commons—and instantly the whole system of Government is changed, concession becomes the order of the day; the white flag is hoisted, a bribe is offered to the enemy to postpone his attack, and a short breathing time is thus afforded to the pusillanimous garrison of the beleaguered fortress, to be improved by the enemy by doubling the number and strengthening the spirit of its assailants.

Let the Conservative party, therefore, beware of falling into the fatal error of supposing that the progress

suspended, because it does not now assail their senses with the frightful features which it at first assumed; because Bristol is not in flames, nor Nottingham in ruins; because the brickbat and the bludgeon are not in daily requisition to beat down courageous patriotism, and adverse opinion can be expressed without windows being demolished, or life endangered. These disgraceful allies were called in by the Whigs and Revolutionary party to overawe, when they could not persuade, the Legislature; to obtain for them that ready and certain admission into the Great Council of the nation, which should at once and for ever give them the command of its deliberations. Having gained their point, open concussion is laid aside; violence is no longer required, because resistance is no longer dreaded; the rapids are past, the rocks are surmounted, and the stream of Revolution glides on with a swift and steady current, hardly perceptible to those who are borne along the stream, to be measured only by the rapidity with which the ancient landmarks are vanishing from the sight.

The present state of thraldom in which the members for the populous places are kept by their constituents, and the complete establishment which the system of delegation is about to obtain in the Legislature, may be judged by the following extracts from Mr John Crawfurd's circular to the householders of Mary-lebone, dated 8th January, 1834.

"The recent Reform in the Representation of the People, although a considerable step, has, in my judgment, essentially failed in producing those indispensable improvements in our institutions, and that change in the spirit of our Government which the people had anxiously, and reasonably expected. I have narrowly watched, and closely examined the changes which have been carried into effect in the first Session of the Reformed Parliament, and it is my honest conviction that they have been, either imperfect remedies, or aggravations of popular evils. In the great majority of instances they have been clumsily, or feebly executed; some were open, and, indeed, professed violations of every principle which ought to govern the legislation of a free people.

"*Judging from its working* in the first *Session, I am of opinion*, that the recent *Reform in the Commons'* House of Parliament *is insufficient*, and demands many improvements. Among these, the most essential are, the extension of the suffrage to *every Inhabitant Householder, without making the payment of rates or taxes a condition of the franchise;* the introduction of *secret voting* for the protection of the honest elector—and *frequent Elections.*

"I am for the *repeal of the Corn Laws*, and for a trade, not only in this first necessary of life, but in every other necessary of life, as unshackled with foreign nations as that between one county of England and another county. I am a decided enemy to any duty upon corn for fiscal purposes, considering bread to be an unfit subject for taxation; and I am still more an enemy to such duty for the purpose, in itself delusory, of affording what is called protection to the proprietors of the land, by way of equivalent for such charges as are imagined to press exclusively on the landed interest; being wholly unaware of the existence of any peculiar burden upon the land, not inherited with it, or calculated upon in its purchase.

"On the very important question of Ecclesiastical Reform my opinions are these:—I hold the property enjoyed by the Church to be *the property of the Nation:* I hold that the majority of the People, or the Legislature acting in their behalf, *have a right to appropriate the property* now possessed by the Church as may seem best to them. I hold tithes to be a most impolitic and mischievous tax. I hold that the communicants of each religious persuasion ought in justice to maintain their own pastors, and support their own churches: and that the followers of no one form of worship should be taxed for the maintenance of another.

On the question of Pledges, my opinion has long been formed. I consider a Member of Parliament *to be strictly the agent of his Constituents*, bound to obey their instructions when he can conscientiously do so, and bound, at once, to resign, as being virtually no longer their Representative, when he cannot. When Parliaments shall be of short duration, and members shall be frequently sent back to the People to be dismissed or returned as they may happen to represent their wishes or otherwise, pledges will be seldom called for; but while long Parliaments exist, and Electors are compelled to repose an unreasonable confidence in their Representatives, pledges are both rational and indispensable.

"On the principle thus explained, I shall never hesitate to pledge myself to a specific vote upon any question whatever on which my judgment has enabled me to come to a decision; I therefore

myself without hesitation *to vote for the Ballot, Extension of Suffrage, and short Parliaments*, for the abolition of every Tax on Knowledge, for the abolition of all Monopolies."

When these are the principles on which a seat in Parliament is sought in one of the richest quarters of London, it may be imagined what a prodigious advance the principles of self-government—in other words, anarchy and revolution—have made since the overthrow of the Constitution.

Nothing can be clearer, therefore, now that the result is beginning to manifest itself, than both the causes which led to a general desire for a change in the representation, and the dreadful aggravation of the existing dangers of our situation, which the Whigs occasioned by forcing through, with the whole force of the Executive, the Reform Bill. It was the vast increase of towns during the last forty years which first influenced the measures of a conceding Government, threw the Whigs into the arms of the city democracies, and produced the constant support, by popular writers, of urban interests, which so generally and fatally affected the acts of the Legislature. The adoption of these measures by Government speedily brought general distress and suffering on the industrious, and more especially the country part of the community; and the old hereditary feelings of English loyalty by degrees melted away in a numerous and estimable class, under the combined influence of free trade, free navigation, and a contracted currency. General discontent at the existing state of the representation arose from this singular combination of circumstances in both the great divisions of society; in the towns, because excessive prosperity had filled them with the lust of power; in the country, because excessive misery had rendered them desperate and solicitous for any change.

Still the means of salvation existed; by a concession of reform to the higher classes in the great towns the ferment might have been lessened; and by such allies the Conservative party in the country materially strengthened. The Tories missed it, from confounding reform in Parliament with increase of democratic power, and refusing to grant it even on principles which would have diminished that formidable force; but, after they abandoned the helm, the Constitution remained, and by a cordial union of the holders of property, the advance of revolution, might even at the eleventh hour have been checked. But, in an evil hour, the Whigs succeeded to power, through the fatal divisions of the Tories, consequent on Catholic Emancipation; and in an instant, the Constitution was scattered to the winds. With a culpable rashness, an inconceivable recklessness, a blindness to the real state of the country, which has no parallel in history, they quadrupled by the L.10 clause the forces of the towns, already too considerable, diminished by one half the forces of the country, already too small; gave 346 seats to English boroughs, and only 146 to English counties; and installed the urban democracies in such unbridled sovereignty, as has utterly prostrated the respectable classes in cities, overwhelmed in its ultimate effects the rural interests, totally changed the character of the Legislature, and exposed the nation to a deluge of changes of which no human prescience can foresee the termination.

THE SKETCHER.

No. VIII.

It is a common remark, often without discrimination, or reference to any principle of taste, that beautiful scenery must lose its charm from the contiguity of the better sort of habitations. The anathema is cast not only on the edifices, but the inhabitants, though they may be precisely the very persons most likely to be the best admirers of the landscape, the wealthy and the refined. No matter, indeed, if the surface of the country be deformed with hovels, sheds, and pigstyes, if its figures be rugged with toil, or ragged with beggary, of the parish poorhouse or asylum; but elegance, whether of persons or habitations, is denounced as an intolerable encroachment upon the "picturesque," or the "rough" of Nature.

Much of this absurdity arises from the mistaken notions of the "picturesque," and the eternal "roughness" that has been dinned into the ears, and spoiled the eyes, in precept and worse example, of early admirers of Art and Nature; as if Nature, to be Nature, must be ever "shagg'd with horrid thorn."

Clifton, for these last thirty years or more, under the most decided improvement, has been a never-failing source of lamentation with these connoisseurs of the picturesque. All cry out the place is spoiled, that its perfection was in its village state. Now, this observation, with regard to Clifton, never was true. As a village, it never had, nor could it well have, any beauty at all. It was always a bare hill, without variety, shade, or trees, or any thing to give it an interesting character for itself. Its merit was its position, as the very spot to be built upon, as it were the outskirt of the territory of enchantment, from which it was separated by a river, not unlike, perhaps, to that which separated Elysium from the world of care. Looking *from* Clifton, you might see a land of "promise," of poetry, and the glimpse was just enough to excite the imagination; this was the view *to which the eye would turn, and gaze till the thoughts would seek* refuge or refreshment therein; and, standing or recumbent, with their feet or faces towards it, many were the figures you would see, and may now "ripæ ulterioris amantes." Clifton, with its ten thousand inhabitants, presents no formidable array of invaders; it is not a permanent encampment on a hill, to overlook and bombard the territories of King Oberon. The beautiful woods still keep secure within them the hidden, the enchanted beauty, "bosomed high in tufted trees;" and many are the suitors that come, and at respectful distance fondly observe the magic circle in which she is embowered. Thus the sweetness is not "wasted on the desert air." The scenery and the buildings thus divided by the river assist each other; they are not out of character. If Clifton Hill, instead of presenting the residences of the opulent, the cultivated in taste, and the elegant arts of life, were reduced to the beggary of a few poor-looking cottages, the opposite woods, as far as might be, would be vulgarized. Now you associate with them mental refinement, music, poetry, painting, all that elevates mankind above the boor. Thus Clifton is a residence in the precincts of enchantment, and all within its ken and observation is a charmed domain. You are thoroughly rescued from the sight of unseemly toil, and thoughtless labour; for the figures you meet have the "dolce far niente" air about them.

But there are certain points it is villanous to touch. It is abominable to encroach one foot on the opposite side of the water; to quarry, bore, and gunpowder there, is carrying the utilitarian principle to a detestable length; and to make a bridge of any kind across, would inevitably lead to other dire encroachments; and the whole dominion of beauty would be invaded. Masonry would be indeed free, and make free; and citizens' houses and slips of ribbon gardens supply the place of the queenly woods, that now make Clifton itself right worshipful. What arch could equal in beauty the woo

that it would doom to the axe? And what protection can there be, if the few pounds now gained by quarrying fearfully into some parts of them, is a temptation that admits a partial demolition; what proprietors would long withstand the bribe of land per foot, instead of value per acre? That incessant meddling with the rocks on the Clifton side, is a fearful thing. Still there *was* one fine rock left, that rose an ancient, with his beard of ivy, mournful in spared, yet helpless majesty, surveying the surveyors daily and hourly approaching with their havoc and "radical reform." But little care they how they deface Nature's great temple; and the leveller and the shoveller, as other levellers and shovellers would do, have taken the *crown* off his head. There was some hope a few months ago, when Maga received Sketcher, No. VI., that the mischief would end here. But the spirit is for the "movement," and so a new scheme is a-foot; and Schemers, instead of building castles, must now build bridges in the air. The vile abomination is talked of again, and one Motley proposes a most solid and lasting performance, because "Motley is your only wear," and the wear is his great boast. Now, good Signor Motley, go, and by your "squand'ring glances," anatomize "wise men's folly" in any city or town in Christendom, but let me not meet you "in the forest," or I shall call you a "Motley fool," though you "bask in the sun, and rail at fortune."

When I began to speak of Clifton, to use an Hibernianism, I did not mean to speak of Clifton; only by and through it to illustrate the propriety, the positive advantage, of habitations of gentility, about, nay, even within, the choicest scenery. For such scenery is generally on a scale sufficiently large to yield admirers a local habitation. Nor is the taste of those to be applauded who would disconnect the very best landscape territory from the habits and affections of gentle humanity. Not that I would see small secluded rivers and streams that, in their passage *through woods* and glens, would *modestly, and with* entreating voice, *request a pathway*, however small, disfranchised of their meed of courtship and admiration, under too close appropriation of brick walls. Locks and keys, man-traps, ban-dogs, and more impertinent voices of authority, are sometimes sad accompaniments of churlish habitation.

Sketcher is a rambler, and may be allowed a rambling style. Let me, therefore, mourn over the loss of that delightful footpath, by which, many a-day, among days gone by, I have passed and repassed, sketched and painted along the little river Frome, from Stapleton to Frenchay. And a singular little river it is—small, umbrageous, winding in a dell, and amid such rocks, that here jut out, here shew the grandeur of a cavern, and there retiring sweetly among foliage and shade, seem excavated into cells, where innocence might seek repose, and lessons of wisdom from the Hermit Contemplation. Such *was* Stapleton River, or, I believe, it is called the Frome, an exquisitely beautiful stream, in the part of its course I am speaking of. Sad, indeed, would it be to follow that course to the utter contamination of its purity through the great city of Bristol, and it is happier to be ignorant of its exit. What that stream is now, I know not; for some years ago, I was ordered off its banks, where I had often harmlessly followed the well-known footpath—ordered off was I peremptorily, though I held a portfollo in my hand, and my paper presented a white flag of peace, and there were some unpleasant intimations of a more formidable and growling cerberus. Off I went—and the gleams of sun upon its banks have never since had the blessing of the Sketcher's eye or the courtship of his shadow. May rats besiege, and take full possession of the mansion of the uncourteous, mists be ever a veil before their eyes, and all the beauty be converted, to their vision, into fog and fen!

Protesting, therefore, against ever shutting out the pathway sides of green-banked river or mountain stream; and granting them, by "order of council," free passage for themselves and their friends, and liberty, upon the trading maxim, that "free bottoms shall carry free goods," to choose their own purvey-

tertainments, uncontrolled as Sketcher, I would rather promote the attachment of dwellings of the better order to the grounds best adapted to the painter's studies. For indeed what is the advantage of solitary wildness? The stones and running brooks seek intellectual delight, and have but a monotonous drone far "out of humanity's reach." He is but a selfish sketcher, who can with entire satisfaction perambulate among many beauties, that languish for encouragement, and fall asleep for lack of wakening eyes. Wretched is the sketcher who takes his canter, as Cowper's verse does, "from the centre all round to the sea," and is "monarch of all he surveys." Nature grows drowsy, as careless to shine and blossom where she is not sure to meet some worthy admirers. But once let Taste set up residence near, keep a good house and good company, and it is astonishing to see the better grace that Nature wears, and with what exquisite air she puts the flowers and myrtle in her bosom, as if Cupid and Hymen were to walk her valleys. She grows cold and pinched under the sole observation of the moon and stars.

Who would not rather meet even the ghosts of Mæcenas and Horace, amid the ruins at Tivoli, than the common hedger and vine-dresser? Who would care to see the modern sibyls in The Temple? The great charm of Tivoli lies in classic recollections —in the delusion that it is still haunted by the shades of the refined inhabitants of other days. Whether Horace or Vobiscus owned the villa over the Neptunian grotto, Elegance and Taste, Music and Poetry, were there; and hence it is, that Genius still ever loves to visit the spot. The Præceps Anio still retains the wisdom of antiquity in its music. A fabulous atmosphere is lucid over every beauty—imagination breathes it as inspiration. But it is time to return from travel, for Pictor is waiting for me at Lynmouth with his pencils and portfolio; and here we are again at Lynmouth. The remarks I have made, though they seem to have led me somewhat out of the way—yet was it only an excursion of fancy—have all *tended to this point*, and I made *them in consequence of* many *unjust and deteriorating* censures upon the improvements of this delightful place. We ought thankfully to applaud the very good taste and good feeling of the affluent residents, who have not only at a great expense made the scenery accessible without injury, but have with great liberality thrown open to the real enjoyment of the stranger and visitor, their exquisitely adorned grounds. After enjoying the smooth gravel walks, the terraces, flowered banks, and gardens, all themselves amid very choice scenery of various character, attached to the residences of the late Mr Sandford, Mr Herries, and Mr Scott, and the singularly agreeable and beautiful walk through Mr Rowe's wood, near Lynmouth Bridge, it is impossible not to carry with you into the more sequestered spots a sense of the fascination of cultivated life and manners, which, by connecting art and nature, give the power of undivided empire to both. Far as you may go, you still see a path carefully made, not obtruding, but admitted by Nature into her best retreats, like a slender thread, that you may trace back to residences of lettered ease, books, arts, society, and every elegance and charm of cultivated life. You run not into the woods like a misanthrope, but love the world the better for this peculiar and charmed contact with it. You feel secure that you are in a region under the protection of a good genius, where gentle thoughts may breathe their blessings, and fear no ill.

Pictor and I having chosen the little valley of the West Lyn for our studies, made our way to it through Mr Herries' grounds, in the midst of which, as within a theatre, where it particularly delighted to sport and gambol, the little stream was playing in every variety of motion, from humility through grace to dignity. Here it was almost placid, running off into meandering rivulets—here shooting with rapidity over large smooth masses, bearing on its rich transparent bosom white bubbles, like fairy-barks in a race—here pouring over the narrow passages of congregated fragments, yet leaving the curious flowers that edged them, and seemed as if with enjoyment looking into the sport and play unhurt—and here in a collected body rushing down

glistening in the power and dignity of a cascade. All this is seen under the green light of overhanging foliage, waving only to give entrance to the partial sunbeams that pass and repass, like unembodied spirits of light in their pastime and gladness, blessing every thing by turns with sensitiveness and splendour. Where the trees were of larger dimensions was the stream most humble, and more quiet as it reached the home and secret bowery enclosure of the grounds. Crossing bridges of planks, the path wound by the banks, close to the water; and ascending the rocky sides, cut into steps, led directly up the valley some short distance, and then turning to the left, across planks connecting large masses of stone in the midst of the stream, it left Mr Herries' grounds, and led upwards to the great rock, a distance of nearly half a mile, where farther progress is impeded. Before leaving the grounds, it passes merely through underwood; but this is so well managed, that the smallness of the trees growing from their stony and mossy banks, no one assuming pre-eminence and power, makes the sentiment of the scene. It is gentle, peaceful, where the very singing-birds would bid you doff ambition, and enter haunts of innocence and tranquil wisdom This valley of the West Lyn is of no extent, in comparison with that of the East. I mentioned that the path was denied further progress by a precipitory rock, over ledges of which the river descends. There are certainly many beauties above, but chiefly at no great distance from the rock. The points that would afford good studies are not very accessible. Pictor and I found our way there, but at the risk of a plunge or so, as we had to cling as we could to out-jutting masses with our backs much out of the perpendicular, over the water; and not being very certain of the whereabouts of an exit, should the narrow footing fail us, we did not twice seek the spot, not however regretting that we had once ventured. Perhaps there is nowhere to be found *so* much beauty of painter's detail, *of water, foliage, stones,* and banks, *within so small* a space. Here are *to be found all* the parts of composition in a little valley rich in foreground only, but the wooded hill receding towards Linton forms a background, well according, when partially seen from below, with the close pictures that offer themselves in great number and variety.

Slowly did we proceed, and many were the pauses we made; for at every step there was new beauty to arrest our attention; and, to the poetical painter, who seeks detail for ulterior use, beauty of the very best kind. Pictor soon threw himself upon the bank, looking directly upon the stream, just where it had found itself a second passage, by having separated a large mass of earth and stone from the adjacent ground. This island was matted with brier, and foliage, and shooting boughs, that bent down below to touch the water, while some rose light, and, blending tenderly, were scarcely discernible as a separation from the richness of the parent bank; on the parts most bare of earth on the mossy tablets or ledges, tufts of elegantly bending grass lay delicately penciled in relief against the deeper colours and retiring shades; and the darker nooks were dotted with little peering flowers, mostly white. From the point where the water separated, part flowing behind the mass, the stream glided smoothly, clear as crystal, over the brown gently declining bed, in which every marking and change was visible, to the termination of the insular mass, where it suddenly descended, leaving a darker edge that curved inwards, reaching the foot of the bank on which Pictor sat, and only a few feet below him. The whole length of this curve the water fell over in all the richness of bright jewellery, partaking of the colours of the stone and variegated moss beneath it. It was like the flowing of liquified topaz and emerald, here blended and here slightly separated by bands of gold transparently embrowned. About half a foot from the edge, the descent was broken by the hollowness, or rather inward retiring of the rock, and formed, under the surface, a fringe as of brightest silver running entirely across; this ever moving fringe, as

connected by the lightest thread-like lines that rose within the darker water above the edge. Below, the divisions of the stream met, where the main bank advanced, and there loitering a moment, as in gentle greeting, hastened forward in one body to repeat the same play and coquetry in the course, shortly to terminate in the salt sea. Pictor was in a meditative mood, and did not open his portfolio, nor yet did he appear inclined to remove from the spot; I therefore took my seat by him, and was soon busily employed making a coloured sketch of the scene before us. I had not been long at work when Pictor turned to observe my progress.

Pictor. You have so often studied this scenery, that you have a great readiness in seizing its character, and your facility of execution shows both the correctness of your eye and your practice.

Sketcher. You are complimentary; but I need not tell you that the character is the first thing to be thoroughly known and studied, before the sketch is attempted; and, when known, it must be the first thing to be caught; with a little care, all else will follow. How often does it happen that the student becomes bewildered with detail in the commencement, of which he does not know the importance, or bearing, on the picture as a whole? Were he to begin with generals, and upon them make out particulars, he would be better acquainted with his own work, and the reason of it, and thus acquire a more thorough knowledge of the causes of beauty in nature. In such a piece as this, I use no more outline than may be sufficient to mark the general lines, just so as to have the component parts in their places; then work freely with colour, with attention to the masses, pretty much in the same manner as if I were painting in oil; then, before attempting the detail, I carefully look to the various depths over which, for so I find it in nature, the detail is laid, but so laid that the eye shall not altogether lose what is behind. And it is well to observe the different degrees of transparency and opacity *in the textures*, for these not *give great variety*, but power, *by assortment* and opposition; and if the materials we use in water colours are less effective for this than in oils, they can do much; and whatever their power may be, we cannot be secure of the whole of it, nor so well imitate this controlling beauty of nature, if we are negligent upon this point. By continuing this method of working, we soon find the sketch ready to receive the more minute parts, which may be picked out or put on in a body, and partially or entirely glazed over, as their particular character may require.

Pictor It is therefore I see you mix ochres, or even chalk more or less with your paints, by which you obtain every degree of power from perfect transparency to perfect opacity, and I confess I had no idea of the value of so common a substance as chalk or whiting, until I had seen the effect by your manner of using it.

Sketcher. I find it, indeed, of great value, both in oil and water-colour painting; and see now how happily it will enable me to express the flow of that water, not only the bright and sparkling light, but the very turning, and motion, and freedom, with all variety of tone. You observe, I have here my chalk mixed up in bottles, (I have mixed it up with rice water to make it adhere,) and thus I am enabled to use it as freely as I would white on the oil palette. Now, here is the deep brown water, I have marked in the stones beneath, and some variety of colour, but the whole will bear a wash of umber, and while that is wet, here we have it—thus, I take a lump of this half liquid chalk upon my brush, and drive it in lines, imitating the course of the water; before that is quite dry, I shall glaze over it here and there with those yellow and greyish green tints you see playing about the half-foam—thus, and work on again, with fresh masses, and in the same manner in the falls of the water, continually glazing over, till I get something of the transparency. But is it not presuming in me to give you practical lessons in the art?

Pictor. Certainly not, for most artists have some ways of working of their own, and I wish all would as freely communicate them. I recollect what was thought a great work

being communicated to a Scotch artist, who was rapturously delighted with the new-acquired knowledge. He could not sleep all night, and early in the morning came to the bedside of the person who had given it to him, to make a solemn request, and to extract from him a promise, that he never would communicate it to any one else.

Sketcher. An admirer, doubtless, of the "Liberal Arts," and, like other "Liberals," very fond of appropriating.

Pictor. But you say you find chalk of great use in oils. I well remember your mentioning this to me once before, and recommended it, but I forgot to try it. How do you use it?

Sketcher. Why, there indeed, you may charge upon me the force of the fable, of blowing hot and cold—for the operation of it in oil is quite the reverse of that in water colours. In the latter it works by its opacity, in the former by furnishing a transparent medium, or nearly so;—mix it very largely with all your colours, so as that by far the greatest part shall be chalk, you will find them improved in texture, more mellow, and crisp in consistence, and the positively opaque colours tell with wonderful force upon them. And you will find you can by help of this medium make tones that you can produce no other way. Every painter must have lamented the want of a medium that shall give a semi-transparent body to colour used in any mass. For instance, you want your paint to be thick, a body, but not a dull mass, which it must be, if you take any quantity of colour off your palette, and apply it substantially; many have resorted to varnishes and megellups to remedy this defect; but take but a very small quantity of the colour, and mix it with a considerable quantity of the chalk, and you will find you have a *substance*, that you may almost look into—the very thing wanted. You may with it likewise reduce the hard opacity of some colours not in the least transparent themselves, as even white lead, vermillion, &c. In fact, it gives you *the power of nature*, every degree *from the perfectly opaque to the perfectly transparent*; and furnishes a texture

ters that I cannot but think they used it. It happened thus that I tried it: I was copying a picture in which there was near the foreground a light bank, extremely rich, almost what might be called fat in texture, but perfectly clear and bright, and the foliage of a deep dark tree that broke upon it was remarkably crisp. The whole was manifestly thick in substance, yet put in at once. After making many attempts, none of which pleased me, I examined the original with a glass, and found the paint to contain little lumps or particles of some imperfectly-ground substance, which, on inspection, I believed to be chalk. I mixed up, therefore, a quantity of chalk in oil, and used it freely with the colours, and succeeded quite to my satisfaction. When dry, I examined my copy with the glass, and then the original, and I could scarcely doubt the material. You may use it freely with all colours—with any powerful one, you will be surprised to find how much chalk a very small quantity will take without losing any of its power or depth, but it will become a body of a very different texture. With the use of this, you will, I think, discard all varnishes and things of such changeable and suspicious character, which, however well they may look at the time, are apt to crack, or assume a leathery appearance. It seems to me to account for all the richness in some masters, and all the clearness and crispness in others. I fancy I could see it in Coreggio and Rembrandt, as in Teniers. I told our friend P. my success in the copy I allude to, and the reason, and you know he is an admirable painter, and he has since declared to me he could not paint without it.

Pictor. I will thankfully try it—and I promise you, not to throw it by hastily. It has often struck me as a duty incumbent on the Academy, to institute a school or committee of chemical experiments upon oils and colours, and to publish their labours. For my own part, I know not what to think of the assertions of those who consider painting as in any respect a lost art. When I see some of the best pictures of our own best masters, and observe the little change

not see much to be desired. But then, again, when I see a Coreggio, a Rembrandt, a Claude, a Poussin, I see *something* so different in the texture and brilliancy, that appears unattainable by any known medium, I am unwillingly half a convert to those assertions.

Sketcher. I have often felt my opinions, as yours, vary; but there are facts that are very strange, if there be not something lost; there is certainly a very striking difference between the old and modern masters. I am not, observe, here saying one is preferable to another, but would content myself with insisting that there is a difference. One would imagine there was something in the power of the medium that tempted them beyond the imitation of common nature—something in that of the modern that confines them to the aim of reaching it. We see it, perhaps, reached, successfully reached, in our best artists, and when we see a thing perfect in itself, we are satisfied, and think not of things of a different kind, we do not *then* make comparisons, perhaps, and, if we do, they are not likely to be just. Then consider for a moment, *what* did Van Eyck discover? It is to be presumed he did discover something unknown before—yet painting in oil was known before, and even practised in England. And Walpole seems to be of opinion, that he found it here, and took the honour of it to himself abroad. Unquestionably the documents brought forward by Walpole show that painting in oil was practised in England in 1239—and Van Eyck died in 1441. Not only oil, but varnish was, it appears, known; "pro oleo et vernici, et coloribus emptis," runs the document. Amabue, the reviver of painting in Italy, who died in 1300, used yolk of egg. Yet it is asserted that pictures were painted even in Italy in oil before the time of Van Eyck. But is there not a vast difference in the paintings executed since the time of Van Eyck? It is said, too, that he made the discovery while trying to make a varnish. And Leonardo da Vinci speaks of a varnish made of linseed oil. This was probably oil boiled to the hardness of a gum, and afterwards dissolved; *for I have often found a very small quantity boiled to this consistence,* dissolved in turpentine, answer to paint with, and quite like varnish. There is another fact very striking. The old masters used some colours which we cannot—verditer, for instance; with our oils it will change in a few days—and so of other colours. And I have heard picture-cleaners declare that they can easily get off the paint or retouches a century old, by a process which will not touch the older. Now, these facts are grounds for enquiry; much valuable matter might be accumulated, and successful experiments made. Sir Joshua must have seen something he did not possess, or he would not have destroyed old pictures to find out the medium wherewith they were painted.

Pictor. Some say age has mellowed and given beauty to the works of the old masters, and that ours will acquire that peculiar look.

Sketcher. May be so; but hitherto Time has not worked very favourably. He has totally destroyed some, and made many dingy. Then, is it not curious that you never see an old picture crack, that is, the paint separate, leaving vermicular openings, now-a-days so common? I think it very probable that we never were more secure in our medium than now, and that the best pictures of the present day stand a fair chance of being handed down to posterity whole at least, and probably without deterioration from time. But that consideration does not remove from me the desire that attention were paid to the subject among scientific men, backed by an authority. A friend of mine, a very able person, has bestowed much pains upon the subject; I have often wished him to publish his experiments—the facts he has established. He has occasionally supplied me with his preservative medium, and it is quite surprising how perfectly colours stand, which, under the common process, will not stand a week. I painted a small picture with it some few years ago, and afterwards altered a part that did not please me with the common medium, linseed-oil; that part alone has changed, and is a spot on the rest. He had not then brought the medium to the perfection that it could be used with facility on a large scale. Happy should I be, and the arts would be thankful to him, would he publish

his discoveries. For my own part, I do not pretend to any great knowledge in art; but it appears to me, in a matter of such experimental practice as painting, persons of very moderate powers may discover something; and if they fancy they do, there can be no very great harm or conceit in their making their fancies known.

Pictor. Whether England may claim the honour of inventing painting in oil, is a point that may be disputed; but undoubtedly we may claim the invention of *painting* in water colours, and preeminence in that art beyond comparison.

My sketch being finished, I was putting it into my portfolio, when Pictor, who seemed more inclined to remain than to move, told me I had better revise it, for that he did not think I had thoroughly enjoyed the scene, my observation having been taken from it by the remarks I had been making,—and that, however I might flatter myself with having executed a portrait, I had missed the poetry: that always requires undivided attention. I looked at my sketch again, and being satisfied that Pictor's judgment was correct, I tore it, and threw the parts into the stream, as an offering to the "genius loci." Pictor observed that my sacrifice was of a common character, not of much value, but that Jupiter himself had never much better—nothing but the smell and the smoke. He then reluctantly rose from the bank, and we pursued our way upwards, slowly—for every step offered something to admire—and very soon came upon a scene that arrested us both instantaneously. There, quoth Pictor, is poetry—beautiful! Look at that tall flower, with its elegant stem, raising its crowned head over the dark brown placid water, that flows on here so tranquilly, singing its hymn of homage as it passes. All is enclosed as in a spot of sanctity. The turbulence of the water above and below is not heard, but as the murmur of bees. The branches of the trees drop down to the water, and bend and make their salutation. All the objects, even in their deepest retirement, turn reverently to that elegant stemmed flower. It has the persuasion of more than life about it—of charmed life—of sensibility and power.

"L'aura soave, e l'alba rugiadosa
L'acqua, la terra in suo favor s'inchina."
ARIOSTO.

How strange it is that that little flower should make the picture determine the character of every part of the scene, and give the whole the charm of enchanted modesty and obeisance to the queen and emblem of purity! The colour, too, of the scene is so accordant with the feeling. The light brown over the shallower part of the water runs off so gradually into a mysterious depth, and that again partly relieved by, and partly blended with, every variety of green, that I cannot conceive a more perfect harmony; and observe, there are masses here, but no large individual forms, to take off from the consequence so singularly acquired by an object so minute as that simple flower. With what a striking purpose of homage do the white froth bubbles make their circuit—slowly approach the Sovereign Beauty, and then more rapidly glide away to their exit from the audience and levee!

Sketcher. By all means paint the picture; and you, I am confident, will let the eye that sees your poetical conception, have all the benefit of your botanical ignorance. Who, with any brains, would here wish to know to what family that object of all attraction belongs? Classifications are a barbarous insult upon Nature—an inquisitorial census of her mystic population. You will not mark it with a name of seven syllables—nor swear away its purity by stamping it a Polyandrian.

Pictor. Not I; I am a painter, and meddle not with impertinent studies.

Sketcher. If we had the power of Montesinos, and could conjure to our presence the shades of the departed, now would I call upon Sir Uvedale Price to eat his words—no very solid meal for an Umbra—and own that flowers and blossoms are not always unfavourable to landscape. He asserts that, "from their too distinct and splendid appearance, they are apt to produce a glare and spottiness, so destructive

of that union which is the very essence of a picture, whether in nature or imitation." And not content with this censure, this "murder of the innocents," he kills them over again in a note. I have copied the passage in my pocket-book, to confute him from nature. Here it is. "*White blossoms are, in one very material respect, more unfavourable to landscape than any others, as white, by bringing objects too near the eye, disturbs the aërial perspective and the gradation of distance. On this subject I must beg leave to refer the reader to some remarks by Mr Lock, in Mr Gilpin's 'Tour down the Wye,' page 97, which I should have inserted here, were not the book in every person's hands.*"

Now there he is wrong; the book is not in my hands, but if I ever meet with it, and find a passage similar to the one quoted, I will fling into the margin my mark of defiance. Now Nature takes very good care generally, that the *texture* of her white flowers and blossoms shall be so delicate, as seldom to obtrude; they are not stuck on like lumps of white lead, they present not one bald hard substance, but have intricate parts retiring within each other, and are more delicate than threads of silk or the lightest cotton, and unless injudiciously assorted in silly parterres by the hand of man, never obtrude themselves, and nature wonderfully prepares and matches her greens to suit them. I will venture to say, the whitest flowers may be in the deepest shade, without disturbing it, any more than the stars offend and harm the blue of heaven, that ever keeps for them, and through them, the greater serenity. Pure modest white!! you might as well vilify or vilipend the pearl crescent on Dian's raven top-knot. Besides, good Sir Uvedale, for I understand your presence, Nature is a great painter, and is always walking about with her palette and brushes, and touching up her pictures, and dips her delicate pencils into most heavenly atmosphere, that there shall not be an atom of spottiness, excepting indeed it be from the meddlings of man, and then and there she does leave the deformity in disgust, while the ignoramus *struts* about his little *miniature paradise*, the Brobdignag Emperor of his own flower-beds. But, Sir Uvedale, you never should have put your foot within the domain of littleness; but if you paid him a visit on the recommendation of Mr Lock and Mr Gilpin, tell them they were truants, and quite out of the bounds of Nature's school. Milton does not disdain even "Meadows trim, with daisies pied." Milton knew very well the care Nature takes to keep a good tone in her pictures, that shall preserve the intended sentiment, (they are all her best moral lessons,) and that she not only uses the pearly atmosphere, but likewise dips her pencil in the clouds, and if there be any thing

"Whose saintly visage is too bright,
To hit the sense of human sight,"

she *therefore* glazes them over—

"To our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue."

Pictor. I am loth to leave this spot, and yet am I not much disposed to use my colours; why do not you make a study here?

Sketcher. What—after my failure! but, in truth, the best reason I can give is, that I have the scene, and am rejoiced to find that I felt the poetry of it just as you do, and hope I have marked it in my sketch. But would it not be best at once to extend our walk to the great rock and waterfall at the top of the valley, and take these scenes at our leisure on our return?

We now ascended the narrow path—"the hinder foot still firmer." Nor did we omit what is usually done in ascents, to pause and look back; and many were the beautiful sights that met our eyes, whether we looked up the stream, or followed its course to the sea, which bounded the prospect in that direction. As we ascended, the scene opened somewhat more; the masses of rock were larger, and more tossed about in wild confusion; and instead of flowers and bushes growing out from them as lower down, large trees were growing out of their fissures, and ivy crept round them, and united them more with the adjacent parts of the rocks; and the water was pouring down superbly in every direction, as it appeared from the projecting rocks, into cavernous abysses. Innumerable are the studies to

be made hereabouts; especially if you leave the path, descend, and then climb over some of the large masses of stone, and become insulated amidst the waters. But taking this view from the path, it is very striking, backed as it is by the wooded hill that leads to Linton. Pictor noticed the extreme beauty of the detail of the immediate foreground, and particularly the exact detail, the penciling or the etching of the leafage of some young ash, spreading out their fan-like boughs over the grey whirling water. But the scene was too grand to admit of the observation of this *handling* in nature, until it had been studied long as a whole. A light breeze following, the rushing torrent was moving the trees throughout, and therefore delineating them. All was in motion, trees and water; and even the immovable masses of rock seemed as if they were monster forms arrested and turned into stone in their attempt to ascend. The animation, the motion of wood and water, was all in communion, as if teeming with audible intelligence of combat, and confusion, and rout beyond them. There was a stir, in which humanity could not partake, and that made it little.

Curiosity here must be awakened. If alone on this spot, you would feel courageous, perhaps, as knight-errant bent on encounter of "dragon horrible and stern;" but at the same time a thorough sense of some danger over the turn of the path above you. I should say it was a scene for the danger of romantic encounter. The mind is fed with high thought of adventure bold, asserts its hardihood, and recovers from the humility at first engendered. As we were two, we walked boldly forward, and reaching the higher point, looked back from a high mass of grey rock, to Lynmouth, the sea and the opposite coast faintly seen. The downward passage of the water, bursting its way by the woods, and over rocks, in full activity, and the broad bosom of the Bristol Channel, to which it was hastening, and insinuating its way as with an affection,—the heathery hill immediately beyond, and the bare rocky hill on this side the village to the right, contrasted with the wood to the left, to an admirer or painter of *Views*, presented a very choice subject. But the composer would rather have stored his portfolio with the many exquisite parts, which would have charmed with greater fascination by their separation, and this even in sketches: For sketches of parts of scenes, becoming principal subjects, often give more complete pleasure where all is not filled up, the imagination being left free to supply, and that too with a rapid change, the complements of the picture. But the true admirer, who looks into Nature's retirements for the poetry she lavishly throws around her, will descend from the path, which he can do without much difficulty, to the water's edge; and among the larger stones he will find full employment for his pencil, and the whole power of his colours, whichever way he may look. The deep brown pools of refuge, and the water with all its variety of silvery green, grey, and brown, circling, loitering, hastening—and the falls from above (edged with sunshine, and thereby shewing their depth of colour) seen amid boughs and fragments of moss-brown rocks, will delight him many an hour in a spot so sheltered, as if Silence had lingered there, and ever after charmed the turbulence of the water into gentle music. A very few steps brought us within sight of the high rock that terminates the path. Had we come suddenly upon this scene, splendidly beautiful as it is, I doubt if we should have felt its power so much as we did, by the preparation the mind had received by the gradation of impressions made in the course of this singularly *picturesque* walk, all accumulating an enthusiastic feeling, which this grand scene demanded, to be the more fully enjoyed. We had, as it were, passed the precincts of an oracular place, and had been within the sense of an awe, that imparted a sanctity to render us fit for homage and inspiration. We remained for a while in mute admiration. I never saw any scene so completely overpowering; so thoroughly seizing the judgment, as to deprive it of its right of scrutiny. You believe it to be perfect, and it is not until after repeated trials in every point of view, and repeated failures of attaining any adequate expression, that you can ad-

mit that it may have defects. The defects are in composition—defects the less discernible in our admiration of Nature, because we receive impressions from many, more than from one point of view. The component parts all agree in character, they are grand and simple, yet each having in itself most wondrous variety in detail. It would be presumption to say that this view cannot be accurately and effectively taken—but among the numerous sketches that I have made of it, there is not one of which I could make a picture without much license—and there is a difficulty here, for there is no one part that you could alter without reluctance, and to its particular deterioration. Pictor and I fully agreed that by far the best view was that which few but sketchers and painters would take, from a little low ledge, on the other side of the stream which we crossed, thigh-deep, without difficulty. The wondrous rock before us, towering into the blue sky,—the trees growing from its summit, the stems that shoot over from the sides, under which the eye looks into intermingled shades of deeper foliage and projected rocks, and cavernous hollows, the light boles of trees, and twisted roots riveting huge masses together, bound with ancient ivy,—the precipitous sides, terminating in immense blocks, like squared foundations, stamped and fixed by an omnipotent fiat, deepened in colour and mystery by the vapours of the roaring foaming waters, rushing over the rocks, (from whence unseen,) and taking new direction — the immense dislodged fragments that lie tumbled over each other, and form a foreground most appropriate, with deep recesses with "marvellous darkness shadowed o'er"—the colours perfect in themselves and in their blending, —all these, closely comprehended, and at once palpable to the vision, impart a satisfaction so entire, that I do not recollect ever experiencing any thing to be compared with it. We did not now open our portfolios, but we did not the less enjoy the hour.

Pictor. This little area is a fine school wherein the mind may learn *nobility, cast off with* shame every *littleness of pursuit* or fancy, and from humility learn to be great. Nature's Poet and Nature's Painter may here worship and have his reward.

Sketcher. Yes, and praise Nature's God that he has made her so beautiful, and given us capacity to perceive it,—more—to enjoy it. Then, when we consider that this which excites our wonder is scarce an atom in creation, that angelic beings have a wider range, denied to us, and that the eye of Omnipotence surveys all, fills all, and is sensitive even now with us of all that we enjoy in this very place, we stand as favoured creatures connected with heaven and with earth by the unseen yet certain bonds of feeling and imagination. Long did we remain in this spot; and when we left it, it was to survey the scene from many others. We climbed over the huge fragments that lay around us, bestrode their tops, having the falls before us and at our backs, thrilled with the grandeur of the great whole. Having reached the highest point, we descended down to the foot of the great blocks that formed, as I mentioned, the foundations; with our backs close against these we looked in a direction of the turn whence the river came—and here the scene was very striking. The immediate falls were very grand, and above them you could just see the line of the rocky banks admitting the passage; they did not reach far, taking a sudden turn to the left, up the valley—so that the background of our view was now the woody and rocky hill on which Linton stands, and we could see partly the wall of the road which wound from Lynmouth upwards. This hill was particularly beautiful as seen from hence, admirably broken with rock and trees, some larger growing gracefully upwards, uniting the whole, from immediately above the dark masses, from whose tops and down whose sides the foaming sparkling water was pouring, and which thence whirled away over ledges below us, into an abyss black with overhanging foliage, and dark moss-covered precipitous side of the mountain pass. I made a large coloured study here, which I value both for its representation, and for the materials for composition which

it furnishes. When I had finished my sketch, we scrambled up the steep block by which we had descended, and from a point somewhat nearer than our first view, again looked back upon the height before described. I remarked to Pictor that some change had taken place here since my last visit,—some young shoots and delicate foliage had been cut away, that I thought a loss; but I mostly missed a light ash, that, shooting upwards from a central ledge of the great rock, was wont to wave and fan its delicate foliage, amid the deeper masses, connecting the higher with the lower reach, and by its very lightness and playful motion set off the solemn solidity of the huge cliff. I cannot but think the destruction of this tree, so singularly placed, an injury; I say destruction, because, as it seemed to me, the axe had been applied to it. But where the good taste and liberality of the cultivated inhabitants of Linton and Lynmouth have done so much to preserve and make accessible the many beauties around them, we must be loth to criticize—and after all, many may consider the removal an advantage. To one who does not know the spot, it may seem a deterioration of the whole scene, to admit that the removal of one poor tree could do an injury—but it was so peculiarly situated, as to be significant, and in close spots the removal of a shrub, or even flower, may be of importance. I speak as a painter, for how often on the canvass do such small additions *make* the picture? We now retraced our steps with our eyes mostly turned to the left, looking into the depth worn by the torrent, or to the woods rising from its bed. To our right was the bare bold hill, of no very enticing aspect, too steep to climb, and not precipitous for grandeur. On the summit of this is a shed, not unpicturesque in form, or position; it looks much like a small temple. I had never reached it, though parties frequently achieve the laborious accomplishment of the summit. "I suspect," said Pictor, "little would be gained by the undertaking. I shall, *therefore, decline* making the attempt; *and there is* more temptation *below. Mr Repton,* in his letter to *Mr Price* observes, that [illegible] *ley,'* (speaking of Matlock,) *'a thousand delightful subjects present themselves to the painter; yet the visitors of this place are seldom satisfied till they have climbed the neighbouring hills, to take a bird's-eye view of the whole spot, which no painting can represent: the love of prospect seems a natural propensity, an inherent passion of the human mind.'*"

Sketcher.—Mr Repton is wrong in his assertion that painting cannot represent a bird's-eye view;—why should it not? It may be a natural propensity, but it is the business of Art to cultivate, and thereby implant better propensities. Taste is acquired, and often is obliged to condemn our deteriorated natures, and "inherent passions." It is a vulgar taste that can never have too much for its money. It must grasp all, and has not the moderation to reject. In my village, the other day, the farmers, in Vestry assembled, determined to have the children of the parish innoculated, for that they shouldn't like to have any thing short of the whole disease; if they must have it at all, they "liked," they said, "the real thing." They have not acquired the knowledge that "too much of a good thing is good for nothing."

Thus trifling away a few minutes, we reached a slight indication of a passage on the left of our path, which we followed; it led us to a seat in the bank, turf-covered, overhung with bush, and sheltered. The small trees were partly cut away in front, to admit a view of the water foaming and circling amidst large rocky fragments, over which the boles of trees were shooting, and branches spreading in all directions. A quantity of eels were here seen twisting and insinuating themselves among the crevices of the upright stones.

"How strange," said Pictor, "that those creatures should not be affected by the roaring of the water, but should sport within the sound and terror of the thunder of its pounding! But, I believe, naturalists have discovered that fish are deaf."

Sketcher. I should easily believe it, for how else could the salmon approach those terrific falls, at which putting their tails in their mouths, [illegible]

and leap over as if they had studied their gambols at gymnastic schools? But I will set old Simonides against the naturalists, and he swears the fish are most exquisite judges of music; not only listen, but dance to it.

Τοῦ καὶ ἀπειρίσιοι
Πωτῶντ' ὀρνιθες ὑπερ κυφαλᾶς, ἀνὰ δ'
Ἰχθύες ὀρθοὶ κυανεου ἐξ ὕδατος ἅλλοντο
Καλᾷ συν ἀοιδᾷ.

Birds innumerable
Flew round his head, and in the purple deep
The fishes heard, and from beneath with joy
Leap'd perpendicular up—the dulcet strain
So charmed them.

Having uttered my Greek with the best mouth I could, I leaned my head against the bank on which was our seat, and put my handkerchief before my eyes, that I might be more choice in the expression of my translation; nor did I remove it until I had delivered my blank verse, in a manner to have delighted the fishes themselves, and I looked for no inconsiderable compliment from my friend Pictor. I was disappointed in my vanity, and when with uncovered eyes I looked round, I found my friend had left me; and leaning forward and looking through the opening of the branches, I saw him slowly and meditatively walking down the path. I knew I should find him somewhere about the stream, culling "sermons from stones, and good from every thing." I therefore betook myself once more to my reverie, and to old Simonides and Homer, familiar with all the fishes of the sea whom he saw gamboling round Neptune. I admired what could have been the heads of St Anthony's sermon, and whether the penitents were jumpers. I thought of Ariosto's Alcina by the sea-shore.

Ove un castello
Siède sul mar della possente Alcina,
Trovammo lei, ch'uscita era di quello,
E stava sola in ripa alla marina:
E senza rete, e senza amo traeva
Tutti i pesci al lito, che voleva.
. . . . . .
Alcina i pesci facea dell'acque
Con semplice parole, e puri incanti.

One morn we came,
Where, close upon the sea, a castle stood;
Alcina's castle, and full great her fame.
And her we saw alone in sportive mood
On the sea's margin, and all strange to name,
Without or net or hook to her she drew
All fishes of the sea, that to her bidding flew.

Alcina drew the fishes to the shore
By strange enchanted words and spells alone.

Thus did I long amuse my mind with trifling, taking refuge from matter-of-fact in poetical authorities, when it was of no earthly consequence to me whether all the fishes of the sea and of the rivers were as deaf as posts, or could boast of Fine-*ears as their great* ancestor. What *a wondrous provision* it is, that the mind, ever receiving, is never full; for there sits the enchantress Imagination, like the lamp consuming its own smoke, and turns the apparently most unprofitable vapours of the brain into light; and weaves dreams and visions of whatever the judgment cannot convert into wholesome food, to gratify, amuse, to refresh

and to relieve it when it is weary. But why did I fly from matter-of-fact to the vagaries of poetic fiction? We had been studying one of Nature's great and awful lessons —we had been intent on our studies. The school is broken up, and, like boys, we revel in our play and pastime. Such thoughts, and such reasoning, awakened a curiosity to see how Pictor was trifling himself into composure. I went in search of him, and found him in that very scene he so much admired on our entering the valley, with his back against a large mossy stone, in whose shadow he was reposing. Though the very spot of his recent admiration, his bodily eyes at least were closed to its beauties; but it was evident, from the expression of his features, that his mind's eye had most pleasing visions. I stood some time before I would disturb him. I saw that if he had not been sketching he had been composing, for his pencil and paper were lying in the sunshine. As I approached, the movement I made among the stones attracted his attention; and turning to me with a smile, he asked me if I and the fishes had settled the point, and what they thought of Greek; that he had departed to leave the communication free. "You, at least," said I, "have had your dreams, (pointing to his paper, which I found written throughout,) and to avert all evil that may be in them, are following the practice of the ancients, by shewing them to the sun. What does this illuminated MS. denote?" "I have been," said he, "endeavouring to impress this scene upon my mind by the aid of rhymes. Read them to me; but recollect they are not Greek."

SONG.

Upon a bedded bank,
With flowers between the grass;
And by a crystal stream,
That shall smoothly pass,—
There let me lie.

Let the boughs above
Hang o'er my head;
And the flickering beams
Through leaves be shed—
There let me lie.

Let the happy bird
There still happy be;
Golden beetles creep,
And take no thought of me—
There let me lie.

Let the white-crown'd flower
Shrink not to be seen;
Raised on a scepter'd stem,
As it were the Queen—
There let me lie.

Strife there cannot be
In a scene like this;
Where the leaf and flower,
And trees and water kiss—
There let me lie.

Life hath here repose,
In the green above;
In the green below,
All whose light is love!—
There let me lie.

Troubles will not come,
Sorrow passeth by,
But Fancy looketh down
With her cheerful eye—
There let me lie.

Who shall enter in?
But for whom 'tis meet—
All with sweetest look,
And with gentle feet,
Whilst there I lie.

We left this delightful spot, and retiring through Mr Herries' grounds, we met the ladies of our party, prepared to pass an hour or two in Mr Rowe's wood. They were on their way to meet us, that we might join *them*, and enjoy that pleasant wood *together*. *The guitar* was not forgotten, *and due care* had been taken *to provide a basket of* provisions, by the necessity of returning at a fixed hour. We soon reached the road, and crossed the little bridge, not far above which, by a little gate, we entered the wood. The walk through this is delightful—art does not overpower nature, nor nature art—it is the very spot for contemplation or for converse. It is formed by a level, smooth, and not very nar-

neath which is a water-course. Above is a very steep hill, below a descent to the river; above and below all is filled with trees, which, near the path, but for the path to which they assimilate in character, would be any thing but beautiful—the lower branches being cut away so that the leafage and shade is from above, but the trees grow very fantastically out of large masses of stone, and twist their roots round the bank very curiously. It is shady, yet so that gleams of sunshine shoot across here and there in small bands, and glitter upon the tops of the trees. The greens, the browns, and greys, are beautifully blended. The entrance to it is very singular. It is extremely narrow, between the high-wooded bank of the hill, cut, and therefore rising perpendicularly from the path, and a large mass of dark stone parted from the opposite bank, above which the trees meet, and include the whole under green shade. This had been filled up with a door, but it is now liberally left open. It is just such an entrance as you would expect to meet in some very sequestered valley, leading to a "little lowly hermitage." Towards the termination of the walk, for it is of sufficient length to deserve the name, is a small path that leads to a weir. It was amongst some trees here that we took our seats on mossy stones, and greatly did we enjoy the quiet beauty of the scene, and the gleams of sunshine continually stealing upon and retiring from the cool green of the intricate foliage and herbage around us. We had converse, and music both of the guitar and the voice; and the subdued and constant accompaniment of the river added to the charm. For it tended to make us and Nature one party—and a happy party we were. What songs the ladies sang, or what they said, I am not permitted to utter. But Pictor's doings are within my privilege of speech; and as he generally furnished us with an original song, not inappropriate to the scene, when the guitar was put into his hands, with great feeling he touched the strings, and after a short prelude thus sang.

SONG.

Where flows the tranquil stream,
So smoothly passing on,
Like to a placid dream?
'Tis to its Ocean gone.

Whence flows it? By soft bank,
Where gentle maidens lie;
Their music it has drank,
And rain from beauty's eye.

Augmented by sweet tears,
Witness of tender looks,
Full many a tale it hears,
Told by in-running brooks.

It bears them all away,
Carelessly passing on—
Looks, tears, sighs, music,—they
Are to their Ocean gone!

Fair flowers that kiss the wave,
Bright leaves by Autumn shed,
Float to their watery grave,
To their eternal bed.

Thus Life, a joyous dream,
Thus Life, a tale of woe,
Is but the passing stream
That doth to Ocean go.

In such manner we passed some hours in this sweet wood, nor did we quit it until we returned to our cottage parlour to tea, nor did we that evening leave our home again.

LORDS BROUGHAM, LYNDHURST, AND LOCAL COURTS.

Lord Brougham has contrived to make himself perhaps the most popular person in the country: It has, indeed, been the sole Herculean labour of his life to become so. He has manifested throughout his career a singleness of purpose in pursuing this object, backed by prodigious physical, and great mental energies, which could scarcely fail of conducting him to success. See then the dizzy elevation he has attained—the Chancellorship of England, a position of paramount sway in the Government; the object of fervent flattery, philosophical, oratorical, and literary; the idol of the people. We doubt whether any single individual, in ancient or modern times, ever aimed at levying contributions from so many and such apparently incompatible sources. And in order to do so, it cannot be fairly said that Lord Brougham has been "every thing by turns and nothing long;" for he has, throughout his varied and brilliant career, subordinated every thing—every occupation, every accomplishment—every failure—every triumph—to the one object we have mentioned—popularity; and that, consummate and permanent. He has striven, with persevering cunning, to entwine himself with every fibre of the people's heart; he would not have you touch one without the other; they must stand or fall together. That his conduct has not at times exhibited features of singular weakness and imprudence, we do not mean to assert; there have indeed been instances of such; but they have been lost—consumed—in the blaze of his successful ambition. Truly it is difficult, on many accounts, to speak soberly and accurately of Lord Brougham's pretensions; for the eye that would have scanned all, is apt, on a nearer approach, to settle exclusively on his more prominent qualities. Not that we distrust our own spirit to enter into and prosecute the enquiry, or the sources of our information—we *are confident* of both; but we *do apprehend that his* Lordship's *admirers are so numerous* and bigoted, *and he so self-satisfied* that all we say will be but "as the idle wind, which he and they regard not!" Be that, however, as it may, we shall proceed at once to examine certain features of Lord Brougham's official character; and, in point of intellectual and oratorical qualifications, institute a comparison between him and his predecessor on the Woolsack; and by the time we have done so, the public will doubtless allow us to place the laurel on the stately brow of Lord Lyndhurst.

From the first moment of Mr Brougham's appearing in public, he commenced ingratiating himself with the people. He came out on the popular interest—and he has since distanced and obscured all his brilliant competitors in the pursuit. He fought for "the people" in the Edinburgh Review; became foremost in vehemence among their champions in Parliament; his professional efforts were judiciously exerted in their cause; he even went among them in his individual capacity, and harangued them on precisely those topics most likely to fascinate them—education, and the slave trade. No one ever timed his appearances with such tact as Mr Brougham. He never struck till the iron was hot—and then he struck, indeed, with Cyclopean force, till the country rung with the blow. His pursuit of popular applause deserved the name of a science. He has profoundly studied the anatomy of the people's heart, the exact mode of reaching, and producing an impression upon it. His object has been to endear himself to it. With vast tact, versatile ability, inexhaustible energy, and daring courage, he ever took his place at the head of their ranks; he ransacked history, ancient and modern, for inflammatory and flattering topics; in their behalf, he by turns wheedled and threatened "their enemies;" he became "all things to all men" for "the people;" he thoroughly identified his interests with theirs—and laboured to persuade them, that if they triumphed, it must be *through him*. And marvellously did opportunities favour him. Think of the Queen's trial! What a God-send for Mr

Brougham! Mark the judgment with which he wielded the popularity it gave him—He began his enquiries into the administration of Charities! Why need we dwell upon his arduous and persevering exertions in this enquiry—in the abolition of the slave trade—"popular education"—the liberty of the press—the "reform" of the law—the "reform" of the representation? In short, by first artfully selecting no topics but such as were popular and palatable, he at length gained an ascendency which enabled him to make any question he chose to advocate, palatable and popular. As his power increased, so increased his disposition to exercise it. He had only to select his object, and the people ensured him success. Then he began to meditate changes on a mighty scale, in every department of the country; whether for better or for worse, change he would have—and that, "for the benefit" of "the people." That this is a correct account of his motives and designs, may be distinctly seen in the unguarded frankness with which he expressed himself in a moment of delirious ecstasy—on the occasion of his return for Yorkshire. See his own sense of the importance, whether for good or for evil, he had at length acquired:—

"It will arm me with an extraordinary, and vast, and important accession of power to serve—*the people of England.*" And he subsequently expressed himself in a similar strain of triumphant enthusiasm, characterising his return for Yorkshire, as

"The highest honour of his life, the pride and exultation of which could never be eradicated from his mind but by death, nor in the least degree allayed by the lapse of time—the most splendid distinction which any subjects could confer upon a fellow-citizen."

He solemnly and publicly devoted himself afresh on this occasion, in terms of vehement asseveration, to the service of the people; protesting that no offer of place, however eminent, should alienate him from their ranks—should displace him from the position to which THEY had elevated him. A distinguished gentleman, at once a Yorkshire client and constituent, *asked him who was likely to succeed Lord Lyndhurst?* Mr Brougham mentioned Sir John Leach. "It is supposed," said his companion, with a significant smile, "that a certain member for Yorkshire is most likely to be the new Chancellor"—— "God forbid! God forbid! God forbid! It is impossible," replied Mr Brougham, with vehement emphasis. Alas, however, what is man? The gorgeous vision of the seals presently glittered before his eyes, and in three days' time they were deposited before the gaunt figure of LORD Brougham and Vaux, sitting upon the Woolsack! He took an early opportunity of assuring the Yorkshiremen, that his acceptance of office—"far from disabling him to discharge his duty to his country—far from rendering his services less efficient, had but enlarged the sphere of his utility, and held out the gratifying prospect, that in serving his King, he should at the same time be better able to serve his country." His Lordship will forgive us, however, if we say it is one of the objects of this paper to prove, that in making this desperate bound, his

"Vaulting ambition did o'erleap itself,
And fall on t'other side."

Consider for a moment the position Mr Brougham occupied before his elevation. He was leader of the House of Commons; paramount within, idolized out of doors—and was besides, perhaps, one of the first men at the Bar, in point of practice and emolument. Look at the extensive machinery his sole hand had set working;—a Commission, extending the whole body of the common law upon the rack of investigation; another ransacking the records of every charitable institution in the country; an extraordinary organization for "educating" the people, and disseminating his own principles throughout the lower classes of society; he had called forth a storm of fury on the subject of slavery which no earthly force could prevent from devastating the Colonies—and chiefly stimulated the lower orders into their clamour for Parliamentary Reform! Before proceeding, however, to shew how he has "served his King and his country," as Lord Chancellor, we shall advert to one most characteristic feature of his crafty policy—that by which he has striven, and yet

strives most effectually, to elevate himself upon the shoulders of the people—we mean—and grave is the charge as true—his uniform, artful *depreciation of the aristocracy*. Finding that he could not safely rise and retain his eminence, but at their expense, he has taken prodigious pains to point them out as "the enemies of the people"—the legitimate objects of their distrust and hatred; possessing no *real* claims to superiority—ever grasping at rights and privileges inconsistent with the welfare of "the people." He has based much powerful declamation, many successful reasonings, on the assumption, that if the people obtain their rights in any matter, it must be *in spite* of the aristocracy; he has paid them from time to time, when likely to be most effective, the bitterest ironical compliments; and constantly insinuated that their ORDER is of trifling value, though heavy cost, to the State. Examine his various speeches and writings, and see if what we state be not true. We shall select a few instances. Mark the tone of his peroration on the Queen's trial.

"My Lords, I pray your Lordships to pause. You are standing on the brink of a precipice."—"My Lords, from the horror of this catastrophe—save the country—save yourselves from this situation. Rescue that country *of which you are the ornaments*, but in which you could flourish no longer when severed from the people, than *the blossom* when cut off from the root and stem of the tree—save that country, *that you may continue to adorn it*."—"The Aristocracy which is shaken," &c. "But I do here pour forth my supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people of this country in a larger measure *than the merits of its rulers may deserve*, and that your hearts may be TURNED to justice."

Observe how artfully Mr Brougham points the finger of public odium and disappointment *at the Lords*; how slightly he speaks of their station and uses; and prays that their hearts may be "*turned*" to justice! Mark him again, (July 8, 1825,) in a *speech to the Mechanics' Institute*, *sneeringly* representing the Aristocracy *as* "*our* self-nominated supe-

See the threatening tone he assumes—most unnecessarily—in his speech on the Local Courts Bill, (Dec. 2, 1830.)

"*I counsel* you to leave no means unbefitting your high station—*to let no pride of place* prevent your earnestly attempting this great work. And let *neither your station nor pride* be offended, when I tell you that a feeling has gone abroad of disrespect towards both Houses of Parliament," &c.—"if unhappily one party should be temporarily alienated."—"I would say—*maintain your own rights, preserve your own dignity*, but take care and do your duty to yourselves and the *alienated party*, by improving their condition, and removing all just grounds of complaint. Trust me, my Lords, the road to duty—*the door of reconcilement*—is open to you; and it will be exclusively your own fault if again the language of disrespect is addressed to you from any portion of the King's subjects."

Here he assumes that the Aristocracy and the people are estranged, and implores the former not to let their "station" and "pride" prevent a "reconciliation."

Mark, again, the air of insolent menace with which, in an hour of perilous excitement, he seizes the opportunity of holding *up this obnoxious order*, (in the person of one of its most amiable and accomplished members,) to the dislike, contempt, and ridicule of "the people."

"My noble *friend* (!) [Earl of Dudley,] too, who lives near Birmingham, and may therefore be supposed to know his own neighbours better than we can, sneers at the statesmen of Birmingham, and at the philosophers of Manchester. He will live—I tell him—he will live to learn a lesson of practical wisdom from the statesmen of Birmingham, and of forbearance, from the philosophers of Manchester. My noble friend was ill-advised when he thought of displaying his talent for sarcasm upon 120,000 people in the one place, and 180,000 in the other. He did little by such exhibitions towards gaining a stock of credit from the order he belongs to—*little towards conciliating* for the order he adorns, by pointing his little epigrams against such mighty masses of the people.

creet to draw himself up in the pride of hexameter and pentameter verse—skill in classic authors—the knack of turning fine sentences, and *to look down with derision* on the knowledge of his unrepresented fellow-countrymen, in the weightier matters of practical legislation. I have no desire ever to hear them read a Latin line, or hit off in the mother tongue any epigram. In these qualities, they *and I* freely yield the palm to others. I, *as their representative*, yield it." "*Again, representing them* here,—for them I bow" (suiting the action to the word) "to my noble friend's immeasurable superiority in all things classical or critical. In book lore, in purity of diction, in correct prosody, even in elegance of personal demeanour, *I and they* hide our diminished heads. But to say that I will take my noble friend's judgment *on any grave practical subject,—on any thing touching the great interests of our commercial country*, or *any of those manly questions which engage the statesman, the philosopher, in practice,*—to say that I could *ever dream of putting the Noble Earl's opinions, aye, or his knowledge*, in any comparison *with the bold, rational, judicious, reflecting, natural, and, because natural, the trust-worthy opinions of those honest men, who always give their strong natural sense a fair play, having no affectations to warp their judgment*—to dream of any such comparison as this, would be on my part a flattery," &c.—"I speak now of the middle classes, of those hundreds of thousands of respectable persons, the most numerous, and by far the most wealthy order in the community. *For if all your Lordships' castles, manors, rights of warren, and rights of chase, with all your broad acres*, were brought to the hammer, and sold at 50 years' purchase, the price would fly up and kick the beam, when counterpoised by the vast and solid riches of those middle classes, who are also the GENUINE DEPOSITARIES *of sober, rational, intelligent*, and *honest English feeling*. Unable though they *may be to round a period, or point an epigram*, they are solid right-judging men; and above all, not given to change. They will neither be led astray by false reasoning, *nor deluded by impudent flattery (!), but so neither* will they be scared by classical quotations, or brow-beaten by fine sentences; and as for an epigram, they care as little for it as they do for *a cannon ball!*"

This, to be sure, was said ostensibly of Lord Dudley only—of Lord Brougham's "friend,"—and very kindly said of him, too—but he must be blind, indeed, who does not see that—it was *really* said and meant of the whole "order" to which he belonged!—Ponder well this passage! The Lord Chancellor, knowing well that the country was very near the verge of rebellion—that armed organized bodies of "hundreds of thousands" were talking of marching up to London, inflamed by the insidious misrepresentations of Lord Brougham's government—mark this Lord Chancellor rising from the Woolsack, to conciliate the people, to calm the smothered indignation of the Peers, by avowing himself THE REPRESENTATIVE of these PEOPLE! The *Lord Chancellor* their *Representative!* The self-dubbed representative of these insurgent "myriads" was then standing by the Woolsack—taunting the doomed aristocracy as the contemptible but designing enemies of "the people"—holding them up as differing from "the people" only in frivolous and insignificant accomplishments, and yet resisting their claims to the death! We believe that on this memorable occasion "more was meant than met the ear;" that Lord Brougham, true to the principles of his whole life, distinctly calculated the force of his words—that they were timed with a tremendous precision, and that Providence alone averted the result.

One other instance—out of many that could be selected—and we shall proceed. It was on the last debate upon the Local Courts Bill. In the midst of much arrogant egotism, some of the Peers—finding the Chancellor at his tricks again—harping on his old string—smiled. See the malice of the cunning Chancellor!

"I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, thankful *even for half an inch of concession in favour of the people!*"—"It matters little your dashing the cup of promise from *my* lips—but it does matter your damping the hopes and dashing the cup of promise from the lips of the

people of England.* [A smile.] I expected that smile, counselled as you have been that it would be degrading to you not to disregard such consequences. [No! no!] I say yes—you were told to disregard the feelings of the people! [No! no!] *Well—then I am to understand you do regard the feelings of the poor suitor!*" [Cheers.]

We were present at the debate, and never can forget the indignation excited by this despicable manœuvre! The sarcasm about the smile, however, is not original! Lord Brougham has borrowed it from the distinguished Mr Roebuck, Member for Bath, who, in the course of his maiden-speech in reply to Mr Stanley, on the Address, observed, "He knew the cause of that sneer from the Honourable Member; and if any thing was more distinctive than another of true aristocratic feeling, it was, that when any appeal was made to the kindlier and more honest feelings, they were sure to meet it with a laugh!" This leaf to be plucked by the Lord Chancellor out of the green chaplet of the Member for Bath—and that without scruple or acknowledgment, — is somewhat hard upon rising parliamentary talent!

We cite these instances more in sorrow than in anger; and, while we are on this part of Lord Brougham's character, cannot avoid noticing another manœuvre of his Lordship, practised about the time of debating the Reform Bill — when there was a slight manifestation of resistance to the payment of taxes. He caught up the idea—blazoned the intelligence from the Woolsack, magnified the mischief, by in fact suggesting its perpetration, — and then in lukewarm terms cautioned "the people" against doing any thing so improper, even so unconstitutional! Was his Lordship acting on a hint in the writings of Lord Bacon—when he speaks of "*teaching dangers to come on, by over-early buckling towards them?*"

Since Lord Brougham's elevation to the Woolsack, he has developed certain qualities for which neither his friends nor enemies gave him credit—and it is easy to account for them! His abuse, as "Mr" Brougham, of Lord Eldon, will never be forgotten. Night after night did he vent in the House of Commons the most virulent calumnies against that most gifted and amiable nobleman—who repaid it, as became his superior qualities, but with an increase of personal courtesy, whenever he had the opportunity of manifesting it. But how did Lord Brougham act, when, on the Woolsack, he fancied himself aggrieved? We must explain a little—and that little will give a key to much of his Lordship's conduct. Did you ever chance to hear, reader, of a certain Sir Edward Sugden? Do you know that he is the most consummate real-property lawyer that lives—perhaps that ever lived—in this country? That he is admitted on all hands to be the first practitioner in the Court of Chancery? This is the man over whose head, to the indignation of the profession, Lord Brougham scrambled into the Chancellor's chair; this formidable individual was henceforth to appear before *Lord Brougham* (!) as a counsel, and that in the profoundest discussions upon the most subtle and complicated of sciences. He was not to be cajoled by the new Chancellor into acquiescence in his various innovations—for no sooner was his Lordship seated, than, like a madman "scattering fire-brands, arrows, and death," he began to suggest alterations by wholesale in a system with which he was about as familiar as his coachman or mace-bearer. Sir Edward, in his place in Parliament, suggested an enquiry into certain manœuvres of his Lordship. As soon as this came to the ears of the courteous and philosophic Chancellor, did he temperately and dignifiedly vindicate himself? He called Sir Edward Sugden *a bug!* Hear his very words, lest you should doubt the truth of our statement.

"Yes, my Lords, we have all read that it is this heaven-born thirst for

---

* *Lord Brougham*—or his secretary—wrote a letter to Birmingham, *urging them to get up petitions* in favour of the Bill! Stating that he was twitted in the House

information, and its invariable concomitants—a self-disregarding and candid mind, that most distinguishes man from the lower animals—*from the crawling reptile, from the wasp that stings, and from the wasp that fain would but cannot sting*:—*distinguishes us, my Lords, not only from the insect that crawls and stings, but from that more powerful, because more offensive, creature*—THE BUG—*which, powerful and offensive as it is, after all is but vermin.* Yes, I say, it is this laudable propensity upon which humanity justly prides itself, which, I have no doubt, solely influenced the learned gentleman to whom I allude, to seek for information which it would be cruel to stingily gratify." —"The cavil of little minds," &c.*

Gentle, but much shocked reader, this was uttered by the Lord High Chancellor, from his place in the House of Lords! When we read it, after our indignation had somewhat subsided, it brought to our recollection a felicitous passage in the speech of Mr Henry Brougham when defending a certain convicted libeller of the clergy: it shews both the premeditation of the abominable outrage on Sir Edward Sugden, and that when Lord Brougham considers he has once uttered a good thing, he does not scruple to borrow even from himself!

"Not that they—'the clergy,'—wound deeply or injure much; but that is no fault of theirs; without hurting, they give trouble and annoyance. *The insect brought into life by corruption, and nestled in filth,* [faugh!] *I mean the* DIRT-FLY, *though its flight be lowly and its sting puny,* can swarm, and buzz, and irritate the skin, *and offend the nostril*—[faugh! faugh!]—and altogether give nearly as much annoyance *as the wasp, whose nobler nature it aspires to emulate.*" †

Alas, is it not shocking that the Woolsack should be polluted by such filthiness and abuse? To see Lord Brougham—*ætatis suæ* 55—diving into the forgotten depths of Mr Henry Brougham's scurrilities, in search of the dirtiest drop he could find, to spurt it upon a gentleman before whose superior learning he trembled daily? Indeed, ever since he has occupied the seat of the Chief Equity judge, he has displayed a petty spite—a paltry, peevish, irritable humour—towards Sir Edward Sugden, which nothing can explain, but his galling sense of inferiority. Well may the latter exclaim—

> "Let the galled jade wince—our withers are unwrung."

Indeed, Lord Brougham is not the man he was. Emulating the absurd ambition of Lord Erskine, he has leaped into a situation for which he is exquisitely unfitted, and is day after day mortified by a consciousness of the ridiculous position he occupies in the profession. Does he believe himself competent to comprehend—to correct—the reasonings of the veriest tyro in Equity that trembles before him? He anxiously gives out that he is hated and persecuted by the lawyers. Can he affect to wonder at their ridiculing his pretensions? Does he imagine them such preposterous dolts as not to see that his mismanagement of the Court of Chancery is obvious even to the non-professional public? Why, they are perpetually shocked by instances of his ignorance—and it is to this alone they attribute those helter-skelter blundering movements which his Lordship dignifies and popularizes by the name of *Reforms!* We regret to say, that Lord Brougham has displayed an incredible degree of ignorance, not only of the practice of his Court, but of the very elementary principles of the law. The ensuing instance may be vouched for. During a certain late case "Amphlett v. Parke," the following colloquy occurred between his Lordship and Counsel.

Lord Chancellor, (interrupting

---

* Parliamentary Debates, July 26th, 1832.

† Selections from Mr B.'s Speeches, pp. 98-99, (1832.) It would seem that his Lordship adds to his many acquirements the science of *entomology*, from the use he makes of the terms "insects," "vermin," "bugs," "gnats," &c. &c. They supply him *with his choicest allusions* in matter of sarcasm, or rather abuse, and nearly earned *him a summary chastisement* from a Yorkshire gentleman—Mr Martin Stapleton, *whom he termed on the hustings,* "a paltry INSECT!"

Counsel)—What! do you mean to say, that if I were to devise an estate to trustees, on trust to sell, with a direction that out of the produce of that estate my trustees were to purchase another—*which latter estate* I thereby devised to B—why—do you mean to contend that *such* a devise would be good?

Counsel.—I apprehend, my Lord, perfectly so!

Lord Chancellor.—What! an estate purchased after the date of the will?

Counsel.—Most certainly, my Lord!

His Lordship drew back in his seat, confounded at the pertinacity of Counsel, simply through his ignorance of the hackneyed, the notorious, and very fundamental principle of equity, that "it considers that to be *done*, which is directed to be done!" *

We wish, for the credit of the country, that this were a *solitary* instance! It is painful thus to have cause for exposing Lord Brougham's ignorance of that system which he has so rashly undertaken to administer, so presumptuously to overturn—but we think it our duty to do so. We belong ourselves to the English Bar; and, in common with our brethren, feel indignant at the spirit of ungenerous, virulent depreciation towards us,—of mean sycophancy towards "the people"—which his Lordship has manifested in his recent attacks upon our honour and independence. Lord Brougham, as he was always—and is—ready to snatch at any opportunity of pointing out the Aristocracy to the hatred and contempt of the people, so groans in spirit to render the same kindly offices to the Bar—or render it subservient to his own purposes. Verily, he that hates "*those damned attorneys*," may yet be anxious to bribe the Bar! Lord Brougham and his friends have one ready answer to every exposure of his ignorance and quackery,—that "the profession" are "*interested*" in opposing him. Interested! What would his Lordship think of a gaping ploughman finding his way into the midst of complicated steam machinery, and forthwith finding fault with it, and directing alterations in every part of it? If the engineers were to protest against his interference, and represent his incompetence, he would, with Lord Brougham, find a ready answer—"Oh, I daresay I know nothing about it! Very likely! But can you get my partisans to believe you—you, who are so deeply interested in continuing the abuses I am correcting?"—"*Deeply interested!*" quoth the indignant engineers—"of course we are! We know the machinery, its working, and uses—but do you?" We affirm boldly that Lord Brougham is utterly unfit for his office—none knows it better than he; and hence his anxiety to "shuffle off the mortal coil" of business, to sever the political and legal functions of the Lord Chancellor. These latter, the newspapers inform us, his Lordship coolly offered to—Sir Edward Sugden—an *amende*, perhaps to the victim of his former insult. Sir Edward will not be the man we take him for, if he accepts them!

One of the grounds on which Lord Brougham founds his frequent appeals to popular commiseration, is "the *falsehoods* which are vented touching his disposal of the patronage of office." Without ripping up every appointment he has made—and we are tempted to do so—we shall glance at one or two instances of his disposal of patronage, glaringly at variance with his deliberately formed, at least deliberately expressed, opinions on that subject, as "Mr" Brougham. Thus fairly and ably he spoke on the 7th February, 1828, in the House of Commons:—

"The great object of every government, in selecting the judges of the land, should be to select the most skilful and learned men in their profession."—"There ought not to be, in choosing judges from the bar,

* See also (Drax *v.* Grosvenor) the case of Monckton *v.* Attorney-General, (2 *Russell and Mylne's* Rep. 157,) in which Lord Brougham utters, deliberately, the *following*—"*It is not* more true that things that are equal to the same thing are equal *to one another*, than that persons related by blood to the same individual, are more or less related [illegible]

any exclusion or restriction. He alone ought to be selected in whom talent, integrity, and experience most abound, and are best united. The office of a judge is of so important and responsible a nature, that one should suppose the members of Government would naturally require that they should be at liberty to make their selection from the whole field of the profession—that they would themselves claim to have the whole field open to their choice. Who would not *believe that a Ministry would not eagerly* seek to have all men before them, when their object must be to choose the most able and accomplished? * * * But is this the case? Is all the field really open? Are there no portions of the domain excluded from the selector's authority? True, and no law prevents it—* * * but a custom, 'more honoured in the breach than the observance,' *that party*, as well as merit, must be studied in these appointments! * * It must be admitted, that if a man belongs to a party opposed to the views of Government, if—*which the best and ablest of men, and the fittest for the Bench, may well be—he is known for opinions hostile to the Ministry, he can expect no promotion—rather let me say, the country has no chance of his elevation to the Bench, whatever be his talents, or how conspicuously soever he may shine in all the most important departments of the profession.* In Scotland, it is true, a more liberal policy has been pursued, and the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite (Sir Robert Peel) has done himself great honour by recommending Mr Gillies, and Mr Cranstoun, and Mr Clerk—*all as well known for party men there as Lord Eldon is here*—though, unfortunately, their party has been what is now once more termed the wrong side; *but all men of the very highest eminence among the professors of the law.* * * But, sir, what is our system? If, at the present moment, the whole of Westminster-Hall were to be called on, in the event of any vacancy unfortunately occurring *among the Chief Justices*, to name the man best suited to fill it—to point out the individual whose talents and integrity best deserve the situation, whose judicial exertions were most likely to shed blessings on his country—*can any one doubt for a moment whose name would be echoed on every side? No, there could be no question* as to the individual to whom would point the common consent of those most competent to judge. *But then he is known as a party-man*—and all his merits, were they even greater than they are, would be in vain extolled by his profession, and in vain deiderated by his country. I REPROBATE THIS MISCHIEVOUS SYSTEM *by which the Empire loses the services of some of the ablest, the most learned, and the most honest men within its bounds.*" *

It is to be presumed that the frank and upright speaker did not wish to point the attention of the House to himself, as the person possessing such eminent qualifications for the Bench—though this would seem questionable—since he finds it necessary to say, shortly after, "*I* cannot take the situation of a judge—I cannot afford it." Oh, no, the eye of this disinterested and philosophical reformer was, it seems, all the while, fixed on the glistening *summit* of the profession!

"No sparrow's hop from twig to twig was his—
Whose powerful pinions seek the higher air!"

The House—the whole profession—assumed, and correctly, that SIR JAMES SCARLETT was the individual alluded to. This consummate lawyer has long occupied the proudest station at the Bar—and none knew his admirable qualities more thoroughly than his sincere and eloquent panegyrist. Well!—Since the delivery of this speech, *the two Chief-Justices* have fallen vacant, and been filled up by two different Administrations. Under that of the Duke of Wellington, the Chief-Justiceship of the Common-Pleas, *by the direction of Lord Lyndhurst*, was adorned by the elevation of Sir Nicholas Tindal—of whose character, as a lawyer, both practical and constitutional, and qualities as a man, it is needless to speak, seeing they speak for them-

* *Speech on the Administration of the Law*, pp. 17, 18, 19.

selves. Since the accession of Lord Grey to power, the death of that most distinguished judge, Lord Tenterden, placed the Chief-Justiceship of the King's Bench at the disposal of Ministers. Now—said the profession—now, said the public—for Sir James Scarlett! But no; not a breath—not a whisper of him!

> "Oh, no, we never mention *him*,
> His name is never heard"——

Lord Brougham's

> "Lips are now forbid to speak
> That once familiar word"

in the ears of Lord Grey! Why? Because Littledale, Parke, Patteson, Taunton—the eminent puisne judges—were, one of them, entitled to the preference? No, but Sir James had perpetrated a certain enormity—had committed the "sin never to be forgiven" by the present Ministry—he had presumed to oppose the Reform Bill, skilfully but temperately. Did that impugn his legal knowledge? blot out his thirty years' experience? warp his discretion and independence, and so render it not only impolitic, but unsafe, to invest him with the judicial ermine? Did that change the opinions "echoed on every side of Westminster Hall," as to his legal fitness for the office? Did that afford ground for "depriving the country of the chance of his elevation?" Oh no! Was he, then, becoming childish,—were his faculties "falling into the sere and yellow leaf?" Oh no! Witness him at this moment, the most active, brilliant, and powerful advocate at the bar! No, Lord Brougham bethought himself of Sir Thomas Denman*—his coadjutor in the Queen's trial—the King's Attorney-General! *He* was the lucky winner in the Government lottery of law prizes, and he sacrificed his prodigious practice at the bar to take the premier seat on the Bench, in order to "guide, control, correct" those young and inexperienced lawyers, Littledale, Parke, Patteson, and Taunton! God forbid that we should say aught to impeach Sir Thomas Denman, one of the most courteous, amiable, and dignified gentlemen that ever graced the seat of justice, one whose personal qualities have long endeared him to every member of the profession, as his eloquence and elegant acquirements have won him applause from the public; but surely the blooming bouquet of *such* accomplishments was but ill suited to flourish upon the bleak barren eminence of the Chief-Justiceship—in an atmosphere of law "chilly and ungenial!" Though we sincerely love Sir Thomas, we shall not flatter him, and therefore give utterance here to the indignant astonishment of the profession that *he* should have been selected, in preference to Sir James Scarlett—to ten, or even twenty others! Suppose the Duke of Wellington—suppose Lord Lyndhurst—had "done this deed,"—what blighting diatribes should we presently have heard from Mr Henry Brougham in the House of Commons! How the press would have rung with execrations of such outrageous partiality and favouritism!

But perhaps a subsequent occasion would enable Lord Brougham to vindicate his character as an impartial dispenser of judicial preferment,—to look into his own speech, and act upon the principles it developes. Let us see. Mr Baron Bayley—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—retires from the Exchequer, and —— and —— Mr John Williams, K. C., is popped into his place! Think of that; meditate upon it; append a memorandum of the appointment, as an illustrative note to some future edition of the speech from which we have been quoting—which *we* are illustrating! Let it serve as

---

* On the Queen's trial, in answer to the suggestion of the King's Attorney-General (now Lord Lyndhurst), that "Bergami should be called to the bar, to state that the whole charge was a fiction," [Trial, vol. iii. p. 288,] the present Chief-Justice of the King's Bench deliberately asserted, that "from *the beginning of the world* no instance could be found of an individual, charged with adultery, being called to disprove it."—the precise case having occurred on the occasion of a Divorce Bill in the *House of Lords, in 1792!* But fourteen years' experience have, no doubt, improved *the law of Sir Thomas.* It is an error, by the way, to suppose that etiquette requires this office to be offered to the Attorney-General. Lord Tenterden was a puisne

a memento of Lord Brougham's sincerity, consistency, impartiality, wisdom! 'Tis true that this eminent individual, Baron Williams, has edited an edition of Blackstone, and compiled a little treatise on the study of the law—works that he will now have time to look into on his own account; that *he* also was employed for Queen Caroline; that he has long been an able writer in the Edinburgh Review; that he has relinquished a practice of about L.10,000 a-year at the Bar; that he has been engaged in almost all the heaviest commercial and other cases that have happened in his time; that the Law Reports are *studded* with innumerable masterly arguments of his; that a many years' close intimacy with his illustrious friend Lord Brougham, has had the effect of communicating to him much of that personage's minute, various, and profound knowledge of the principles and practice of the common law,—and will now attract into the Court of Exchequer more business even than in the time of his predecessor; that he is proverbial for patience, tact, and temper: BUT—

—What say *you* to all this, my Lord Chancellor? Oh—if your own heart do not condemn you, "neither do we. Go in peace, *and sin no more!*"*

But, "rumours are abroad—whispers fill the air—every species of tale is afloat,"† my Lord, about one Sir William Horne! It is hinted that he has been atrociously jockeyed; that he has been perfidiously manœuvred, not only out of the Baronship of the Exchequer, but his Attorney-Generalship, and flung back with contemptuous unkindness upon the surges of precarious private practice, amidst the sympathy—the amazement of his brethren. How is this? Had your Lordship any thing to do with it? Did you consider him competent for the office of Attorney-General, but inept to continue such, or receive the ordinary compliment of elevation?—Can it be true that your Lordship inveigled him into a resignation of his Attorney-Generalship by an explicit promise, which you knew it would be impossible to keep, but easy to back out of? Was there any proposition hinted at by your Lordship, which was at once rejected by Sir William *as unconstitutional*, but which you spoke of as furnishing matter for only a "*nine days' wonder?*" Is Sir William to be looked upon as a dupe? a victim? *Whose* dupe? *Whose* victim?

We further congratulate your Lordship on your delicacy and discretion in filling up certain vacancies occasioned by the *retirement* of Sir William Horne. Mr John Williams and Mr Pepys being, whilom, her present Majesty's law officers, thought fit rudely to resign with Lord Grey; and her Majesty—Heaven bless her, as the country loves her!—lost no time in supplying herself with better men—Serjeants Taddy and Merewether, who now retain their offices. Your Lordship gracefully selects your Royal Mistress's two discarded servants, the one to be Baron of the Exchequer, and the other *King's* Solicitor-General! There is a piece of practical sarcasm for you! *Sic itur ad astra!* O rare Lord Brougham!

Again, let us reverently request your Lordship—"passing swiftly over"‡ the uproar and confusion you have created in your own court—rule issuing against rule, and order countermanding order—to cast your eyes upon a certain Bankruptcy Court—What! do you start! do you shudder to look at your hideous handiwork? Well, we shall not detain you long. We wish merely to remind you of a passage already quoted from your speeches, and ask a single question. "The great object of every government, in selecting the judges of the land, should be to select the most skilful and learned men in their profession." Did this "truism, with which you were ashamed to trouble the House," escape your Lordship's recollection in your hasty flight from the Bar to the Woolsack? In nominating the Judges of the Court of Review, how was it that only *one* was selected who

---

* See the extraordinary use made of this quotation in the peroration of Sir Thomas Denman's speech for the Queen.

† *Lord Brougham's* reply on the Local Courts' Bill.—9th July, 1833.

‡ *See his Lordship's* advice to Lord Wynford in the last Local Courts' Debate.

had any practical knowledge of the law to be administered—Sir George Rose—and he made to occupy the junior post of all?

Such are samples of Lord Brougham's disposal of his *existing* stock of patronage; but who can trust himself to speak of the enormous and unconstitutional additions he has already made, and meditates making, to that stock? Why, his "Commissioners" are crawling, "vermin"-like if you will, all over the country, commanded to fasten and gorge upon filth wherever they can find it, and make it where there is none—at least so Mr Brougham would have spoken of it! There can be no doubt that the Chancellor's incessant anxiety is to create lucrative employment, which he may dispense among the needier members of the Bar. How many are there that look for a livelihood no longer to legitimate and honourable efforts in their profession, which it seems Lord Brougham's policy to render fruitless, by introducing changes which make that profession scarce worth following—but to the Lord Chancellor! How many now are entering the profession solely on the strength of the semi-political and other offices created by Lord Brougham! Indeed, he is striking blows daily at the independence of the Bar! With "Mr" Brougham this was otherwise—alas for the discrepancy between professions and practice!—for "*to him*, much reflecting* on these things, it always seemed a worthier honour, &c. than to enjoy all that office could bestow[!]—office, of which the patronage would be an irksome encumbrance[!!]—the emoluments superfluous to one content with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens—that his own hands minister to his wants." [!!!]† The patronage "*an irksome encumbrance!*" Indeed, he has taken pains to make it so! He has gloriously increased the fund to be distributed, the number of applicants, and, *ergo*, the trouble of dispensing it. His motives for humbling "*the attorneys*" are obvious. They would rarely, if ever, in the exercise of their duty to their clients, intrust him with a brief requiring sound discretion and learning in the management of the case, but incessantly mortified him by their preference of his younger and less pretending brethren. He knows this to be the case; he knows also how perfectly well aware they are of his incompetency for his present duties; and, therefore, he gives them a bad name, and hopes "*the people*" will run them down for him! He is generally reported to have said that he hoped to see the day when there were not 100 attorneys in London. We will remind him of a passage in Lord Bacon's essay of "Seditions and Troubles:"—

"Prebus undid himself by that speech, 'si vixero non opus erit amplius Romano imperio militibus,'—a speech of great despair for the soldiers, and such like. Surely princes [Chancellors!] had need, in tender matters and ticklish times, to beware what they say, especially in their short speeches, which fly abroad like darts, *and are thought to be discharged out of their secret intentions;* and as for LARGE DISCOURSES, they are flat things, and not much to be noted!"

Having thus rapidly touched upon a few significant features in the public life both of "Mr" and "Lord" Brougham—having pointed out the course he from the first chalked out to himself, the sinister perseverance with which he has adhered to it, and often by what unwarrantable means—having explained the nature of his pretensions as first Equity Judge in the kingdom, and exposed the grounds of his hatred for the profession, on whose ruins he hopes to rise—we come to his last grand scheme for effecting this object—his LOCAL COURTS Bill. This crowning measure shewed that at length he considered himself to have discovered the means of sure revenge upon his enemies. Having once hit upon it, see with what inflexible pertinacity he has adhered to it! Secure in his own popularity, his acknowledged powers of enlist-

---

* *Pah! This tinkling* echo of "mihi supersumere cogitanti" is what Lord *Brougham prides himself* upon.

ing the popular feeling in his favour —forth comes "THE POOR MAN'S BILL"—introduced by "HIS REPRESENTATIVE" in the HOUSE of "HIS ENEMIES"—his "SELF-NOMINATED SUPERIORS." Here was a splendid opportunity for Lord Brougham to consummate his union with "the people," by "*spreading a table for them in the presence of their enemies;*" by taking his old fond place at their head, partaking at their repast, and joining in their gibes and threats towards their discomfited enemies who looked on! Now had arrived "the very nick of time" for Lord Brougham to bind the Aristocracy and the Bar into one bundle, and burn them together! To point them out to "the people" as joint objects of suspicion, contempt, dislike! To strike a blow that should crush both! Here was an opportunity for scattering filth—not on one individual only, but upon the whole legal profession; for threatening the Peers—for flattering the People!—*Io triumphe!*—*The Poor Man's Bill*—in the hands of *the Poor Man's Friend*—in the house of the *Poor Man's Enemy!* There is a climax for you!—Here, however, there shall be introduced upon our canvass a calm and noble figure—a legislator—one in every respect the contrast and superior of him whose doings we have been debating; one who shewed Lord Brougham that he was not to have it all quite his own way—that he was reckoning without his host; one who hesitated not to step forth into the van of battle, and become—as Lord Brougham expressed it, in terms, and in a tone, of querulous alarm—"the chosen champion of the profession,"—Lord Lyndhurst: the one calling the Local Courts Bill "a monster of legislation,"—the other, "the Poor Man's Bill!"—the one "*a very slight change*(!) in the existing institutions of the country;" the other, "a total dislocation of the framework of the laws." Let us see, now, what manner of men are these two, and which is to be believed by the country. One can scarcely mention the name of Lord Lyndhurst without adopting terms that may savour of exaggeration. He is a very dangerous man for the Chancellor to have ever confronting *him in the highest* quarters—ever coldly and keenly scrutinizing and exposing his actings and doings—and therefore it has somehow or another become the business of the Poor Man's Press, being in the interest of the Poor Man's Friend, either to pass over in silence Lord Lyndhurst's most splendid exertions, or to vomit upon them the blackest bile that can be engendered in an organ of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." All, however, will not do: and there standeth the Poor Man's Friend quailing before, and sadly shaken by, "this Champion of the Bar."

Lord Lyndhurst's transcendant talents were early developed; and the moment an adequate opportunity occurred for displaying them, his rise was rapid. At Cambridge, with but little effort—he obtained the distinction of second wrangler, second Smith's prizeman, and fellow of Trinity College. No *candid* person, with the opportunity of judging, would then, or will now, hesitate to award him the superiority over all his competitors, in point of natural capacity. His mind is indeed a diamond of the first water. It has a solidity, a comprehensiveness, a subtlety, an acuteness, which master with amazing ease and rapidity every thing to which its energies can be directed. With reference to many of his more eager and turbulent rivals, it may indeed be said, that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." Lord Brougham's powerful mind is preeminently distinguished by its energetic activity; his thirst for information of every kind is insatiable; the Herculean robustness of his physical constitution has enabled him to do more perhaps than any three of his contemporaries put together; and his eager ambition has ever exercised and sharpened his powers. Whatever be his qualities, natural or acquired, it has always been his pride—his business, and no doubt a laudable one too—to display them on all occasions to the utmost advantage. His "darling joy" is to exhibit himself before the public in all imaginable attitudes; to spread before their dazzled eyes all the stores of his multifarious acquisitions. Hence the grateful spectators have not been backward in pay-

ing for the show, and they have constituted Lord Brougham—the GREAT OVER-PRAISED, as Lord Lyndhurst has always been—THE GREAT UNDER-PRAISED. Now, in this activity, this thirstiness after applause, this restless ostentation, consists the great secret of Lord Brougham's success and popularity, the distinction between himself and Lord Lyndhurst. The latter has always seemed indifferent—haughtily indifferent—to the pæans he could have at any time called forth, owing to a certain stateliness of pride—a reserve—an indolence he could rarely overcome. Mr Canning's beautiful remark with reference to the British men-of-war off Portsmouth, may be aptly applied to Lord Lyndhurst—"he silently concentrates the force to be put forth on an adequate occasion." Whenever that occasion arose, Lord Lyndhurst was always triumphant—sometimes amazing. Be the difficulty never so dark, so hopelessly vast and intricate, he can gather up and concentrate his powers till they illuminate it as a sun; and when *that* is withdrawn, most other minds, able and strong withal, grope after him, as if by torchlight. Whatever Lord Lyndhurst does, cannot be better done. We wish our limits would allow us to quote, entire, *three* of his leading speeches in Parliament—or even one only—that on bringing into the House of Lords* the Bill for abolishing the Local Judicatures of Wales. We consider it a masterpiece. There is a graceful ease and simplicity of statement, a lucidness of method, a terseness and force of expression and argument, that ensures to the hearer, or reader, a delighted sense of conviction. It is *simplex munditiis;* a charming chasteness and elegance pervades every part of it: no labouring after effect—no lungeous sarcasm—no petty sneers or insinuations—no gaudy ornament, are to be found anywhere defiling it. His speeches on Reform, and on one or two other leading questions, are distinguished by great power and eloquence. He always produces a deep impression. You can hear a pin fall while he is addressing the House; you may imagine yourself listening to—looking at—Cicero. His person, gesture, countenance, and voice, are alike dignified, forcible, and persuasive. No speaker of the present day has such a commanding use of the right hand and arm as he. With his long, white, extended fore-finger, he seems—as it were—to finish off his sentences with a visible point. He stands steadily, however vehement and impassioned in what he is delivering, never suffering himself "to overstep the modesty of nature,"—to be betrayed into ungainly gesticulations. There cannot be a greater contrast than that exhibited by the present and the ex-Chancellor in these respects—except their judicial qualifications! His acquirements are extensive and solid: He has a close and useful acquaintance with the mechanical sciences; and when at the Bar, he exceeded all his brethren in conducting cases involving such knowledge. Did you ever, reader, hear him sum up to a jury? If not, lose no time in doing so, for you will perhaps never have an opportunity of hearing any thing approaching it. His judgments are all first-rate. That in *Small* v. *Attwood*, was acknowledged to be a prodigy. Then, again, there is a tact—a precision—a wariness about his movements—a long-headedness—a self-possession—which has often borne him off triumphant from the most arduous debate. His aim is unerring. If you see him aim a blow, depend upon it he will hit! His conduct on the bench is admirable. He listens to a long and complicated discussion, tangled with detail, wire-spun in argument, with the most patient courtesy; and at its close he will briefly and easily marshal every thing into its proper place, bring together every material discrepancy, detect the subtlest fallacies, and dart to the remotest consequences with the rapidity of lightning. Nothing seems capable of confusing or mystifying him. When the expertest counsel are wading into deep water before him—all but out of their own depth—they look up at his cold keen eye, and a faint

* *Mirror of Parliament*, 1830, Sess. I. pp. 2872-3-4.

smile, perhaps, on his fine features, satisfies them of the hopelessness of misleading him. We never see him but the picture sketched by Lord Bacon is brought before us.

"Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident. Patience and gravity of bearing are an essential part of justice; and AN OVERSPEAKING JUDGE is no well-tuned cymbal. * * * It is no grace to a judge *first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the Bar, or to shew quickness of conceit in cutting off evidence or counsel too short*, or to prevent information by questions, though pertinent."* Would it not seem, reader, as if the old philosopher had "revisited the glimpses" of the Court of Chancery—to read a grave and solemn rebuke to its present Lord? Go *you* there—and see the fidgetiness—the irritability—the petulance—the not unfrequently absurd interferences and interpolations of the Lord Chancellor—his tart interruptions of counsel,—and resolve them if you can into any thing else than a miserable sense of unfitness and inferiority! Go, then, to the Equity, or the Common Law side of the Court of Exchequer, and see Lord Lyndhurst despatching the most intricate and profound matters, as though they were mere child's play—as far as ease is concerned; full of cheerful urbanity and forbearance;—but comparisons, they say, are odious, and we pause!

Thus far had we written, when the Times Newspaper (of Thursday, March 6) came under our notice, reporting certain sentiments uttered by Lord Brougham the day before in the Court of Chancery, which we could scarcely credit our eyes in reading. It is an additional evidence of Lord Brougham's foolish inconsistency and rashness; of the lamentable extent to which he is the sport of impulse and caprice; of the little faith that is to be placed in any of his declarations. Who knows not how he has boasted in Parliament, in his Court, and in private—how his friends have blazoned abroad in public—the extraordinary rapidity with which he had despatched his "Appeals?" On this, he and they have rested his claims to applause as a working Chancellor. WE, on the contrary, always reflected on a certain passage in Lord Brougham's great prototype.

"Affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call pre-digestion, or hasty digestion, *which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases*; therefore, measure not despatch by the time of sitting (!) but by the advancement of the business. * * * It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of despatch; but it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off; and business so handled at several sittings or meetings, *goeth commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner.*"†

This morning, however, Mr Rolfe asks the Lord Chancellor about the Unitarian appeal case—telling him that it is fifty-nine off, [the Lord Chancellor denies that there are so many; we have examined, however, and find that there are!]—When the Chancellor said—

"*He had long thought that it was by no means expedient to clear the paper of appeals!!! nor even to reduce them to a very small number!!! Parties very often, in the first moments of their disappointment at finding the decision of the Court below against them, resolved on appealing—but upon cooler reflection, and better advice than their own passions suggested, changed their resolution*," &c. &c. Thus at once knocking down the trumpery pedestal of popularity he had himself erected! And after this his Lordship perseveres in his bill for Local Courts, or rather, his "*Bill for enabling the poorer classes to rush into law without cool reflection, and with no better advice than their own passions suggest!*" Oh, rare Lord Brougham! And now for that Bill!

We were present during the last debate upon it.‡ We went to the

* Bacon's *Essays*—*Of Judicature.* † Bacon's Essays—Of Despatch, p. 84.
‡ July 9, 1833.

House of Lords, expecting to see—in the language of pugilistic eloquence—"a fair stand-up fight between two big 'uns"—and were not disappointed. We knew that each had every incentive to exert himself to the uttermost on that occasion. It was the present and the ex-Chancellor fairly pitted against one another. Lord Lyndhurst stood forth as the advocate of the Bar—of the Common Law—both menaced with extermination at the hands of their ungrateful head—of the middling and lower orders of the people, about to experience "the perils of false brethren"—of a false friend. Lord Brougham was wedded by many personal considerations to the success of his Bill. It would at once extend and consolidate his power, and enable him, he thought, to inflict utter ruin on those contumacious members of the profession, who had refused to "bow the knee to Baal." The cup of vengeance was now, however, to be dashed from his lips by him whom he had so rashly succeeded on the Woolsack; by him, this pet measure was threatened with utter defeat. We therefore expected a field-day, and were not disappointed. The House was soon filled, and the spaces at the bar and throne crowded with members of the House of Commons. Precisely at five o'clock, the slim, spare, pinched-up figure of Lord Brougham, was discovered sitting on the Woolsack—his features full of feverish anxiety, and his gestures of impatience—beckoning hurriedly now to this one, then to the other friend, as he observed the Opposition Peers flowing into the House.

Lord Lyndhurst was one of the last that entered. Accustomed as we are to see his noble figure in the flowing costume of the Bench, we hardly recognised him in plain dress. His black surtout, elegant waistcoat, brown curly wig, and tonnish hat and gloves, give you the idea rather of a colonel of a cavalry regiment, than a grave law lord! Without an atom of foppery, there is a certain fashionable air about him which surprises one familiar only with the *statelliness of* the full-bottomed wig, *bands, and ermine* robe. A few *papers peeping out* of the breast-*pocket of his surtout, together with* a certain flush on his features, assured one that he had come prepared for battle! After one or two minor matters had been disposed of—in which the venerable Lord Eldon took part—Lord Brougham somewhat briskly stepped from the Woolsack, and holding the Local Courts' Bill in his hands, stated simply, that he rose to move the third reading—and should reserve himself for reply to what might be urged against it during the evening. He had hardly regained the Woolsack, when he found Lord Wharncliffe on his legs—apparently much to Lord Brougham's surprise—moving the ordinary *smasher* on such occasions, that the bill be read a third time *that day six months*. His speech was short and able. He urged the leading objections to the bill in a business-like straightforward style, and exposed the gross trick by which it had been introduced. "Their Lordships were told by certain influential authorities to take care how they acted. They were charged with refusing to give the poorer classes that which was their due. They were finally told they must pass this bill, for they had no power to resist it. The bill made false pretences. It purported to be a bill for the recovery of small debts; but *it went in reality to effect a* total change in the legal institutions of the country; it introduced a totally new and extremely dangerous principle." Lord Brougham, in his reply, unwittingly enhanced the weight of this testimony, by admitting, in terms almost amounting to sycophancy, "the great experience," the "unsullied example" of Lord Wharncliffe; whose opinion, at the same time, is good for nothing, only when he avails himself of this "*experience*" to condemn the Local Courts Bill! "I am exceedingly mortified," said poor Lord Brougham, "at the opposition I have received from the noble Baron; for his authority is most important." After Lords Rosse and Wicklow had shortly addressed the House, Lord Lyndhurst rose. Almost every Peer present turned instantly towards him in an attitude of profound attention—of anxious interest—and continued so till he had concluded: as well they might, while

listening to one of the most masterly speeches ever delivered in Parliament. There was a manly fervour, a serious energy, in his tone and manner—a severe simplicity of style—a beauty and comprehensiveness of detail—a graceful, good-humoured, but most caustic sarcasm—a convincing strength of argument, which elicited repeated cheering from the House—followed, at its close, by several minutes' applause; but received from the candid unenvious Chancellor, one short allusion, and that characterising it as a piece of "*carping declamatory sneering*"! No! Not a syllable of kindness—scarce of frigid courtesy—escaped his lips, while replying to a speech from his splendid rival, destitute of even a tinge of acrimony or personality! He was obviously mortified and alarmed at the powerful impression produced on all sides of the House by their Ex-Chancellor. Lord Plunkett, on the contrary, commenced his reply, such as it was, with an admission "that he feared the House would consider him presumptuous in offering himself to their Lordships, after the transcendant and masterly speech to which they had been listening; that he did not come forward in the hope of answering it." *We* considered him indeed presumptuous; and we vouch so also did Lords Grey and Brougham, who could not conceal their vexation at the tame, stammering, hesitating tone in which Lord Plunkett spoke, who had been hastily summoned from Ireland for that purpose. Even his acknowledged and practised powers were signally at fault that night; either through a consciousness of the weak cause he was advocating, or the overwhelming superiority of the speaker he was following. We challenge any Peer or Commoner then present to impeach the accuracy of our statement.

When Lord Brougham rose to reply, vengeance gleamed in his eye—but not towards the spot occupied by Lord Lyndhurst; his smothered fury at length burst—not upon Lord Lyndhurst, but (*pace tanti viri!*) upon one he considered a less formidable antagonist—Lord Wynford. *Him* Lord Brougham assailed with a *savageness of personal enmity which disgusted the House and disgraced* the speaker—and that with the Throne of Majesty immediately behind, the supreme seat of justice beside him! *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo!* Afraid of approaching Lord Lyndhurst, he fixed his teeth the more vehemently in Lord Wynford, whom he worried with *wit*, thought his friends—with insult, thought the House. We wish, good reader, you had been present that memorable evening. You would have seen a Lord High Chancellor, clad in the solemn costume of office, at times grinning and leering—twisting and writhing about—full of violent ungainly gesticulations—whisking to and fro the long sleeves of his robe—raving, ranting, tearing away—but hush! Sweet "People"—that was "the Poor Man's Friend!" He was advocating "the Poor Man's Bill"—he was brow-beating the "Poor Man's enemies."

"THE POOR MAN'S BILL!"—Yes, this shocking twaddle was passionately adopted by Lord Brougham—repeated and harped upon, till at length he succeeded in eliciting the languid cheers of—His Majesty's Ministers—despite the masterly and cutting exposure of Lord Lyndhurst—Hear him:

"It has been said that this is the Poor Man's Bill. Why, there is not a morning on which I do not find the same doctrine instilled into me in one of those documents, to which it is unnecessary more particularly to allude. It is said, 'You must have some underhand motive for opposing such a measure.' The statement is not true. Never was there a Bill less a *poor* man's Bill than this. It is a Bill to enable a man of property to obtain judgment, to sue out execution, and to seize the property of the poor man, to assign it to the Registrar, to sell it; to turn him and his family into the streets in six weeks! It is emphatically, my Lords, a bill *to oppress* the poor. It is a bill to satisfy the creditor, by compelling the poor debtor to render him more speedy payment than could be obtained from the wealthy debtor—it is a bill to give the wealthy every possible facility of oppressing the man in the humble walks of life. The operation of the bill will be this—tradesmen, shopkeepers and others will allow the poor man to run into d

to the extent of his property, and if he fails to make instant payment, they will destroy him without mercy. Let me refer your Lordships to the evidence of Sir John Cross, who was examined by the Commissioners. He was asked—'Have you found any inconvenience from the facility with which small debts are recovered in the Court you have mentioned?' He answered—'I had frequent occasion to observe *that the facilitating the recovery of small debts tended much to facilitate the contracting of them* by the poor and improvident, and to the consequent increase of litigation and poverty. It is a frequent practice for publicans to allow drink to their customers upon credit to an extent which I think they would not have done, if there had not been a court in which they could recover the amount so contracted; and I observed, in a great many instances, that small shopkeepers who dealt in provisions, dealt largely in credit to the poor. The wives, and even the children of workmen, who were from home engaged in their occupations, could go to one of those shops and obtain what they wanted, which was charged as a debt to the absent master of the family; and the account would run on in this way, as long as the shopkeeper thought it safe to risk his property upon such credit. He would go on with a great many customers of that description at the same time, and at a convenient season he would sue out in one day summonses against twenty or thirty such customers, and carry his accounts into the Court of Requests against them all.'—That is the testimony of a gentleman who had presided for several years over one of these small tribunals, in the town of Manchester, which is one of the best administered small-debt courts in the kingdom. On his judgment implicit reliance may be placed; and after hearing that, it may be asked, whether THIS is to be considered —the Poor Man's Bill! I wish to direct your Lordships' attention to the nature of the evidence on which this bill has been founded. It is called the Poor Man's Bill. Were *the poor, then*, the witnesses who *have been examined? No*; the witnesses were—wholesale tradesmen, shopkeepers, and sometimes bankers! Well—and what do *they* say? One, that there is nothing so abominable as the law of debtor and creditor in this country; that there ought to be a power for the creditor to imprison the debtor, and compel him to work till he had discharged the debt, or a percentage upon it. Another says that there is no such abominable system in the world, as that of the Insolvent Debtors' Court. Another, that these courts should be without attorneys, and without professional men altogether; and, in short, if your Lordships will read the evidence, you will find that *the chief object of those who were examined, seems to have been to procure a law which would enable the creditor to oppress, to grind, to destroy, with the utmost facility, his poor debtor.* Let not then this bill, my Lords, be called the Poor Man's Bill; for, of all other acts, it is the most oppressive towards the poor man. * * * Then it is said, the defendant may remove the case to the superior courts—but on what terms? Why, that he shall *give security* for the damages and costs which may be awarded in the action. The *wealthy* man will be able to do so. The bill in this, as in other respects, is in favour of the rich man—but the *poor* man can get no such security. What, then, is his situation? Why, that if the circumstances attending the trial are such as to preclude the hope of its impartiality in the Local Courts, *he* must suffer all the inconveniences of such a result. And are your Lordships considered so destitute of all understanding, as to be told, after this, that the provisions of this bill are in favour of the poor? * * Throughout this bill, the poor man is bound and fettered—he must take such law as they please to give him; but the rich man can evade the law with ease. * * There is no provision in this 'Poor Man's Bill' in his favour against a partial judge; and suffering, as he is now said to suffer, under the scourge of dear and uncertain law, this bill will only add to his misfortunes, by making his *oppression—CERTAIN.*"*

So much for the clear masculine

sense of Lord Lyndhurst. Now hear the declamation of the Poor Man's Friend in reply. "My learned friend has been jocose [*where?*] in reference to bestowing on the present measure the title of 'The Poor Man's Bill.' I adopt the name—it is an honourable one—the Bill *is* the Poor Man's Bill! I call that a Poor Man's Bill which removes those obstructions which at present lie in the way of cheap and speedy justice, which enables the poor suitor, *no less than the rich*, to obtain a ready redress of his wrongs. I call that a Poor Man's Bill, which enables the poor suitor to obtain redress for his wrongs, or the payment of a debt, in the very next street to the cottage where he lives, without any of the expense and delay, and vexation, and uncertainty, of coming some hundred miles to London to look *for costly justice*. I call that a Poor Man's Bill which, without taking away the poor suitor from his daily avocations, from his family, or from the employment by which he earned subsistence, enables him to go at once into court, and, face to face to his adversary, *obtain cheap and ready justice*. My learned friend has impugned the title, on the ground that it is absurd to call a bill friendly to the poor suitor which affords speedy execution against him; but it must be recollected, that if the bill in view can provide speedy execution against the poor defendant, it, on the other hand, ensures him speedy execution against the rich defendant, WHEN (!) the *poor man is plaintiff*. He will therefore have no right to complain, particularly as, in the *majority of instances, he will be plaintiff* (!) It has been said, that as the poor man will not be able to afford security of costs, so as to enable him to remove the trial, in case of a wrong decision, the Bill cannot be considered as favourable to his interests. Now, this clause, for the removal of a trial, by *certiorari*, was introduced at the instance of a learned Lord, and very contrary to my own feelings on the subject. I yielded, however, to the sense of the House, and guarded against the abuse of the privilege by the rich man, by compelling him, in these instances, to give security, not only for the taxed costs, but for the full costs of the action; so that the poor man will, in point of fact, receive just as cheap, though not so speedy justice. Such is the Bill I would call upon your Lordships to sanction."*

Positively, dear reader, we have given you the whole of the Reply of the Poor Man's Friend, and that *verbatim et literatim!*

Well, then, People of England—Lawyers and Laymen! Come ye hither! "Look on *this* picture—and on that;"—look steadily, judge fairly: and if you have an ace of understanding—if you see but an inch through the blinding mists of delusive prejudice and bigotry—lay your hands upon your hearts, and say which of these two is "The Poor Man's Friend"—which of them has *established* his claim to that proud distinction! If any of you hesitate, let us analyze the arguments of each.

This is not the *Poor* Man's, but the *Rich* Man's Bill, says Lord Lyndhurst, because—

1*stly*, The rapid proceeding to execution induces creditors to trust to the value of their debtor's property; and, therefore, the facility of recovering the debt, tends to increase the facility of contracting it.

2*dly*, This Bill avowedly gives such rapidity of remedy as will in a trice strip the debtor (generally the poor man) of his all, and turn his family out of doors—beggars.

3*dly*, The contradictory opinions of the great body of creditors, examined with reference to the principle of this Bill, raises the fair inference that their real object is to oppress the poorer classes, whenever they get them into their debt.

4*thly*, The security for costs and contingent damages, being easily obtained by the rich man, but with great difficulty by the poor man, inevitably tends to confine the right of appeal to the rich man: Ergo—it is the Rich Man's Bill.

Now—blowing away the froth and smoke—let us look closely into the Answer of the Poor Man's Friend.

This *is* the Poor Man's Bill, quoth he, because—

1*stly*, It enables him to get "Jus-

* Hans. Parliamentary Debates, col. 310.

tice" cheaply—quickly—and without losing time in running after it.

2*dly*, *Any* speedy execution of judgment for him, is in his favour; and if he gets it *instanter*, he cannot complain if his creditor gets the same against him.

3*dly*, If the rich man wishes for an appeal, he can obtain it only by risking all the costs! Now, we will ask, not which is the poor man's true friend, and which the poor man's false friend, but merely which is the poor man's *discreet* friend, and which his *foolish* friend? Line upon line—we will distil off the essence of these two "high arguments"—thus:

LORD LYNDHURST, EX-C.

The rich man is generally the creditor; facility of recovering begets facility of contracting debts; this bill avowedly increases the facility of recovering them; and it is proved that creditors are really anxious only to oppress their debtors; the poor man cannot, the rich man can, obtain security for an appeal. This is the *rich* man's bill.

[Aliter.]

This bill puts the poor more than ever into the power of the rich: ergo, it is the *rich* man's—

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, C.

Admitting that the poor man is generally the debtor [for there is nothing but an *assertion* against it], and that facility of recovering begets facility of contracting debts, the poor man must not complain, if, *obtaining* justice quickly, he so *suffers* it, at the hands of the rich man, who will not *appeal* in the former case, because (*with the poor man*) he risks *costs*. This is the *poor* man's bill.

[Aliter.]

This bill puts the poor more than ever into the power of the rich: ergo, it is the *poor* man's bill!

Is it not a sight "gude for sair een," to behold the long powerful pincers with which Lord Lyndhurst firmly takes up this Poor Man's Friend, holds him at arm's length, all the while squeezing closer and closer the writhing, struggling insect (NOBLER in name than a bug, a wasp, or a dirt-fly), and then lays him down in the dirt, when, after the manner of a half-crushed wasp, a pointless sting is thrust forth with incessant but unavailing fury?

Hip—hip—hip—hurra for the Poor Man's Friend! Hurra for the Poor Man's Bill! Here you see the Lord Chancellor fairly gravelled. Mr Attorney-General, come forward, playing Sancho to Quixote, and extricate your master from the mire! Here is work for you,—that is, if you can creep into Parliament again! Who does not see that Lord Brougham's answer to Lord Lyndhurst is really none at all—mere stupid iteration of clap-trap, clap-trap? "Cheap justice! Got in the next street! Got at once! Face to face," &c.! If there is a grain of argument in it, it surely belongs to the scale of Lord Lyndhurst! As *for assertion*, there is a notable one;—*that the "Poor* man is generally the *creditor!*" Pray, my Lord, which of the two is oftenest the other's *landlord*? What is a more fertile source of oppression than rent in arrear? Who is it that *sells*, and who is it that must *buy*, at sudden exigencies, the necessaries of life, relatively speaking, the richer or the poorer man? Who is it that sells, and who that purchases, the commonest materials of trade? Who is it that is apt, at all hazards, to come short of paying his debts—the poor or the rich debtor? And yet, in all these cases,—oh folly, cruelty, or stupidity prodigious!—you quicken and sharpen the remedies of the rich man in an Act of Parliament you nevertheless call "the Poor Man's Bill!"—Oh, my Lord, your plumes may be gaudy—your note attractive—but you are a very mocking-bird!

We can scarcely treat such follies gravely: but as it is the Lord Chancellor who propounds them, we will try to meet them respectfully. We will preach from these words, to be found in the speech of Mr Henry Brougham, on the Administration of the Law, in February, 1828:

"Cheap justice, sir, is a very good thing—but costly justice is better than cheap injustice." *

Now, what sort of "justice" is likely to be obtained by "the Poor Man's Bill?"—Let us see, first of all, what sort of character the dispenser of these "healing streams"—the Local Judge—is likely to prove. Weigh well the following valuable evidence of a very competent witness:

"*A second and greater objection is, that the* [Local] *Judges never change their circuits.* One of them, for instance, goes the Carmarthen circuit; another, the Brecon circuit; and a third, the Chester circuit—*but always the same circuit.* And what is the inevitable consequence? Why, they become acquainted with the gentry, the magistrates, *almost with the tradesmen of each district—the very witnesses who come before them*—and intimately, with the practitioners, whether counsel or attorneys. The names—the faces—the characters—the histories of all these persons, are familiar to them. *And out of this too great knowledge grow likings and prejudices, which never can, by any possibility, cast a shadow across the open, broad, and pure paths of the Judges of Westminster Hall!* Then, again, *they have no retiring pensions;* and the consequence is, they retain their salaries long after they have ceased to discharge properly the functions for which they receive them."

Now, does not the truth and force of this reasoning "come home to the business and bosom" of the Poor Man? Verily it ought—for 'tis the language of His Friend—of Lord Brougham![*] Witness his speech, in the character of Mr Brougham—his matured sentiments, uttered when his head was clearer than at present,—when his feelings were not warped either by the vagaries of ambition, or the desire of revenge!—So much, then, for Mr Brougham in 1828. Now listen to Lord Lyndhurst in 1833:

"Nothing can be more pernicious than this—the establishment of Local Judges. They must necessarily be confined within a very narrow district, become familiar with every litigant, with every witness; and must likewise have their enmities and their affections, and be liable to be constantly influenced by such feelings. They will, in fact, be always liable to the suspicion of acting with partiality. Lord Hale gives a description of the local courts which formerly existed in this country, as being always liable to the charge of partiality; and states, that it was in consequence of this, that it was found necessary to establish the present system in its room: and for my own part, I cannot help thinking it would be great folly to revert to the system which our ancestors found it necessary to abandon. So strong was the prejudice on this subject, that acts of Parliament were passed to prohibit judges from administering justice in the places in which they were born, or in which they had for any length of time resided. * * * The judges under this Bill will be removed from all collision with the courts at Westminster Hall; and being without any excitement, and without the stimulus of competition, they will soon become utterly incompetent for the exercise of their duties." [Debates, July 9th.]

Then to Lord Brougham in the same year, answering *both himself in* 1828, and Lord Lyndhurst in 1833.

"He was aware that some *very specious* (!) objections might be urged against the measure; *and he did not underrate that which rested on the local prejudices of the judges.*" ["Passing swiftly"] over the intervening paragraph, we find this model of consistency declaring, "that he looked on all fears arising from the local prejudices of the judges, *as utterly vain and chimerical!*" This may well warrant us in passing over the remainder of this section of his speech, as unworthy of consideration or quotation. The sum of it, however, is this: That his "local judges" should be created, because we have already *Justices of the Peace* who well discharge similar capacities; that we have sufficient guarantee for their good behaviour in their character, and the surveillance of the press.†

So, when desperately driven,

---

[*] *Speech on the Administration of the Law*, pp. 21, 22.

† *The mention of this* word gave the Chancellor an opportunity for doing his dirty

when made to gulp his own words, this poor man's friend, this GREAT OVER-PRAISED finds it necessary to resort to the GREAT UNPAID, as examples of immaculate local distributors of justice! *They*—it is all of a sudden discovered—are such models of judges! Hear Lord Brougham's former opinion of this abused order, and say whether it is worth having on either side.

"There is the over-activity of the magistrate in an excessive degree. Over-activity is, usually, a very high magisterial crime; yet almost all the magistrates distinguished for over-activity, are clergymen, joined *to the local hatings and likings*," &c., &c. "This letter, which I entirely and implicitly believe, further declares, that many magistrates are actually in the commission only to support particular jobs; that they are known by the nicknames of 'brewers' hacks, justices of the pewter!' I knew an instance where a license was taken away from a house, because a magistrate, travelling in a cold night, was kept waiting for some time at the door of it!" ["The impartiality of these local magistrates has never been impeached! What man in either House of Parliament, would dream of throwing out even a suspicion, that the magistrates of England were not competent and disinterested, but the *most* competent, and the *most* disinterested that could be appointed!" *Lord Brougham, July 9th*, 1833.] "The same fault, and the same spirit, run pretty nearly through all the business that country magistrates do"!!! [*Mr Brougham, February 7th*, 1828.]

We subscribe not to Lord Brougham's abuse of the justices, but his laudation, disinterested and consistent as it is. But who are these justices? Men generally above all suspicion of improper motives; great noblemen, clergymen, scholars, men of a certain ascertained amount of landed property in the country;* men to whom it is essential to retain a high and unimpeachable character; who have no trying temptations to diverge from the paths of uprightness. Besides, *two* at least must sit together to hear and determine cases,† mutually guiding and checking one another; they are liable to summary dismissal in case of misconduct; and there is a speedy appeal to the Sessions.‡

But consider a barrister—and *such* barristers as will be got to fill these situations—located in a county—associating, either with the great men, and so liable to taint from sycophancy, or with the lower classes, encouraging, perhaps, litigation—fomenting bad feeling between them and the higher orders: possibly—fierce political partisans, to boot! He cannot, besides, be removed, but by address to the two Houses of Parliament; nor can even his *registrar!*—who is thus secured in his privileges to an extent that poor Baron Smith of Ireland lately knew the want of! This, however, will be a *dernier resort*—a process that none would venture to resort to, but in cases of the grossest misconduct. After all, however, the institution of Justices of the Peace, is liable—as none knows better than Lord Brougham and his friends—to divers inconveniences. But, surely the very fact of their existence—especially with such a character as he has *last* thought fit to give them—is of itself an answer to the alleged necessity of introducing Local Courts. Then the surveillance—the control of newspapers. And will they attend to all these courts? and if they do, how easy will it be for a Judge so minded, to commit gross injustice in such a manner as to elude *their* detection! All the Argus-eyed inquisition of the poor man's press might fail to observe the dexterous inclination of the scales of justice but a hair the wrong way; and yet that hair's inclination shall have the effect of grievously—irretrievably oppressing the poor suitor—who is

---

work again—"However their Lordships might sneer at the mention of a newspaper, as they always did," &c., &c. !!!—*Ecce iterum Crispinus!*

* "*Because men* of small substance had crept into the Commission, whose poverty *made them both* covetous and contemptible."—BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, 353.

† *Stat. 3 Geo. IV. c. 23, § 2.*

thus, in all his small matters—small possibly in the estimation of the public, but serious to himself—entirely at the mercy of an incompetent or corrupt local Judge. It may suit Lord Brougham to exhibit flourishing pictures of the possible excellences of Justices of the Peace—to pass over all the minor disturbing forces. Will every local Judge be a Lord Wharncliffe, in known responsibility, talent, and learning? As for the legal fitness of the local Judge—Lord Lyndhurst triumphantly established, both by argument and authorities, the inevitable tendency of a local Judge to become indolent, and consequently ignorant of the principles of law. So much, then, for the *Judge*. Then for—"*cheap* justice." These too are Lord Brougham's magic words. They are eternally on his lips—his crack slang—they are ever floating about his brain—but we do not think he has any definite meaning attached to them. Let him therefore learn a lesson on this subject from the wise and amiable Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas—a Judge "ripe with the fairest uses of experience."

"Indeed, law may be had too cheap," says Sir Nicholas, "and then it becomes an unmitigated evil." [He then supposes the revenue to become capable of affording justice *gratuitously*.] "Then every man's hand would be raised against his neighbour; no fancied grievance would be allowed to sink into oblivion; no paltry assault, no petty trespass would be either forgiven or forgotten, and the courts would be occupied with the endless quarrels of the peevish and the discontented. It therefore operates as a wholesome check on the spirit of litigation, that there should be in law a dearness commensurate with the exigency which requires an appeal to it—a dearness which, while it does not check individuals in the pursuit of a real right, or impede them in gaining satisfaction for an injury inflicted, is much more beneficial to society, than a cheapness which places it within the reach of every vindictive and malicious spirit!"*

But Lord Brougham will perchance say, that this is mere twaddle—theory—&c. Well—let us see whether there is any appeal to *facts* in support of it. Perhaps it will be found that they manage this "cheap law" better abroad! Hear, then, what our American friends have made of it!

"The principle of bringing justice home to every man's door, and of making the administration of it cheap, have had a full experience in America; and *greater practical curses*, I will venture to say, were never inflicted on any country! * * * The Pennsylvanians have done away with nearly all the technicalities of the law; there are no stamps, no special pleadings, and scarcely any one is so poor that he cannot go to law. The consequence is—a scene of litigation from morning to night. Lawyers of course abound everywhere, as no village containing about 200 or 300 inhabitants is without one or more of them. No person, be his situation or conduct in life what it may, is free from the never-ending pest of lawsuits. Servants, labourers, every one, in short, flies off on the first occasion to the neighbouring lawyer to commence an action. No compromise or accommodation is ever dreamt of; the law must decide every thing. The lawyer's fees are fixed at a low rate; but the passion for litigating a point increases with indulgence to such a degree, that these victims of cheap justice, or cheap law, seldom stop while they have a dollar left."†

Hear another witness to the same point:—

"Litigation frequently arises here from the imaginary independence which each man has over others; to shew which, on the least slip, a suit is the certain result. *It is bad for the people that law is cheap, as it keeps them constantly in strife with their neighbours, and annihilates that sociality of feeling which so strongly characterises the English.*"‡

Yet, with all these facts and arguments, these "wise saws and modern

---

* Hans. Parl. Deb. N. S. 18th vol. 851; and Mirror of Parliament, vol. i., 436.

† *Captain Basil Hall.*

‡ *Faux's Memorable Days in America.*

instances" heaped up before him—for his attention was specially called to them by Lord Lyndhurst, in a most forcible strain of eloquence—this Poor Man's Friend ["the Lord defend me from my *friends*!"] persists in his preposterous plan! He avoids the rock of reasoning—for he leaves the strongest points in Lord Lyndhurst's speech totally unanswered—and "gambols," grampus-like, along a foaming sea of declamation, about "cheap justice"—"denial of it to the poor man"—"got in the next street"—"bringing it home to the poor man's door"—aye, believe *us*, poor man, that it will "stand a very devil at thy door," who will not leave at thy bidding! Believe us, you ask for a fish, and your friend flings a scorpion among you—for a stinging scorpion ever was this "cheap justice" found, and will be! Think a little for yourselves, in a matter that so momentously concerns you. Suppose a man is in a sudden fit of fury towards another, would you rejoice that there lay a sharp knife within his reach? Now this sharp knife is the "cheap law"—which your kind friend is cruelly sharpening against such time as your passions may be up to do desperate things! Or call this cheap law a firebrand, with which a great moral incendiary is lurking about your quiet homes, to consume your domestic peace! To set fire to all the bad spirit that may be among you! Yes—translate all the pompous designing fallacies of your "friend"—thus:—

"Poor people! My sweet friends! I am your sincere, your strong, your only true Friend, and therefore wish to give to all of you the ready means of lawing and being lawed! If any poor brother of you is the other's debtor, don't pause to reflect, but hurry into the next street after your rights! Cast him instantly into prison, till he has paid you the uttermost farthing! Do not let your firmness be shaken by the shocking spectacle of his ruined or houseless wife and children! Have your rights, though your brother perish; and what does it matter, though you must be prepared, if even you should *happen to become* a debtor, to give in like manner his rights to your rich creditor? For you must remember, dear friends, that the law, which is sharp, is sharp as a *two-edged* sword—sharp for you, and sharp for HIM! If you can by any means teaze, harass, and affront this your richer neighbour, by 'having the law of him,' do so, do so! Rely upon it, he will like your spirit! He will give you time to pay your rent! You will never hear of a *distress-warrant!* He will supply you with goods on longer credit! If trouble comes upon you, sickness or want, see if he do not fly to your assistance! Therefore, help me to get this cheap law for you, by sending petitions on petitions into Parliament, or I can never succeed, for your Enemies are strong!"

Ah, you False Friend! Verily, "you are guilty concerning this your poor brother!" You are selling him bound hand and foot to the Egyptians! Nay, you are betraying both your rich and poor brothers! You are deceiving each about the other, and making them hate one another; you set the rich against the poor, and then leave the poor totally at their mercy; hoping, perhaps, that out of all this family hubbub and dissension, you may run off with the mess of pottage!

This is no declamation or misrepresentation. We have one fact, pregnant with sad significance, yet to mention which clenches all we have been charging, of motive and design, upon our "Poor Man's Friend." As soon as he was defeated last session in the House of Lords,* a member of the House of Commons rose in his place the very same evening, to give notice of his intention to introduce *there* the Poor Man's Bill! Now, who was this member?—*Daniel O'Connell*—the IRISH Poor Man's Friend! coming to the assistance of the ENGLISH Poor Man's Friend! He who has done so much for "the finest peasantry under the sun," or rather made them do so much for *him*; he who is so apt a scholar at devising means for beggaring and demoralizing his own countrymen, sees instinctively in an instant the scope of the Local Courts Bill, as

perfectly capable of producing those disastrous effects on the peasantry of this country! Of all members of the House of Commons, the Big Beggarman of Ireland shouts his acquiescence and support into the delighted ear of the English Poor Man's Friend! Sir Robert Inglis, we recollect, once said, that the mere fact of O'Connell's supporting any measure, was a reason for *his* opposing it! Does not the fact of THIS man's advocacy of the Local Courts Bill startle you! Can you believe that there is a good wish in his heart—if heart he has—towards you?* Here are two disastrous stars in conjunction! Mr O'Connell and Lord Brougham are at issue about every thing except this one question—this giving to you "cheap justice!" *Here* they run in a leash together!

"Sure such a pair were never seen—
So justly form'd to meet by nature!"

So much for the false pretensions of this bill, as being one for benefiting the Poor Man; a title which we are ready in charity to believe that Lord Brougham will not any longer contend for in the House of Lords, or attempt to find any one audacious and silly enough to introduce into the House of Commons. If this latter should come to pass, it will be met with a universal shout of laughter! We shall wait and see who steps forward to claim *there*, in advocacy of this bill, the title of the "Poor Man's Friend;" and let him not think we shall forget him!

We deeply regret being unable to follow this bill—this quintessence of quackery—into all its miserable details, and expose their grossness before an intelligent public, but our allotted space is already exceeded. Its other main object is palpably to destroy the certainty of the law, and the very existence of its professors. He is blind and besotted indeed who cannot see the inestimable blessings of settled certainty in the law. Let him read the beautiful and convincing observations of Lord Lyndhurst on this point, in each of the two last debates on this question, and his obstinacy must yield to the force of demonstration, that this bill, if carried, instantly destroys it. Only imagine the effects of some sixty independent judges laying down their own notions of law! Are there to be reports of all their decisions? If so, "the world will not be able to contain them—no private purse can purchase them"—no head, however clear and experienced, be able to reconcile their conflicting contents; and if bad local law is to be corrected in every instance by the courts above—and if it is not, the consequences will be fearful—then all the new and costly machinery will have little other effect than to aggravate a thousandfold all the evils it *pretends* to remedy—to fling us back into the former state so well described by Sir Matthew Hale.

"This" [County Courts, &c.], "doubtless, bred great inconveniences; uncertainty, and variety in the law; first, by the ignorance of the judges, who, in process of time, neglected the study of the English law. Another was—that it also bred great variety of laws, especially in the several counties. For the decisions being made by divers Courts, and several independent judges and judicatories, who had no common interest among them in their several judicatories, thereby, in process of time, every several county would have several laws, customs, rules, and forms of proceedings—*which is always the effect* of several independent judicatories, administered by several judges."†

And into the modern state of con-

---

* If it be possible to attach a grain of importance to any thing said by this person, only look at his evidence on the subject before a Committee of the House of Commons: "My own abstract opinion is, that the evil of serving process for the recovery of small debts, and the necessary increase of oaths, is much greater than any that would occur, if they were irrecoverable. I believe few small debts would be unpaid, if there were no legal process; for no one would get credit but the man who had a character for punctuality. The practice of the Civil Bill Court has introduced a most frightful extent of perjury, and tends extremely to demoralise the Irish people"!!!

† *And see Sullivan's Lectures on the Laws of England*, pp. 296-8; *Hale's History of the English Law*, vol. i. pp. 52, 53; 3 Blackst. Com. 356.

fusion so sadly depicted by M. Roger Collard as existing in France—

"Such is the deplorable system the Empire has bequeathed to the Restoration. The necessarily resulting evils have developed themselves—and never, perhaps, has France possessed a more inefficient and less respected magistracy. It is now easy to understand the weakness of the Bar. The Courts have little taste for questions of law; their whole art consists in avoiding cassation. The consequence is, that the advocate studies only to present his case in such a manner as to conciliate the judges, and despises a science which would be rather prejudicial than useful to him. I repeat, learning is almost as rare at the Bar, as on the Bench."

Alas! are all the arguments of great and learned men—are all the fruits of experience, in ancient and in modern times, both at home and abroad—to be utterly disregarded, at the bidding of so rash and headstrong an innovator as Lord Brougham and Vaux? Is the science of the law to melt away before *his* glance? Is the Bar to be broken up into fragments, and its members flung at random over the country at *his* bidding? Is the country to be deprived of its grand security in these its natural bulwarks, because Lord Brougham hates them? Where, hereafter,—if this bill be carried—will the young lawyer be trained, in the school of independence and learning, to fight the battles of the poor and oppressed, nobly daring all the frowns and menaces of unconstitutional powers? What countervailing advantage is to supply the place of the present extensive body of eminent, experienced, and honourable solicitors—men above all taint or suspicion—the secret, incorruptible, and almost universal depositaries of confidence and property between man and man? Is a worse than the plague of lice to be brought upon us at the breathing of Lord Brougham in the shape of the scoundrel pettifogger—a reptile that now dare hardly creep into the light of day, but *then* would overrun the whole country in noisome and pestilential swarms? All these are to the country matters of grave importance; to Lord Brougham, possibly—of contempt and derision!

TEMPLE, *London*, 14*th March*, 1834.

Printed by Ballantyne and Co., Paul's Work, Edinburgh.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXI. MAY, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

PART I.

Contents.

Cruise of the Midge. Chap. III., ... 587
Memoirs of M. de Chateaubriand, ... 608
Mirabeau, ... 622
Thoughts and Recollections. By Mrs Hemans.
I. To a Family Bible, ... 632
II. On a Remembered Picture of Christ, . . . ib.
III. Mountain Sanctuaries, ... ib.
IV. The Lilies of the Field, ... 633
V. The Birds of the Air, ... ib.
VI. The Olive Tree, ... ib.
VII. Places of Worship, ... 634
VIII. A Church in North Wales, ... ib.
IX. Old Church in an English Park, ... ib.
The Lay of Sir Lionel, ... 635
My Cousin Nicholas. Chap. V., VI. 643
The Enchanted Domain, ... 666
Progress of Social Disorganization. No. IV. Decay of the Wooden Walls of England, ... 675
Loudon on the Education of Gardeners, . . . 691
Four Lyrics. By Delta.
I. To the Skylark, ... 708
II. Twilight Thoughts, ... ib.
III. Haddon Hall, Yorkshire, ... 709
IV. Elegiac Stanzas, ... 710
Woman. By Simonides (not of Cos). Translated by William Hay. 711
Song of Demodocus the Bard before Ulysses, at the Court of King Alcinous, ... 714
Admission of Dissenters to Degrees in the English Universities, 716

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.
To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.
SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

now suddenly set down, counter-checking in a moment the regular easterly trade-wind) as fast as it rose, while the craft was kicked here and yerked there, as if it had been a cork in the midst of the bubbling of a boiling pot. Oh! how I longed for daylight! And at length daylight came, and the sun began to exhale the dank pestiferous vapours that towards grey dawn had once more mantled over the face of the mighty stream.

For an hour it was so thick that we could see nothing of the bar, but the noise of the breakers continued to increase; and as the boats alongside were by this time, notwithstanding all our endeavours, half full of water, I feared, that even when the tide began to answer again, I should be unable to send one of them down to sound; so I lay in the miserable consciousness of having been foiled in our object on the one hand, and with small prospect of being able to get out to rejoin the frigate on the other. At length, towards seven o'clock, the mist rose; the unwholesome smell of mud, and slime, and putrifying vegetables, was no longer perceptible, and the glorious sun once more shone on the broad expanse of rushing waters; and the mangrove-covered banks became again distinctly visible and well-defined, and the horizon seaward to look blue, clear, and cheery. But all this while the bar was one bow of roaring foam, that increased as the sea-breeze freshened, and fairly stifled the *terral*, until there was not one solitary narrow streak of blue water in the whole breadth of the river's mouth.

I was pacing the deck in no small perplexity, debating in my own mind whether or not I should send below and rouse out Mr Sprawl, when the surgeon passed me.

"Good morning, doctor."

He returned the salute.

"How are all the wounded this morning?"

"All doing well, sir."

"And Lennox, how is he?"

The doctor laughed.

"Oh, all right with him now, sir; *but the poor fellow is awfully ashamed at the exhibition his messmates have told him he made yesterday. He is* be out of his hammock this forenoon, if the weather keeps fine."

I had a sort of anxiety to know, from my own observation how the poor fellows were getting on; so I followed our friend, and descended with him in his visit to the sick and hurt.

Almost the first man I spoke to was Lennox.

"Glad to find you so much better, my man; I hope you feel yourself stronger this morning?"

A faint blush spread over the poor fellow's thin wasted features, and he hesitated in his answer. At length he stammered out—

"Thank you, sir; I am much better, sir."

"Who is that blocking up the hatchway?" said I, as some dark body nearly filled the entire aperture.

Presently the half-naked figure of Sergeant Quacco descended the ladder. He paid no attention to me, or any body else; but spoke to some one on deck in the Eboe tongue, and presently his wife appeared, at the coamings of the hatchway, hugging and fondling the abominable little graven image as if it had been her child—her own flesh and blood. She handed it down to the black sergeant, who placed it in a corner, nuzzling, and rubbing his nose all over it, as if he had been propitiating the tiny Moloch by the abjectness of his abasement. I was curious to see how Lennox would take all this, but it produced no effect: he looked with a quizzical expression of countenance at the figure for some time, and then lay back in his hammock, and seemed to be composing himself to sleep. I went on deck, leaving the negro and his sable helpmate below amongst the men, and was conversing with Mr Sprawl, who had by this time made his appearance, when we were suddenly startled by a loud shriek from the negress, who shot up from below, plunged instantly overboard, and began to swim with great speed towards the shore. She was instantly followed by our friend the sergeant, who for a second or two looked forth after the sable [illegible] in an attitude as if the very [illegible] moment he would have [illegible] her. I hailed the [illegible]

She turned round with a laughing countenance, but never for a moment hesitated in her shoreward progress.

"What sall become of me!" screamed Sergeant Quacco.—"Oh, Lord, I sall lose my vife—cost me feefty dallar—Lose my vife!—dat de dam little Fetish say mosh be save. Oh, poor debil dat I is!"—and here followed a long tirade in some African dialect, that was utterly unintelligible to us.

"My good fellow, don't make such an uproar, will ye?" said I. "Leave your wife to her fate: you cannot better yourself if you would die for it."

"I don't know, massa; I don't know. Him cost me feefty dallar. Beside, as massa, must have seen, him beautiful—oh, wery beautiful!—and what you tink dem willain asore will do to him? Ah, massa, you can't tell what dem will do to him."

"Why, my good man, what *will* they do?"

"Eat him, massa, may be; for dey look on him as one who now is enemy — dat is, dey call me enemy, and dem know him is my vife—Oh, Lord—feefty dallar—all go, de day dem roast my vife."

I could scarcely refrain from laughing; but on the instant the poor fellow ran up to the old quartermaster, who was standing near the mast, admiring the construction of the canoe,—as beautiful a skiff, by the way, as was ever scooped out of tree. "Help me, old man; help me to launch de canoe. I must go on sore—I must go on sore."

The seaman looked at me—I nodded; and, taking the hint, he instantly lent Blackie a hand. The canoe was launched overboard, and the next moment Sergeant Quacco was paddling after his adored, that had cost him fifty dollars, in double-quick time.

He seemed, so far as we could judge, to be rapidly overtaking her, when the little promontory of the creek hid them from our view; and under the impression that we had seen the last of him, I began to busy myself in the hope of getting over the bar that forenoon. An hour might have elapsed, and all remained *quiet, except at the bar*, where the *thunder and hissing* of the breakers began to fail; and as the tide made, I began, in concert with Mr Sprawl, to see all ready to go to sea; but I soon was persuaded, that, from the extreme heaviness of the ground swell that rolled in, there was no chance of our extricating ourselves until the evening at the soonest, or it might be next morning, when the young ebb would give us a lift; so we were walking up and down, to while away the time, when poor Lennox, who had by this time come on deck, said, on my addressing him, that he had seen small jets of white smoke spew up from among the green mangroves now and then; and although he had not heard any report, yet he was persuaded they indicated musket-shots.

"It may all be as you say, Lennox; but I hope we shall soon be clear of this accursed river, and then they may blaze away at each other as much as they please."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when we not only saw the smoke, but heard the rattle of musketry, and presently a small black speck shot rapidly beyond the headland or cape, that shut in our view, on the larboard side, up the river.

On its nearer approach, we soon perceived that it was our friend Quacco once more, in his small dory of a canoe, with the little fetish god stuck over the bow; but there was no appearance of his wife. On his near approach to the vessel, the man appeared absolutely frantic. He worked and sculled away with his paddle as if he had been mad; and when at last he got on deck, having previously cast the little horrible image up before him, he began to curse and to swear, at one moment in the Eboe tongue, at another in bad Creole English, as if he had been possessed with a devil—

"*Hóo chockaro, chockaro, soo ho*—Oh, who could tink young woman could hab so mosh deceit!—*Ah, Queykarre tol de rol zig tootle too*—to leave me Quacco, and go join dem Eboe willain!" Then, as if recollecting himself—"But how I do know dat dem no frighten him for say so? Ah, now I remember one ogly dag stand beside him hab long clear knife in him hand. Oh, Lord! *Tooka, Tooka*—Cookery Pee Que

every now and den sparkling bright, cold, and blue, in de moonlight; and den I look beyond all dis out upon de smooth shining water of de harbour, which stretch away, bright as polished silver, until it end in de lights at Port Royal, and on board of de men of war, at anchor under de batteries dere, dat twinkle and wanish, twinkle and wanish, until de eye rest on de light at de flag-ship's mizen-peak, dat shone steady as one Wenus star. Suddenly I start—'What is dat?' I say, for I see canoe steal gently along; de paddle seem of velvet, for no noise it make at all. Presently de parapet hide him, and de two peoples I sees in de canoe, from Quacco's sight. 'How de sentry don't hail?' say I, Quacco—'What it can mean he don't hail?' again say I. But, just as I tink about de wonder of dis, one loud laugh of de young buccra officer come from de mess-house, and I say, 'Ah ha! de claret begin to work dere—de brandy and water begin to tell; so I will take my grog too, and turn in.'—'Hillo!' I say; for just at dis time I hear one footstep behind me; 'who go dere?' No one speak for long time; but I see one person, wid him head just above de level of de gallery, standing on de stair. I seized my fuzee. 'Come up, whoever you is.'—'Ha, ha!' laugh some one. 'What, broder Quacco, are you afeard? don't you know me, Jack? You know we are countrymen: so here I have brought you a drop of grog.'—'Oh ho!' say I, Quacco, 'Jack, is it you? Come in, I shall strike a light.'—'No, no,' say Jack; 'I don't want de oder men to see I am here.' I tink dis wery strange, but I say noting. All quiet; de rest of my company were at de oder side of de barrick, most of dem in der hammock already, and I was not wery fond to be alone wid Jack after what I overhear. Yet de grog was very good. I take anoder pull; it grew better, so I take one small drop more. 'Now, Jack,' say I, 'you must know I tought you were leetle better den one big dam rogue; but I begin to tink'—(here him give me oder small drop)—'dat you are not quite so big willain as I was led to believe; so shake hands.' He held out *him's large paw, and say he, 'Oh, I know, Quacco, dat some one was prejudice you against me; but, never* Ah, handsome black girls dere, Quacco, so come along.'—'Come along?' say I, Quacco; 'where de debil you want me to go at dis time of night? De gate all shut; can't come.' Here him laugh loud again. Oh, if dat Ogly Jack had only had white face, I would have tought he was de wery debil himself. 'De gate shut?' say he, 'to be sure de gate is shut; but come here, man, come here;'—and now I was sure he was Obeah man, for I had no power to stay behind—someting seem draw me. Massa, you hab all see snake wheedle leetle bird into him jaw, and just so dis dam Jack work on me, Quacco. To be sure de rum was wery good, very good indeed; so I follow him down stair, and as we pass dat part of de barrick where de grenadier were, we meet two tree men; but no notice take dem of we; so we go down to de esplanade. All still dere but de loud 'Ha, ha!' from de mess-room, where de band was play, and wax-lights shine. No one else stir, except sentry over de big heap of shell,—one large pile of ten, twelve, tirteen inch shell dat was heap up in de middle,—to we turn to de left, and ascend de platform. 'Who go dere?' sing out de sentry, as him walk backward and forward between de two gun facing we, 'Who go dere?' say he. Jack spring forward to de sentry, and say someting. I could not hear what he whisper; but, though I speak never one word, de man mediately say, 'Pass, friend!' and den him stoop away in de oder direction from where we was. Jack now take hold of my hand,—'No time for lost; so come along, broder Quacco.' I hold me back. 'Ah ha!' say I, 'show me de cause for all dis, Massa Jack.' 'And so Jack shall,' him say—'but come here, man, come here;' and he lead me into de embrasure of one long four-and-twenty, and taking one good strong rope out of de muzzle of de gun, where him seem to have been stow on purpose, him take one loop in him and hook him over de leetle nose dat stick out from de breech of him behind. 'Now, Quacco, I know you is clever fellow; so warp yourself down by dis rope—dere is no ditch here—so down you go, and'—'Gently,' say I, 'where we go to—tell a me dat.'—

here take anoder drop'—and, lord, we have de oder pull at de case bottle. Him puff one long puff after him drink.—'I see you suspicious wid me,' him say, 'but only come de length of de old hut in de cashaw bush dere, and you shall see I is true man.'—Here I stand back leetle piece to remember myself—but he would give me no time to tink none at all.—'You coward fellow, come along,' say Jack—'here go me'—wid dat him let himself down by de rope.—'Coward! nay, me is no coward—so here go me, Quacco'—and down I slid after him. We reach de bottom. 'Now follow me,' say Jack. Presently we come to de hut in de wood, but many a time I look back to see de glance of de sentry musket before him fire; but no one so much as hail we—so we walk, or rader run, along de small path, troo de cashaw bushes dat lead to de hut—de moonshine flicker, flicker on de white sandy path, troo de small leaf of de cashaw, no bigger as, and wery like, de leaf of de sensitive plant.—Ah, Massa Brail," —I was smiling here—"I know him name—I know de sensitive plant—often get tenpence from young buccra hofficer to hunt him out for him, and, indeed, I know where whole acres of him grow in Jamaica. But you put me out, Massa Brail—where I was?—oh—de moonshine shine bright and clear, and de lizard whistle *wheetle, wheetle*, and de tree-toad snore, and de wood-cricket chirp, and de beetle moan past we, and de bat whir, and de creech howl squake—So tink I, I wish I was once more in de barrick—but no help for it. Presently we were in front of de hut. Small black ogly hut him was—no light could be seen in him—at least none shine below de door—and dere was never no window in him none at all. Jack stop, and put him hand to de latch. I lay hold of him arm. I say, 'Massa Jack, is dis de hut you speak of, and dis de pleasant peoples I was to see, and de nice black girls, eh?'—'Stop,' say he, 'don't judge until you see—but come in, man, come in.'—I go in, but Jack was close de door instantly behind him. 'Hilo, *what you mean* by dat?' say *I, 'you go leave me* here widout *fire?'*—'*Poo,*' say he, 'fire? you shall soon have enough.' Wid dat him strike one light, den light some chip, and presently him tro someting on de flame, dat make it blaze up into one large blue flame dat make everyting look wery disagreab—oh, mosh wery. Jack sit down—he take piece roast pork, some yam, and some salt fis out of de crown of him shako—we eat—de rum bottle soon not heavy too much in de hand—and I forget, sinner dat I is, dat I sould hab been in my bed in de barrick in de fort—so Jack, after poke de fire again, say, 'Quacco, broder Quacco, as I say before, we is countrymen—bote Eboe is we?'—'Yes,' say I, 'we is Eboe, but we were wery different peoples in de Eboe country. You know, Jack, dat I was poor debil whose fader and moder was kill and carry away by dese dam Felatahs and'"——

Here friend Sprawl interrupted the thread of our friend Quacco's tale. "I say, sergeant, you are speaking of Felatahs—we have heard much of them on the coast—who and what are they, my man?"

"I shall tell massa," said Sergeant Quacco. "Dam troublesome fellow dem Felatah—never stay at home—always going about fighting here—stealing dere. You go to bed—hear de pig in de oder end of your hut grunt quite comfortable—you wake—him gone—'ah, Felatah must have been dere.' You hab only two wife, so you go into market—bazar, de Moorish people call him—you buy anoder leetle wife, because maybe one of de two grow old, and de oder grow stupid maybe; well, you bring de leetle wife home—nice leetle person—you tell him de story how Felatah come, while you sleep, and tief pig—ha, ha—you laugh, and he laugh, and you drink small piece of tody, after nyam supper, and go werry merry to bed—ho—you wake next morning—debil—him gone too well as de pig—de leetle wife gone—oh, lord—'sure as can be, Felatah must be dere.' And your bag of cowrie never safe—every ting dat cursed Felatah can lay him fist on, him grab—de Livapool ship people call him Scotchman."

"Don't tell that part of your story in the hearing of Corporal Lennox, friend Quacco," said I, laughing.

He grinned, and proceeded.

say to Jack, 'I was catch when I was leetle naked fellow by de Felatahs, wid my fader and moder, and carry off to dem country, and afterward sell for slave; but you was great man always—big Fetish priest you was—many Fetish you make in your time; you kill goat and pig before de Fetish.' —'Ay,' said Jack, 'and maybe, Quacco, I kill oder ting you no dream of before de Fetish, beside dem who hab cloven hoof and four leg and one tail'—and he rose up—on which me Quacco jump on my feet too. Master Ogly Jack, I onderstand you, you willain; you is one mutiny, sir, and I arrest you, sir, in de name of de Kin.' All dis time I was press de tumb of my left hand against de pipe of my bayonet to see dat him was loose in de sheath. Jack again throw someting into de fire, dat dis time flare up wid red flame, not wid blue one, as before, when everyting—de roof, de leetle wildcane bed, de rafter, and whole inside of de hut, de calabash hang against de wall, all look red, red and glowing hot, as if we had plump into de bad place all at once—even Jack, and me Quacco, seem two big lobster. I was wery terrible frighten, and drew back to de corner as far as I could get. Jack did not follow me, but continued standing in de same spot where he had risen up, wid both hand stretch out towards me. I try for speak, but my troat stop up, as if you was plug him wid piece of plantain. 'Quacco,' at length say Jack wery slow, like one parson, 'Quacco, you have say I was Fetish man, and hab kill goat and pig—and I say I was so, and dat I have in my time make Fetish of oder ting dat have no cleft in him hoof, and hab not four leg, nor one tail. Listen to me, Quacco, you is not goat?'—'No,' say me Quacco, 'certainly I is not goat.'—'You is not pig?' continue Jack.—'No, no—Oh! oh! oh!' groan me Quacco again.—'You hab not cloven foot?' him go on to say.—'No,' roar I.—'Nor four leg?'—'No,' again me roar, shaking out my two foot for make him see.—'Nor one tail?'—Here I get mad wid fear, and jump *forward* wid my drawn bayonet right *upon Jack—but, fiz,* as if water had *been thrown on it, out* goes de fire. *I nearly stifle wid de smoke, but de-*

termined to grapple wid Jack. I tumble all about de hut, but no Jack dere; I try de door—all fast. What shall I do?—he vanish—he must be debil—and once more I retreat de best way I could, groping along de wall, until I once more get into de corner dat I was leave. 'Oh, my God!' say me Quacco, 'here I sall be murder—or if I be not murder, den I sall be flog for being out of barrick widout leave—Oh, poor me Quacco, poor me Corporal Quacco—oh, to be flog at de triangles would be one comfort, compare wid walk to de hell place in dis fashion!' 'Quacco,' say one voice, it was not Jack voice, 'Quacco.'—'Hillo,' say I, 'who de debil is you, eh?' No hanswer—den I begin to rumiate again. 'Quacco,' again de voice say.—'Hillo,' again say I, frighten till de sweat hop, hop over my face-head, and den from my chin and de point of my nose,"—("Where may *that* be?" whispered little Bismarck) —"when it drop down on de floor like small bullets. 'Quacco.'—'Oh, oh, oh!' groan I; for dis time it sound as if one dead somebody was speak out of one hollow coffin, lying at de bottom of one new open grave. 'put you hand at you feet, and see what you catch dere, and eat what you catch dere.' I did so—I find one calabash, wid boil nyam, and piece salt pork dere; I take him up—taste him—wery good—eat him all—why not? 'Quacco,' again say de voice, 'grope for de calabash dat hang against de wall.' I do so—quite heavy—let me see. 'Drink what in him,' again say de debil.—'To be sure, Massa Debil,' say I, 'why not.' I taste him—good rum—ah, ah, ah—wery good rum, when flash de fire again blaze up right cheery, but I see no one; so I begin to look about, and de first ting I do was to put down my hand where I had replaced de calabash at my feet. Mercy Heaven! what I lift? One skull, fresh and bloody, of one dead shild, wid some dirt at de bottom, and some feddera, and de shell of one egg. 'Oh, oh, oh! obeah, obeah!' shout I. And de calabash, what him contain? I pour out some on de fire—blaze, whatever it was—blaze up in my face and singe my hair, [illegible] make my head [illegible] Scotch [illegible]

massa dinner on Sunday, when him too sick to dine at de mess. 'Dis will never do,' say I Quacco; 'let me see what stuff dis can be I was drink;' and I pour some on de white bench beside de fire. Oh, mammy Juba—O—O—O—it was blood! And what is dat small black box I see below de bench? I capsize him. 'Debil,' say I Quacco, 'what him is?' Massa, it was one leetle coffin tree feet long, wid de grave-clothes in him, but green and festering as if de rotting dead picaninny had been new remove. 'Quacco,' again say dat terrible voice, 'what you eat for yam was dirt from your fadder's grave, Quacco—look at him.'—'Oh, oh,' again roar I; 'but, good Massa Debil, who go to Africa for him, eh?'—'Hold your peace and be dam,' say de voice; 'you mosh swear to keep Jack secret, and to help him, and to do whatever him tell you, even if it should be to shoot.'—Here I go mad altogeder—I dance about de fire—whip, in one second it go out entirely—I jump up and down—de voice still continue to sing out—oder two voice sing outalong wid him. 'Where dem evil spirit can be conceal?' say I—'some one must be on de rafter of de roof above my head calabash, for I can't find no devil on de floor of de hut, none at all,' say I; so I jump up again, when my head knock against someting. 'Oh,' say somebody. 'Ah,' say me, Quacco. I leap once more, and pike up my naked bayonet before me—It tick in someting—what it was I can't tell; it feel as if I had dig him into one round of beef—large yell instantly shake de entire hut—I jump again—heavy ting fall down on me—I scramble to get away, but one of de debils scramble to hold me down—I turn to de left—I lay hold of de hand of anoder on dem—no doubt one who was speak. 'Ho, ho,' say I Quacco; so I make clever slide from between dem. De two debil grapple one anoder—gurgle, gurgle—squeak, squeak—one on dem was strangling de oder. I almost laugh, when some one hit me a heavy blow behind de ear; I faint away—dead—and—and I remember noting none at all, until I find myself, when still it was dark night, all beat and bruise, but wid *swimming head, in my* hammock in *de barrick at Fort Augusta.* I sleep sound till near daybreak, when I turn myself, and say, 'Hab I Quacco been dronk last night?' I tink so; 'Or has all dis been one dream?' Maybe. Den I put up my hand to my head, but I never get soch bumps and tumps in one dream before. Dere was only tree oder of our men sleep in dat end of de barrick where I was, de rest being two rooms off, dose between us being in repair; one on dem was Ogly Jack, and de oder two was de wery dentical rascail I have mention before, Mundingo Tom and Yellow-skin Paul—Dem all tree eider were sound asleep, or in dem hammocks, or pretended dey were so—for when I feel de cool damp morning breeze come troo de open window at one side of de barrick-room, and blow clean out at de oder, and see de morning star twinkle bright and clear in de red east on one side, and de pale-face buccra moon, just sinking behind de brushwood on Hellshire Point, troo de window on de oder hand, I turn myself again in my hammock, and listen to de roar of de surf in de distance, and rub my eyes again, and say 'it not morning yet.'—But presently de truth push himself into my eye, and I say 'It is daybroke, and sore or sound, up must I Quacco get.' Just under de window, by dis time, I was hear some low grumbling voices, and coughs, and loud yawns; den I hear hollow tumbling sounds like when drum is place on de ground, den more grumbles, and coughs, and yawns, den de squeeking of de drum braces, as de leetle drummer pull dem tight, and de tootletoo of de fifer, as dem get all ready. At length old Spearpoint, de drum-major, sing out wery gruff, 'fall in, music,' and next minute roll went de drum, squeak went de fife, roll went de drum, squea-eak went de fife very shrill, roll went de drum de tird time, and squea-ea-eak went de fife, very too dam shril dis last time, and away dem stamp rum dum dum round de barraik-yard wid dere reveillie. We all tumble out, and fall in on parade—still dark—we stand to our arms, de moon go down, but de morning star glance cold and clear on de bayonet and bright barrels of de guns—de great Duke no was brown de barrel den, God bless

him. 'Search arms,' de sergeant say. We do so—half pace to de right—so in dat position I see well what Ogly Jack, who was my rear rank man, was do. De sergeant approach me—I send down my steel ramrod wid one bang—he jump up with a loud ring one foot out of my musket—it really surprise me how far de ramrod jump, as I send him home wid scarcely no strength none at all. 'Ha, someting past common here,' say I to myshef—de next man to me in de front rank was Yellow-skin Paul, and de next man to Ogly Jack was Mundingo Tom. As me Quacco was de right hand man of de front rank of de grenadiers, so Jack was de right hand man of de rear rank—well, Yellow-skin Paul make believe dat him send him ramrod home, but I notice he catch him between his finger and tumb, so as he never reach de bottom. 'Ho, ho,' tink I to myself, 'who shall say dat gun no load! I keep quite still—de sergeant by and by come to Jack—he catch de ramrod same way, and de sergeant being half asleep, eider did not notice dis, or him tought nothing about it. Presently he desire Mundingo Tom to search arms—he bang his ramrod down I saw, wid design to catch him like de oders, but in his hurry it slipt troo his fingers, and go home *thud*. 'Ho, ho,' say I again to myself, 'dis piece is also load'—What was to be do—de sergeant notice dis one—'dat firelock is load, you scoundril.'—'No,' say Mundingo Tom, 'but I leave some tow in him, beg pardon, massa sergeant.'—'You dem rascall,' say de sergeant, 'you never is better, you lazy dog—fall out sir, and draw de ——'—'Attention,' call out agitant—'de left wheel into line—marsh'—tramp, tramp, tramp, whir—de line is form. 'Stand at ease'—'A sergeant from each company for blank cartridges.' So away step de sergeant, who had given Mundingo Tom a rating, and I take de opportunity of whisper Jack—'I say, Jack, what is in de wind? I have great mind to peach my sospicion.' He say nosing; and den I say, 'Poo, all my fear must be *nonsense—all must* be a dream—de *sergeant return*—serve out eight *round of blank cartridge*—'attention into open column of companies, right in front,—on yor left backwards wheel—halt, dress.' De hofficer was now all on parade, and stood in a group in front—de agitant mount him horse—Major D—— appear at de door of him house—one orderly hold him horse—him mount, and ride up to de hofficer. 'Gentlemen, fall in—form subdivisions—quick march'—rum, dum, dum, dum, again, and away we march out to de *glacis* of de Fort—den we form, and much manœuvre we was perform—oh wery brilliant, 'wid cartridge, prime, and load.' 'De regiment will fire by companies from right to left'—short tap on de drum—de hofficer commanding companies fall back two pace—ready, present, fire—blaze go de grenadiers—I prick my ear, and cock my eye. Ogly Jack, my covering file, was not fire—I know, because de moment I pull de trigger, I clap my right cheek down on de barrel of he musket as he was level—all cold iron—'Ha, ha,' say I to myself, and while loading, I glance my eye at Yellow-skin Paul's firelock, who was next me, and also at Mundingo Tom's, who was next Jack, bote on dem were half cock. So 'Ha, ha,' say me Quacco again, but before I could determine in my own mind what I should do, de word was given—'De regiment will fire one volley direct to de front,'—'Ready—present—fire,'—roar went de musketry—all smoke for small space—we remain at de present—wait long time for de major give de word 'Come to de recover,'—no one speak—all of we remain wid our piece level—oh! one attitude wery tiresome. Still no one speak. At length I hear our captain, one wery nice man, grumble to himself,—'Why, what can be amiss wid de old major?'—dat moment de smoke, by de setting in of de sea-breeze, was blow off. What shall we see?—Why, Major D—— was lying on him horse's neck, widin ten yard of de grenadier company. 'Ah!' say for we captain—'he must be in one fit'—when down de major drop—and away scamper de horse—de captain run up, and turn de old man on him back, and take off him watch, and open him jacket. 'Ah!' cry he—

major is shot dead. Secure de magazine; call out de artillery.' Den one loud buz buz pass along de line —de hofficer voice was heard—'Men, if you move one step I will cut you down by G—d.' Anoder say—'Stand to your arms, men; if one of you stir, I will run him troo.' 'Who is de willain?—who is de willain?' shout some one else. Someting come over me—I rush out five pace —order my fusee, and touch my cap—wery graceful—so—[suiting the action to the word]—'Captain, and gentlemen—dere are de mutineers.' 'Where?' 'Dere.' 'Name dem,' say one. 'I will,' say me Quacco—'Ogly Jack, Mundingo Tom, and Yellow-skin Paul.' Dey were all immediately secure—and marshed to de front;—dem say noting—not one word. I look at dem —all tree cool and collected. 'May be,' tink I, 'dere will have be some mistake; if so, all people will tink I mosh have been de mutineer, murserer you call, and dat to shave myself I was peach on dem.' My heart sink when de agitant seize me by de shoulder. 'My fine fellow, you make mosh noise—we shall see what you are make of very shortly yourself.'—'Here, secure Corporal Quacco.' By dis time we were again marching into de fort—de gate was shut—four field piece nine pounder, manned by white artillerymen, was pointed so as to enfilade us as we were formed in close column—and my tree friend, and myself were instantly brought to one drum-head court-martial.—Some young hofficer say, 'Oh, hang him all—hang him all.' 'Please not, young gentleman, if de same ting to you,' say I.—'No hurry,' say I.—'I am willing to be hang if dese tree willains are not de men. Secure dem hands'—dis was done. 'Now,' say I, 'we were all sarve wid eight blank cartridge—look at dem muskets—plain dey all have been fire'—'What has all dis to do wid it?' say de agitant.—'Mosh,' say I, 'mosh—now see how many cartridge each on dem hab.' 'Ha, ha,' say my Captain, 'Quacco is right—dem all tree have each de eight cartridge untouch, yet it quite evident dey all have *fired*.' '*What* say you, ye *scoundrels*,' *again say* de Captain—'*what say you why you* should not be hang immediately?' Dem would not speak one word—den I tell all I hear—and so dem try, find guilty, and were hang—and I as one reward got my discharge." (Here our friend made a long pause—at length he continued.) "Why I take him—I can't tell—and still more, why I leave dear Jamaica, where de Governor hoffer me ground to grow nyam in, and house—and as for wife, I hab several. What de debil was possess me to leave my pig, and wives, and allowance—pension you call him, and take into my head for come here again? —Heaven know—I Quacco do not. —Here—where one can scarcely breathe for stinking mud, and every night brings dangers wid it, and you never can tell whidder de next morning will not see you carried away into slavery, or may be sacrificed before one Fetish, or who know dat he shall not, some fine forenoon, be roast or grill, and eaten like one monkey. Oh, I wish I was back again."

"But," said Sprawl, "you seem to have left off as corporal—when became you sergeant?"

Quacco laughed, "by brevet, my good sir—by bre"——

"A gun—Sir Oliver speaking to us in the offing."

"Hurrah for Old Gazelle once more!" shouted Sprawl, in a voice like thunder.

"Out of my way, friend Quacco," cried I.

"Room if you please, old Daddy Longyarn," quoth master Marline. And to the great dismay of poor Quacco, who little expected to have been so suddenly and unceremoniously swept aside, we all tumbled on deck as fast as our legs could carry us. The first man I encountered was Clinker, the master at arms.

"Who has seen the frigate?" said I.

"Why, there she is, sir," replied the man. "There, you see her topgallant sails over the green bushes there, sir. Now, you see the heads of her fore and maintopsails."

"I see, I see. What signal is that flying at the fore, Mr Marline?" said I to the midshipman who was looking out.

"The signal to close, sir."

"Close," croaked old Sprawl—"close—easier said than done, Sir Oliver."

Here the frigate in the offing slowly and majestically shoved her long jib-boom past the mangroves on the westernmost bank, and gradually the whole beautiful machine hove in sight, rising and falling on the long swell.

As she came round the point, she took in topgallant sails, and hauled down the foretopmast staysail; and whenever she had fairly opened the river, and come nearly abreast of us, she laid her maintopsail to the mast, with her fore and main-sails hanging in graceful festoons in the brails, and hove to under her three topsails, jib, and spanker. She slid silently and majestically along, the bright green wave curling outwards from her beautifully moulded bows, like the shell-shaped canopy of Daddy Neptune's car, as the cut-water slid gently through the calm heaving of the blue swell, gradually subsiding, as the glorious old hooker lost her way and became stationary, until she floated, like a swan asleep on the dark waters, the bright sun shining cheerily on her white sails and hammocks, and clear white streak, and sparkling on her glittering sides, as they rose and fell fresh and wet from the embraces of old Ocean; and as the land-breeze laid her over, her gold-bright copper blazed like one vast polished mirror, wherein the burning sun was reflected in dazzling glances. And bright blinding rays flashed out starlike, from the window in the quarter gallery, and the glass in the scuttles of the officer's cabins, and from every burnished piece of metal throughout the whole length of the gallant craft, converting her black hull into a brilliant constellation, while her heavy lower masts, with their strong shrouds and stays, and the swelling sails, and the tall and taper spars aloft, were seen clear and distinct against the deep cold blue of the seaward horizon.

A string of small round bundles, apparently each about the size of a man's head, now twisted and struggled, and stopped, and finally slid up to the main royal-mast-head. The instant the uppermost reached *the truck*, as if it had touched a *spring—bang—a gun* was fired, and *at the same moment*, the round balls *blew out steadily in so many fleecy*

"What signal now, Mr Marline?"

"The signal to weigh and stand out, sir."

"Why we can't; it is impossible; although the wind is fair, the swell on the bar puts it out of our power."

"Very true," said old Pumphalt, "and you had better say so, Basil; I, for one, won't undertake to carry you over until there is less broken water at the river's mouth, I know."

I telegraphed to this effect; the frigate acknowledged it, and answered, that she would remain in the offing all night, in expectation of our getting over at high water, during it, when possibly there would be less sea on the bar.

Having made this signal, she run her jib up, set topgallant-sails, and let fall the foresail: the pendulous mainyard slowly swung round, and as the noble frigate fetched way again, she gradually fell off before the wind, her long low hull foreshortened into a mere tub of a vessel to look at, and finally presenting her stern to us, she lay over, and inclined herself gracefully to the breeze, as if she was bidding us farewell, and glided cheerily away, indicating by the increasing whiteness of her wake, the accelerated speed with which she clove the heaving billows.

"There goes the dear old beauty," said Davie; "there's a parting curtsy for you; that beats the stateliest of my lady patronesses at Almacks."

Having gained an offing of about three miles, she again shortened sail, and hove to in her station to await our joining, when the bar became passable in the night.

"Weary work, master Benjie, weary work," said Davie Doublepipe; "so here we must lie, roasting another whole day, while there is plenty of water on the bar, if this confounded swell would only fall."

By this it was drawing near the men's dinner-time; and while the lieutenant and I were pacing the deck, rather disconsolately, trying to steer clear of the smoke of the galley, that streamed aft as we rode head to wind, we noticed that our sable visitor, Sergeant Quadco, had, with the true spirit of amalgamation declined into smoke-consumer; indeed, if there be a Negro [illegible]

riably slides into it, as naturally as a snail into his shell,) and was busy in assisting the maimed seaman who was watching the coppers. The fire seemed to burn very indifferently from the greenness of the wood, which gave out more smoke than flame.

"Drainings, my man," said I to cookey, "don't choke us if you please. Do get some dry chips from Shavings, will you?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said the man.

"Here, Quacco, mind the fire, till I get some splinters from forward there.—Stay—Lennox, my dear boy, do get me a handful of dry chips from old Shavings, will ye?"

The Scotch corporal civilly complied; and after a little, we saw him split up a block of wood where the carpenter had been at work in the bows of the felucca, and presently he returned with a bundle of them, which Sergeant Quacco busily employed himself in poking into the fire, blowing lustily with his blubber lips all the while. When Lennox turned away, I could not help noticing, that he stuck his tongue in his cheek, and winked to one of the crew as he went below.

Presently I desired the boatswain to pipe to dinner. In place of bundling down below, according to the etiquette of the service in larger vessels, I winked at the poor fellows breaking away forward into messes, which they contrived to screen from the view of the quarterdeck, by slewing the long yard nearly athwart ships, and loosing the sail as if to dry.

Notwithstanding all this, we could easily see what was going on forward. Close too, sat the old cook himself, with Shavings the carpenter, and Wadding the gunner, warrant officers in a small way, with a little snipe of a boy waiting on them.

About a fathom from them, was another group squatted on the deck, consisting of Corporal Lennox, Old Clinker the master at arms, Dogvane the quartermaster, and no smaller a personage than Sergeant Quacco.

The food was peas-soup, and salt junk and biscuit. The hands, as we turned and returned, seemed exceedingly comfortable and happy; when all at once, the old cook pressed his hands on the pit of his stomach, and began to make a variety of rather odd grimaces. Dogvane looked in his face, and instantly seemed to catch the infection; so he next began to screw himself up into a variety of indescribable contortions. Sergeant Quacco looked first at one, and then at another, as they groaned in any thing but a melodious concert, until he too, through sympathy, or in reality from pain, began also to twist himself about, and to make such hideous faces, that to have trusted him near a respectable pig in the family way, would have been as much as the nine farrow were worth.

At length the contagion became general apparently, and Corporal Lennox began to groan, and wince, as he ejaculated—"Oh dear, what can this be? what an awful pain in my stomach! Why, Mr Drainings, what *have* you clapt into that peas-soup? *Something bye* common you must have put into it, for we are all dying here with"——

"My eye!" said old Drainings, speaking slowly and deliberately, as if the paroxysm had subsided, and some strange light had flashed on him, "you are quite right, Lennox. That same peas-soup is none of the right sort—that *is* clear *now*. I have just been telling Mr Wadding that a wery-most-remarkable circumstance took place in the boiling on't."

Here the old fellow, who had just finished his pease-soup, very solemnly looked upwards, and wiped his muzzle with what hovered between a pocket-handkerchief and a dish-clout, of any colour but that of unsunned snow.

"Why," continued the cook, "just when it began to simmer about the edges of the boiler——Ah—ah—oh—there it is again—there it is again,"—and once more he began to tumble about on the deck, giving friend Quacco several miscellaneous kicks and punches during his make-believe involuntary convulsions. This fit seemed also to pass over.

"Why," said he, "just when the soup began to simmer about the edges of the copper, and thin streaks of white froth began to shoot inwards towards the middle, where the hot soup was whirling round in

a bubbling eddy, and poppling up for all the world like the sea on the bar there, I saw—I saw"——

Here he looked unutterable things with his one eye, turning it up like a duck in thunder.

"What did you see?" said old Clinker, staring in his face with aham earnestness.

"I saw—so sure as I see Mr Weevil the purser's d—d ugly mug aft on the quarterdeck there—a small devil rise out of the boiling peas-soup in the very middle of the copper, and fly up and away over the mast-head like a shot,—whipping the vane at the mast-head off its spindle with the bight of his tail."

"No; did you though?" said several voices.

"To be sure I did," rejoined Drainings, "as distinct as I now see my thumb—none of the cleanest, by the way."

"The devil?" said Lennox, starting up; "what was it like, Mr Drainings?"

"Why, as like the little heathen god brought on board by Quacco there, as you can fancy any thing."

"Oh—oh—oh"—again resounded from all hands.

"But it could not be he," at length struck in the black sergeant. "It could not be he, seeing he is safe stow below de heel of de bowsprit dere."

"Heaven grant it may be so," whined Dogvane.

"If it really be as Quacco says," said Wadding, in a sympathizing tone "why, *then*, I will believe it is all fancy—all a bam."

Here the black sergeant, in great tribulation, rose to go forward, evidently with a desire to reconnoitre whether the graven image was really there in the body or no. After a long search, he came back and sat down, blank and stupified, on the spot where he had risen from.

"And pray, Mr Drainings, when did you see this curious appearance?" persisted Lennox.

"At the very instant of time," drawled Cookey, with his arms crossed, and stuck into the open bosom of his greasy shirt, that had once *been red flannel*, and with a short *black stump of a pipe* in his mouth, *from which he puffed* out a cloud between every word, "at the very instant of time, by the glass, that Sergeant Quacco there mended the fire."

"Oh—oh—oh!"—Here all hands of the rogues who were in the secret, began again to roll about, and grimace, as if a travelling *menagerie* of baboons had suddenly burst, and capsized its inmates all about.

Quacco all this while was twisting and turning himself, and, although evidently in a deuced quandary, trying to laugh the affair off as a joke.

"Well," at length said he, "I don't believe in Fetish—now dat I is become whiteman Christian. So I will thank you, Masse Drainings, to hand me over my chocolate."

But I noticed that the devil a drop would he take into his mouth, although he made believe to drink it. The jest went on—at length there was a calm, when who should again break ground but Sergeant Quacco—who made a last attempt to laugh off the whole affair.

"But where de debil *can* he be?" said he, almost involuntarily—"gone, sure enough."

"Oh—oh—oh—" sung out all hands once more, with their fists stuck into their midriffs.

"Oh, that vile Fetish," screamed Lennox; "we must all be bewitched—Quacco, we are all bewitched."

"Bewitch!" responded the black sergeant, jumping off the deck, and now at his wit's end; "and I believe it is so. I hab pain in my tomack too—just dis moment—oh, very sharp!"

"Confound your Fetish," groaned the old cook; "it was just as you stuck those chips of cedarwood into the fire—precisely at the very instant I snuffed the delicious smell of them, that I saw the devil himself first put his ugly fiz up in the middle of the peas-soup, and gibber, and twinkle his eyes, and say"——

"Say!" shouted Lennox—"why did he really and truly speak, Mr Drainings?"

"Speak!" responded he of the slush bucket—"speak! ay, as plain as I do."

"And what said he?" quoth Dogvane.

"Why, [illegible] in the chocolate [illegible]

end of his tail, says he,—' Damme, I'm off,' says he."

"Oh, oh, oh! I am pinned through my ground-tier with a harpoon," groaned Drainings.

"Where, in the devil's name, since we have seen him, got you those cedar chips, Quacco?" yelled old Clinker.

A light seemed to break in on the poor sergeant's bewildered mind.—"Chip, chip!—where I get dem chip?" Here the poor fellow gave an idiotic laugh, as if he had been all abroad. "I get dem from Corporal Lennox, to be sure,"—and he turned his eyes with the most intense earnestness towards the marine, who was rolling about the deck over and over.

"Where got I the chips, did you ask, Quacco? Oh, oh, oh!—Why, Heaven forgive me; but I am punished for it now—they are the very splinters of your Fetish, that you brought on board!"

Up started the black resetter, as if bit by a rattle-snake, dancing and jumping. "Oh, my tomack, oh, my tomack!—de Fetish have get into my tomack—de leetle debil in a my tomack. Oh, doctor, doctor!—one evil spirit in me—oh, doctor, someting to make him fly—someting to get him out! Doctor, de debil in a my belly—physic—physic, doctor; de strongerer de more betterer. Oh Lord!" And away he tumbled down the fore-hatchway, roaring for Esculapius like a perfect bull of Bashan.

While we were laughing at this to our heart's content, Mr Marline came aft to us.

"There are a good many dark specks passing and repassing above us in the furthermost reach of the river, yonder, sir—as far as you can see there, sir. Will you please to look at them, Mr Sprawl?"

Sprawl took a long squint first, and then handed the glass to me. I peered, and peered. The glorious stream was rolling down like a shining flow of quicksilver; but although all continued quiet in our vicinity, yet, where it narrowed nearly to a bright point in the distance above, I could perceive a tiny dark object slowly descend the river, and send up a thick cloud of smoke, after which it remained stationary, while a number of small black spots were seen cruising hither and thither all around it.

Sprawl had also noticed this.—"Why, Brail, those gentry seem mustering in some strength. There cannot be many fewer than a hundred canoes paddling about there. What say you?"

It was now near three P.M., and we were bethinking ourselves of going to dinner, when a perfect cloud of the dark specks, fifty at the least, began to drop down with the ebb in a solid phalanx, three deep, looking in the distance like a compact black raft of wood. Presently they sheered off right and left; and although the craft from which we had seen the smoke arise, still remained at anchor in the stream, the attendant canoes soon vanished, one and all, amongst the mangroves, on each bank. "Poo—nonsense!" said I. "Come along, Sprawl—come along. Why, man, we shall get as thin as whipping-posts, if we allow these barbarian demonstrations to interfere with our comforts."

"You may be right, Brail—you may be right," said old Davie; but he appeared to have some strange misgivings.

However, we went to dinner; the reefers were all with us, little Joe Peake among the rest, who was now quite recovered from the thump he had got on shore, and old Pumpbolt; and we were in the very middle of it, when down came Wadding, the gunner.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the old seaman, sidling in, and trying to appear at his ease, although he was very far from that same. "Beg pardon—but them chaps are coming more nearer, sir, than seems quite convenient, sir—they are fast dropping down with the afternoon's ebb, sir."

"Indeed!" said old Sprawl. "We must keep a bright look-out here, Brail, at any rate."

We went on deck, and the report was literally true; but although the mass above us continued to increase until the whole surface of the river in the distance seemed swarming, as one has seen a pool, with those blue-water insects, which, I believe, as boys, we used to call sailors, still there was no warlike demonstration made, beyond the oc

casional descent of a fast-pulling canoe now and then, a mile or so below the main body. But they were always very easily satisfied in their reconnoitring, so far as we could judge, for the whole of them kept a wary distance.

We returned to the cabin for half an hour, and having finished off with a caulker of good cogniac, all hands of us once more came on deck.

It was by this time half past four, and low water as near as could be. The bar astern of us—by this time, the breeze having taken off, we were riding to the ebb—was one roaring ledge of white breakers; but it was smooth water where we lay, the fall of the tide having completely broken the heave of the heavy swell that rolled in from the offing on the bar. The clouds had risen over the land, some large drops of rain fell, and altogether we had strong prognostications of a wet, if not a tempestuous evening.

The declining sun, however, was yet shining brightly; and although, calculating on the average at this season hereabouts, one might have made himself sure of a fine evening, yet the present was an exception, and we had every appearance of a thunder-storm.

All nature seemed hushed; the thick clouds that arose in the east, sailed along on the usual current of the trade-wind with their edge as well defined as if it had been a dark screen gradually shoving up and across the arch of the blue empyrean; and as they crept down the western horizon, every thing assumed a deep dusky purple hue.

In the sudden darkness, the fires glanced bright and red on board of three war-canoes that had now been suddenly advanced down the river in the shape of a triangle, the headmost being within a mile of us. Presently, the sable curtain descended within a very few degrees of the western horizon, until there was only a small streak of bright golden sky between it and the line of the land, in the centre of which the glorious sun, now near his setting, shot his level beams of blood-red light *over the river* and its banks, gilding *the dark sides of the canoes, and of the trees; and as he sank,* his last rays flashed up into the black and overhead, until the dark masses glowed like crimson.

This soon faded—the canopy of clouds gradually sinking in the west, until, as if their scope had been expanded, they *lifted* from the eastern horizon majestically slow—as if it had been a magnificent curtain drawn up in order to disclose the glorious moon, which now, preceded by her gemlike forerunner the evening star, that sparkled bright and clear on the fringe of the rising cloud, like a diamond on the skirt of a sable velvet mantle, rose above the low swampy banks.

Her disk, when she first appeared, was red and dim, until she attained a considerable altitude, when, having struggled through the pestilential effluvia that hovered on the bank of the river, she began to sail through her liquid track, in all her splendour—pale, but oh, how crystal clear!—driving, like a queen, the dark bank of clouds before her.

As the night wore on, the congregation of canoes became thicker, and presently something like a raft floated down to within three quarters of a mile of us, accompanied by five large boats, full of people.

It was clearly distinguishable, from a bright halo of luminous smoke that hovered over it, proceeding from a fire that every now and then blazed up on board. By the time the raft was anchored, the evening breeze came strong down the river, wafting towards us the sounds of African drums, blending with dismal yells, as of captives, and loud fierce shouts.

I directed my glass towards the flame, that was flashing fitfully, as if tar or rosin, or some other equally inflammable substance, had been suddenly cast into it.

"What can that be?" said I, to young De Walden, who was also spying away at the same object, close to where I stood.

"Really, sir," said the very handsome boy, "I cannot well tell, but I will call Sergeant Quacco, sir. He knows all the practices of the savages hereabouts."

"No, no," rejoined I; "never mind—never mind; but what can they be doing there on the raft? I see two upright, about five [illegible] asunder, and judging from the

and the fire that is kindled beneath, as it were between them, they should be about eight feet high above the raft on which they are rigged. What *are* they after now?—Two fellows sitting on men's shoulders, are fixing a cross piece, or transom, on the top of the uprights—now they are lashing it to them tightly with some sort of rope—ah, they descend, and the fire seems to have gone out, for every thing is dark again."

All in the neighbourhood of the raft was now undistinguishable, but small red fires began to burn steadily in the three advanced canoes.

"What next?" said Sprawl.

"Oh, I suppose, having set their piquets for the night, we are safe." And I took the glass from my eye, and banged the joints of it one into another, when De Walden spoke.

"Please look again, sir—please look again." I did so. The gibbet sort of erection that I had been inspecting, was now lit up by a sudden glare of bright crimson flame. The dark figures, and the bows and sides of the attendant canoes, and the beams of the gallows-looking machine itself, were all tinged with a blood-red light, and presently the Eboe drums and flutes were borne down on the night-wind with startling distinctness, and louder than before, drowning the mysterious snoring of the toads, and *chir-chir-chirring*, and *wheetle-wheetling*, of the numberless noisy insects that came off from the bank on either side of us.

"What is that—do you see that, Master De Walden?" said I, as a dark struggling figure seemed to be transferred by force from one of the canoes that shewed a light, into a smaller one. De Walden could not tell what—and the small skiff into which, whatever it was, it had been transhipped, gradually slid away, apparently in the direction of the raft, into the impervious darkness that brooded over the river, beyond the three advanced canoes, with the watch-fires.

I was about resigning the glass once more, when I noticed the raft again suddenly illuminated, and a great bustle among the people on board. Presently a naked human being was dragged under the gallows, *and one arm immediately hoisted up, and fastened by cords to one of the angles*—a black figure, who had perched himself astride on the cross beam, evincing great activity on the occasion.

For some purpose that I could not divine, the fire was now carried by a group of savages from the foremost part of the raft, that is, from the end of it next us, to the opposite extremity beyond the gibbet, the immediate effect of which was to throw off the latter, and the figure suspended on it, as well as the persons of the people who crowded round, in high relief against the illuminated night damps lit up by the fire, that hung as a bright background beyond it. In a few seconds, the other arm was drawn up to the opposite corner, and—my blood curdles as I write it—we could now make out that a fellow-creature was suspended from the corners of the gibbet by the arms, hanging directly under the centre of the beam, as if the sufferer had been stretched on the cross.

The fire increased in intenseness—the noise of the long drums, and the yells of the negroes, came down stronger and stronger; and although I could notice two assistants holding the legs of the suspended figure, yet its struggles seemed to be superhuman, and once or twice I said to young De Walden, "Heaven help me—did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing particular, sir, beyond the infernal howling and drum-beating of these monsters."

A pause—then another terrible convulsion of the suspended victim, as it struggled to and fro with the dark figures that clung to its lower limbs like demons.

"There—heard you nothing now?"

"Yes, sir—oh, yes," gasped my young ally—"such a yell!"

"Oh, may my ears never tingle to such another!" groaned I; and as I spoke, the assistants let go their hold on the suspended victim, when—Heaven have mercy on us! horror on horror—one of the lower limbs had been extracted, or cut out from the socket at the hip joint. The struggles of the mutilated carcass continued. Quacco, hearing his name mentioned by the young midshipman, was now alongside of me. I handed him the glass, which it was some time before he could manage. At length, having got the focus, he took a long, long look—he held his breath.

"What is it?" said I, "what dreadful scene is this? For Heaven's sake, sergeant, tell me what is going on yonder?"

He puffed out his breath like a porpoise, and then answered me as coolly as possible, as if it had been no strange sight to him.

"Fetish, massa—grand Fetish dem make—such Fetish as dem make before dem go fight wid dem enemy."

"But what was the figure we saw hoisted up on the gibbet-looking apparatus just now?" said I.

"Can't tell," rejoined Quacco, "can't really tell, massa; at first I taught it was man—but dat cry—so wery bitter and sharp like one knife—no, I tink it must have been woman."

"Almighty powers! Do you mean to say that the figure hung up between us and the fire, is really and truly a human being?"

"I do," said Sergeant Quacco, with the same *sang froid;* "I do, massa. What you tink it was?"

I could not tell—I thought at one moment it was a fellow-creature, and at another that it must be impossible, notwithstanding all the hideous tales I had heard of the doings on this coast; but the truth, the horrible truth could no longer be concealed.

"It is only one man or woman prisoner dat dem are cutting in pieces, and trowing into de river." Here I saw with my glass that the other leg of the victim had been severed from the trunk. "But I sall tell you, Mr Captain, dat dem intend to attack you dis very night."

I heard him, but was riveted to my telescope. All struggles had ceased in the dark and maimed carcass, and presently one of the arms was cut away at the shoulder, when the bloody limb fell against the post on one side, and the mangled trunk banged against the upright on the other, and swung round and round it, making the whole engine reel, while, as the drums and shouts grew louder and louder, the other arm was also cut off at the elbow, and down came the mutilated trunk of the sacrifice into the middle of the *fire, which for a moment blazed up, and shot forth showers of spark and bright smoke,* then

The fires in the advanced boats were now all put out, and nothing evinced the neighbourhood of our dangerous enemy; while the lovely moon once more looked forth on us, her silver orb reflected on the arrowy streams of the dark river, in a long trembling wake of sparkling ripples, and all was as quiet, as if she had been smiling on a scene of peace and gentleness.

To what peculiarity in my moral composition it was to be attributed I do not know; but the change from the infernal scene we had just witnessed, to the heavenly quietude of a lovely night, had an instantaneous, almost an electrical effect on me; and, wounded and ill at heart as I was, I could not help looking up, out and away from my grovelling condition, until in fancy I forgot my miserable whereabouts, and only saw the deep blue heaven, and its countless stars, and the chaste moon.

"Hillo, Benjie Brail," shouted friend Davie—"where away, my lad? Come back to mother earth"—("*alma mater tellus,*" said a voice near me—Corporal Lennox for a thousand, thought I)—"for, my dear boy, the bright sky overhead will soon be shrouded by that brooding mist there—never doubt me."

He augured rightly; for, in a little, a thick mist did in very deed begin to mantle over the water, and continued to increase until the glorious moon and bright stars were again obscured, and you could scarcely see the length of the felucca.

Quacco's hint, however, was by no means thrown away on us, and we immediately saw all clear to give our savage neighbours a warm reception, should they venture down on us, under cover of the fog.

We had been some time at quarters, the boats astern [illegible] hauled up alongside, [illegible] vious mist, [illegible] venture [illegible] painters [illegible] so qui[illegible] ging[illegible] pa[illegible] h[illegible]

"No, massa, don't you trust to dat, as Massa Prawl say," quoth Quacco.—"I know someting—ah, you shall see." Here the poor fellow crept close up to me. "Captain—if you love sleep in one skin hab no hole in him—if, Massa Brail, you walue de life of dem sailor intrust to you—ill-bred fellow as dem may be,—let no one—no—not so mosh as de leetle dirty cook-boy—shut him eyelid until to-morrow sun melt de fog, and"——

Something dropped at my foot, with a splintering sort of sound, as if you had cast a long dry reed on the deck. "What is that?" said I.

"Will you be convince now?" said Quacco, slowly and solemnly. "Will Massa Prawl,"—turning to old Davie, and handing him a slender wand, about ten feet long,—"will good Massa Prawl be convin"——

Spin—another arrow-like affair quivered in the mast close beside me. It had passed sheer between the first lieutenant and me.

"Ah, ah, ah!" exclaimed Quacco in a mighty great quandary—"dere is anoder—anoder spear—mind, gentlemen—mind, gentlemen, mind, or a whole fleet of war-canoe will be aboard of you before you can look round."

"Men!" shouted I, "keep a bright look-out; there are native canoes cruising all about us, and close to, in the thick mist there. Peer about, will ye? Small-arm men, stand to your tackling—clear away both guns. Hush—what is that?"

"Nothing," said Sprawl—"I hear nothing but the rushing of the river, and the groaning and rubbing of the boats alongside againstthe gunwale."

"But I do," said Pumpbolt.

"And so [illegible] said Mr Martin

[illegible]

The moment the musket was discharged, the canoe backed into the fog again, but we could plainly hear the splash and whiz of a number of paddles rapidly plied, as if in great alarm. But even these sounds soon ceased, and, once more, all was still; and, after some time, Sprawl, Pumpbolt, and myself, went below to have a snack of supper, preparatory to making a start of it, if it were possible, whenever the swell on the bar was quieter.

"Tol lol de rol," sung *ould* Davie Doublepipe. "Oh Benjie Brail, Benjie Brail, are we never to get out of this Styx—out of this infernal river? What say you, Pumpbolt, my man?"

"I'll tell you more about it," said Pumpbolt, "when we have got some grub. But *what* Sir Oliver has done, or how he has managed without *me*, for these two days past, *is* a puzzler."

"Ah, bad for you, master," said I. "He will find he can do without you—should not have given him the opportunity, man."

"No more I should—no more I should," responded the master.

So we set to our meal, and were making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances admitted, when the binnacle trundled down the [illegible] red-hot haste.

"The canoes are [illegible]—we hear them close [illegible] is thicker than ever."

"The devil" [illegible] hurried on [illegible]

Immense [illegible] soporific [illegible] quarter [illegible] devil a [illegible] beam.

[illegible] struck. Her [illegible] a willow [illegible] seke rattli[illegible] the bowe lik[illegible]

[illegible] vil
[illegible] rch,
[illegible] kled,
[illegible] f the
[illegible] shome.
[illegible] mercy
[illegible] and trou-
[illegible] deathbed!
[illegible] ous omen!"
[illegible] iden in the
[illegible] ment.
[illegible] again yell-

credit she should clear it as sound as a bell, for we have a noble moon, and I took the bearings of the westermost channel with the eastern point this morning. No fear, if it would *but* clear. Why, you see the moonshine has impregnated the gauze-like mist now to a degree that makes it bright and luminous of itself—Oh that it would rise!"

The four little reefers were at this moment clustered forward, we were riding with our head up the river, and I saw one or two old hands alongside of them, all looking out, and stretching their necks and straining their eyes in a vain attempt to pierce the fog.

"What is that?"—It was a greasy cheep, and then a rattle, as if a loose purchase or fall had suddenly been shaken so as to make the blocks clatter, and then hauled taught, as if people were having a pull at the boom sheet of a schooner, or other fore-and-aft rigged vessel.

"What is that, indeed!" said Sprawl. "Why, look there—look there, Brail—see you nothing there?"

"No, I see nothing—eh—faith, but I do—why, what is that?—Stand by, small-arm men—go to quarters the rest of ye—quick—Poo, it is simply a thicker wreath of mist, after all."

Pumpbolt was standing by, but the object that we thought we had seen descending the river was no longer visible, and I began to think it was fancy. Suddenly the mist thinned. —"There is the spectre-like object once more," I shouted. "By all that is portentous, it is a large schooner, one of these slaving villains, who thinks he can steal past us under cover of the mist—There—there he is on our quarter—there are his gaff topsails over the thickest of the fog —now his jib is stealing out of it—clear away both guns there—we shall give him a rally as he passes, if he won't speak."

The strange sail continued to slide noiselessly down the river.

"What vessel is that?"—No answer—"Speak, or I will fire into you."—All silent—"Take good aim, men—fire!"

Both cannon were discharged, and, as if by magic, the watery veil that had hid every thing from our view rose from off the rushing of the midnight river, and hung above our masthead in a luminous [illegible] which the moonbeams impregnated, but did not pierce, being diffused by it over the whole scene below in a mild radiance, like that cast by the ground glass globe of a sinumbra lamp,—disclosing suddenly the dark stream above, and on each side of us, covered with canoes, within pistol-shot, while the large schooner that we had fired into, instead of making demonstrations to escape over the bar, shortened sail, and bore up resolutely across our bows, firing two guns and a volley of small-arms into us in passing.

"We are beset, Brail—that chap is the commander-in-chief—His object is not to escape, but to capture us, my lad—take my word for it," cried Sprawl. "Forward, master, and look out for the channel—Brail, take the helm—I will mind the sails."

"True enough, by Jupiter," I sung out. "Knock off from the guns, men —Shavings, stand by to cut the cable —hoist away the sail there—cant her with her head to the eastward—steady, men, and no rushing now—All ready there forward?"

"All ready, sir."

"Cut away, then."

The clear axe glanced bright and blue in the moonlight, and fell twice in heavy gashing thumps, and the third time in a sharp trenchant chip. The next moment the rushing of the rapid stream past our sides ceased, as the little vessel slowly floated away, attaining gradually the velocity of the river in which she swam. Presently round she came.

"Hoist away, foresail and mainsail—hoist—haul aft the sheets."

The breeze freshened at the moment. We were still about a mile from the bar, on which the swell was breaking in thunder; but we had run clear of the skirts of the mist, and the placid moon was again shining crystal bright overhead. The yells from the canoes increased. A volley of spears were lanced at us, several of which fell on board, but none of them did any injury; and several muskets were also fired from the tiny men-of-war, which were equally innocuous. The strange sail was right in our path.

"What shall we do?" sung out old Pumpbolt from forward.

Trusting to the great strength of the Midge, I shouted—

"Plump us right aboard of him.

if you can't do better; but creep under his stern if you can."

He would not give us the opportunity, for as he saw us booming along, apparently aiming at him right amidships, as if we had thought we could have sawn him in two, the youth bore up and stood right for the bar.

"So, so," quoth Davie Doublepipe—"we are away on a party of pleasure together, I perceive, señor?"

We carried on, but the Don, from superior sailing, kept well on our bow; and we were now, as we could judge from the increasing roar of the breakers, rapidly approaching the river's mouth.

At this time we had a distinct view, not only of our formidable antagonist, a large topsail schooner, and apparently full of men, but of the bar we were about to pass [illegible] such uncomfortable fellowship.

The canal of deep water that our steady and most excellent master aimed at, was about fifty yards wide. In it there was depth enough to allow the swell from without to roll in, clear and unbroken, had it not been met by the downward current of the river, aided, as in the present case, by the land-breeze, which made it break in short foam-crested waves.

We carried on. All firing for the moment was out of our craniums on either side.

"Steady," sung out the old master.

"Steady," I returned.

On the right hand and on the left, the swell was breaking in thunder, flashing up in snow-flakes, and sending up a misty drizzle into the cold moonlight sky; but the channel right a-head was still comparatively quiet.

The schooner made an attempt to luff across our bows.

"Aim at him again," sung out old Bloody Politeful. "Aim at him again, Brail; to heave-to here is impossible."

"Boarders, stand by," I cried; but he once more, as we approached him, kept away.

We were now actually on the bar. The noise *was astounding*—deafening. *The sea foamed* and raged, and *flew up in mist*, and boiled in over *our decks on either hand*, as if we had been borne away in some phantom ship, that floated on white foam instead of water; while in the very channel we were running through, the heave of the sea from without was met by the rush of the stream downwards, and flashed up in numberless jets of sparkling water, which danced about in the moonlight, and curled, and hissed, and vanished, as if they had been white-shrouded, unreal midnight spectres. We ran on, the strange sail on our lee beam.

"Now is your chance," shouted old Pumpbolt; "jam him down against the long reef there—up with your helm, Mr Brail."

"Ease off the sheets," chimed in the first-lieutenant. "Handsomely, men—handsomely."

In an instant our broadsides were rasping.

"Starboard—shove him down, Mr Brail!" again shrieked the master; "hard-a-weather—ram him on the reef there or board him — time enough to luff when he strikes."

I was fully alive to all this. The whole scene was all this time brightly lit up by the glorious moon, and we could perfectly see what we were about. We sheered close aboard of the schooner.

"Fire, small-arm men—boarders, be ready."

He eschewed the combat, however, and kept off the wind also. A bright rainbow was at this moment formed by the moonbeams, in the salt spray—the blessed emblem of peace and forgiveness—*here!* Yes; the bow of the Immutable, of Him who hath said, "My ways are not like your ways!" spanned the elemental turmoil, the scene of the yet more fearful conflict of man's evil passions, in a resplendent arch, through which the stars sparkled, their bright rays partaking of the hues through which they shone. Oh, it was like the hope of mercy brooding o'er the gloom and troubled heavings of a sinner's deathbed!

"A good omen—a glorious omen!" shouted young De Walden in the excitement of the moment.

"Jam her on the reef!" again yelled the master.

I did so. Crash!—the schooner struck. Her foremast bent forward like a willow wand, the cordage and blocks rattling, and then went over the bows like a shot. The next we

broke in smoke over her, and hove her broadside on upon the reef—another shock, and the mainmast was lumbering and rasping over the sides. She now fell off with her broadside to the sea, which was making a fair breach over her; and while the cries of the unfortunates aboard of her rent the air, and it was clear she must instantly go to pieces, we all at once slid out of the infernal turmoil of dashing waves—"the hell of waters"—and rose buoyantly on the long smooth swell, that was rolling in from the offing. For a minute before not a word had been spoken by officers or men, all hands being riveted to the deck, looking out, and expecting every moment to see the vessel under foot driven into staves; but now, as each man drew a long breath, old Davie, with most unlooked for agility, gave a *spang* into the air, and while he *skiffed* his old hat over the mast-head, as an offering to Neptune, the gallant little Midge bent to the freshening blast, like a racehorse laying himself to his work, and once more bounded exultingly "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea," as if the sweet little craft had been instinct with life, and conscious that she had once more regained her own proper element—the cloven water roaring at her bows, as the stem tore through it, like a trenchant ploughshare, dashing it right and left into smoke, until it rushed past us in a white sheet of buzzing water, that spun away in a long straight wake astern, in the small yeasty *swirls* of which the moon and stars sparkled diamond-like, but of many hues, as if the surface of the ever restless ocean had been covered with floating prisms.—"Hurrah—hurrah—we [redacted] once more in blue water!"

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

If there be a spell in words to raise high expectation and eager curiosity in the world of letters and politics, it consists in those at the head of this Article. But these Memoirs are UNPUBLISHED, AND INTENDED TO BE POSTHUMOUS! How, then, have we got a peep at their contents? In the following manner:—Monsieur de Chateaubriand has but a short time ago regaled a select circle of his friends with the high treat of hearing him read these Memoirs at his retreat at the *Abbaye au Bois*. We need hardly say that they were heard with the liveliest sensations of delight, and moved his audience often even to tears. Of this favoured audience one—doubtless not without the permission of Monsieur de Chateaubriand—has communicated to the *Revue de Paris* certain passages and fragments of the MSS., from *recollection, it is said*. These recollections are most vivid, and have all the appearance of being faithful; but there is often more than recollections—whole extracts from the Memoirs themselves. These we are *now* about to lay before our readers. *But we must not omit* previously to *notice the "Testamentary Preface" of Monsieur de Chateaubriand*, lately face that ever was written; in itself a piece of high biographical interest. If Monsieur de Chateaubriand's name were not alone sufficient, it would serve to shew the deep, varied, and *entrainant* interest of the legacy he is to bequeath to posterity. May this bequest be yet long delayed! May the illustrious testator continue long not only to serve his country by his splendid talents, but to adorn humanity by his brilliant example of whatever is high and chaste in enthusiasm, of whatever is pure and lofty in principle! The following is the preface. It is dated August 1, 1832, and has this motto prefixed:—

"Sicut nubes, quasi navis, velut umbra."

"As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my end—as at my age the days granted to man are days of grace, or rather of rigour, I am about, lest Death should surprise me, to explain the nature of a work whose prolongation is destined to beguile the *ennui* of these last deserted hours, which interest no one, and of which I know not how to dispose.

"The Memoirs, at the head of which this preface will be read, em-

begun since the year 1811, and continued till the present day. I have related in that which is finished, and I shall relate in that which is only planned, my infancy, my education, my early youth, my entrance in the service, my arrival in Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI., the commencement of the Revolution, my travels in America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany and England, my return to France under the Consulate, my occupations and my works under the Empire, my journey to Jerusalem, my occupations and works under the Restoration; and, finally, the complete history of the Restoration, and its fall.

"I have met almost all the men who, in my time, have played any part, small or great, both in foreign countries and at home, from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII. to Alexander, from Pius to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria, to Malesherbes, Mirabeau, &c. &c.; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehémet, Pacha of Egypt, to Suffrien, Bougainville, La Perouse, Moreau, &c. &c. I have made part of a triumvirate which had never before an example. Three poets, of opposed interests and nations, found themselves, nearly at the same time, Ministers of Foreign Affairs—myself in France; Mr Canning, in England; and Martinez de la Rosa, in Spain. I have traversed, successively, the vacant years of my youth, the crowded years of the Republic, the pomps of Napoleon, and the reign of legitimacy.

"I have explored the seas of the Old and New World, and trodden the soil of the four quarters of the globe. After having sheltered under the hut of the Iroquois, under the tent of the Arab, in the wigwams of the Hurons, in the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, of Carthage, of Grenada, with the Greek, the Turk, the Moor, among forests and ruins; after having donned the bear-skin casque of the savage, and the silken cafetan of the Mameluke; after having suffered poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile, I have sat down minister and ambassador, embroidered with gold, *and covered with* decorations and *ribbons at the table of* kings, and *the fêtes of princes* and princesses, only to fall again into indigence, and to experience the prison.

"I have been in relation with a crowd of personages, illustrious in armies, in the church, in politics, in the magistracy, in sciences, and in arts. I possess immense materials, more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies, especially some relating to my appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs, among which are several remarkable pieces concerning particularly myself, hitherto unknown. I have carried the musket of a soldier, the stick of a pedestrian, and the staff of a pilgrim. A navigator, my destinies have shifted with the inconstancy of my sails. A water-bird, I have made my nest upon the waves.

"I have been concerned in peace and in war; I have signed treaties and protocols, and published in the midst of them (*chemin faisant*) numerous works. I have been initiated in the secrets of parties of the Court and the State. I have witnessed, not afar off, but near, the greatest reverses, the loftiest fortunes, the most sounding celebrities. I have assisted at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves, at the re-edification and demolition of thrones. I have made essays on history, which I could have written; and my life, solitary, dreamy, and poetic, has traversed this world of catastrophes, tumult, and noise, with the sons of my dreams, Chactas, René, Eudore, Aben Hamet; and with the daughters of my fantasy, Atalla, Amelia, Blanca, Velleda, and Cymodocia. On my age, I have exerted, perhaps without wishing it, and without seeking for it, a triple influence, religious, political, and literary.

"I am no longer surrounded but by three or four contemporaries of a long renown; Alfieri, Canova, Monte, have disappeared. Of its brilliant days, Italy preserves only Pindemonte and Manzoni. Pellico has lingered out his best years in the dungeons of Spielburg; the talents of the country of Dante are condemned to silence, or forced to languish on a foreign shore. Lord Byron and Canning died young. Walter Scott seems about to leave us. Goethe has just quitted us, full of glory and of years. France has almost nothing of her past, so rich in tales

She is commencing a new era; I remain to inter my age, as the old priest in the sack of Beziers, who was to sound the knell to entomb himself after the last citizen had expired.

"When Death shall have let down the curtain between me and the world, my drama will be found to be divided into three acts. From my earliest youth, to 1800, I was soldier and traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the Consulate and the Empire, my life has been literary; since the Restoration to the present day, political. In my three successive careers I have proposed to myself a great task; as a traveller, I aspired to the discovery of the Polar world—as an author, to re-establish religion on its ruins; as a statesman, I have striven to shew to nations the representative monarchic system, with its several liberties. I have at least aided to attain that which is worth them all, which replaces them, and holds the place of a constitution—the liberty of the press. If I have often failed in my designs, it was a failure of destiny. Foreigners who have succeeded in their designs, were seconded by fortune; they had behind them powerful friends and a tranquil country. I have not had this happiness.

"Of all contemporary modern French authors, I am the only one whose life resembles his works; traveller, soldier, poet, legist, it is in the woods that I have sung of the woods, in vessels that I have described the sea, in camps that I have spoken of armies, in exile that I learnt of exile, and in courts, in affairs, in assemblies, that I have studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were involved in the public cause, and partook of its fate. In Italy and Spain, towards the close of the middle age, the first genius of letters and the arts participated in the social movement. What stormy and splendid lives are those of Dante, of Tasso, of Camoens, of Ercilla, and Cervantes!

"In France, our ancient poets and ancient historians sang and wrote in the midst of pilgrimages and of combats. Thibault, Count of Campagne, Villehardouin Joinville, borrowed the felicities of their style from the adventures of their career. Froissard sought for his history on the high-roads, and learnt it from the knights and abbots whom he met. But from the reign of Francis I., our writers have been isolated individuals, whose talents might be the expression of the mind, but not of the facts of their epoch. If I am destined to live, I will represent in my person—represented in my Memoirs—the principles, the ideas, the events, the catastrophes, the epopœia of my time; and this the more faithfully, as I have seen a world begin and end, and the opposed characters of this beginning and this end are mixed in my opinions. I meet myself, as it were, between two ages, as at a confluence of two streams; I have plunged into the troubled waters, borne with regret from the old bank where I was born, and swimming with hope towards the unknown shore, on which new generations will arise.

[redacted]y Memoirs, divided into books [redacted]arts, have been written at different dates and in different places. These sections naturally introduce sorts of prologues, which recall the events which have happened since the last dates, and point out the places where I resume the thread of my narration. The varying events and changing forms of my life, thus reciprocally cross each other. It happens sometimes that in my moments of prosperity, I have to speak of my unhappy days, and that in my days of tribulation I retrace those of my happiness. The different sentiments of the various periods of my life, my youth interpenetrating my age, the gravity of my years of experience saddening my years of gaiety; the rays of my sun from its dawn to its setting, crossing each other and blended together, like the scattered reflex lights of my existence, giving a sort of indefinable unity to my work; my cradle has something of my tomb, my tomb something of my cradle; my sufferings become my pleasures; my pleasures griefs, and one will not be able to discover whether these Memoirs are the work of a head bald or covered with locks.

"I say not this to praise myself, for I know not whether it be good or whether it be bad, but it has so happened, without premeditation, by the inconstancy of the tempests which have been unloosed against

my back, and which have often left me only the raft of my shipwreck, to write such or such a fragment of my life.

"I have felt a paternal affection in the composition of these Memoirs. The notes which accompany the text are of three sorts; the first, at the end of the volumes, consist of explanative and corroborative pieces; the second, at the bottom of the pages, are of the same epoch as the text; the third, also at the bottom of the pages, have been added since the composition of the text; they bear the date of the time and place in which they were written. A year or two in solitude, in some corner of the earth, will suffice for the accomplishment of my task. I have had no repose but during the nine months that I slept in the bosom of my mother; and it is probable that I shall only regain this ante-natal repose in the bosom of our common m[illegible] after death.

"Many of my friends have pressed me to publish at present a part of my history; but I cannot yield to their wish. First, I should be, in spite of myself, less frank and less true; then I have always imagined myself writing from my coffin. The work has hence taken a certain religious character, which I could not divest it of without injury; it would cost me much to stifle this distant voice issuing from the tomb, which is heard throughout the whole course of the recital. It will not be found strange that I preserve some weakness, and that I am anxious about the fate of the poor orphan, destined to remain after me upon the earth. If Minos judges that I have suffered enough upon this earth to be a happy shade in the next, a little light from the Elysian fields, shed over my last picture, will render the defects of the painter less salient. Life sits ill upon me, Death perhaps will sit better."

It is with reluctance that we stop here, previous to giving our readers a foretaste of these Memoirs, which promise to be so splendid and of such fascinating interest—to make a remark upon the apparent egotism of this preface. This must not be confounded with petty vanity, nor *still less with selfishness*, of which *egotism is generally* the sign; for *there is a class of genius* of which a spiritual and abstract egotism is the very essence. Of this kind was the genius of Rousseau and Byron; and of this kind, only refined by high moral and religious tendencies, is the genius of Chateaubriand. This class of genius only sympathizes with the outward universe, as it reacts upon its proper identity. It is an acuteness of sensibility which absorbs in itself all the powers of reason and observation, and *individualizes* every thing by making it part and parcel of its own essential being. A genius of this kind will always be the prominent figure in every picture he may design; every other figure would be to him a nonentity, but for the influence, the lights or shadows it casts upon himself, the reality amidst the shows. He therefore groups all things about himself; he cannot stir out of the circle of self, nor is it to be desired he should, for this *self* reflects humanity. This is the key to the egotism of Monsieur Chateaubriand, which is more or less apparent in all his works. To quarrel with it, is to quarrel with a peculiar character of genius, which, if not of the highest order, has at least the strongest hold upon our sympathies. For our own parts, we love to behold this vivifying principle, not only in his works, but even when it appears more broadly, and takes the semblance (though it may be far removed from it in reality) of vanity. We love to figure to ourselves the chivalrous and enthusiastic old poet and statesman, collecting about him of an evening, in the old aristocratic religious building of the *Abbaye au Bois*, his select circle of friends, and reading aloud the adventures of his youth, and vicissitudes of his life, himself the author, the hero, and the reciter of his narrative. We fancy the enthusiasm with which he recites the story of his juvenile years, (yet retaining their buoyant spirit,) when he found a fairy land in the savage wilds of America, when he roamed its boundless forests, committed himself, a wanderer, with heaven above him and in his heart, to its broad streams, visited in solitude, his "*best society*," the appalling Falls of the Niagara, and, borne along by ecstatic fancy, and its sudden joys, as it were with wings, lived, as he advanced, unharmed and cherished among su

cessive groups of wild savages, but to him gentle and loving, as the beings of his fancy with whom he has peopled their glades. We follow him in all his cadences and elevations, in his bursts of eloquence, and transports of sensibility. We sympathize with the sympathy and admiration of his auditors. We wonder not at the tears of delight which spring to their eyes; and when we look up at the bald head and wrinkled front of the animated reciter, we could hug the old man for his boyish enthusiasm and sensibility, if reverence did not teach us rather to bow to him as the type and model of all that is estimable and admirable in youth, manhood, and old age.

But it is time we should proceed to the narrative. The first volume, then, is devoted to the ancestors, and the father of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, a race of gentlemen of the old *noblesse*, and who lived constantly away from the Court of Louis XIV. One of the most remarkable of this old race was the father of the author. He was poor, as had been *his* father, and was left alone in the world with his mother. He was scarcely fifteen years of age, when, kneeling before the bed of his mother, he asked her for her blessing, as he had resolved to go and seek his fortune. With his mother's blessing, he embarked at St Malo. He was twice prisoner, and twice escaped. On his return to St Malo the last time, he married a young person of noble birth, by whom he had several children. Monsieur de Chateaubriand and his sister, Lucilla, were the two youngest. They were brought up at the chateau of Combourg, the ancient mansion of the Chateaubriands, which his father had repurchased. Of the chateau of Combourg, desolate and abandoned, there is the following description in *René*. "I arrived at the chateau by the long avenue of pines. I traversed on foot its deserted courts; I stopped to contemplate the closed and half-broken windows. The thistles which grew at the foot of the walls, the fallen leaves which gathered about the doors, and the *solitary vestibule* where I had so *often seen my father* and his faithful *servants. The* marble basins were *already covered* with moss. Yellow jointed and trembling stones. An unknown porter opened to me rudely the gate. Covering for a moment my eyes with my handkerchief, I entered beneath the roof of my ancestors. I traversed the echoing apartments, and heard nothing but the sound of my own steps. The chambers were hardly lighted by the feeble light which penetrated through the closed shutters. I visited the room where my mother had expired, that in which my father used to retire, the one in which I had slept in my cradle, and where friendship had uttered its first vows in the bosom of my sister. Everywhere the halls spread before me in melancholy nakedness, and the spider spun its webs along the abandoned cornices. I quitted these scenes precipitately. I left them with a hurried step, and dared not turn round my head as I departed. How sweet, but how rapid, are the moments which brothers and sisters pass together in the society of their aged parents!" If Monsieur de Chateaubriand had not written those Memoirs of his youth, his character might be found in *René*. "My temper was impetuous and unequal, alternately buoyant and joyous, and silent and melancholy. Sometimes I assembled about me my young companions, and then suddenly abandoned them to contemplate a passing cloud, or to listen to the rain falling on the leaves." But that which we find not in *René*, we find in his Memoirs; that his respect for his father was mingled with terror. His father was a man of tall stature, of a physiognomy sombre and severe, imposing in all his manners, his step heavy, his voice solemn, his look stern. During the day, young François de Chateaubriand would rather make a long circuit than meet his father; but on the fall of night the whole family assembled together in the half-deserted chateau, situated in the midst of woods, and far from all other habitation. In a vast hall they spent their evenings; the mother and the two youngest children sitting within the embrasure of the immense chimney, and the father, enveloped in his cloak, pacing the apartment backwards and forwards in silence. As this lord and master got more distant from the chimney corner, the

and the children became more animated; as his footsteps sounded more distant, the children's voices became louder, but as the old Count returned from the door to the chimney, the conversation lowered; and the more he advanced, the more the voices sank. Sometimes he would stop before the chimney, and not a whisper was heard; but if by chance there were, his stern voice demanding "*who speaks?*" produced again the most profound stillness. Thus were the evenings spent in alternate chatter and silence. At eleven o'clock the old *seigneur* retired to his chamber, then the mother and children would listen till they heard him walking above; his footstep made the old floor groan; as soon as all was silent, the mother, son, and daughter, uttered a cry of joy, and the two children began to play a thousand frolics, or amused themselves in telling ghost stories. Among these stories [redacted] is one which Monsieur Chateaubriand relates in his Memoirs. The following is a feeble sketch of this tale:—One night at midnight an old monk in his cell heard a knocking at his door. A plaintive voice called to him. The monk hesitated to open. At last he rises and opens. It was a pilgrim who demanded hospitality. The monk gave a bed to the pilgrim, and threw himself upon his own. But scarcely was he asleep, when he sees the pilgrim at the side of his bed, signing to him to follow him. They go out together. The door of the church opens and then shuts behind them. The priest at the altar celebrates the holy mysteries. Arrived at the foot of the altar, the pilgrim takes off his cowl, and shews the monk a death's-head. "You have given me a place by your side," said the pilgrim, "and in my turn I will give you a place on my bed of ashes." The delightful terrors occasioned by such tales as these, made the brother and sister cling close together. Nothing is more touching than the pages of Monsieur de Chateaubriand when he speaks of his beautiful affectionate sister, Lucilla. All his infancy was passed by her side; they had both the same sorrows, the same pleasures, the same terrors. "*Timid,*" he says, "*and under constraint before my father, I only found joy and content in company of my sister; she was a* little older than me. We loved to climb the hills together, and together to traverse the woods at the fall of the leaf; the recollection of these walks yet fills my soul with delight. Oh! illusions of infancy and my country, will you never lose your charms! Sometimes we walked in silence, listening to the wailing of the autumn winds, or to the noise of the dried leaves which rustled under our feet; sometimes we pursued with our eyes the swallow in the meadow, or the rainbow upon the cloudy hills, and sometimes we murmured together verses which the spectacle of nature inspired. We had both a strain of sadness in our hearts. This we derived from God and our mother."

We cannot afford to follow Monsieur Chateaubriand through all his school adventures. These require the charms of Monsieur Chateaubriand's style to give them that interest which they no doubt possess in his Memoirs, but which appear a good deal faded in the *recollected* narrative of the *Revue de Paris*. But we must not omit to mention that he was educated at the college of Rennes, and that his favourite studies were *Horace* and the *Confessions of St Augustin*, which last book seems to have determined the religious character of his genius. From college he entered the army, and became, as far as military drill and duties are concerned, in the language of his colonel, an *accomplished officer*. His new military education being finished, his father determined to send him to Paris, to make his way by his own merits; but before he enters upon this new scene, he once more visits Combourg. Thus he speaks in his *Memoirs* on the occasion of this last visit:—"I have only revisited Combourg three times," (since his first absence we suppose.) "At the death of my father, all the family were assembled in the chateau, to say to each other *adieu*. Two years afterwards I accompanied my mother to Combourg; she went to have the old manor-house furnished, as my brother was about to establish himself there with my sister-in-law; my brother, however, came not into Brittany, and shortly after mounted the scaffold with his young wife, for whom my mother had prepared the nuptial bed. The last time I v

the road to Combourg, was on arriving at the port where I was to embark for America. After sixteen years of absence, when about to quit my native soil for the ruins of Greece, I went to embrace the remnants of my family in the lands of Brittany, but I had not courage to undertake the pilgrimage to my paternal fields. It was among the shades of Combourg that I have become what I am. It was there I saw my family united and dispersed. Of ten children only four remained. My mother died of grief, and the ashes of my father were scattered to the winds. If my works survive me, if I should leave behind me a name, the traveller, perhaps, some day, guided by these Memoirs, will stop a moment in the places I have described. He may recognise the chateau, but he will look in vain for the wood; it has been felled; the cradle of my dreams has disappeared like my dreams themselves. Alone remaining upon its rock, the antique dungeon seems to regret the oaks which surrounded it, and protected it from the tempests. Isolated like it, I have seen, like it, the family which embellished my days, and afforded me shelter, fall around me. Thanks to Heaven, my life is not built so solidly upon the earth as the towers in which I passed my youth!"

The scene now changes to Paris. The venerable Monsieur de Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., and whose daughter was married to the elder brother of Chateaubriand, seems to have been the first who appreciated the talents of young François. The following is the sketch which the Memoirs give of this venerable character, who afterwards, in his extreme old age, with his grand-daughter and her husband, perished by the guillotine:—"The alliance which united his family to mine procured me often the happiness of approaching him. I seemed to become stronger and freer in my mind when in the presence of this virtuous man, who, in the midst of the corruption of courts, had preserved, in an elevated rank, the integrity and courage of a patriot. I *shall long recollect* the last interview *I had with him*: it was in the morning. *I found him*, by chance, alone *with his grand-daughter*. He spoke fully partook of. I shall never forget the venerable old man condescending to give me advice, and saying,—'I am wrong to speak of these things with you; I should rather urge you to moderate that warmth of heart which brought so much evil on our friend. I have been like you: injustice revolted me; I have done as much good as I could, without counting on the gratitude of men. You are young; you have many things to see. I have but a short time to live.' I suppress what the freedom of intimate conversation, and the indulgence of his character, made him add. The pain which I experienced on quitting him, foretold a presentiment that I should never see him again!

"Monsieur de Malesherbes was a man of large stature, but the feebleness of his health prevented him from appearing so. That which astonishing in him was the [illegible] with which he expressed himself in his extreme old age. If you saw him seated without speaking, with his sunken eyes, his grey eyelashes, and his benevolent air, you would have taken him *for one* of those august personages painted by Lesueur. But when the sensitive chords were touched, the lightning flashed forth. His eyes immediately opened and expanded. Words of fire came from his mouth; his air, from pensive, became animated, and a young man in all the effervescence of youth seemed before you; but his bald head, his words a little confused, from the defect of his pronunciation, caused by his want of teeth, recalled again the old man. This contrast redoubled the charm found in his conversation, as one admires those fires which burn in the midst of the snows of winter.

"Monsieur de Malesherbes has filled Europe with his name, but the defender of Louis XVI. was not less admirable at the other epochs of his life than in his last days, which are gloriously crowned in [illegible] of men of letters, the world owes to him the Esdilus of Rousseau; and it is known, that he was the only man, the Maresehal of Luxembourg excepted, whom Jean Jaques sincerely loved. More than once he has opened the gates of the Bastile, he alone refused to supply his [illegible]

came out pure from places where so many others had left their virtue behind them. Some have blamed him for giving in to what has been called the *principles of the day*. If by this is meant hatred of abuses, Monsieur de Malesherbes was certainly culpable. For my own part I avow, that if he had been merely a good and loyal gentleman, ready to sacrifice himself for the King his master, and to appeal to his sword rather than to his religion, I should have sincerely esteemed him, but I should have left it to others to write his eulogium."

From the city Monsieur de Chateaubriand passes to the Court. To be presented to the King, it was necessary to be military, and of the grade of captain at least. He therefore obtained that rank, and was admitted to the honours of the Court, and saw Louis XVI. face to face. Thus he speaks of this unhappy and amiable monarch and victim:—

"Louis XVI. was of an advantageous stature; his shoulders were large, and his belly prominent. His walk was ungainly, rolling, as it were, from one leg to the other; his vision was short; his eyes half shut; his mouth large; his voice hollow and vulgar. He was fond of a hearty laugh; his air announced gaiety,—not the gaiety, perhaps, of a superior mind, but the cordial joy of an honest man, coming from a conscience without reproach. He was not without knowledge, especially in geography. For the rest, he had his weaknesses like other men. He loved, for example, to play tricks upon his pages, and to spy, at five o'clock in the morning, from the windows of the palace, the movements of the gentlemen of the Court as they left their apartments. If at a hunt one passed between him and the stag, he was subject to sudden fits of anger, as I have experienced myself. One day, when it was excessively hot, an old gentleman of the stables, who had followed the chase, being fatigued, got down from his horse, and, stretching himself on his back, fell asleep in the shade. Louis passed by, perceived him, and thought it a good joke to wake him up. He got down then from his horse, and, without wishing to hurt this ancient servant, *he let fall rather* a heavy stone on his breast. Awakening up, the old gentleman, in the first moment of pain and anger, called out,—'Ah! I know you well in this trick; you were so from your infancy; you are a tyrant, a cruel man, a ferocious animal!' And he continued to overwhelm the King with insults. His Majesty quickly regained his horse, and half laughing, half sorry that he had hurt a man whom he loved much, muttered as he went away,—'Ha, ha! he is angry! he is angry! he is angry!'"

But what was Versailles, its Palace, and its Court, to Monsieur de Chateaubriand, whilst the Bastile was taking at Paris, and the Revolution, with its mighty events, were in full career of developement! What his opinions were at the *commencement* of the Revolution is not stated, but he had personal acquaintance with all the great disorganizing spirits, who let loose its fierce elements, and were afterwards pulverized and swept from the scene by its ravaging breath. He seems to have known Mirabeau intimately, dined often with him, and accompanied him to the tavern. One day as they got up together from dinner after a long animated conversation, Mirabeau, laying his two large hands on the shoulders of his young companion, said to him, alluding to their conversation, "They will never pardon me my superiority." But the horrors of the Revolution soon ensued, and whatever illusions the brilliant vision of prospective liberty and regeneration might have cast over the imagination of the young poet, they quickly melted away at the touch of *humanity*. The blood, the crimes, the rant and fury, which early began to blot out and swallow up every fair hope in despair and dread, awakened his uncontrollable indignation; this was too strong to be suppressed in one so ardent and humane; and on one occasion, seeing a head carried on a pike before his hotel, he called out of his window, "Murder, murder! assassins, assassins!" This virtuous ardour and indignation would soon doubtless have brought him to the guillotine, if Monsieur de Malesherbes, compassionating his youth and virtue, and foreseeing, that if he remained in France, he would surely fall a victim

to his generous and courageous sentiments, had not persuaded him to make the voyage to America.

"If I were in your place," said Monsieur de Malesherbes, "I would go to America; I would undertake some great enterprise; I would travel for ten years." This idea fired the imagination of young Chateaubriand. He had already a great enterprise in his mind. It is thus he developes in his Memoirs the idea of this enterprise:—

"The voyage which I then undertook was only the prelude of another much more important, the plan of which I communicated to Monsieur de Malesherbes on my return. I proposed to myself nothing less than to determine, by land, the grand question of the South Sea passage by the North. It is known, that in spite of the efforts of Captain Cook and other navigators, it has always remained in doubt."

One can hardly help smiling at this project of discovery terminating in those beautiful tales or poems by which Monsieur de Chateaubriand has immortalized his wanderings in America. For our parts, however, we are perfectly contented that it has so terminated. Let others travel and discover, but their travellings and discoveries, however important, will never be to us half so delightful, as contemplating this young enthusiastic "*échappé*" from civilisation, this *refugée* from the artificial existence of a Court, fleeing refinement and crime, and plunging into the depths of savage life, as into a bath, to cleanse and rejuvinate his spirit, and then to send it forth in all its beautified purity, to explore, to marvel at, to be transported with the springing wonders of nature where man is not. He became, as it were, a playfellow of the forests and mighty streams; all eye, all heart, all ecstasy. But what is most delightful, he humanizes upon every thing he sees. Nothing encounters his sight, even in inanimate nature, nothing is shaped by his fancy, but it immediately vibrates upon some chord of his heart. How different is *humanity* from *civilisation!* Compare the scenes which were then *going on in Paris*, with those which *Monsieur de Chateaubriand* found *in the huts of the* wild Indian warheightens the delight which we feel in accompanying him in his poet's rambles through a new world. But we must proceed with the Memoirs. Monsieur de Chateaubriand embarked for America at St Malo, on the 6th of May, 1791. The sentiments he experienced on his first arrival, are well described in his "*Génie du Christianisme.*"

"I remained for some time with my arms crossed, looking about me with a confusion of feelings and ideas, which I could not disentangle then, and which I cannot at present describe. This continent, unknown by the rest of the world in ancient times, and in the modern for many ages; its first savage destinies, and its fate since the arrival of Christopher Columbus; the domination of the monarchies of Europe shaken off in this new world; their old societies renewed in this young country; a republic of a nature hitherto unknown, announcing a change in the human mind, and in political order; the part which my country had taken in these events; these seas and shores owing partly their independence to French blood; a great man, Washington, arising suddenly in the midst of these discords and deserts, the inhabitant of a flourishing city in the same place, where, a century before, William Penn had bought a slip of ground from some Indians; the United States, sending to France, across the ocean, the revolution and liberty; finally, my own destinies, the discoveries which I aimed at in those native solitudes, which yet extended their vast domains behind the narrow empire of foreign civilisation;—these were the reflections which occupied my mind."

Another pointed reflection he makes is—"There is nothing old in America, but the woods, the sons of the earth, and liberty, the mother of all human society."

The recital of his interview with Washington is very pleasing.

"A little house of the English construction, resembling the houses in its neighbourhood, was the palace of the President of the United States. No guards, no valets. I knocked—a young servant-girl opened to me. I asked her if the General was at home. She asked me my name, which being

she could not retain. But she said, 'Walk in, sir,' and went before me through one of those long and narrow corridors, which serve as a vestibule to English houses. She introduced me into a parlour, and told me the General would attend me. I was not moved; greatness of soul or of fortune never disconcert me. I admire the first, without being humbled by it. The world inspires me with more pity than respect. Never has the face of man troubled me. In a few minutes the General entered. He was a man of large stature, his demeanour calm, rather cold than noble. He resembles his pictures. I presented him my letter in silence; he opened it, turned to the signature, which he read aloud, exclaiming—'Colonel Armand!' It was thus that the Marquis de la Rouverie had signed. We sat down. I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my voyage. He answered me by monosyllables in French or English. He listened to me with astonishment. I approached him, and said with vivacity—'But it is less difficult to discover the North-East passage than to create a people as you have done.'—'*Well, well,*' said he, '*young man,*' stretching to me his hand. He invited me to dine with him on the following day, and we parted.

"I was exact to the rendezvous. We were but five or six guests. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French Revolution. The General shewed us the key of the Bastile. These keys were silly toys, which were then distributed in the two worlds. If Washington had seen, like me, the vanquishers of the Bastile in the gutters of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The seriousness and the force of this revolution was not in its bloody orgies. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the faubourg St Antoine demolished the Protestant temple of Charenton with as much zeal as they devastated the church of St Denis in 1793. Such was my meeting with this man, who has emancipated a whole world. Washington had sunk into the tomb before any fame was attached to my name; I passed before him as *the most unknown* being. *He was in all his splendour, and I in all my obscurity.* Perhaps my name did not remain a whole day in his memory. Happy am I, nevertheless, that his regards have fallen upon me. I have felt myself warmed by them during the rest of my life. There is virtue in the regard of a great man. I have seen since Bonaparte. Thus Providence has shewn me two persons, whom it has been pleased to place at the head of the destinies of their age."

Having taken leave of Washington, Monsieur de Chateaubriand pursues his route. The following passage, which will find a place in his Memoirs, will shew, however, how little his mind was bent on discovery. The fact seems to be, that this project originated in that ardent longing for indefinable enterprise which characterises genius, before it knows its own nature and quality. Monsieur Chateaubriand soon found the vast and the romantic in his heart and in nature, which had allured him in a project which he only saw in its distance and its consummation, without calculating the severe self-denial which it would impose upon the fancy. The passage we allude to is as follows:—

"I then set out for the country of savages, and embarked in a packet-boat, which ascended the river Hudson from New York to Albany. The society of passengers was numerous and agreeable, consisting of many women, and some American officers. A fresh breeze impelled us gently to our destination. Towards the evening of the first day, we assembled on the deck to take a collation of fruits and milk. The women were seated on benches, and the men placed themselves at their feet. The conversation was not long noisy. I have always remarked that the aspect of a fine scene of nature produces an involuntary silence. Suddenly one of the company cried out, 'It was here where Major Andre was executed.' Immediately all my ideas were scattered. A very pretty American lady was asked to sing a romance made on this unfortunate young man. She yielded to our entreaties, and sung with a voice, timid, but full of softness and emotion. The sun was setting. We were then sailing between lofty mountains. Here and there, suspended over their abysses, single cabins sometimes appeared, and

sometimes disappeared, among clouds, partly white, and partly rose-coloured, which floated horizontally at the height of these habitations. The points of rocks, and the bare tops of pine-trees, were sometimes seen above these clouds, and looked like little islands floating in the sea. The majestic river, now locked up between two parallel banks, stretched in a straight line before us, and anon turning towards the east, rolled its golden waves round some mount, which, advancing into the stream with all its plants, resembled a great bouquet of verdure bound to the foot of a blue and purple zone. We all kept a profound silence. For my part, I hardly dared to breathe. Nothing interrupted the plaintive song of the young passenger, except the noise which the vessel made in gliding through the water."

His rapture goes on increasing as he advances into the interior—into the virgin forests of America.

"After having passed the Mohawk, I found myself in woods that had never felt the axe, and fell into a sort of ecstasy. I went from tree to tree, to the right and left indifferently, saying to myself—no more roads to follow—no more cities—no more narrow houses—no more presidents, republics, kings. . . To try if I had recovered my original rights, I played a thousand wilful freaks, which enraged the big Dutchman, who served me as a guide, and who thought me mad."

This state of rapturous excitement, this intoxication of delight, so pure, so free, so buoyant, awakens all our interest, all our affection, for the young enthusiast. He has experienced, he has enraptured himself, with the *reality* of a poet's dream. We ask not what has become of his passage. How can a thought of civilized life come to disturb his enjoyments? He is among the savages. He accompanies the wild Indian on his hunting parties; he drinks, smokes, and broils his steak in his hut; he is one of his family, dancing and singing with the pretty Indian girls, sharing in their loves, and in the exercises and pastimes of their brothers; or he is in the great forests—free, free! Why should he compel his mind to think on any particular subject? This would be to him slavery. No; let his thoughts and fancies come and go like the airs of heaven. There is room in his breast for their circulation, since he is untrammelled by civilisation. Let him cast himself on the lake Erie, and from its banks behold those splendid serpents which inhabit them; let him learn their habits, and call them by their names; or, if you will, he will make them dance to his flute. Sometimes let him stand on the banks of the lake to contemplate the thousand fish that disport on its translucent waves; or let him stop suddenly to listen to the song of strange birds; or, shutting his eyes, harken to the multitudinous waters of the river as they rush into the sea.

This ecstasy, says an auditor of the Memoirs, has no end. Long pages are sometimes only long exclamations, breathing the very essence of contentment and happiness. In one place he says—"I was more than a king. If fate had placed me on a throne, and a revolution hurled me from it, instead of exhibiting my misery through Europe, like Charles and James, I should have said to amateurs: If my place inspires you with so much envy, try it, you will see it is not so good. Cut one another's throats for my old mantle. For my part, I will go and enjoy in the forests of America the liberty you have restored me to."

But this realized dream must end; and this is the manner he was awakened from it.

"Wandering from forest to forest, I approached a new American settlement. One evening, I saw on the banks of a streamlet, a farm-house built of the trunks of trees. I demanded hospitality, and it was granted. The night fell. The habitation was only lighted by the flame of the hearth. I sat down by the corner of the chimney; and whilst my hostess prepared my supper, I amused myself in reading, stooping my head, an English journal which had fallen on the ground. I perceived these words written in large letters: 'FLIGHT OF THE KING!' This was an account of the evasion of Louis XVI., and the arrest of the unfortunate monarch at Varennes. The journal also spoke of the increased emigration, and the assem-

army under the banners of the French princes. In this I thought I heard the voice of honour, and I abandoned my projects."

Returned to Philadelphia to embark, the first thing that reminded him he was a civilized man, was his want of money to pay his passage. The Captain, however, consented to take him, trusting to his word for payment. In his passage, he encounters a terrible tempest. The description of this tempest finishes the fourth book. "When a Dutch vessel is assailed by a tempest, officers and sailors shut themselves up in the inside of the vessel; all the port holes are shut; the dog of the vessel is alone left on the deck, who howls at the storm. Meantime the officers and sailors drink and smoke till the storm ceases. When it is over, the dog ceases to bark, and the crew come again on the deck—and I," says he, "I am the dog of the vessel, whom the restoration left on the deck to give warning of the storm, whilst it was under shelter."

As soon as Monsieur de Chateaubriand returns to Paris, he marries, and takes obscure lodgings in a little obscure street, behind the church of St Sulpice. His picture of Paris, at that moment of terror, is said to be magnificent and terrible. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, the Convention, the Jacobin club, the theatres, the cries, the clamours, the atrocious vociferations of the Mountain, of the populace, the street scenes, the tribune, the prisons: every thing which the ravelled up scene of horror, which Paris in 92 presented, has afforded matter for his eloquent pen. But honour and patriotism called him away from these orgies of blood and crime. He emigrates; and the following justification of this step, as it might properly find a place in his Memoirs, we here transcribe.

"I put to myself this question when writing the Siege of Trent. Why has Thrasybulus been raised to the clouds? And why are French emigrants trodden to the dust? Both cases are rigorously the same. The fugitives of the two countries, forced into exile by persecution, took arms in foreign lands in favour *of an ancient constitution* of their *country. Words cannot alter things. Except that the first contended for a* democracy, and the latter for a monarchy, the facts are the same.

"An honest foreigner by his fireside, in a tranquil country, sure to rise in the morning as he laid down at night, in possession of his fortune, his doors well shut, his friends within, and security without, may prove, whilst drinking his glass of wine, that the French emigrants were to blame, and that a citizen should never quit his country. But this honest foreigner is at his ease; no one persecutes him; he can go where he will, without the fear of being insulted or assassinated; his house is not set fire to; he is not hunted like a wild beast, merely because his name is John, and not Peter, and that his grandfather who died forty years ago had a right to sit in a church with three or four harlequins in livery behind him. * * But it is for misfortune to judge of misfortune. The vulgar heart of prosperity cannot comprehend the delicate sentiments of misfortune. If one considers without passion what the emigrants suffered in France, who is the man, who, putting his hand to his heart, would dare to say, 'I would not have done as they did!'"

Monsieur de Chateaubriand then determines to emigrate, but he has no money; the fortune of his wife consisted only of assignats. At last he gets a notary in the Faubourg St Honoré to advance him 12,000 francs on these assignats. But on returning home he meets with a friend; they walk and talk together, and at last they enter a gambling-house. At that time gaming was perhaps the most innocent amusement that remained. To a gentleman society was dangerous, and the relaxations of the people were in the clubs and round the scaffold. Whether from curiosity, or *ennui*, or weakness, Monsieur de Chateaubriand plays, and loses all his money except 1500 francs. With this he departs, gets into a fiacre, and drives home. On arriving, however, when he would hand his portfolio to his wife, he finds it gone. He had left it, with his last 1500 francs, in the hackney-coach. Nevertheless, Monsieur de Chateaubriand had imbibed too much equanimity of soul in the forests and among the savages of America, to b disturbed by this. He sleeps as p

foundly and tranquilly as if nothing had happened. In the morning, by great good luck, a young priest comes to him and returns him his portfolio, within which was his name and address, with the money. This priest had hired the hackney-coach immediately after he left it. He now directs his course to Bruxelles, travelling as a wine-merchant, and commissary of the army. Bruxelles was then the general rendezvous of the army of the Princes. The emigration was at that time divided into two parties, the first come and the last come; the first attributed to themselves exclusively the right of restoring the ancient dynasty. Monsieur de Chateaubriand was therefore very ill received, and from captain of cavalry became simple soldier, in one of the Breton companies, which were marching to form the siege of Thionville. With his knapsack on his back, and his musket on his shoulder, he marched gaily forward. One day he met the King of Prussia, Frederick William, on horseback. "Where are you going?" said the monarch. "I am going to fight," replied young Chateaubriand. "I see the French nobleman in that answer," said Frederick, and, saluting him, passed on. Monsieur Chateaubriand had a similar conversation at Bruxelles with Champfort, a man once of celebrity, but whose name is now almost forgotten. "From whence do you come?" asked Champfort. "From Niagara."—"Where are you going to?"—"To where battles are fought." Nevertheless, in spite of this gaiety and buoyancy of spirit, he felt sensibly the immense sacrifice he had made to principle, and the very small return of gratitude and consideration it brought with it. "The Bourbons had not need," says he, "that a cadet of Brittany should return from beyond the seas to offer them his obscure devotion: If I had lit the lamp of my hostess with the journal which changed the destinies of my life, and continued my voyage, no one would have perceived my absence, for none knew that I existed. It was a simple question between me and my conscience, which brought me back to the theatre of the world. I might have done as I wished. as I was the

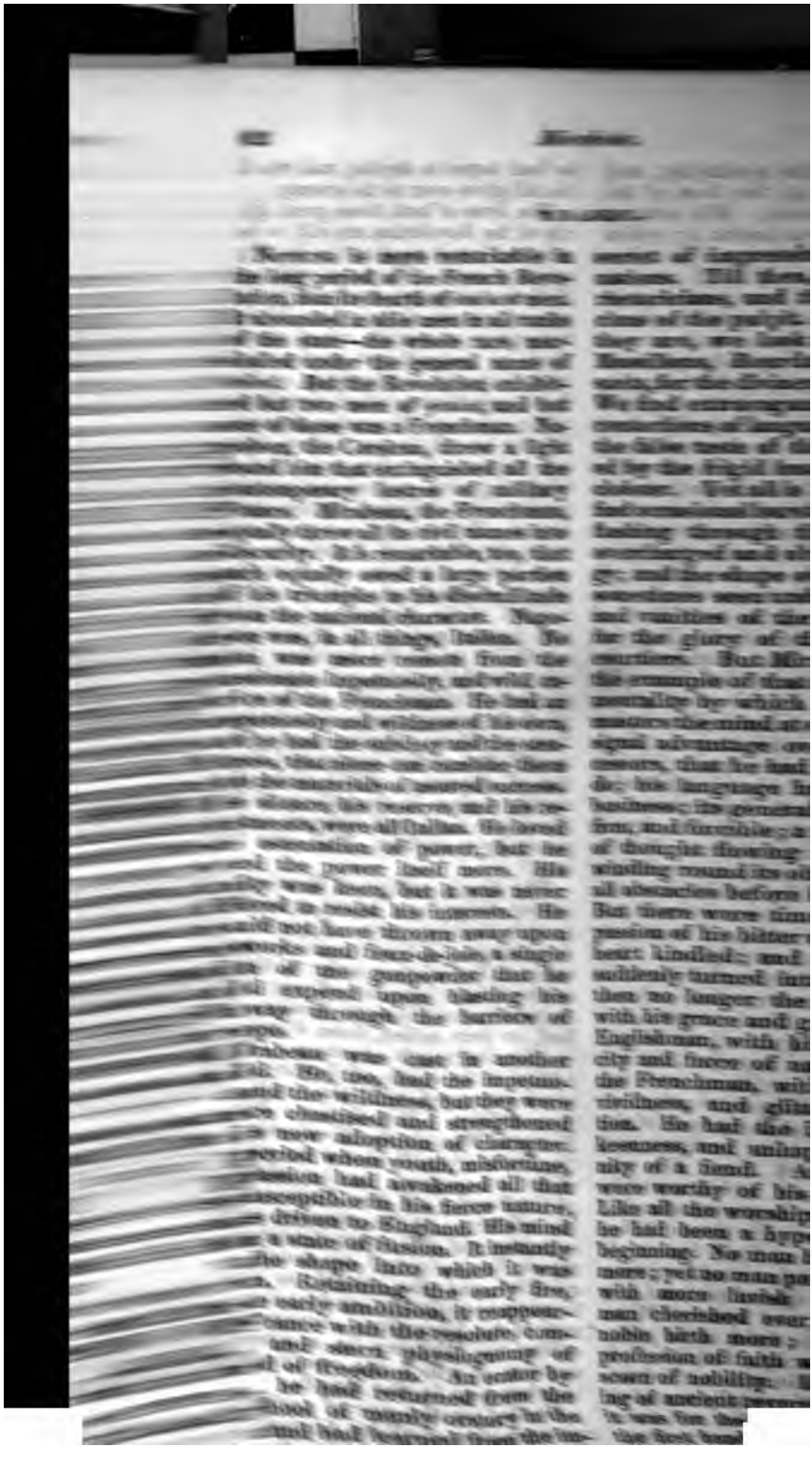
We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow the young soldier through his campaigns, and to give in his own words, for no other words could do them justice, the piquant anecdotes he relates, and to shew the sportive happy spirit with which he sustained—enjoyed, we might say—every privation. Sometimes we have him preparing the soup for his company, at others washing his shirt in the stream; but we wonder not at the gaiety and serenity of his temper, for at this moment he was writing *Atala*. One day the manuscript of *Atala*, which he carried in his knapsack, was pierced by a ball, and thus saved the poet's life; but he adds, with a smile, "*Atala had still to sustain the fire of the Abbé Morellet.*"

But he had heavier hardships than mere privations to suffer. He receives a wound in the leg, and is at the same time attacked by the small-pox and the dysentery, which was called the malady of the Prussians. But his courage does not abandon him. He marches as long as he can walk. When he passed through the towns, the road to the hospital was always pointed out to him, but he passed on. At Namur, a poor woman seeing him tremble with fever, feeling pity for him, threw an old blanket over his shoulders, and he continued his route with this covering. At last he is perfectly exhausted, and falls into a ditch by the road-side. In this state, motionless and senseless, he is picked up by a company of the Prince de Ligné which chanced to pass, and transported in a waggon to Bruxelles. But there he found every door shut against him; he goes from hotel to hotel, from house to house, in vain. He has no money to pay for his lodging; and lame, sick, ill, and apparently on the point of death, he is everywhere refused harbour. When in this abandoned condition, without help and without resource, seeking only a place to lie down and die, a carriage passes him; in this carriage was his brother. He had 3 200 francs in his pocket. He gives the half to Francis, and bids him adieu to re-enter France, and to die on the scaffold. Having had his wounds dress-

of Brittany. He is conducted to Ostend. "At Ostend," the Memoirs here speak, "I met several Bretons, my compatriots and my comrades, who had formed the same project as myself. We hired a little bark for Jersey, and were shut up during the passage in its hold. The bad weather, the want of air and space, and the motion of the sea, exhausted the little strength I had left; the wind and the tide obliged us to put in at Guernsey. As I was on the point of death, I was carried on shore and placed against a wall, my face turned to the sun, that I might breathe my last. The wife of a sailor happened to pass; she took compassion on me, called her husband, and aided by two or three other English sailors, transported me into the house of a fisherman, and placed me in a good bed. It is probably to this act of charity that I owe my life. The next day I was re-embarked on board a sloop of Ostend. When we arrived at Jersey I was completely delirious. I was received by my maternal uncle, the Count de Bedée, and remained several months in a state between life and death. In the spring of 1793, thinking myself sufficiently strong to take arms again, I crossed into England, where I hoped to find the direction of the princes; but my health, instead of mending, continued to decline; my chest was affected, and I could hardly breathe. Some skilful doctors who were consulted, declared that I might linger on for some weeks, perhaps for some months, perhaps for some years, but that I must avoid all fatigue, and not count on a long existence.

"Throw open the doors for his Excellency my Lord Viscount de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador at London, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c.!" It is with this exclamation that Mons. de Chateaubriand breaks off, when the contrast between his first and second sojourn in England presents itself to his mind. His Memoirs are filled with these admirable contrasts and sudden exclamations. We must here break off; indeed there is little more to notice. The Memoirs, so far as they have yet proceeded, terminate nearly in this place. They stop after his first voyage to England. Nevertheless, his last reading was the relation of his journey to the place of exile of Charles the Tenth; so that they are not written consecutively, but are filled up according as his humour dictates. He has made only two copies of them; one in the hands of Madame de Chateaubriand, and the other in those of Madame Recambier. It is said that they are already sold to an English bookseller for L.1000 per volume. It is needless to add any comment. Doubtless it will be an invaluable acquisition to have the mighty events which have checquered Mons. de Chateaubriand's life, and the destinies of the world of Europe during its period, exhibited to us, as they have passed through and been coloured by such a mind. He himself in his own person represents a *principle;* the aristocratic and religious principle of society. He represents it in all its splendour, in all its purity, in all its power; a more unexceptionable representative could not be chosen to place it in its happiest light. Mons. de Talleyrand too, we are told, is writing his Memoirs. He also represents a *principle*—the antagonist principle; the principle of popular ascendency, of unbelief, of expediency. He is equally a most favourable representative, to set his principle in its best point of view, being without violence, without crime, without exaggeration, and sincerely desirous of the good and happiness of mankind. When we have the Memoirs of these two master-minds, we may say we have the picture of the mind of Europe during their epoch, and of the two antagonist principles, whose collision has flooded Europe with blood, and still continues to agitate and threaten it with further revolutions. But how differently will the same events appear seen through such different optics!

O. D.



into the heart of the monarchy, and flung it bleeding at the foot of the statue of Jacobinism. His oratory was the great instrument by which this singular ascendency was achieved. It had no rival and no successor in France. Surrounded as he was from the beginning of his career by a multitude of able and accomplished minds, all equally emulous of his distinctions, and all struggling to rise by the same appeals to popular passion, all not merely fell short of his influence, but shewed themselves unable to wield his weapons. The eloquence of the Girondists was the eloquence of the schools, contrasted with the daring and concentration of Mirabeau; theirs were the lightning and thunders of the stage; all could distinguish them from the true flash and peal, the true birth of the tempest of the mind. Happier in one instance than Napoleon, he died in the fulness of his fame; he was not left to dig his own grave, and see his renown buried in it, before it closed over his corpse. Happier still, if it be true, that in his last hours, he reviewed his triumphs with human regret, and determined to make the restoration of the throne the price of his repentance. But he was denied so glorious a conclusion to a life stained by habitual error. There was to be no serene and evening splendour for a day of such perpetual cloud and whirlwind. Napoleon died, after the final failure of a project for the tyranny of all nations, the condensation of all power in his person, and the ruin of all liberty among mankind;—a project, for the vastness of its ambition, and the depth of its selfishness, worthy less of a mortal than of the prince of the power of the air. He perished, and his work followed him. He was broken by a blow which sent his empire rolling in fragments over his head. He fell from his throne, "like the lightning falling from heaven;" —the only figure that could express his height, his splendour, and his malignity. The last hours of Mirabeau were on the field of the great battle for monarchy, and he died with the lamentations of a chieftain who finds himself mortally wounded in the heat of the conflict, and finds *life ebbing from him drop by drop, while the battle is still raging*, which he had hoped to decide, and which his fall gives over to the enemy.

The lives of both those great spirits of the Revolution are still to be written; but it must not be for fifty years to come. We must wait until their monuments are freed, by the natural course of time, from all the temporary memorials raised round them, to insignificant parties and men, by vanity or friendship, or that fraud upon history which gives fame to the creatures of popular clamour. It may be still longer before they are written; for they must find a kindred genius, and one not merely kindred, but initiated in the same career. No man but a warrior can write the history of Napoleon; no man but a statesman can write the history of Mirabeau; and none but a mind of the highest penetration into human motives, of the keenest sensibility to all the impulses that stir powerful natures, and capable of all their triumphs, and perhaps of all their errors, can do historic justice to either. Genius alone can mould that perfect stamp and identity of character, which alone deserves a place in the gallery of the illustrious dead, and compels every passer-by to exclaim, This was the man!

The simple outline of Mirabeau's career shews how broad a field is open in his biography. He was the descendant of a line in which opposition to the existing order of things seems to have been hereditary. His ancestors, the Riquetti family, had fled, or were exiled, from Florence, in the fourteenth century. They settled in the south of France, then much connected with Italy and Italian politics. His father, Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, distinguished himself, about the middle of the last century, by his adoption of the theories of the Economistes, his adherence to the reveries of the ingenious and visionary Quesnay, to whom France owed so much real mischief, and the world so much baseless speculation, and pushed his zeal to the hazardous extent of assailing the Ministry in a work on taxation, of which the result was an imprisonment in the Bastile.

He died, on the eve of seeing the consummation of all his fantasies; in the memorable year 1789, the first

of the Revolution. His more famous son, Honore Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, was born in 1749. Like all the nobles of France, he commenced his career in the army, and served in Corsica. But no man was less made for the routine of a regimental life; he soon grew weary of the service; and seized, probably, with the rage for a philosophical life, and the French fashionable vanity of imitating Cicero in his Tusculum, or Cincinnatus at his plough, he withdrew, to labour in the cultivation of his fields in the Limousin. But the conversation of the sages of the farm-yard was found to leave a blank, which could be filled up only by a return to the world. He flew to Paris, fell in love, and, though remarkably unprepossessing in his exterior, captivated an heiress, one of the handsomest women of the Court. He now plunged into dissipation; and foremost in all things, outshone Paris, and in less than three years was a bankrupt. His extravagance now proceeded so far towards final ruin, that his father, adopting a parental privilege, common in the families of the nobles, yet strangely adverse to his own theories, applied for an order for his exile from Paris, which ended in a *lettre de cachet* to confine him in one of the royal castles. After successive transfers from fortress to fortress, he was suffered to go at large in Franche Comté; where he signalized his liberty by carrying off the wife of the President of the Parliament of Besançon, and fled with her to Holland. Justice was now let loose upon him, he was convicted *par contumace*, and sentenced to lose his head in effigy. The French power was too influential on the Continent to be safely defied even in Holland, and Mirabeau and his *Sophie* prepared to escape from Amsterdam to that New World which, once the refuge of the saints, has since opened its expansive hospitality to so many of the sinners of Europe. He was arrested on the eve of his flight, and imprisoned from 1777 to 1780 in the Castle of Vincennes. He came to London in 1784.

At this period the public mind of *France was agitated* by the rebel *opinions of the soldiery* who had re- in the British Legislature, and by the violent struggles of the French Provincial Parliaments against the royal prerogative. Mirabeau felt that his time was come. The career which neither the army, nor philosophy, nor dissipation, had opened to his natural powers, was open in faction, and he instantly took his side. The nobles of Provence, scandalized by his life, and justly suspecting his political tendencies, had refused to return him as a deputy to the States-General. But a resolution like his, equally regardless of its means, and fixed in its determination, was not to be thus baffled. What he could not accomplish as a noble, he accomplished as a *roturier*. To the astonishment and indignation of his order, he opened a linen-draper's shop, and by virtue of his trade was returned for the Commons of Aix. Once in the National Assembly, his course was inevitable. In the midst of all that France boasted of intelligence, he suddenly assumed the highest rank, and his supremacy was scarcely approached, to the last never shaken. If France shall ever erect a pillar to the Revolution, its base should be the tomb of Mirabeau. It was by him that the famed and fatal decree was carried, which produced the coalition of the Nobles and Clergy with the Commons, thus throwing the whole Government into the hands of faction. By him was pronounced the memorable answer to the King's command for the dissolution of the Assembly—an answer which, by denying the royal right, virtually abolished the monarchy. In all the perilous revolutionary tactique of the time, he was the acknowledged leader; and he supported his rank by a succession of the most powerful speeches ever heard under the roof of a French Assembly. It has been asserted that the materials of those distinguished efforts were supplied by others, and the late publications of Dumont seem to point out some of those sources. But what is the history of all the great labours of public men? That the ruder work is done by others; but, to give order, dignity, and beauty to the pile, is the work of the master-mind. As well might the slaves who quarried the stones of the Acropolis, assume

the architecture. As well might the grinder of Michael Angelo's colours vindicate to himself the immortality of the Sistine Chapel. The true question in all cases of mental pre-eminence is, not the means, but the result; not by what levying and equipment of the troops the battle was gained, but the extent of the victory. Of all talents, the talent most distinctive of great men, is this faculty of absorbing the thoughts, studies, and labours of others into their own, till they give them a new essence and power; not a new shape, but a new nature; and send forth the feeble, the various, the contradictory, and the inapplicable, condensed and assimilated into force, singleness, and utility. This was the work of the mind to which Dumont, and the crowd of men like Dumont, administered; the powerful, intellectual alembic which sublimated all their various infusion, and out of the dross and compound, forced upwards a spirit, fit alike to invigorate or madden nations.

During Mirabeau's residence in England, he had corresponded largely with his friends in France; and his letters contain the irrefragable evidence, that no Frenchman can ever comprehend English habits, principles, or feelings. One reason for this singular anomaly is, that no Frenchman is ever satisfied with seeing things as they are. He always adds or diminishes, he always labours to find theatrical effect, he always scorns the light of day, and desires to see life through the glare of the stage lamps. Thus, even the strong understanding of Mirabeau imputed to the whole English nation a character of profound *melancholy*, which he branches instantly into all the conduits of national action; to their melancholy he imputes their virtue, their vice, their force of thought, their eccentricity, their patriotism, their venality, their wealth, their poverty, their patience, their suicide, their every thing. Their religion is the grand source of their melancholy, because it does not give them shows, festivals, pictures in the churches, embroidery on the priests' garments, and forbids plays and balls on Sunday evenings; religion *in the mind of the foreigner* being, *of course, nothing* more than an established puppet-show. The English Sunday is "dull beyond all bearing," because the shops are shut, the troops are not reviewed, the public gardens are not especially lighted up, and all the playhouses are not flourishing with all their trumpets for that night above all others. The Frenchman comprehending nothing of the grateful feeling of a day's rest after a week's labour,—of the necessity of having a period of tranquillity for the mind to look to higher concerns than the mere toil and traffic of the world,—of the real pleasure of gathering the domestic circle in peace, and the duty of rendering some portion of gratitude and duty to the actual and only source of happiness and security. But all these are nothing without the pleasure of gazing on the shop-windows on the seventh day, which we have been gazing on for the six days before. The walk into the country is *triste*, for no Frenchman ever walks further than the coffee-house; and the gentle social evening round the fireside is more intolerable still, for no Frenchman ever has any other fireside than the stove in the billiard-room, or any other society but the card-party, or the pit in the theatre. Even on the question of national melancholy, we may fairly doubt whether the Frenchman is not much the more melancholy personage of the two,—for which is the more melancholy, the man who, when alone, can forget his loneliness in some vigorous employment of his mind, or the man who cannot endure his own company for five minutes together; the man who, in this vigorous tension of the intellect, can absolutely do without the external world, or the man who, when left to himself, *dies of ennui*, is miserable the moment he feels dependent on his own thoughts, and flies to every trivial resource, a vaudeville, a mime, or a monkey, to escape the wretchedness of his empty and frivolous appetite for excitement? We might as well pronounce the man who cannot live without perpetual drams the gayest of mankind. As far as the question of true sociality goes, the English are the most sociable people upon earth in reference to their means. The taxes, and other expenses

living in England, are the true bar to English association. But there is not one household in ten in London, that does not expend more in actual hospitality in a month, than many a Peer of France expends in a year. The Englishman does not feel gratified by gathering a crowd round him for an hour in the evening, and dismissing them with a smile and a glass of *eau sucré*. He gives his friends the best entertainment that he can, and while they are with him, enjoys their society, and returns the enjoyment with ten times the genuine gaiety of a rambler from one coterie to another, the lounger in the dressing-rooms of actresses, or the eternal *conteur* of a circle of dilapidated belles, who have dropped from being the subjects of scandals into being their propagators.

But when Mirabeau talks of English politics, he talks of a subject to which the prejudices of a Frenchman had not been turned; and his opinions exhibit the force of his natural faculties. In one admirable letter, he states his reasons for concluding the prosperity of England to be more secure of permanency than that of France or Spain. To give due credit to the writer's sagacity, we are to remember that this letter was written fifty years ago.

"The maritime power of England is not the wayward child of an absolute monarch, who determines to be potent in every element; it is the slow natural growth of more than two hundred years, which has stood many an attack, and weathered many a storm. Another circumstance which has continued and increased every advantage, is the peculiar felicity of the English constitution. All the great kingdoms of Europe, except England, have lost their liberty. Liberty has carried her trade, agriculture, manufactures, wealth, and navy, to a pitch which they could otherwise never have attained. Another point of vast importance is the uncommon *union of trade with agriculture*. The amazing commerce of England is equal to that of the most famous states that have ever been great by *commerce alone*. And *this vast trade has* been carried on, *not by a knot of unhappy men, like the Dutch, who were forced to be traders, or nothing*, but by a *landed nation*, among whom trade enlivened agriculture, and agriculture yielded immense products for trade. Lastly, the period of these various circumstances coming into play, was at a time when the rival nations had passed the meridian of their grandeur, so that England was the rising, France the setting sun. No other power arose to dispute the palm of equality. She had not then a France succeeding Spain in great power, to draw her off, and waste her strength with fresh contests.

"All these are reasons for conjecturing that this country will, in her turn, *be the first power of the Christian world*. She cannot aim at universal monarchy; and that moderation will save her from efforts beyond her strength, and from alliances from the rest of Europe to pull down her power. It will, therefore, be more stable, and far more prosperous than that of either France or Spain. This view of the affairs of Britain does not take notice of her 'internal state,' particularly her debts, and some other circumstances, from which newspaper politicians are always predicting her ruin. The national debts of this country are certainly very considerable. But it seems preposterous to predict ruin to the State, *because the right hand owes to the left*. And, as for the debt due to foreigners, it is comparatively little. The power of England is much too great to have any thing to fear from the *united force of all her enemies*. And they must be shallow politicians who are deceived by minutiæ into an opinion, that she is in any danger of falling under the power of France. I cannot by any means subscribe to the opinion, that the public revenues of England are carried to the utmost height of which they are capable. On the contrary, I apprehend that there are several reasons for supposing them capable of great increase, without burdening the people, so as to destroy industry. There is an uncertainty in every thing that concerns taxation, which is too dark for the acutest genius to clear up. In every country we find it mathematically proved, that if another million be raised, the people must clearly be undone. Two or three millions are then levied, and the [illegible]

ided that one tax creates an ability in the people to pay another, is, of course, absurd. But it is difficult to say how far taxation may be carried, because, in no country of Europe, where taxes are laid on equally, and with judgment, do they *oppress the people*. Nor is there *an instance to be produced* of a people ruined by taxes. Other more powerful circumstances must unite, for this is not of sufficient weight to effect the evil. The *heaviest taxed countries are the most flourishing in Europe*. I do not mistake the cause for the effect, and assert them *therefore* to be the most flourishing. But I adduce the fact, to show that taxes, which in their extreme are perfectly consistent with wealth, power, and happiness, cannot have those dreadful effects which some have attributed to them."

All this is admirably true, and exhibits an astonishing range of thought for a Frenchman in the eighteenth century. It also exhibits, not merely how superior Mirabeau was to the *philosophists* of his day, but how totally he differed from them. The outcry of his time, was retrenchment, extinguish the royal expenditure, lop off the court incomes, away with all offices of state, abolish all taxes. The outcry of the populace was suffered to be the law of the cabinet. The operation commenced with popular vigour, and the whole rabble of Paris were in ecstasy at seeing the king reduced to sell his coaches, and the great officers of his household dismissing their footmen. What was the result? within a week all was despair. The salaries which had gone directly from the hands of those officers to the support of the Parisian shopkeepers, of course, went no more; and the shopkeepers, in the midst of their *roturier* triumph, discovered that they were bankrupt. It had escaped the notice of the philosophers and the shopkeepers alike, that what the nobles consumed they must buy somewhere or other; and equally, that when they had no more money, they could buy no more food, furniture, or fine clothes. For every shilling the shopkeeper saved in his taxes, he lost a louis d'or in his trade. The double result was, that the court was made squalid by the *same dexterity which* had made the *courtes empty*. It must be owned, however, that if nearly every thing was lost to the purse, there was much gained to the pike. The court, no longer the supplier of traffic, the object of popular admiration, and the habitual source of national pride, was only the more fit to be turned into the dungeon. But Paris was undone for the time, and massacre was a relief, and the guillotine a happy interposition for the escape of Parisian sensibility.

Mirabeau's remarks on our National Debt are equally sagacious and opposed to the absurdities of the *philosophists* of his day and our own. Hume, seventy years ago, deplored the National Debt, then about twenty-five millions, as the mill-stone round the neck of England. In the same breath, too, he declared that the Constitution directly tended to *absolute Monarchy*, and that despotism would be the *Euthanasia* of the empire! So much for the *wisdom* of a professed philosopher. So much, too, for the wisdom of those who take for their guide, in the things of the world to come, the *sagacity* that thus blundered in things before its eyes. The eight hundred millions of her debt have not sunk England to the bottom. And even the principle of reduction has so entirely failed the speculators; and is so entirely built on false views, that the twenty millions of taxes taken off since the peace, have made reduction synonymous with national discontent; and after giving us nearly thirty years of bitterness, vexation, and bankruptcy, breaking down some of the highest institutions and interests of the land, and driving us to the perpetual expedient of Exchequer bills, and other contrivances of traders in the last extremity, have left us poorer than ever. Sponge away the National Debt to-morrow, we should have every man in Great Britain exactly *thirty shillings* a-year, and we should drive out about a million of people into utter famine in the streets. The individual would keep his thirty shillings in his pocket instead of giving it to the taxgatherer. But he would lose his profit on the trade of thirty millions of money, of the excitement produced in the national circulation by the annual expenditure of so vast a sum, besides the unestimated

that he would have to supply out of this thirty shillings the support of one million of paupers. The nation would lose the invaluable treasure of its character for integrity, and with it the power which it now possesses of drawing within its bosom the wealth of the world, whenever its exigencies may require it. At this hour, England could command every florin and ducat from Amsterdam to Archangel. She has only to propose the loan, and pay the interest; she will be answered from every *comptoir* in Christendom—and the answer will be a flood of gold. A single dash of the Republican pen would break off this connexion. A single drop from the Revolutionary sponge would dissolve the whole fabric of her power over the whole purse of mankind.

But the close of this extraordinary man's career was at hand. The monarchy of France was fated, and it was the first symptom of its fate to find, that, as to assail it, instantly turned weakness into power—to defend it, turned power into weakness. The lowest names of the State rose into sudden distinction by their hostility to the King. The most popular, the leaders, the very founders of the Assembly, who, relying on their strength, attempted to throw themselves between the populace and the throne, were instantly trampled upon. Mirabeau was not trampled upon, but he was extinguished in his first return to loyalty by a power which levels kings and populace alike. In the year 1791, he was seized with a violent disease, whether springing from mental agitation, from excess of labour, or from the dissipations of his youth. It might justly be conceived that mental anxiety had its share. He had at last found the disgusts of all power that arises from the rabble. In the first eagerness of his ambition he had not regarded, or not felt, the sacrifices that every popular aspirant must make to popularity. Plunging into that obscure and squalid mine from which was to be extracted the material of his political opulence, he had felt little of the *rude association* round him; the zeal *of the hour had carried him on through the loathsome depths and pestilential airs*, and possession ex-

the disgust of the means by which he was earned. But Mirabeau, the literary draper of Provence, and Mirabeau, the leader of the National Assembly, *must* have been different men. Nature, like truth, is powerful, and will prevail. He must have felt that the incessant demands of popularity constituted in themselves a despotism which was the surest rebuke to a proud spirit. What the true patriot might have borne, was intolerable to the true noble. Once returned to the light and air, and placed even above the level of his original rank, he must have shrunk from descending daily into those depths of humiliation and popular sycophancy, which must be the perpetual torture of every man who is content to live by faction.

He now adopted the resolution of exerting his powers in a cause congenial to his superiority and his fame. He felt that the monarchy was on the point of ruin. The old Atlantean figure—the combined forces of the Nobility and the Church—which had supported the throne for so many ages, had already shown that it was unable to sustain it any longer; and the great revolutionary leader found in himself the frame and the will to take up the task, and be the substitute for the constitution.

We can give but fragments of the eloquence of this distinguished man, and those probably enfeebled in the transcript, and certainly stripped of all the power, the incommunicable power, of circumstances. What is the thunderbolt lying on the ground, to the thunderbolt bursting from the clouds, and careering its way in fire through the storm? Yet even in those fragments there is the force of the true orator. In the memorable sitting of the National Assembly, when the Marquis de Brezé was sent by command of the King, to dissolve the meeting, Mirabeau started from his place, and pronounced this daring words:—"Tell your master that the National Assembly will not be dissolved but by the bayonet!"—the oracle declared the fall of the French throne.

On entering the first of five deputations to the King, on the night of the tumult of the Bastile, to which Mira-

sion. "Tell the King," he loftily exclaimed, "that the foreign bands by which we are surrounded, have yesterday been visited and caressed by the Prince and Princess. Tell him that all night in his palace, even those foreign satellites, amid the fumes of wine, have never ceased to predict the subjugation of France, and to breathe wishes for the destruction of the Assembly. Tell him, that in his very palace, the courtiers have mingled dancing with those impious songs, and that such was the prelude to the massacre of St Bartholomew!" This oracle, too, was fulfilled; but the massacre was by other hands, and was made to eclipse St Bartholomew.

Yet in all this triumph of republicanism, the native noble, the man of sense and justice, broke out from time to time. In the great debate of 1789, on the Royal Veto, Mirabeau threw himself forward to arrest the fall of the sword which had till then been suspended by a hair over the head of the Monarchy. "Let us not," he exclaimed, "arm the Sovereign against the Legislature, by allowing a moment to exist in which he may become its involuntary instrument. The nation will find more real security in laws consented to by its chief, than in the revolution which would follow the loss of his power. When we have placed the crown in the hands of a particular family, it is, to the last degree, imprudent to awaken their alarms, by subjecting them to a control which they cannot resist. The alarms of the depositary of the whole force of the Monarchy cannot be contemplated without the most serious apprehensions. I would rather *live in Constantinople than in France, if laws could be made without the royal sanction.*" This too was one of his far-seeing glances into the tremendous futurity of the Republic. The depositary was changed, but the unsanctioned tyranny existed. But as the realization of all his fears and menaces approached, Mirabeau's determination to support the royal authority became more evident in his speeches. On the arrest of the King's sisters in their flight to the frontier, he openly challenged the *assembly to show the right* by which *this act of cruelty* was committed. "By what law?" he asked. "By the safety of the people," was the answer from some of the members. "The safety of the people!" he contemptuously exclaimed; "As if two Princesses, advanced in years, tormented by the fears of their consciences, could compromise the people by their presence or absence. The safety of the people! I thought to have heard of actual dangers. If, in the name of freedom, you play the tyrant, who will trust you, by whom will you deserve to be trusted?" The Assembly, however, were violent, and the unfortunate Princesses might have been reserved for the still darker fates of the Revolution, when they were saved by a sneer. "All Europe," said a member, Menou, "will be delighted with our debate to-day—there we have been these three hours talking about two old women, who like to hear mass in Rome better than in Paris." The result was characteristic of the nation. The Assembly burst into a laugh, and the "two old women" were suffered to go and hear mass where they pleased.

He now allied himself more closely with the fallen court, and laboured to raise it by his popularity. But there is a limit in error which no man can pass with impunity. Beyond that limit there is no safety and no success in change. Even virtue is charged to the account of vice, and repentance is branded as apostacy. Mirabeau instantly found, that instead of being able to support the royal cause, it must drag himself down; and, for the purpose of recovering any portion of his power, he was forced to cast it loose again. He had already formed the project of establishing the Court at Fontainbleau, and there, with the assistance of the remaining nobles, and under the protection of the loyal remnant of the army, calling a new Assembly, and building over the gulf which Jacobinism had made, the stately and solid fabric of a British constitution. During this intercourse with the royal family, he was supplied from their funds to a considerable amount, which he expended in attempts to conciliate the natural tastes of France by a succession of showy entertainments. But the intercourse was suddenly suspended by the ar-

murs in the streets, which began to charge him with the desertion of the national cause. Those murmurs soon found an echo in the Assembly. But he made a last generous effort against the decree which prepared to outlaw the emigrants—"the project," said he, "is worthy not of a free people, but of a horde of savages. It might have been inscribed on the tables of Draco; it is an insult to the legislation of France. Let me warn you in time. Are you prepared already to dip your statute-book in blood? Begin thus, and you begin only a career which will make all that nations have ever known of cruelty, shame, and suffering, trivial. You will become familiar with times, from which you will look back upon our days of tumult with envy as days of peace, and applaud even this horrible law, as an example of national clemency. Your whole code will be an outrage on human nature; *Death* will be inscribed on all your halls of justice; it will stamp every page of your statutes; it will be the only word in your lips. The whole spirit of your government will be carnage. And on whom will this consuming plague fall? Not upon the emigrants. They will be safe in foreign lands; and you will only increase their numbers by a severity, which shews that justice is no longer to be looked for in France. Your vengeance will fall only on those who are too feeble or too generous to fly. Your laws will trample down the only portion of your fellow-citizens whom all laws were made to protect; the helpless or the honourable. Your victims among the nobles will be the infirm and the old, or the brave and the patriotic. Do as you will. But I should feel the act instantly a dissolution of all my allegiance to the authority that could be infamous enough thus to disgrace the birth of freedom. Such men are already fit to proclaim a dictatorship. I hear your murmurs at this language. To please you is my gratification. To warn you is my duty. To speak truth to you is my right. I desire no temporary popularity. I leave to *others the popularity*, that, like the *shrub, waves with* every wind. Let *mine be like the* tree that, fixed in is justice and liberty." Some whisperings now arose among a group of Jacobins. He instantly darted one of his arrows among them. "I understand the wrath of those, who, with all their zeal for freedom, would be infinitely perplexed to tell when they first felt this new passion." A loud clamour showed how the sarcasm struck home. Mirabeau stopped a moment, and then exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Silence those *thirty!*" (possibly in allusion to the thirty tyrants.) Even Jacobinism shrank before him; the clamour was heard no more. But he had already raised a despotism to which all the violences of the monarchy were tame. The Jacobins were already masters of that formidable height, which none assaulted, but to become victims. Mirabeau, like the rest, would have been flung from the new Tarpeian rock. He was saved by death from giving this moral to ambition. Early in 1791, he felt his life drawing to a close, and his remaining hours were passed alternately in constructing projects for the restoration of the throne, and in lamenting that he was snatched away from the glory of the enterprise. The discharge of the cannon on some public celebration one day roused him from his reveries. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "I hear the funeral of Achilles! When I am gone, faction will tear the remnant of the monarchy to pieces." The old superstition that the words of the dying are prophetic, seemed strikingly realized in his latter hours. All his thoughts were on the coming period of France, and all were full of disaster. The whole vista of the future was crowded with shapes of national ruin. "It is only when I am in the grave," he sometimes said, "that France will know what I have done. I have checked the torrent of evils which now will burst upon the country. I have before my eyes unlimited misfortune." At other times he reprobated the National Assembly, as by neither its abilities, its views, nor its principles, deserving of power. Experience had already told him the vices inherent in a legislature which lived on the breath of the multitude. "They have usurped the throne," said he; "and they have driven the king out

ing their ambition. He with equal sagacity predicted its punishment. "They will be inevitably undone," he exclaimed; "and undone by hands which they scorn. I see a power rising among them, stained with every crime, which will overwhelm France with every horror."

Mirabeau, like all the leading names of France for the last century, was an infidel; it was the melancholy fashion of the time, and considered essential to the reputation of all who pretended to philosophy. There was but little in the religion of the land, to rebuke the evil spirit; and its name was Legion. His last effort, when his speech failed him, was to write on his tablets—"Death is but a sleep;" and a request for "some opium to extinguish his life and his pains together." Still, even in this fatal insensibility to all that constitutes the true greatness of the dying mind, and to those illustrious hopes and feelings which to the Christian throw their light across the grave, the sinking man of genius showed some of that brilliant buoyancy which had once given him such distinction among his countrymen.—"Take away," said he, "from my sight all those funeral-looking things. Why should man be surrounded by the grave before his time? Give me flowers—let me have essences—arrange my dress. Let me hear music, and let me close my eyes in harmony." But this passed away with the return of pain, and he once more asked eagerly for opium to end the struggle. The physician, to quiet his mind, gave him some water in a cup, telling him that it was opium. He swallowed it, dropped back upon his pillow, and was dead.

This was the man of all men to have attracted the applause of the French. His volatility, his talents, his vicissitudes, and even his vices, were the true passport to national fame. His early death, for he was but forty-two, *fixed* this admiration of his talents, when it was at its highest point. Nothing could thenceforth assail its permanency. Even the unknown future contributed its imaginary honours to his tomb. Every man contemplated the long train of public enterprise that must have been within the power of such abilities, at such an age. The Royalist deplored in him the noblest future restorer of the Monarchy;—the Patriot, the greatest statesman, who was to have tempered popular violence into constitutional freedom;—and the Republican, the magnificent genius, whose supremacy was to have awed Europe into submission, wielded the young energies of France with the brilliant wisdom of another Pericles, and finished, by making Republicanism the political religion of the globe.

Paris rushed in a body to his funeral,—the whole of the National Guard marched after the corpse to its place in the Pantheon,—and the sorrows and the triumphs of that night were echoed throughout all France.

THOUGHTS AND RECOLLECTIONS. BY MRS HEMANS.

I.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently!—Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breath'd out thy lore;—whilst I, a dreamy child,
On breeze-like fancies wander'd oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest:—yet would the solemn word,
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart-blessings on the holy Dead, and Thee.

II.

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST, AN ECCE HOMO BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I met that image on a mirthful day
Of youth; and sinking with a still'd surprise,
The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abash'd to mute confession of a sway
Awful, though meek:—and now, that from the strings
Of my soul's lyre, the Tempest's mighty wings
Have struck forth tones which there unwaken'd lay;
Now, that around the deep life of my mind,
Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,
Oft doth the pale bright vision still float by;
But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*,
Of one whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
Sounded all depths of Love, Grief, Death—Humanity!

III.

MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray."

A child 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
On high:—the spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though *then* I pray'd not; but deep thoughts have press'd
Into my being since I breath'd that air;
Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing in my soul:—No minsters rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies,
Vast, silent, open unto night and day!
—*So must* the o'erburden'd Son of Man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt

IV.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky;
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That Life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And tho' too oft its low celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,
Yet the great Ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in Thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, meek Lilies! chosen thus and graced.

V.

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

"Behold the birds of the air."

Ye, too, the glad and fearless Birds of Air,
Were charged that hour, on missionary wing,
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of Spring.
Sing on, before the storm, and after, sing!
And call us to your echoing woods away
From worldly cares; and bid our spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true
Ev'n than the first, within the awakened mind;
While sweetly, joyously they tell of life
That knows no doubt, no questionings, no strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resigned.

VI.

THE OLIVE-TREE.

The Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath power
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er Fancy's eye.
But thou, pale Olive! in *thy* branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
Might e'er enshrine:—I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene,
When in the garden the Redeemer prayed;
When pale stars looked upon his fainting head,
And Angels, minist'ring in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade.

VII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

"God is a spirit."

Spirit! whose life-sustaining Presence fills
Air, Ocean, central depths, by man untried;
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time;—the silence of the hills
Breathes veneration. Founts and choral rills
Of thee are murmuring—to its inmost glade
The living forest with thy presence thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade!
—Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sounds of earth's unrest,
Hear nought but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward;—ne'er may cliff or cave contest
Their claim on human hearts for solemn tenderness.

VIII.

A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

Blessings be round it still!—that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain-glen!—old mossy trees
Narrow the sunshine through th' untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
There meets the voice of psalms;—yet not alone
For mansions, lulling to the heart as these,
I bless thee 'midst thy rocks, grey House of Prayer!
But for their sakes that unto thee repair,
From the hill-cabins and the ocean shore:
Oh! may the fisher and the mountaineer
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
Within thy lowly walls for evermore!

IX.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK.

Crowning a flowery slope it stood alone,
In gracious sanctity;—a bright rill wound
Caressingly about the holy ground,
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
And something yet more deep. The air was fraught
With noble memories whispering many a thought
Of England's Fathers;—awful and serene,
They who had toil'd, watch'd, struggled to secure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reign'd there, th' o'ershadowing spirit of the scene.

THE LAY OF SIR LIONEL.

L'aventure de Graalent,
Vos dirai si que je l'entent,
Bon en sont li Lai à oïr
Et les notes à retenir.
Marie de France.

It was the merry time of spring,
And every herb was blossoming;
Fresh life was poured o'er earth and sea,
And birds were singing on every tree.
There was joy on mountain, plain, and fell,
But not in the heart of Sir Lionel—
He sate alone in his ancient hall,
His armour resting on the wall,
His destrier idle in the stall.
The landscape that before him lay
Was fair to view, but he saw it not;
His thoughts were far away,
And yet it was a lovely spot.
On the mountain side the rugged keep,
Below, a river broad and deep,
On either side were forests green
And towers and hamlets dimly seen,
'Mid fertile fields and blossom'd trees,
And convent turrets crowning these.
All spake of gladness, peace, and rest,
But found no answer in his breast.
Yet his was not the heart or eye
That passed such scenes unheeded by:
But grief o'ershadows the sun of youth,
And envy loves to poison truth.
He had borne him like a gallant knight
In the council and the fight;
And ever where noble deeds were done,
And ladies' smiles and glory won,
There rose his war-cry fair and free,
There couched he his lance for Brittany;
And minstrels' notes would loudest swell,
When they hymned the praise of Sir Lionel.
But, the long doubtful warfare o'er,
The warrior true was prized no more.
Then murmured many a whispering tongue,
And envy on his traces hung;
The King looked cold on the gallant knight,
Whose sword had helped him to his right;
His bright Ladye sought a richer mate,
A Baron of wealth and high degree,
And Lionel mourned, for he found, too late,
That such is woman's constancy.
His friends! his friends! Aye—where are they?
All vanished like mist at the dawn of day;
For war had passed, with its evil train,
Like a hurricane over his wide domain;
His heritage dwindled away to a span,
And he was a ruined and landless man—
Sir Lionel was only lord
Of a crumbling castle and his sword.

These are woes which, like an avalanche,
Shatter the heart on which they fall,
And leave it lone as a ruined hall,
Sad as an oak without one green branch.
But such grief is not known to all;
Yet, alas! this world is dark and cold,
And it withers the heart ere the brow be old.
There are ceaseless jars and gnawing woes,
And dark distrust that within us grows,
Till we look on all mankind as foes;
And sorrow, that, with ceaseless shock,
Like the wave upon the rock,
Wears the best and firmest heart.
One by one, the joys depart
That we cherished in early days:
Our feelings were warm as the sun's own rays—
Our thoughts were pure and innocent:
Soon the veil from our eyes is rent,
And care, and grief, and discontent,
Are like the thin and icy stream,
That, with agonizing flow,
Numbs the victim's head below;
Slow and changeless—drop by drop—
It still falls on, and may not stop
Till the last breath of life be fled,
And the victim rests—but with the dead.
We love those well that love us not,
Or else deceive;
We love—are loved—still 'tis our lot
Deeply to grieve.
How oft has fate, with voice of thunder,
Rent such loving hearts asunder!
As a lute without a string—
As a gentle bird with wounded wing—
As a tender flower 'mid storm and snow,
Is the heart that reels beneath such blow.

The knight is to the greenwood gone;
He goes on foot, and all alone—
Alas! ere this, he used to ride
With squires and pages his bidding to bide,
Begirt with nobles of high degree,
And the greenwood rang with their revelry.
He wended his way through brake and fell,
Till he came to a limpid and lonely well;
Once it was fenced with a carved screen,
But time had done its worst I ween—
Pillar and wall had been overthrown,
The stones with lichen and moss o'ergrown.
But it thrilled the heart with joy to see
How the spring still burst forth in purity,

Like the changeless love which dares fate's worst,
And flows for ever as at first.
The Knight sat down by the ruined well,
And gazed on the stream as it sparkling fell
Over the time-worn and moss-covered wall,
Like to a fairy waterfall.
He sighed—a voice re-echoed his sigh—
Jesu! is this reality?
He turned—by the well sate a lady bright,
With hair as dark as a northern night;
Her hair was dark, but her laughing eye
Was blue as the warmest southern sky—
The curls half-shaded her cheek's deep glow,
And fell in a mass on her neck of snow.
From her lovely head, to her feet so small,
That beautiful form was perfect all.
Up sprang and crossed himself the Knight:
That lady did not move nor speak,
But a sunnier glow beamed from her cheek,
And from her eye a tenderer light;
And a smile played round her lovely mouth,
Radiant as when in the sweet south
A beam of sunny light reposes
On dewy and half-opened roses.
Thrice did the Knight essay to greet
That lady fair in language meet,
But wonder and joy thrilled through his brain,
With joy so intense, 'twas almost pain.
Like a young eagle in the blaze
Of the fresh sun, he could but gaze,
Though every nerve within him shook,
Far happier thus than not to look.
One moment—he is at her feet,
And there, in accents low and sweet,
With faltering voice and burning cheek,
And eyes that say more than the tongue dare speak,
He whispers in that lady's ear
His ardent love,—his hope—his fear;
He spoke with a quiet earnest tone,
Like one whose heart no guile hath known.
Her blue eyes she hath downwards cast,
And a mantling blush o'er her cheek hath past,
Unbecked his lip for an instant lingers
On her white and slender fingers—
Ah! the silence at length is broken,
But her thoughts are rather looked than spoken—
He hath clasped her to his breast.
Like a bird in its own loved nest,
She pillowed her head upon his chest,
And fixed her eyes upon his face,
As on their dearest resting-place;
And with a sweet and blissful voice
Like the notes of a well-known lay
He loved to hear in childhood's day—
While many a blush and beaming smile,
And pearly tears, but not of sadness,
Pass o'er her radiant face the while,
Like the sunshine and light clouds that fly
With lightning speed o'er an April sky,
Now half in shade, now full of gladness—
She told him she was not of this earth,
But in another sphere had birth,
And she had left her fairy home,
Through the bright world with him to roam—
Her fairy bowers were cold and dim,
And life was worthless without him!
She had watched his banner in the fight,
Proudly, but sadly; for the knight,
In his strength and manhood's pride,
Sought out each danger as a bride,
And, henceforth, his sweet still voice
'Mid resound friends and flying foes.
She had seen him 'mid the proud and gay,
With brow as soft and warm as May—
Sages their blessing o'er him flung,
And councils on his accents hung—
Her soft blue eyes on him she turn'd,
While purest love within them burned.

"Lionel, I am, as I have told,
No flower of earth, no mortal mould,
And I am bound by other ties—
Then thou canst wot of, and therefore I
A charm on me I may not break;
But if thou lovest as thou hast said,
Thou wilt obey.—Oh! for my sake!
If not, the woe be on my head—
O, never breathe to mortal ear
The vision thou hast witnessed here;
Our love must be known to thee alone,
Or at once and for ever its flowers are gone.
If thou wouldst have it sweetly bloom,
Be silent, dearest, as the tomb;
Breathe it not in the courtly hall,
At banquet or confessional.
When others raise the melting lay,
And sing of love and their lady gay,
When in the fight they shout her name,
Whose smile is dearer than life or fame,
Think of me then, but o'er thy tongue
Be silence like a mantle flung;
One fatal word, alas! would haunt
All ties that bind us sweetly now,
And rack our bosoms with that wound,
That deadliest pang the heart can know—
That weariness of soul, which flings
Its poison in the thousand springs
Of joy and peace that once were there,
And leaves as memory and despair.

Her words died away with a gentle sigh,
And a big tear trembled in her eye
The knight drank on from [illegible]

That beam'dest bright, and noble, and free,
With the light of his inward purity.
He knelt to her in her beauty's pride,
And fondly, passionately cried,

" O comfort thee, my angel love,
This world has now in store for me,
No joy in earth, no bliss above,
But would be worthless without thee.
Nay, doubt me not—I will obey—
And breathe this blessed hour to none;
My dreams by night, my thoughts by day,
Shall be of thee and thee alone.
Ah! fear not that an evil hour
Those join'd in bands so pure should sever;
Even Time itself shall have no power,
Except to make them last for ever."

They have parted—the knight hath ta'en his way
Through thicket and wood to his castle gray.
Now he joy'd in the soft and balmy air,
And the lovely landscape, rich and rare,
As if Eden's self were blooming there!
Now he bounded along the pathway green!
For joy had given him wings, I ween—
That joy of the heart that makes us gay,
And happy and light as the birds that play
In the summer air, and soar on high
Till they seem but specks in the deep blue sky.
How oft, by rapture upborne, we long
Like them to soar far, far away,
And pour out, as we glance along,
Our overflowing hearts in song,
Merry and free and blithe as they!
Oh, say, if then indeed there be
One happy isle in life's wild sea;
In that broad desert one green spot,
Whose flowers and palm-trees wither not;
'Mong lights that lure us but to fly,
One joy that is not vanity?
O, is it not when young Love flings
The fulness of his raptures o'er us,
When from the first small bud Hope springs,
And stands at once in flower before us!
Then only do we feel again
As we in boyhood felt;
The cares that on our hearts had lain,
Like snow in the sunshine melt.
There are minstrel fancies in the brain
That refresh the soul like morning dew,
And one by one, each fatal stain,
Which all the blights through which we past
Had unperceived upon it cast,
And half obscured its native hue,
In that joy's radiance vanish too.
Oh! if there be on earth a bliss
Most *pure and lasting, it is this!*
Thus high of heart and gay of mood,
The knight pass'd through the merry greenwood.

He bounded up the pathway steep
That led to his loved and lonely keep,
And there alone at the inner gate,
Did a youthful page in silence wait,
And he held the rein of a noble steed,
Fit for a monarch at his need,
When he sallies forth in his pride and power,
Encompass'd by his kingdom's flower.
Sir Lionel he did featly greet,
And said in accents low and sweet,
" The lady thou dost love so well
Greets thee through me, Sir Lionel,
And sends thee this good steed, that is
The noblest one in earth, I wis.
Thou wilt find no breaches in thy walls,
But peace and plenty in thy halls;
And gold, and followers, and lands,
All gifts from thy bright lady's hands.
She bids thee think on what befell
This blessed morn at the ruin'd well,
And treasure it in thine inmost breast,
That, loving and loved, ye may both be blest.

Sir Lionel seized the broider'd rein,
And turn'd to look for the page in vain.
The message done—the page is gone,
Sir Lionel stands there alone.
When last within his hall he sate,
As a hermit's cell 'twas desolate;
But now it rings with laughter and glee,
And re-echoes with joyous minstrelsy.
There are brethren of the gaye science,
From Normandy and from Provence;
There is many a squire and gallant knight,
And men-at-arms, in armour bright;
From the battlements are trumpets sounding,
And destriers in the court-yard bounding,
And sturdy yeomen lead around
Many a fierce and noble hound,
And falconers, of cunning rare,
With hawks of choicest race are there.
The voice of revelry is sent
From donjon-keep to battlement;
Within—without—all—all is gay
As on a prince's bridal-day.
As in a dream walked Sir Lionel,
But an onward course he kept
Till he came to the old chapelle,
Where his noble fathers slept.
Each Baron is carved with his shield of pride
And sword of conquest by his side;
The gauntleted hands are meekly pressed,
Palm to palm, on each armed breast.
They died in peace and hope divine,
And had fought for the faith in Palestine.
Mary mother! with us dwell,
And grant that we may die as well!
By the altar stands a lady fair—
Benedicite! 'tis no shape of air—

Sir Lionel is at her side;
It is his own—his fairy bride—
And he swears to her on a holy shrine
His grandsire brought from Palestine,
That he through the world with her would go,
And love her for ever in weal or woe,
And many a tender vow beside,
While her bosom swelled with love and pride.

There's a voice of threefold revelry
Within the castle wall,
And beaker clang and minstrelsy,
And guests of high degree,
In the young knight's crowded hall—
The first in bearing as in place,
Sir Lionel sits beneath the Dais,
But not alone;
Invisible to mortal eye,
Reclines that meek and lovely one,
The beautiful and fairy bride,
Blushing by her lover's side,
Unseen by all, but ever nigh—
When in the hall he leads the dance,
When in the lists he breaks a lance,
When his falcons featliest fly,
When clearest rings the hunter's cry,
That fairy form, to him more dear
Than the world beside, is ever near.
They see not the lady of his choice,
They hear not the sound of her gentle voice;
But in his ears her accents float
Soft as the nightingale's sweetest note,
And he suns himself in her eyes of light
Till his bosom reels with intense delight.
Oft wandering far from town and tower,
Through the greenwood's tangled glade,
In some thick and mossy bower,
Gemmed with many an opening flower,
Or 'neath some forest monarch's shade,
They sit for many a blissful hour,
Nor dream of the world, and its pride and power—
What are riches or might to them
Who are crowned with love's own diadem?
If in life's chaplet one bright gem
Excels all others, as the sun
The roses that he shines upon—
Oh! if there can be an excess,
On earth, of unmixed happiness,
It is, it is the consciousness
That there is a fond and faithful breast
Thrilling with love for us alone—
A peaceful and a holy shrine,
A place of refuge and of rest
Where we can fly to when opprest,
Or wronged, or pining with sorrow and care,
Like a bird to its mother's nest,
Love we shall find and constancy there,
Steady and bright as the heaven light
That farthest shines in the darkest night;
They glow for ever and for ever,
Through storm and sunshine, changing never.
Pleasures there are, alas! mature,
That vanish away, as the morning dew,
But leaving behind them a rankling smart,
A sorrow and shame that will not depart;
But there is a rose without a thorn,
Blooming and sweet at eventide,
As it was in the dawn morn;
Had we no other blooming bower
We might walk through life in joy and pride.
That rose is a heart that loves us well,
Whose hopes, affections, to us dwell—
It casts a radiance on our way,
Holy and pure, that never dies
It turns our darkness into day,
And makes this earth a Paradise.
Alas! for those whose weary lot
It is to see this lovely flower,
Adore its beauty—feel its power—
Yet wear it not.
They wander along their path alone,
Their tears unheeded or unknown,
What heart with them will sympathize?
A foreign hand their eyes shall close—
A foreign hand their limbs compose—
When the sleep of death upon them lies,
For them no infant lips shall move,
No pious knees be meekly bent,
In supplication and in love,
Around a father's monument.
They must die, as they have lived, alone—
Ah! pity them! how many a one,
Of feelings and affections bright
And beautiful, has seen one night,
When his summer hopes were highest, blight
And nip the blossoms that were rife
And lovely on his tree of life,
With lofty hopes they trode the way
That led to the shrine of that costly gem;
But fortune is false as an April day,
Bright Lady, pity them!

FYTTE THE SECOND.

From minster old and convent tower,
The bells are ringing with gladsome power—
It is the feast of Pentecost;
The sun is bright, the fields are gay
With the banners of an host.
The King, in stern and haughty mood,
And sworn by the mass and holy rood,
That his knights should strive one gen-
In honour of the queen,
And prove their

And there were pennons seen
Of knights and barons of high degree,
Each with love-tokens in his crest,
Each burning to lay lance in rest,
And conquer for his lady fair.
From France and Spain and Italy,
And countries far beyond the sea,
Full of high hope these knights came;
They talk, with many a laugh and jest,
How well and featly they will wrest
The honour from that kingdom's best.
In the minster high and holy,
With clasped hands and aspect lowly,
Each warrior bends before the shrine,
And listens to the words divine
As humbly as a sainted maid.
The mass is said, the prayers are prayed,
The knights are in the lists arrayed;
The queen, in all her beauty's power,
Encompassed by the choicest flower
Of ladies of fair form and face,
Sits brilliant underneath the dais,
And looks down on the mimic war
More beautiful than every one,
Ev'n as the moon is lovelier far
Than the night flowers she shines upon.
A glorious sight it was to see
Those ardent sons of chivalry,
With their gallant steeds and armour bright,
Their waving plumes and quivering lances,
As they dashed through the lists as swift as light,
And brilliant as their ladies' glances.
They are gone—they have passed away
Like the sun at the close of day—
They passed away in their power and might,
As knights should do, in the joyous fight,
And holy priests their requiem sang,
And the solemn bells at their parting rang,
And bright eyes wept upon their tomb.
Jesus! theirs was a happy doom!
But we must toil through gloomy days,
And die without such meed of praise!
The base weed grows in their fathers' halls,
There remains no stone of their castle walls,
But weeds far baser clog our spirit!
We are those who should inherit
Truth, and honour, and courage, and love,
For men on earth and the Saints above—
But the light that led our fathers on
Where danger was rife, and glory won,
That light for us is powerless—
Ah! worldly mists obscure its beams!
Go, seek thou in the wilderness
For summer fruits and icy streams,
Seek peace where loud the trumpet blows,
Mid burning lava seek the rose;
But hope not to find in any land
The fearless sword and open hand,
The soul that speaks in the guileless eye,
The true love and the courtesy.
Alas! they are prized on earth no more;
Our hearts are faint, and our bosoms cold,
Our hands grasp not at the sword, but gold.
But such was not the knight of yore.
Of port as meek as is a maid,
No villanie he ever said
In all his life to any wight—
Ever rejoiced to mount his steed,
And succour beauty at her need;
In a rightful cause he knew not fear,
And for suff'ring virtue had a tear—
This was a perfect gentle knight.
Right well they strove—but one by one,
Ere beamed in heaven the mid-day sun,
The foreign knights, o'ercome and spent,
Saw glory's chaplet from them rent.
Sir Lionel had stood that day,
Gazing on the varying fray,
And ever passed o'er his brow a cloud,
As yeoman and squire, with greeting loud,
Hailed the queen's champions as they won.
But when the last lance was broken,
When the herald loud had spoken,
Proclaiming her the fairest dame
That ever smiled on knightly game;
And called on each knight to confess
They ne'er beheld such loveliness—
Alas! then forgot Sir Lionel
The vows he swore at the fairy well—
He closed his vizor and seized his lance,
And cleaving the dense mass asunder,
In the broad lists, with voice like thunder,
And glowing cheek, and fiery glance,
Proclaimed, there was not on earth another
Who with his lady might compare,
And he would prove it knightly there,
Come all against him who might dare,
So help him God and Mary Mother!
As he spoke he thought there sounded nigh
One sad alas! one gentle sigh—
He heeded it not, for his soul was full
Of her he thought so beautiful;
And of gaining praise and high renown,
And of winning for her the victor's crown.
He remembered not, in his spirit's pride,
Of all she told him would betide,
If e'er he disclosed his secret love—
Aye! ev'n in prayer to the saints above.
But in after time the thought of that day
Heavy and cold on his bosom lay.
Knights were not wanting then, I ween,
To break a lance for their lovely queen.
The trumpets sound—their coursers bound—
They meet in furious shock,
As the waves that on the rock
The blindness of their fury pour,
With flash and foam and ceaseless roar:
But all in vain—for its madness spent

Calm falls, like sleep, on the troubled ocean,
And small green waves, with a rippling motion,
Sink softly at the proud rock's feet,
That stands unmoved as it stood before:
Thus the knights are backwards bent,
Who in the lists have dared to meet
Sir Lionel in mid career.
They paid it dear—with a single spear
To earth he bore them one by one;
And now he rides in the lists alone.
Nobly and well did his gallant steed
Bear him in this hour of need—
'Twas the first gift of his lady bright
To him she loved, the gentle knight.
A moody man was the King, I trow,
And wrath frown'd stormlike on his brow;
And while all eyes were in wonder bent
On the victor of the tournament,
The marshals of the field he sent,
Before him the unknown knight to bring.
They did his bidding gracefully,
In terms of high-born courtesy,
And Sir Lionel stood before the King.
He cast the helmet from his brow—
More enraged by far is the monarch now,
For his liegeman there before him stands,
Who held from him his fief and lands,
And he has shamed the Queen to-day,
And borne the prize from her knights away.
To master his burning wrath he strove,
And said, "Sir Knight, for thy lady love
Thou hast done thy devoir manfully;
I pray thee of thy courtesy
To name the name of one so fair."
Sir Lionel stood in silence there,
For his heart was numbed by the sad thought,
With more than mortal anguish fraught,
That rushed through his soul in wild career—
All things that on earth were dear,
Or bright, or beautiful to him;
He had for ever lost that day—
He had dashed the cup of life away
That sparkled to the brim,
With delights more rare than tongue could tell.
He thought then on the fairy well,
And all the vows that there were spoken;
His faith is false—his vows are broken—
His lady love is lost to him.
And in that moment's bitter grief
He wrung his mailed hands bitterly,
And his strong frame shook like an aspen leaf,
But answer none to the King gave he.
The monarch, roused to fury, cried,
"Now, good St Denis be my guide!
Thus on my throne am I defied?
Ha! caitiff! thou art in my power;
Thou diest, aye, within this hour!"
The warrior raised his eagle eye,
And looked on the monarch haughtily.
"Sir King, he said, it may not be
That thou my lady-love shouldst see.
Never shall I behold her more.
My blood like water thou mayst pour,
It matters not—my hope is flown—
My once glad heart is desolate.
There is one refuge, one alone,
And thou wilt open by thy doom
That dark, but gladly-welcomed gate,
Which leads to quiet and the tomb."
He crossed his arms upon his chest,
And stood in such calm and deathlike rest,
But for the breathing, you had not known
That the noble form was a living one.
On the King's brow is an angry spot,
And death had been the good knight's lot,
But the peers, who loved the warrior true,
Right earnestly for him did sue;
But still the doom is sad, alas!
If, within a year and day,
She came not there, that lady gay
For whom the knight had won the field,
And in beauty did not surpass
The beautiful and youthful Queen,
Stripped of his arms, returned his shield,
He must die a traitor's death, I ween.

Sir Lionel sits in the prisoners' tower,
And droops like a fast withering flower;
He breathed the breath of joyous spring,
He heard the lark and throstle sing;
But, alas! he could not forth.
And when blithe summer decked the earth,
He could hear the merry hinds rejoice—
He listened to the reaper's voice,
And longed a peasant's son to be,
So his love were with him, and he free.
He could hear the clarion's thrilling note,
As the knights in long procession went
To banquet or to tournament;
And oft the lover's strain would float
Through the balmy air of the silent eve,
Ev'n to his dark and narrow cell—
He knew these melting strains right well.
He had oft sung such at eventide
To his best and lovely fairy bride—
How could he then not grieve?
And in the sad and falling years,
When the fruit is gone and the leaf is sere,
The hunters, furiously and fast,
With whoop and bugle-note swept past;
And it made him sadder of mood,
For well he loved the merry green wood.
He pined away and loathed his food.
He had loved to hear the gay lark sing,
Rather than well within a narrow walls,
And his buoyant spirit ever took wing
As through nature's wilds he roamed:
In the lone mountain—by torrent falls,
In the thick glen, by the sunny stream,

Where the dark pine clothed the mountain side,
Where the rich grape grew in its beauty's pride,
Where the wide-spreading plains were lovely to see,
Where the snow mountain rose in its purity,
He had wandered and gazed till his spirit was full
Of rapture for all that was beautiful;
And nature for him had a well-known voice—
Could he list to that language, and not rejoice?
And now he is pent in a narrow cell,
Where the free air of heaven loved not to dwell;
And the sunbeams scarce gleamed through the narrow grate,
As for hours in a dusky twilight he sate.
But at times, when the sun was passing bright,
Through the loophole beamed a streak of light—
Oh! breathlessly would the prisoner wait,
His dim eyes fixed on the narrow grate,
And watch for that solitary ray—
For his withered heart 'twas a happy day
When that glorious beam on his prison shone;
Though, like joy upon earth, in a moment 'twas gone.
How intensely he longed for the happy hour
That would tear him away from the tyrant's power,
And his proud spirit at length be free
As the winds that sweep o'er the curling sea!

And now the time is come at last,
The long, long year is past.
They lead him forth in the glad sunshine,
His heart is refreshed as a giant with wine;
There was vigour and life in the balmy air,
Oh! who could feel grief on a day so fair?
Though each step he makes is to the tomb,
He thinks not on his mournful doom—
To move once more in the golden light,
To see once more the free bird's flight,
To behold the thousand buds of spring
In wild profusion blossoming;
To drink in the beauty of the sky
With eager, pleasure-lighted eye,
And a gentle smile, as he thought that he
Right soon with the angels there would be.
This was such thrilling ecstasy,
That it seemed as if, in that short space,
He had lived a thousand years.
Who, that beheld that furrowed face,
Streaming *with joyous tears,*
Would have known the brave Sir Lionel,
Who, with one lance, from knightly selle
Full thirty champions bore?
His youthful day-dreams now are o'er,
He will couch a lance in those lists no more,
No more dare the battle's shock.
There gleams the axe—there stands the block.
The King is there with knights and peers,
And their manly cheeks are wet with tears,
For the knight they make sad moan—
All but the King, and his small eyes shone
With joy as he looked on the fated one.
He had hated him sore for many a year,
And he joyed that his hour of revenge was near.
Sir Lionel stands beside the block,
The hand moves slowly on the clock—
One moment, and his sand is run—
He shall not see another sun.
But, see! a moving of the crowd!
Hark! a long shout and a loud!
There ride into the space,
On palfreys white,
With trappings bright,
Three damsels, each of fairer face
Than the proud King's vaunted Queen.
With glancing eye, and lofty mien,
They stand before the King.
"Sir King, thou hast done foul wrong," they say,
"And a weary way we have come to-day,
To the oppressed our aid to bring.
Wouldst thou take the life of this good knight,
Because he fought for his lady bright?
Though a solemn vow he lightly broke,
Yet penance hard he has had to dree.
Sir King, Sir King, in thy secret heart,
Malice and hatred have a part.
It shall rue thee—woe is thee!"
Thus the errant damsels spoke.

Hark to the commons' glad acclaim!
Hark! knights and nobles raise the same!
See! through the press three damsels come—
If from their high and radiant home
Three angels were to visit earth,
More beautiful they could not be,
Nor more ethereal than these three,—
But of forms of mortal or heavenly birth,
There is not one that may compare
With her that moves the chiefest there.
Oh! it is she the fairy bride,
The ladye-love of Sir Lionel,
Lovely as when in her beauty's pride
She met him first by the ruined well;—
And it seemed to all in presence there
As if their minds were loftier,
Their thoughts more noble and more free,
As if all things smiled more joyously,
When they gazed upon that lady bright.
The sun seemed to shed a purer light,
All hearts to be filled with more delight
The birds more blithely for to sing,

While she is nigh.
It seemed as if every thing
Found all it had of bright in her,
But more complete and lovelier.

Look but at her glorious eye,
So full of fire—so soft—so meek;
He who a spotless soul would see,
When 'tis most heavenlike and fair,
In the splendour of its purity,
Need but to gaze in rapture there.
Oh! who that feels, as minstrels must,
Enraptured by so dear a theme,
Who crawls not abject in the dust,
Whose life is not like a dull dream—
He must have felt in his inmost breast
That strong desire that knows no rest,
That striving of the minstrel spirit
To paint such beauties as they merit,
That chaos of wild thoughts that rise,
The visions that flit before our eyes,
The rapture that the bosom feels,
The glorious hope that through it steals,
As 'mid this dimness light makes way,
Struggling to grow to perfect day.—
Ah me! 'tis vain on such thoughts to dwell;
Who can paint the indescribable?
There is, there is beauty in earth and sea,
In mountain, and forest, and pure blue sky;
There is not a floweret, or plant, or tree,
But is wonderful exceedingly
And beautiful to the minstrel's eye;
But all the beauty of the skies,
All that within creation lies,
Is powerless beside that light,
That concentration of things bright,
Which sparkles and glows in woman's eyes.
The haughty knights veiled cap and plume
Before that gem of loveliness;
Ev'n the dull hinds before her bent
The stubborn knee in lowliness;
And heralds in robes of office went,
And featly through the press made room.
On her palfrey white she moves along,
And stands before the king.
With voice clear as the mavis' song,
And sweet as lover's communing,
"It was thy doom, good King," she said,
"That if within a day and year
This knight's true lady were not here,
And was not found more bright and fair
Than the queen who sits in glory there,
Sir Lionel should lose his head.
Thou hast sworn it, by the saints who bled
For the holy faith; and now on high
Thine oath, good king, is registered.
This brave knight's lady—here am I—
Let then thy noble peers decide
If thou or he have the fairer bride."
Oh! could there be a doubt?
And swore upon their knightly words,
And by the cross of their good swords,
They ne'er saw a lady fair as she.
Sir Lionel is free!
Will he his fairy bride recover?
She looked not at her rescued lover;
But in the presence all did greet
With gentle words, and gestures meet;
Then turned her palfrey's head away,
And through the wondering crowd made way.

Sir Lionel stood as in a trance,
Pale was his cheek, and wild his glance;
And blended thoughts of pleasure and pain
Dizzily rushed through his reeling brain.
He had stood upon that mystic shore,
From across whose sea we return no more,
And he scarcely yet belonged to this world;
And now his ladye-love had smiled
Mere anguish on him than his soul could brook,
When she parted thus without word or look,
As the wild billow,
Whose thundering shock,
From his haven of safety
On the cold rock,
Tears the spent sailer,
Who, 'scaped from one wave,
Finds, after the tempest,
In another his grave.
He wildly glanced from side to side,
His noble steed he hath espied.
While the knight in his dungeon lay,
It bore the king each festal day;
For of the noblest coursers there,
With that good steed might none compare.
As on his prey a gallant hound,
So sprang Sir Lionel at a bound
To the side of his well-known steed;
It served him once in his hour of need,
But it serves him better now.
He is on the willing courser's back,
He follows in his lady's track;
There's a gleam of joy upon his brow,
He hurries away—away—away—
Like a flash of meteor-light,
At the close of a summer's day,
He vanished from their sight.
In the leafy solitude
Of a long resounding wood
He saw the flutter of garments white,
He is by the side of his lady bright.
She turned not on him her eyes,
Headed not his prayers and sighs.
Sir Lionel, in vain—in vain—
Then kissed that lady's [illegible]
Sir rides calmly and [illegible]
She kept on in the [illegible]
But in gladness dismounted
And the knights of [illegible]
With his heart like a [illegible]

Mournfully by her side rode on.
Oh! that her heart might yet be won!
They came to a swollen and rapid stream,
That with thunder and foam rushed past,
Broad and deep did its waters seem,
And furiously fast
Did each wave, with its tawny foam,
And arrowy rushing come.
She paused not to think
On the wave-worn brink,
But plunged into the wave.
The knight the spur to his courser gave,
He still is at her side.
Fearlessly through the ravenous tide
That lady did her palfrey guide;
And it too was of fairy birth,
And breasted the stream like no steed of earth.
Sir Lionel's steed is weary and spent,
And down the stream his head is bent,
The waves dash over the warrior's crest.
That noble steed must die to-day;
The furious waters know no rest,
They are howling for their prey.
The warrior buffets the fierce wave,
His courser and himself to save—
In vain—in vain—his hour is nigh—
But will that lady see him die?
He can draw no more his labouring breath,
Above him flap the wings of death,
Alas! to save him 'tis too late,
His was a sad and early fate—
Oh, joy! no—no—on the farther bank
The lady stood, as the warrior sank;
She uttered a loud and wailing cry,
And tossed her arms in despair on high—
The words of power—the sign of might—
She quickly uttered—she made aright,
And with lightning speed through the yielding air
She has ta'en her flight.
She seized his bright and flowing hair,
That floated yet on the topmost wave—
She is in time to save.
Love once more in her heart has power!
O'er him like a mother bending,
Sweet words and soft caresses blending,
She strives to bring him back to life.
Long and doubtful was the strife,
Life with victor death contending.
There is light in his eye and colour on his brow—
He lives—he lives—she is happy now!
Away they fly to her fairy bower,
His broken vows are all forgiven,
All but love from her heart is driven—
They dwell in joyous fairyland,
And love joins their hearts with a rosy band.
The knight never more on earth was seen;
A happy man was he, I ween.

Jan., 1834.

MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

Chap. V.

Little of moment occurred either to myself or my friends during the next two years. My mother was still an inmate of Underdown Hall, where her attentions were now become absolutely indispensable to the comfort of her brother. A settled, but calm melancholy, had succeeded to those severer transports of grief which had engrossed every faculty of her mind during the first burst of her affliction at the loss of my father, and now, if not happy, she was at least resigned. My cousin Nicholas had entered himself a gentleman commoner of Brazenose College, but so widely different were our pursuits and habits, that, although such near neighbours, we saw but little of each other; nevertheless, a tolerably good understanding was kept up between *us*, and though rarely *visiting, we always* remained upon *terms of civility.*

One morning, at a rather earlier hour than was customary with him, Nicholas made his appearance at my rooms in Peckwater, and invited himself to breakfast with me. I soon found that his object in paying me this friendly visit was to borrow a little money, a circumstance which had occurred once or twice before, at times when his exchequer had been at a low ebb. My own finances happened on this occasion to be by no means in a flourishing condition, and I was on the point of confessing my inability to accommodate him at present, when a letter was delivered to me by the "Scout," which, from its size and weight, appeared to contain an enclosure.

It was from my mother, requesting to see me immediately, "upon urgent business;" which, as she informed me, was of a nature calculated to influence, and that very w

terially, my future prospects in life. She declined entering into particulars till we should meet, conjured me to lose no time in setting out to join her, and expressed her hopes of seeing me on the third day, at latest, from that on which I should receive her epistle. The enclosure was a remittance of sufficient magnitude to obviate any difficulties of a pecuniary nature which might tend to retard my progress. This supply came very seasonably for my cousin Nicholas, with whom I immediately shared it, as the moiety would, I found, amply provide for my own wants on the journey I was about to undertake; a journey, the necessity for which I did not hesitate to acquaint him of, and heard in reply, that the reason which had induced him to apply to me for assistance, was the impossibility of his otherwise carrying into execution a scheme he had entertained of proceeding *incog.* to London, for some particular purpose he had in view. As he did not explain what this purpose was, I thought it unnecessary to enquire into it, but acceded at once to the proposal which he made, that we should travel to the metropolis together.

Little preparation was necessary for either of us; I hastily threw a few articles of dress into a portmanteau, and, through the interposition of my tutor, found no difficulty in obtaining leave for my immediate departure, more especially as I had already resided the number of days requisite for keeping the term, and the Easter vacation was at hand. Not so Nicholas—his irregularities had of late been too notorious for him to hope to obtain permission to secede one hour before the appointed time. This unlucky circumstance, however, he found means to obviate, by placing his name on the sick-list, when, having directed his servant to draw his commons regularly from the buttery till his return—feeling, moreover, a moral certainty that his injunction would be faithfully observed, as the said commons would of course be applied to the *sole* use and benefit of the receiver *during the interval*—he walked with *the greatest possible* composure over *Magdalen Bridge*, and was taken up dington Hill. The day was beautiful, and my cousin, on finding himself clear of the environs of Oxford without detection, proceeded to disencumber himself of sundry large silk handkerchiefs which enveloped the whole of the lower part of his face, and bade adieu to a voluminous surtout which had also assisted materially in disguising his figure during his walk. The silver waves of old Father Thames rolled at our feet in many a shining meander, through a scene of more than Arcadian loveliness, as we entered the town of Henley. Here we partook of a hasty dinner, when, eager to reach London, I resolutely resisted all Nicholas's covert insinuations respecting the excellence of the wine, "the best, by far, he had ever tasted at an inn," as well as his more open proposals for the discussion of one more "quiet" bottle. The horses were again put to, and in due time deposited us safely at the Tavistock, in Covent Garden.

Having drank a cup of coffee, and got rid of the uncomfortable sensation which usually succeeds a journey, however easily and pleasantly performed, Mr Bullwinkle once more suggested that a bottle of Lafitte would prove an excellent succedaneum in the absence of all other amusement; observing at the same time, that the day being a Wednesday in Lent, and all theatrical entertainments of course suspended, he should not otherwise know what to do with himself. My head was so full of conjectures as to the nature of "the business" which had occasioned my being thus suddenly summoned from my studies, and my mind was so exclusively occupied in forming a thousand improbable guesses on the subject, that I should in all likelihood have acceded to his proposal, from mere antipathy to any change of place which might disturb the current of my ideas, had I not plainly perceived that the madeira which we, or rather he, had swallowed at Henley, had already performed its part, and elevated my cousin's spirits quite as high as prudence would sanction. Well knowing that his general propensity to get into scrapes wanted not encouragement of the "Tavern-genius" to

tively declined joining him in his potations; and in order to prevent his sitting down and getting drunk by himself, an alternative which I had little doubt he would adopt, proposed that, as neither play nor opera was exhibiting, we should look in at Covent Garden, and listen to the delightful music of "Acis and Galatea." Nicholas said, indeed swore, that an oratorio was "the greatest of all possible nuisances," and that he would as soon "be crucified;" but finding me absolutely determined not to "make a night of it," he at length, though with undisguised reluctance, agreed to accompany me rather than "snore over the bottle" by himself.

We found the house very full, and, being still in our travelling dresses, resolved, in order to avoid encountering any of the more fashionable part of our acquaintance in the present deranged state of our habiliments, to go into the pit; for at the period to which my narrative refers, the "customary suit of solemn black" worn in the boxes by both sexes during Lent, at what were then literally "performances of sacred music," had not yet yielded to the innovating hand of modern illumination. Our intention was carried into effect not without some little difficulty, for every seat was occupied, and we were glad to take up our stations in "very excellent standing room" near one of the benches, at no great distance from the orchestra. The fascinating syren, Stephens, who had then just reached the zenith of her reputation, was never in finer voice; and whatever unwillingness Nicholas might have originally felt to be "bored with their confounded catgut," even he was not entirely proof against such enchanting melody. As to myself, with a mind naturally delighting in the concord of sweet sounds, a taste I had inherited from my mother, whose whole soul was attuned to harmony, I had, for some time, neither ears nor eyes for any thing but the fair songstress on the stage; till at length, during a temporary cessation of her exertions, occasioned by a movement in the accompaniment, a slight, and half-suppressed exclamation of delight *drew my attention to my immediate neighbour, who* occupied a corner of the bench close to which I was standing. It was a female, clad, like the major part of the audience, in mourning, over which was thrown a garment of grey cloth, then termed "a Bath cloak;" nor did any thing in her dress indicate a superiority over the generality of those who usually occupied that portion of the theatre in which she had placed herself; still the whole appearance, both of herself and her companions, evinced their respectability.

These latter consisted of an elderly female, in the modest garb of middle life, having much the appearance of a substantial tradesman's wife, and a lad whom I conjectured to be her son; he was about sixteen years of age, and, by his frequent yawns and sleepy demeanour, seemed to be a fellow-sufferer with my cousin Nicholas, and to have imbibed at least some portion of that *ennui* which the latter always professed to feel, and probably experienced, whenever he entered a music-room. On these two, however, I bestowed but a very cursory glance, my whole attention being immediately and involuntarily engrossed by the lovely creature to whom the old lady performed the office of *chaperon*, for that any closer connexion existed between her and the being who was fast becoming the object of my idolatry, my whole soul revolted from believing. Early accustomed to mix in good society, I had enjoyed many opportunities of seeing most of the celebrated *belles* of the day, but never, in the whole course of my experience, had I met with a form and countenance so well calculated to make an impression on the susceptible heart of a romantic and amorous youth of one-and-twenty. She appeared to be three or four years my junior, her complexion was dazzlingly brilliant, her features were cast in the finest mould of beauty, while the vivacity and intelligence that sparkled in her dark blue eyes, evinced the powers of the mind within, that gave animation to so expressive and charming a countenance. The fixed intensity of my gaze at length attracted her notice, and she blushed deeply as her eye sunk beneath mine; yet there was a something, in the occasionally recurring glance which I encountered, that told me her shrinking from

regard was rather the effect of modesty than displeasure. While I was meditating in what manner to introduce myself to one who had already made a much greater progress in my good graces than even I myself was aware of, "that which not one of the gods could venture to promise me, chance spontaneously offered to my acceptance." One of the light-fingered fraternity, who so generally frequent places of amusement, was, while labouring in his vocation, observed by my cousin Nicholas in the very act of clandestinely subtracting from the coat-pocket of the sleepy-looking youth just mentioned, as it stood most invitingly open, a large silk handkerchief, therein deposited till the termination of the performance should restore it to its original use, that of protecting the lower part of his physiognomy from the rawness and inclemency of the night air. As it formed no part of my cousin's system of politics to sanction any mischief that neither amused nor interested him, and as he foresaw, in a moment, that the bustle consequent on the detection of so nefarious a piece of delinquency might probably do both, and be infinitely more agreeable and enlivening than even the music of the spheres, had he been within hearing of their celestial harmony, he hesitated not an instant to proclaim his acquaintance with the deed then in the course of perpetration, and to interrupt the meditated retreat of this dexterous conveyancer.

The disturbance which ensued may be imagined. The offender, thus taken in the very act, or, as the Scotch have it, "with the red hand," found it useless to deny, and impossible to justify, his unauthorized appropriation of another's chattels. A portion of the surrounding spectators prepared immediately to put in force that very summary law, of which the mobility of England might in those days have been considered at once the framers, expounders, and executioners, but which, much to the regret of all good citizens, has of late years sunk into desuetude. No one then dreamed for a moment of "the *New Police*," or an appeal to "Sir *Richard:*" to their own salutary degree did they have immediate recourse, not to be found in any of the books, belongs, most probably, to the unwritten, or common law, and directs that the guilt of the criminal shall be washed and purged away through the medium of the nearest pump.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the conception, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

And so it was on the present occasion. While that highly respectable part of the community, to which I have just alluded, were, in the exercise of their undoubted prerogative, hurrying off to condign punishment the atrocious depredator "vot had prigged the gemman's wipe," in full accordance with the statute (by them) in that case made and provided, considerable confusion arose in the immediate vicinity of the transaction; certain ladies shrieked, others fainted, while a few *ultras* both shrieked and fainted. My charmer did neither; but the agitation of her manner, and the lily, now fast usurping the place of the rose upon her cheek, shewed that she was not altogether insensible to alarm. Perhaps there is no moment so favourable for a lover as that in which the object of his affections either is, or fancies herself, in danger, with no other protection to fly to but his own. I failed not to seize the golden opportunity, and improved so well the few minutes of bustle which ensued, as not only to introduce, but to ingratiate myself considerably both with the damsel and the matron. As to the "lubberly boy," his little fracas, in which his handkerchief had borne so distinguished a part, (an article, by the way, which the gentleman who had rescued it from the fangs of the pickpocket when Nicholas seized his collar, forgot, in the excess of his indignation, to return to its owner,) had given a filip to nature, and he was actually wide awake for a full quarter of an hour; but, as his mind was entirely occupied by the magnitude of his loss, his presence gave me not the slightest molestation. I was much more annoyed by Nicholas, who, in spite of my endeavours to keep him in the background, would occasionally interfere; nor could I help heartily wishing that he had carried his love of justice so far

ceremony of immersion,—whether as *pumper* or *pumpee*, I should not have cared one farthing. As things stood, I was obliged to let matters take their course; though I certainly could have dispensed with his society when, at the conclusion of the oratorio, he made a daring, though unsuccessful attempt, to induce the young lady to accept his assistance in getting clear of the crowd, and to leave me the more honourable, but less pleasing, post of acting as escort to her antiquated companion. This arrangement, however, I was sufficiently on the alert to frustrate, and almost dared to flatter myself that the nymph aided in rendering vain his manœuvre, as she thankfully accepted my arm, and afforded me the inexpressible delight of conducting her to a hackney-coach, which had apparently remained in waiting for the party. But, notwithstanding the footing I had contrived to gain by my attention to their convenience during the disturbance, as well as afterwards, I nevertheless found it impossible to extract from either the young or the old lady the secret of their address, and was inexpressibly disappointed when, having placed them in the coach, and received their acknowledgments for what they termed my politeness, the matron simply saying to the coachman, "To the house you brought us from!" made me a gracious bow, and drew up the window. The vehicle was in motion the next minute, but not before honest *Jarvis*, in return for a half-crown piece, had sold me the interesting intelligence that the place of his destination was Jermyn Street. Determined, however, to be fully satisfied as to the accuracy of my information, as well as to ascertain the particular house to which the party was bound, I failed not to follow the coach, which proceeding at a very moderate pace, enabled me to keep it in view without any difficulty, till I saw it eventually disembogue its precious contents at the door of a respectable-looking house in the street above named.

My first care on having thus fortunately, as I supposed, succeeded in "marking them down," was to put myself in possession of the number of the mansion, after which I proposed to return for the present to the hotel. But this arrangement by no means met the ideas of my cousin Nicholas, who had kindly, and without any solicitation on my part, accompanied me in the chase. He now found himself at its termination very unexpectedly in the immediate vicinity of an edifice, which contained an object possessing charms, to him not less attractive than those which had operated to bring me into the same neighbourhood. This object of my cousin's devotions was a certain table, most beautifully variegated and adorned with a motley covering of red and black cloth, exhibiting, moreover, the delightful accompaniment of sundry packs of cards, together with all and every the sacrificial instruments necessary for offering up human victims at the shrine of Plutus. Many were the persuasions made use of by my cousin to induce me to accompany him into the penetralia of this temple of Mammon, in the more recondite mysteries of which he very kindly offered to initiate me. But, resisting all his importunities to engage in so dangerous a pursuit, and finding it useless to persuade him to alter his determination, I quitted him in the street, and retraced my steps to the Tavistock, to dream of an angel in a Bath cloak.

The following morning I arose an hour before my usual time, and scarcely allowed myself a few moments to swallow a hasty breakfast, so eager was I to avail myself of the little services I had been fortunate enough to render my goddess the night before, by calling to "hope she had experienced no serious ill effects from her alarm." I was, besides, in a complete fidget lest Nicholas, too, should be taken with a freak of early rising, and insist on joining me in my proposed visit. In this respect, however, my fears were perfectly groundless, as I found, on enquiry, that worthy had not been very long in bed, having, as I doubted not, spent the major part of the preceding night in that rapturous vacillation of spirit produced by the alternation of good and bad fortune in some exciting game of chance. He was still sound asleep; I took good care not to disturb him, and set out on my adventure alone. However deserving they may be, we know that "it is not in mortals to command

success"—a truth I was destined to experience most painfully in the present instance. On applying at the house in Jermyn Street, I was astounded by the information that no ladies, answering the description which I gave, resided there at all, although two such had certainly taken tea the day before with Mrs Morgan, a lodger who occupied the first floor; that they had afterwards gone away in a hackney-coach, to the theatre, it was believed, and had returned late in the evening, but that they had only remained a few minutes, when, having partaken of the contents of a tray which had been set out in expectation of their arrival, they had finally taken their departure in a handsome dark-green chariot, which came to fetch them away. This, at least, was the account furnished me by the servant girl, whose good offices I secured by a trifling present, and who also informed me, that she had never seen the younger lady of the two before, and the elder not above twice or three times. Much disconcerted at this intelligence, I could not refrain from cursing my own stupidity in allowing them thus to escape me, though wiser heads than mine might have been puzzled to know how to have prevented it, as not the slightest suspicion of their being merely visitors at the house to which I traced them, had ever entered my mind. My only course was to promise the girl an additional gratuity, if she could succeed in learning the place of their abode; which done, I walked, with a very different step, and in a very different mood from that in which I had set out, towards St James's park, revolving in my mind the means which it would be most advisable for me to adopt, in order to obtain the wished-for intelligence. Nor did it fail to present itself to my recollection, that a very short time indeed was left me to make the necessary enquiries, unless I should altogether give up the idea of attending my mother's summons by the day appointed in her letter. Twenty-four hours, however, I thought I could *command*, and wonders might be *achieved in half that* time by a *sincere and enterprising* lover; but vain *were all my efforts* to discover my half the streets at the west end of the town; in vain did I peer and peep into every shop I passed, and scrutinise every window with the keenness of a familiar of *La Santa Hermandad*. Once, indeed, I thought I caught a glimpse of a figure similar in the delicacy of its proportions to that of my charmer, and my heart beat high with hope renewed, but, alas! only to increase my disappointment, when, after I had sorely bruised my shins, and beat all the breath out of my body, by making a cannon between an apple-barrow and an old-clothesman, in my hurry to "head" the fancied angel, my eyes were blasted by the sight of a face as hideous as age and ugliness could make it. Weary and dispirited, I at length gave up my fruitless chase; but, ere I returned to my hotel, resolved on making one final and desperate effort to recover the scent. With this view I entered a jeweller's shop, whose windows displayed "an elegant assortment" of trinkets, and having purchased a plain, but handsome vinaigrette, which I afterwards replenished at a perfumer's, once more retraced my steps to Jermyn Street. From my new auxiliary, the maid, I soon learned that I had nothing farther to expect in that quarter at present, in the way of intelligence, and therefore boldly demanded to see Mrs Morgan herself. Fortunately, as I then imagined, that lady was at home; so, desiring the girl to announce me simply as "a gentleman on business," I was introduced forthwith into the presence of an elderly female, furnished with one of the most forbidding visages that it has ever been my lot to encounter. Nothing daunted, however, at her "vinegar aspect," I proceeded at once to unfold the nature of "my business," which was, as my readers will doubtless have anticipated, neither more nor less than "to restore to the *elder* of the two ladies I had the honour of escorting from the playhouse, the evening before, a vinaigrette, which I had unwittingly retained after its use was rendered superfluous by the recovery of *her daughter* from the terror she had experienced, and to express my fervent hopes that her alarm had been attended by no unpleasant con-

Whether it was that the old snapdragon suspected my veracity from the expression of my tell-tale countenance, I knew not; though I think it far from improbable, as I never in my life could acquire from my cousin Nicholas that happy nonchalance with which he would utter you half a dozen lies in a breath, without the slightest embarrassment or discomposure of muscle: certain it is, that my tormenting auditress soon convinced me that it would be easier to extract a guinea from a miser's purse, or a plain answer from a diplomatist's portfeuille, than to obtain from her the information I so eagerly panted to obtain. With an excess of good breeding, ludicrously at variance with the sourness of her physiognomy, she eluded my request to be admitted to see the lady, parried my enquiries, thanked me for my civility, and, requesting me to give myself no farther trouble about the trinket, (which she pledged herself to return to the right owner at an early opportunity,) fairly bowed and curtsied me out of the house, without my having been able to arrive at any other certainty than that I had thrown away five pounds ten upon a most unprofitable speculation, and one which presented not the shadow of a return; in short, the cool, sarcastic demeanour of that terrible old woman fully convinced me that, from the very first, she had penetrated my motives, seen through my stratagem, and made my whole scheme recoil upon myself. One advantage, however, I had at least gained by my attempt; that was the securing still farther the assistance of my friendly Abigail, to whom I made the most magnificent promises, on the simple condition that she should transmit the desired intelligence to an address with which I furnished her; and, with nothing beyond this frail foundation to rest my hopes upon, I at last quitted London, leaving Nicholas behind me, and fully resolving to extricate myself as soon as possible from any engagement which my mother might have formed for me, that I might return to the metropolis, where only I had any hope of succeeding in my search after the, perhaps unconscious, possessor of my runaway heart.

The evening of a cold, wet, and dreary day in the month of March saw me once more at Underdown Hall, as gloomy, uncomfortable, and thoroughly out of temper as any dutiful young gentleman in the world could possibly be, when thwarted in his pursuits by the untimely interposition of his mamma. The genuine joy, however, expressed by my dear mother at my arrival, and the cordial greetings of Sir Oliver, soon alleviated, if they failed to dissipate entirely, my chagrin. I say nothing of the friendly shake of the hand vouchsafed me by the taciturn Captain, or the simpering congratulations of Miss Pyefinch, who remarked, in the most flattering manner, that "Master Stafford" (I was nearly twenty-two, and measured five feet eleven in my stockings) "had grown surprisingly, and was very much improved altogether since she saw him last." I found the worthy baronet as stout, as jovial, and as proud of his ancestry as ever; time, indeed, had laid a lenient hand on him, and, but that his hair had begun to assume the tint of the badger rather than that of the raven, little difference was to be observed in his appearance, from that which he had exhibited at the time I had first been presented to his notice. Not so Mrs Stafford; her health had never been good since my father's death, and it was with pain I now remarked that she looked much thinner, and was evidently much weaker, than when I had last quitted her; but her spirits were still good, much better indeed than I had long been accustomed to see them, and her eye gleamed once more, occasionally, with a portion of that playful fire which during the lifetime of her husband had marked its scintillations. She was evidently much pleased at something; but what that something was which afforded her so much apparent satisfaction, remained a mystery not to be solved till the following morning. I therefore repressed my curiosity as I best might, and retired to my couch, in the ardent hope of being visited in my dreams by enchanting visions of my fair but unknown enslaver. Sir Oliver had forced on me certain rations of cold pork for supper. I fell asleep, and dreamt of the devil and Mrs Morgan.

At length

"The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Peep'd o'er the top of" our "high eastern hill."

After a breakfast which appeared to me to be unusually protracted, I retired with my mother to her dressing-room, there to receive from her a communication of those weighty motives which had induced her to summon me thus abruptly. I learned that her so doing was the consequence of a letter which she had lately received from a paternal uncle of mine, of whom I had hitherto heard but little, and seen nothing, General Lord Viscount Manningham, the elder, and now sole surviving, brother of my lamented father. This epistle stated the fact of his lordship's arrival in England, after an absence from his native land of many years' duration, in the course of which time his paternal affections had been severely lacerated, by witnessing a fine and dearly-loved family of promising children yielding, together with their mother, one by one, to the fatal effects of a climate but too uncongenial with a European constitution. Of three boys, and as many girls, one only of the latter now remained to him; and, trembling lest the same dreadful cause which had robbed him in succession of her brothers and sisters, should also deprive him of this, now become his only, hope, Lord Manningham had relinquished the high and lucrative situation, and the state, little short of regal, which he held in one of our richest colonies, to seek once more the shores of his own country, loaded, indeed, with wealth, but all too dearly purchased by the loss of his wife and offspring. Great indeed were the changes which the gallant Viscount found had taken place during his long absence from England. His two brothers were, both of them, no more; of all his once numerous relatives and connexions my mother and myself were the solitary survivors, neither of whom he had, of course, ever beheld. His attachment to his brothers, and to Charles especially, had been a strong one; and although the confined state of his own finances, which in the earlier part of his career were altogether unequal to the decent support of his [illegible] doing for him what his affection dictated, and indeed forced him to sacrifice all his early habits and attachments for the valuable appointment which eventually crowned him with wealth as well as honour, still he ever entertained the kindliest feelings towards his youngest brother, and, as far as lay in his power, aided his promotion, by the exercise of all the interest he possessed; fully determining, at the same time, to appropriate to his use no niggard portion of that daily increasing property which the gradual contraction of his own family circle rendered the less necessary for his and their exclusive use. Death, as we have already seen, frustrated this project; and Colonel Stafford expired, comparatively ignorant of his fraternal intentions; but now that the same cruel spoiler had robbed him also of those beloved boys to whom he had once looked up as destined to transmit his name and honours to posterity, he recurred with greater warmth than ever to his original design, and, as the father was beyond the reach of his benevolence, resolved to confer his benefits on the son. In this intention he was the more confirmed, as that son was now, by the failure of his own issue-male, become heir-presumptive to the title of Manningham, and the last possessor of the noble name of Stafford.

Such was the tenor of his epistle, which concluded with the expression of an earnest desire to see him who was destined to inherit his honours, and intimated that the character he had already heard of his nephew, (my mother read me this part of the letter with a swelling heart,) in reply to the enquiries which he had instituted respecting him, made him anxious that the meeting should take place as soon as possible. The letter, which, I need hardly say, was a very long one, and couched in the handsomest and most affectionate terms, contained also a pressing invitation to my mother, urging her to accompany her son to Grosvenor Square, as his engagements with Ministers would, for a time, render it impossible for the ex-Governor himself to visit the Hall; a hint, too, was conveyed of an embryo plan, the object of which was

branches of the House of Stafford, by the marriage of the two last remaining scions of the family.

Of all the proposals that could have been submitted, it is doubtful if any one could have been recommended of a nature more gratifying to my mother than the one thus alluded to. Lord Manningham's wealth was now immense, and, being almost entirely of his own acquisition, was, of course, with the exception of the very small entailed estate which went with the Viscountcy, completely at his own disposal. To me, indeed, a barren title would descend, but that, without the funds necessary to support its dignity, might rather be considered as a misfortune than a boon. An arrangement like that proposed would obviate every inconvenience. Report spoke highly of the person and accomplishments of the Honourable Miss Stafford, although (from her father's time having been hitherto too much occupied since his return to admit of his forming a suitable establishment) she had not yet been introduced into general society, but at the next birthday she was to be presented; then, of course, her career of fashion would commence, and, beyond all doubt, numberless admirers, among the votaries of *ton*, would rapidly present themselves in the train of the possessor of so many charms, and the inheritrix of so many rupees. On every account, therefore, my mother was anxious that I should lose no time in securing to myself an interest both with my noble uncle and his fair daughter; and nothing prevented her from at once writing to me, and explaining the whole affair, but the idea she entertained that she could better expatiate upon the advantages of such a match in a personal interview, combined with a wish of hearing from my own lips the pleasing assurance, that my most earnest endeavours should beforthwith applied to the realization of this, her most fondly cherished hope.

Although naturally of a sanguine temperament, and fully alive to all the advantages which rank and property bestow on their possessor, there was nevertheless a something in all this which did not present itself to my view in quite such glowing colours as it did to that of my mother. To be thus unceremoniously disposed of, without being even consulted on the subject, appeared to me neither consistent with the respect I thought my due, nor altogether reasonable. Miss Stafford might, for aught I knew to the contrary, be all that my mother represented her to be, but then again—she might *not*—or, if she were, I might not like her, or—though self-love whispered that was scarcely possible—she *might* not like me. Nor should I be acting with candour were I to deny that, had this proposal been made to me before I quitted Oxford, it *might* have been viewed in a very different light. At present the charms of the unknown fair one certainly tended most materially to bias my inclinations, and though I was not so far gone, either in love or in romance, as at once to resolve on rejecting so fair an offer,—if offer that might be called, which at most was only an insinuation,—still the recollection of the tender, yet modest glances I had encountered in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, undoubtedly contributed to render me averse from a proposal, my acceptance of which would, of course, preclude the possibility of any farther acquaintance with the object of my search, even should I be fortunate enough to discover her retreat. Nevertheless, I could not help feeling the force of Sir Anthony Absolute's observation, "it is very unreasonable to object to a lady you have never seen;" and the idea at the same moment occurring to me that my attendance on Lord Manningham in town would be, perhaps, the most efficacious method I could take to make the discovery that lay so near my heart, I gave my assent to the proposal, that I should pay my uncle a visit, not only without reluctance, but even with an alacrity, to which an unwillingness to occasion so much pain to my mother, as I saw the expression of my real feelings on the subject would give her, mainly contributed. A sort of coxcombical feeling that, perhaps, after all, I MIGHT like a young lady who, it was ten to one, might not like me, contributed to decide the matter, and I "gave in my adhesion" with a tolerably decent share of apparent resignation. My mother, however

was not so blind as to be insensible to my indifference on a subject which she had fondly flattered herself would have elicited far more vivid emotions; still, as I expressed no disinclination to the measure, remonstrance was impossible, and she contented herself with re-stating, in the most persuasive language of which she was mistress, the various and incalculable advantages attending the connexion. Her endeavours were not wholly unsuccessful, and, after a day principally spent in reflection on all the *pros* and *cons* of the business, I went to repose with a resolution of confirming my willingness to avail myself immediately of his Lordship's invitation, trusting to Providence and to events as they might arise, to enable me either to accept or decline the honour intended me. This I signified to my mother before I retired for the night, in such terms as again caused the beam of satisfaction and joy to sparkle in her eye. On the following day I again pursued my way towards that great emporium of the wealth of the universe, which, as I firmly believed, contained, among its other treasures, the paragon of her sex—Remember, reader, I was then not twenty-two.

The weather on this occasion was still more boisterous and unpleasant than on the day of my journey into the country, but I neither marked its state nor felt its inconvenience. The road, the prospects, the very post-boys were all charming; and, but that they were rather slow, the very horses would have had the benefit of that complacency with which I was now disposed to regard all nature, animate and inanimate—except Mrs Morgan.

My mother had provided me with an introductory letter to Lord Manningham, expressing the satisfaction she had experienced at finding the only surviving brother of her lamented Charles thus disposed to countenance and support his widow and only child, while she deeply regretted that the state of her health was such as to render so long a journey imprudent, not to say impossible, on her own part. Of me, her son, she spoke in the fondest terms maternal affection could dictate, and conjured him by the love which, as his letter evinced, he had borne the father, to extend that love to the son. She added her eager coincidence in his half-expressed wish, and her anxious hope that his Lordship would pay her a visit, at Underdown Hall, at the earliest opportunity his engagements would afford him. A civil postscript from Sir Oliver, backing the latter request, completed this momentous despatch, which was delivered into my safe keeping, sealed, in due form, with a fine impression of the Bullwinkle arms, affixed by the Baronet himself, in a circle of sealing-wax the size of a crown-piece.

Chapter VI.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached London, but no sooner had I deposited my baggage safely in my old quarters, than I ran, without even changing my dress, or taking any refreshment, to Jermyn Street. My old friend Sally opened the door as usual, but her countenance at once told me that she had nothing to communicate. "Neither of the ladies had called since I was there last," and, of course, she had as yet had no opportunity of earning the stipulated reward; but "she did not despair." Nor did I, though I could *not help feeling* sorely disappointed.

Foiled once more, I returned to *the hotel, and, having* seated myself *in the coffee-room*, and bell-

ing to pieces and devouring the solitary muffin that accompanied my cup of coffee, with all the vacant deliberation of mental as well as corporeal lassitude, when a sudden slap on the shoulder induced me to raise my eyes, which immediately encountered an oblique glance from those of my cousin Nicholas. I know not whether I have before remarked that my young relative, among his other accomplishments, possessed that of squinting in its most perfect fashion; looking me, therefore, full in the face, while an ordinary observer would have believed one of his eyes directed to the opposite side of the room, and its fellow to the muf-

he, "is it possible? I thought you had long ere this been at Underdown! What! been snug in town all the while? Eh, old Sobersides? Ferreting out some wench for a hundred! The little gipsy we picked up at the playhouse, eh?"

A very respectable portion of the best blood in my veins rushed into my face, as I indignantly repelled this injurious supposition, assuring my cousin, in tones of greater asperity than usual, that, so far from having been lying *perdu* in London, or engaged in any unworthy pursuit, I had actually been down to his father's, and was indeed but just returned.

"Well, well, no great harm, cousin Charles, had my guess been a true one; you might, perhaps, have been worse employed. But how goes it with old Squaretoes, and that dainty piece of dimity, Miss Kitty Pyefinch? Curse her nankeen countenance! I thought she would have kissed me when I left home, whether I would or no."

"Nicholas," said I, "Sir Oliver is as well as I have ever known him to be, together with all his friends, disrespectfully as you may choose to allude to some of them; but come, let me question you in return—have you found out—that is—have you ever met again with those ladies whom we saw that evening at the oratorio, and followed to Jermyn Street?"

"Not I—that is—not to speak to them. I fell in with the young tit, indeed, yesterday, walking with her bumpkin brother, but I cut them dead. Miss is too die-away for me. The old girl would be a better speculation by half, if she were not so deuced crummy."

"But where, my dear Nicholas—where did you meet that charming—I mean, the girl you speak of?"

"Oh! in the Strand, yesterday morning, and I daresay she visits some people in that elegant neighbourhood, for I saw her go into a house in one of the streets leading from it down towards the river."

"Which street, my dear Nicholas?"

"No, not Wych Street; one of those on the other side of the way; I *do not know that* I can tell you the *name of it; but*, as you seem so anxious about the business, I daresay I could point it out to you, and the house too, for that matter, to-morrow."

"Anxious? no, not at all! But, seriously, my good fellow, you will lay me under an essential obligation if you can shew me the house, as the lady left something in my possession that evening, which, as a gentleman, I of course wish to return."

"Why not go to her own house, then, at once, where we saw her go in with her mother and Master Sappy, after the music?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Nicholas, I have already called there, and find that is not her residence, but merely the abode of one of her friends."

"Well, cousin Charles, I will help you, as far as I can, with all my heart. But why so close, man? Why not say at once that you have taken a fancy to the girl, and want to beat up her quarters?"

It was with no small difficulty that I could command my temper sufficiently to listen to my cousin's sarcastic innuendoes, which, through the fear of losing what information he might be able to give me, I dared not openly resent. He saw his power, and used it most unmercifully, tantalizing and tormenting me all the evening, in the course of which he managed to draw from me the reasons of my so sudden return to town, and my intended intercourse with Lord Manningham's family. At length he quitted me for the night, with a promise of accompanying me the next morning in pursuit of my lovely fugitive, leaving me, however, still half in doubt whether he had not been all along playing upon my credulity, and whether the whole story of the rencontre in the Strand was not a pure fiction of his own inventing.

Never did night appear so long as that which intervened between this evening of my return and the following morning, which, as I fondly hoped, was destined to crown my wishes with success. I sprang from my bed as soon as the various sounds from below gave notice that the business of the day was commencing, and, having roused my cousin Nicholas, who slept in an adjoin

chamber, made a hasty toilet, and wandered up and down the empty coffee-room till he should join me at breakfast, which I ordered immediately, in anticipation of his instant appearance. Twenty times had I compared the watch in my hand with the dial in the room, twenty times had I turned with eagerness to the door, through which Nicholas did *not* enter, and full as often had I taken up, and laid down again, the Morning Herald, of which I found it impossible, at present, to read six consecutive lines. Still he came not. At last, losing all patience, I once more flew up the stairs that led to his chamber, with strides that would not have disgraced an ogre; I burst into his room, and found him—fast asleep, as he was when I had called him an hour and twelve minutes before. Human nature could not endure this; so, turning down the bedclothes, and laying violent hands upon the ewer, I threatened him with a discipline similar to that inflicted on the unlucky pickpocket, unless he immediately took the necessary measures for accompanying me down stairs. This Mr Bullwinkle once more solemnly promised to do; but I was no longer in that state of patient acquiescence which would have enabled me to rest satisfied with his plighted faith. I therefore stationed myself obstinately by his bedside, till the great work of adorning and embellishing his person was completed, an operation which I could not at times help suspecting he took a malicious pleasure in protracting to the latest possible period.

In spite of all his delays, necessary and unnecessary, my cousin Nicholas was at length accoutred; and, after a breakfast which he seemed to me to be an age in devouring, we started off, arm in arm together, towards the Strand. But here the demon of disappointment still pursued me; Nicholas either could not, or would not, point out the precise street in which he had seen the object of my search; and, after leading me in vain up and down every street and lane between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, provokingly asserting *as he entered* each, that he "was sure *he was right at last*," a prediction, *the fallacy of which* was proved the *succeeding moment*, at length fairly confessed that "his recollection had certainly failed him for once, and that he really could not now tell which was the identical street in question, though he was perfectly sure it must be one of them."

"Hope deferred," saith the Wise Man, "maketh the heart sick;" and, completely overcome with that uncomfortable sensation, I made but little resistance to the proposal he now made, that we should adjourn for a while to the nearest coffee-house, and recruit. Many of my readers will recollect one, of a third-rate description, called the Hungerford, long since swept from the face of the earth by the innovating hand of time, but which, at the period of which I am speaking, stood on the north side of the Strand, and nearly faced the market of the same name, which still exists, and retains its appellation, *sed quantum mutatus ab illo!* Into this asylum did I betake myself, weary and dispirited both in mind and body, and seated myself opposite to my companion, in one of the boxes near the window.

My cousin Nicholas called for a "basin of mock turtle," and I was persuaded to order another, rather with the view of keeping him in countenance, (though, I must confess I do not recollect having ever seen him *out* of countenance,) and of whiling away the time till his satiated appetite should enable him to renew the search, than from any inclination to eat. The "*two mocks* for number three" were at length despatched, and I was settling with the slipshod waiter who had brought them, for my cousin, as usual, "had no silver,"—when an exclamation from the latter at once took away all my attention.

"There she goes, by G——," said Nicholas.

"Who?—where?" cried I, turning instantly to the window, and throwing the waiter who had just delivered me the change for a five pound note, twice as much as he demanded. "As I live and breathe," quoth Nicholas, "she is in that green chariot yonder;" and as he spoke he made for the door.

I gave but one look down the street, saw a shewy-looking equipage proceeding at a brisk pace, and instantly turning, scarce gave myself

time to thrust the "flimsies," as Nicholas called the one-pound notes, into my pocket-book that lay on the table, and sprang after him. My cousin was already in the street.

With a degree of rapidity worthy notice in the annals of pedestrianism, we made our way along that crowded thoroughfare; the "green chariot" was still in view, and we were fast gaining upon it, when, in crossing what was then the end of St Martin's Lane, I experienced the truth of that homely but respectable proverb, "The more haste the less speed," I stumbled and fell. It was but the delay of a moment; I was instantly on my legs again, and followed the direction which my cousin declared the chariot had taken, but it was no longer in sight, and we had reached the Opera-House, in breathless precipitation, ere my companion stopped short, and observed, "he was afraid he must have been mistaken after all, and that the carriage had turned down towards Parliament Street." It was but too true; we had indeed, in the sportsman's phrase, "overridden the hounds;" and I was cursing the ill luck that seemed to delight in persecuting me, when a transient glimpse of Nicholas's face for the first time induced a suspicion of his sincerity. There was in the expression of his countenance a something which conveyed at once to my mind a strong idea, that he had purposely misled me; though wherefore, it was impossible for me to conjecture. "Bullwinkle!" said I, stopping short, and fixing my eyes upon him, "you are deceiving me. They came not this way, and you know it"——

"Upon my life, I fear so," returned he, in an unembarrassed tone, while his villanous obliquity of vision defied the inquisitorial glance I endeavoured to fix upon his eyes; "I really think we must be wrong; but no matter; a girl like her is easily unkennelled, if a man sets about the search in earnest; come, come, Stafford, give up the chase for to-day, man. You have plenty of time before you, and a few of the *mopusses*, properly administered, will soon ferret her out, I warrant you; or, at all events, they will find you another as *good. I should like* nothing better *than to stay and lend* you a helping hand, for this sort of adventure is rather in my way; but, 'stern necessity,' as the poet says—I must be off to Oxford again to-morrow, for I have been *ill* there so long, that, by Jove, they may take it into their compassionate heads to look in and see whether I am alive or not; so come, a dish of fish, a cutlet, and one bottle of Burgundy to wash it down, and then I leave you to discover, and arrange matters, if you can, with this invisible insensible, whom you have never seen but once, and prosecute your embryo amour with the delectable cousin you have never seen at all. For me, I am off once more *inter sylvas academi quærere verum.*"

His open, unembarrassed manner staggered, if it did not remove, my suspicions. I was already fatigued with walking the whole of the day, and accompanied him, therefore, the more readily to the Bedford, resolving to renew my search the next morning, and to leave no stone unturned to accomplish a discovery which, the more that obstacles were thrown in its way, I seemed the more eagerly to desire.

On rising the following morning, I found that Nicholas had for once kept faith; he had already started for Oxford, nor was I at all sorry for the circumstance. Indeed, I could not fail to call to mind the notorious propensity to mischief which he had displayed from a boy—a propensity which, instead of wearing out and disappearing as he advanced in years, had, as I well knew, "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." The more I considered his conduct during the preceding day, the more I became convinced that I had been his dupe throughout; and that at the very moment when he seemed to be most earnest in assisting my enquiries, he was in reality laughing at me in his sleeve, and enjoying my perplexity and disappointment. His absence, therefore, I felt as a positive relief, rather than as an inconvenience, and I accordingly prepared to renew my researches by myself, deriving added confidence from the want of that very auxiliary on whom I had, the day before, placed so much dependence. But before I again set out on my Quixotic expedition, busy memory interfered most officiously, as

brought to my view, in very prominent colours, the ostensible purpose for which I had returned to London, the plighted promise I had given to my mother, that I would forthwith seek out my noble uncle and his fair daughter. Mrs Stafford would, I knew, be anxious to hear of my arrival, and domestication in Lord Manningham's family. One day's delay might, fairly enough, be attributed to fatigue, &c.; but that of a second would hardly admit of such, or indeed any, excuse. I, therefore, though not without a feeling of reluctance almost amounting to aversion, determined to go and present my letter of introduction to the "Honourable Amelia Stafford," and her lordly papa. But here I soon found I was reckoning without my host; the epistle so carefully indited by my mother, so much more carefully sealed and superscribed by Sir Oliver, and most carefully, as I imagined, deposited by myself within the voluminous folds of a patent pocket-book—was nowhere to be found. In vain did I ransack the contents of the aforesaid pocket-book, in which I could have ventured to swear I had placed it with my own hand, and whence nothing but the fact of the book's never having been for one moment out of my possession since my departure from Underdown, could prevent my believing it to have been abstracted. In vain did I, as it were, eviscerate every fold and every pocket—the letter had totally disappeared.

After a long-continued but fruitless search, I was endeavouring to recollect whether I might not, after all, in the hurry of my return, have left this fateful billet on my dressing-table at the Hall, when the conviction at once struck me that I had, immediately on receiving it from my mother, placed it directly in my pocket-book, with two others, one from Sir Oliver to his man of business, and one from Miss Kitty Pyefinch, "favoured by C. Stafford, Esq.," to a milliner in Barbican, with whom she had some time before scraped an acquaintance at a watering-place, *and had since* regularly corresponded, *once at least* in every year, on *the subject of the* newest fashions. *This last-named* and most precious rival in London, consigned to the vortex of the two-penny post, and now I began to tremble, lest inadvertently I might have committed the missing epistle to the same receptacle; but this, I soon perceived, could not have been the case, as, on a re-examination, I not only found my uncle's letter to his agent, but also another in the closest juxta-position to it, evidently usurping the place of the deficient billet. This was a supernumerary of which I had no recollection, and was addressed to "James Arbuthnot, Esq., British Coffeehouse, Cockspur Street."

Who on earth Mr James Arbuthnot could possibly be, or how a letter directed to him could find its way into my pocket, was to me as absolute a mystery as the quadrature of the circle, the determination of the longitude, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone. There, however, it was, and, as the seal was already broken, I felt little compunction in intruding upon the privacy of a gentleman who had some how or other contrived, most unwittingly on my side, to make me a party to his correspondence. The contents of the letter were as follows:—

"Sir,—I vas to meet you at de Tennis Court on Vensday, as you tell me, about that leetle annuity, bote you vas not come. The business can't be done all so cheap as vat I thought; bote if the gentlemans vas abofe seventy, den I can get my frend to do de *post obit* at twenty-six.—Your most obediently,

"Aaron Ximenes.

"P.S.—The premiums will be only three and a half."

Never did response, written or unwritten, from the Pythian Tripod, or any other oracle of antiquity, exercise the wits of curious enquirer more than did this mystic scroll puzzle and perplex my wondering faculties. Difficult as it was to decipher the hieroglyphics themselves, their purport, and, above all, the mode in which they could have insinuated themselves into their present situation, was still more mysterious. The more I racked my brain

ed I became. One thing, however, was certain, and, when I came to reflect more coolly upon the matter, I was not altogether sorry for it. The letter to Lord Manningham was undoubtedly lost, and I therefore hesitated not to avail myself of this circumstance to defer my visit to Grosvenor Square, contenting myself with writing to my mother, informing her of the occurrence, and requesting that she would cause my room at the Hall to be examined for the missing epistle, and that, in the event of its not being forthcoming, she would furnish me with a new set of credentials. The time which must necessarily intervene I determined to employ in a renewed and energetic pursuit after my incognita. I did not, in the meantime, forget to make enquiries in Cockspur Street after "James Arbuthnot, Esq." A gentleman of that name had, as I was told, occasionally slept there, and letters were sometimes left at the bar for him, but he had not been there lately, nor did they recollect that any letter whatever had been taken in for him for some time. With this information, meagre and unsatisfactory as it was, I was obliged for the present to remain contented. My mornings were passed in parading the streets, my evenings in visiting various places of amusement, in the vain hope of once more encountering the idol of my imagination. The day passed by on which I might have received an answer from my mother, but it came not, and I rejoiced in the delay. On the fifth evening, I was sitting, as usual, after a long and useless peregrination, execrating my unlucky stars, and revolving a thousand plans, each more visionary than the last, for the attainment of my object, when Sir Oliver Bullwinkle, in his own proper person, entered the coffee-room.

Had the spectre of the revered Sir Roger risen from the superincumbent dust of ages, in all his Norman panoply, and presented himself before me, refulgent in chain mail, I could scarcely have received the visitation with a more theatric start. That any circumstance at all short of an earthquake, or the stoppage of a country-bank, *could* have possessed *sufficient interest to* draw the good *baronet thirty miles from home*, I could never have conceived—But to the metropolis! to that scene of villany, fraud, and ignorance!—aye, of ignorance, for "what can people know, that is worth knowing, who never go a-hunting above once a-year, and then only on an Easter Tuesday in a hackney-coach!" This frequently formed a favourite theme of discourse for my uncle on a winter's evening, at Underdown Hall, especially after the news contained in some recent missive from Miss Kitty's city correspondent had been duly detailed and commented upon by that erudite fair. Much then did I marvel at seeing the baronet, despite the sovereign contempt he ever felt and expressed for them, thus mixing with the "ignoramuses" of London; and not a little did I speculate upon the magnitude of that cause which could operate to the voluntary introduction of his person among so barbarous a race. But the half ironical smile which had begun to contract the corners of my mouth expanded at once into an expression of the most unfeigned gratitude, when I found that the moral convulsion which had divorced the kind soul from his household gods, and plunged him thus headlong into scenes which he abominated, was neither more nor less than the anxiety which he felt for the welfare of my unworthy self. The receipt of my letter had caused much consternation at the Hall; that from my mother to Lord Manningham could nowhere be found in the places which I had desired might be searched; and my affectionate parent had determined, after a long and fruitless enquiry on the subject, on recommencing her task, when, to the utter surprise of herself and every body else, Sir Oliver suddenly announced his resolution of being the bearer of it. "The boy," he said, "was clearly not able to make his way in town like a man—every one might have seen, too, when he was last down, that his wits were *gone wool-gathering*—and he would go and see him well through the business himself." It is needless to say that his offer was accepted with the liveliest gratitude by a mother anxious for the well-being of her child, though more than a doubt would sometimes cross her mind, if her brother's personal

terference could, in the present case at least, contribute to it; but the good-humoured eagerness to be of service to me which he displayed, and the vehement invectives he launched forth against the villany and temptations of London in the abstract, (of which in the detail he had about as much knowledge and experience as a child of four years old,) made Mrs Stafford contented, nay, even anxious, that he should set out forthwith to cover me with his protecting ægis, and ward off the dangers with which the loss of so valuable an article as a letter of introduction declared me necessarily to be surrounded. My poor uncle was about as well fitted for the task of guiding a youth through the labyrinthian ways of London, as of being Mufti to the Sublime Porte; but he thought otherwise, and his motives were the kindliest and most affectionate. Peace be with his ashes!

With much circumlocution, and an air of fatherly protection, to me, who knew the worthy baronet's habits so well, irresistibly ludicrous, he communicated his intentions in coming to London, and, felicitating both me and himself most warmly on his having so readily met with me, expressed his determination of taking a quiet pipe and a tankard, as he had dined upon the road, and of postponing matters of business until the morrow. There was much, however, in this arrangement of Sir Oliver's objectionable, not to say impracticable. In the first place, not even a cigar (to say nothing of tobacco-pipes) was allowed in the room, nor was "a tankard" much more accessible; besides, the social "dish of chat" with me, which he seemed to consider an appendage of course, would have interfered very materially with the plan I had already chalked out for the evening. Notwithstanding my numerous disappointments, hope had not yet entirely forsaken me; and I had fully resolved on visiting one, at least, of the theatres, as usual, in the faint expectation of being able to recover among the audience some trace of the beautiful phantom which had hitherto eluded me. I had nothing for it, therefore, but to state plainly to Sir Oliver the impossibility of his manner proposed, and to solicit his joining me in a cup of coffee and subsequent adjournment to Drury Lane; after which I pledged myself to accompany him to a place where, amidst less sophisticated souls, he might solace himself to satiety with his favourite beverage and amusement. With much the same sort of surly acquiescence as that with which a traveller surrenders to a footpad the purse he has no means of withholding, Sir Oliver, finding me positive, gave a grumbling assent, and to Drury Lane we proceeded.

Many years had elapsed since the baronet had visited the interior of a London theatre, and the brilliance of the lights, the elegance of the house, the beauty of the scenery and decorations, together with the business of the stage, had an effect almost bewildering upon his faculties. Mine, too, were scarcely more at liberty, since, in hearing and replying to his various remarks and multifarious questions, my own senses were so completely occupied as to leave a person less interested than myself, little leisure or opportunity for the scrutiny which was my real inducement to attend the performance. By degrees, indeed, in listening to and answering Sir Oliver's very *original* observations, the main purpose of my coming had almost faded from my memory, when it was at once most forcibly brought to my recollection by an apparition in an opposite box, which acted upon me with the effect of a galvanic battery. This was the gaunt figure of the ever-to-be-abominated Mrs Morgan, seated in close confabulation with the supposed mamma of my unknown charmer, in a front row on the second tier.

Not a little to the astonishment and very visible dismay of Sir Oliver, I cut him hastily short in an elaborate harangue on the wonderful properties of gas, and the ingenuity of its, then recent, introduction into our national theatres, and briefly telling him that I had just caught sight of a college acquaintance in an opposite box, whom I particularly wished to speak to, begged his excuse for a few minutes, while I should make to my friend a communication of some

then, pledgin

gave him no time to utter the objection I saw already hovering on his lips, but bowed and left him, running, with all the eagerness of a boy after a butterfly, towards the place which contained the object of my pursuit. Never did weary palmer, after a long and laborious pilgrimage, enter the shrine of his patron-saint with more of satisfaction, awe, and reverence, than filled my palpitating bosom, as I seated myself behind Mrs Morgan and her friend. A significant glance passed between them as I entered, and, with a voice faltering from emotion, paid my compliments to both. My reception from either party was sufficiently cool to have rebuffed any one who had less imperious motives for cultivating an acquaintance. Their replies to my remarks, and congratulations upon their good looks, were cold, constrained, and barely within the bounds of civility; while the sarcastic expression of Mrs Morgan's eye, when I at last hazarded an enquiry, to her companion, after the health of "the young lady I had had the happiness of seeing in her company," shewed me at once that the motives of my attentions were, by her at least, duly appreciated. I failed not also to perceive that this question put the good lady to whom it was addressed into no small flutter; she fumed and fidgeted, and appeared so uneasy during every allusion I made to the subject of our former meeting, and evaded giving me any direct answer so very inartificially, that I no longer imagined, what I had never indeed entirely believed, that any maternal ties, at all events, existed between her and my charmer; I felt convinced, on the contrary, that a secret of some kind or other, and evidently one very burdensome in the keeping, prevented her from giving me all the information I required. I employed all the address I was master of to overcome their undisguised dislike to my society, and by my perseverance had at length so far succeeded in thawing the ice, even of the frosty-faced Morgan, as to induce her to reply to my remarks in a tone which might almost have been considered as approaching to civility; I had begun to flatter myself that I should *obtain by* sap what had *defied my efforts* at storming—I had *actually gained so much* as to discover that the name of my friend on the left hand was Wilkinson, and that she filled the important situation of housekeeper in a family of rank at the "West End of the Town"—when a bustle in the box which I had quitted forcibly drew off my attention. A momentary glance was sufficient to satisfy me that the principal actor in the disturbance was Sir Oliver Bullwinkle. That he was engaged in a serious dispute with some one, the vehemence of his gesticulation would not allow me to doubt, while now and then an upper note of his, audible in preponderating shrillness, above all the forcible recommendations to "Turn 'em out," and "Throw 'em over," generally applied on such occasions by the denizens of the upper regions, in the forlorn hope of transferring objects of annoyance from themselves to their friends below, confirmed the fact. The person of the antagonist, who appeared to have drawn down upon himself such a torrent of wrath and vituperation from the exasperated Baronet, was concealed from my view by the intervening by-standers, some of whom seemed, by their gestures, inclined to take an active part in the fray. Every feeling of my mind naturally revolted against seeing my uncle, although, as I knew, "himself a host," thus matched single-handed against such apparently fearful odds, and I hastened to his assistance, first apologizing to my new friends for my abruptness in quitting them, and begging permission to return and escort them home at the conclusion of the performance. Whether my very polite offer met with acceptance or denial, I am unable to say, as at that moment I fancied I saw Sir Oliver's arm raised in the act of striking, and, without waiting to distinguish the answer, I closed the door and ran off.

On arriving at the supposed scene of combat, I found I was just too late for the fray; my uncle's opponent, having been carried off by a friend just as the dispute had reached its climax, was already descending one of the staircases that led to the lobbies. I saw nothing of his person, save that a casual glance shewed me a figure wrapped up in a light-coloured riding-coat, while some broken exclamations, uttered either by himself or his compan-

respecting the "old fellow's infernal impudence," were alone distinguishable. A considerable degree of confusion still prevailed within the box, and, as Sir Oliver's safety was my first object, to that point I of course directed my attention. I found the Baronet, with a face as red as a peony, fuming and perspiring at every pore, while, with all the vehemence of a Methodist preacher at a country wake, he was alternately remonstrating and insisting on his right to chastise some one who appeared to have incurred the heaviest weight of his displeasure, and this to the great amusement of a portion of his audience, and the marked indignation of others. As his eye fell upon me, he changed the object of his attack.

"So, sir, here you are at last! this is your ten minutes, is it? Why were you not here, sir, to have broken that puppy's neck?"

"Be calm, my dear Sir Oliver, let me beg you to be calm; consider where you are, and"——

"Consider the d—l, sir—Calm! I will never be calm again—I have a right to be in a passion, and I will—abuse me like a pickpocket!—threaten to pull my nose—a Bullwinkle's nose!—I'll massacre the rascal, I'll"——

"My dear uncle, pray let me persuade you to withdraw; your antagonist has gone already; in a fitter place we can talk this matter over, and if any one has insulted you"——

"Insulted me? didn't I tell you he swore he would pull my nose?—threatened to horsewhip me?"

"Well, well, uncle, pray let us retire; this person, whoever he may be, is undoubtedly to be found, and doubt not but I shall be ready"——

"You be ready?—you be d——!—Found! What, I suppose you too mean to join in the plot to persuade me out of my senses—you too mean to confederate with that imp of the devil's begetting, Nicholas, to drive me mad!"

"Indeed, sir, I do not; I know nothing of my cousin's plans, nor do I see how he can be at all concerned *in the present* business, as he is now *at Oxford.*"

"*It's a lie—it's an infernal lie—the* [illegible]

not leave him so much land as would fill a flower-pot—a rascal! horsewhip me! pull my nose!"

I was thunderstruck! My cousin Nicholas then was the object of all this excess of indignation—but it was impossible—Nicholas, with all his addition to mischief, could never have gone such lengths as Sir Oliver spoke of; besides, I was morally certain that he had now been at Oxford more than a week. At all events the point to be gained at present was to get my uncle away, and this, partly through the assistance of Sir John Allanby, a college friend who had once accompanied me on a visit to the Hall, and who at this period joined me, I at length succeeded in accomplishing.

We adjourned to the New Hummums, Sir Oliver absolutely foaming with rage, like a fresh-drawn bottle of his favourite Edinburgh ale in the dog-days. He was, indeed, "*completely up.*" Having obtained a private room, and ordered some refreshment, I allowed my uncle's fury some time to evaporate in, before I hazarded a question as to the origin of his discomposure. After a slight repast, at which the Baronet, in spite of his anger, played his part to admiration, a plentiful supply of his favourite beverage soothed him into some degree of returning mansuetude, till the ebullition of his fury at length "in hollow murmurs died away." Then, and not till then, did I venture a query as to the particulars of his adventure, and learned, amidst many interruptions, occasioned by his oft rekindling ire, that I had not quitted his side five minutes before a person in a drab riding-frock entered the box, whom Sir Oliver, notwithstanding his dress, which was cut in the very extreme of the fashion, his dark mustaches and military spurs, at once recognised as his own son.

"Nick!" cried Sir Oliver, in amaze, "Nick, can I believe my eyes? What the d—l are you doing here, sir, when I believed you to be hard at your studies? Nick, I say, come back directly, you rascal, and answer me!"

[illegible] man [illegible]
ner

for an instant he paused, half turning to a friend who leaned upon his arm, as if under the impression that the words must have been directed to him, but seeing no indication in his countenance of that having been the case, he once more faced about, and asked, in a tone of astonishment, "Did you address yourself to me, sir?"

"To you, sir? aye to be sure—whom else do you think I spoke to? I tell you what, Nick"——

"Really, sir, you have the advantage of me," interrupted the other, "I do not recollect that I have the honour of your acquaintance."

"Why, you impertinent puppy!" thundered Sir Oliver, lost in amaze at what he conceived to be the unparalleled impudence of his own offspring, "do you mean to deny me? Do you mean to tell me to my face that you are not my son, Nicholas Bullwinkle?"

"Upon my word, sir, I lament to say that I am not fortunate enough to possess so mild and engaging a papa," returned his antagonist, whose surprise at this attack seemed now to be fast merging in the amusement he began to derive from it; "and I much fear," added he, "that even if I were inclined to admit your claim to paternity, and to solicit your blessing in the hope of soon enjoying a thumping legacy, my mamma would by no means be disposed to sanction your pretensions, being, as she is, already provided with a respectable elderly gentleman, whom she has long since honoured with the title of Lord and Master, and complimented as the author of my being. Eh? Sybthorpe, what think you?"

"Ho! ho! ho! Famous, Tommy, 'pon honour!" shouted Mr Sybthorpe.

Horace has with great truth, as well as shrewdness, observed, that

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;"

and my uncle, in this trying moment, confirmed the truth of his testimony. Had any one *told* Sir Oliver that his son Nicholas had slipped away from college, and taken a clandestine trip to London, *in all probability the account would have* been received *without much manifestation of surprise, and with no great degree of* indignation against what, if we may draw any inference from his usual mode of reasoning on hearing of my cousin's freaks, he would, in all probability, have considered as a youthful frolic, not altogether unbecoming a "lad of spirit." But when he found himself, as he supposed, most unexpectedly brought into immediate contact with him in the very act of his delinquency, and, above all, laughed at, absolutely disowned, and, to use a phrase of his own, "made quite a May-game of" by his lively offspring; when, too, it is recollected, that he, in general, only approved of, and smiled at, Nicholas's flights of fancy, so long as his wit was directed against others, it need occasion no surprise if his anger now knew no bounds, but amounted almost to frenzy. It was with difficulty he found words to express his feelings with, but when they did come forth, they rushed along in an animated flow of overbearing eloquence, as the long pent up torrent, having once surmounted the barriers opposed to it, springs forward with tenfold energy from the temporary restraint it has experienced. Stunning as was its effect, the stranger, whom he persisted in calling his son, once more met him in midway, but his countenance had now lost the ironical gravity which gave point to his last speech, and assumed a severer cast, as he exclaimed, "Hold, Mr Bullwinkle, if that be your name—I see your mistake, and can pardon it, as it seems to arise from a resemblance, real or fancied, between myself and some member of your family. On that account, as well as in consideration of your age and respectable appearance, I can excuse the language which you have just suffered to escape your lips, but, sir, it must not be repeated. If you wish to know my name, it is Hanbury, sir—Captain Hanbury of the Coldstream Guards"——

"It is a lie!—it's Nicholas Bullwinkle, and nothing else," roared Sir Oliver, half mad with passion—"but I'll be even with you, you scoundrel; I'll disinherit you, you ungrateful dog; I'll cut you off with a shilling; I'll"——

"Silence! old madman," cried the now angry officer; "another such word, and not even your years shall protect your shoulders from

horsewhip, or your nose from an application that may bring you to your senses!"

This was too bad; and the Baronet, in the excess of his rage, raised his cane, but the impending blow was immediately intercepted by the spectators, who now interfered, and compelled Sir Oliver to desist, while Captain Hanbury, though not a little irritated, was prevailed upon, by his friend Sybthorpe and others, just as I came up, to withdraw, nor continue an altercation with an old man who was either mad or drunk, and one which could not but end discreditably to all concerned, if it were any farther pursued.

The principal part of these particulars I drew from Sir John Allanby, who, from an adjoining box, had witnessed a great part of the dispute; for Sir Oliver, though his wrath was somewhat abated, in the violence of its expression at least, was still too angry to give any thing like a connected account of the *fracas*.

Two things struck me as being very unaccountable in this business, nor, after cool consideration, could I come to any decided opinion upon the merits of the case. In the first place, it was exceedingly improbable that a father could have been so deceived by any common similarity of person as to pronounce, and persist in declaring, an absolute stranger to be his only son; that in figure, in voice, in countenance, (barring the whiskers, which might have been assumed,) the resemblance should be so perfect as to impose upon one so well qualified to judge of the identity, was hardly to be conceived. And yet, on the other hand, every other circumstance tended to support the probability that a strong personal likeness had indeed deceived Sir Oliver. The whole conduct of the individual attacked was precisely that of a man mistaken for another of whom he has no knowledge; and his behaviour, though on such a supposition it might even be entitled to the praise of forbearance, was still not such as a son, however well inclined he might be to carry on a deception of the kind, could be imagined capable of practising towards a parent. It was impossible to believe that even Nicholas could threaten to violate the sanctity of a father's roof

with indignity and outrage. Then, too, the name—Captain Hanbury, if such he were, had made no secret of his rank and character, while the proximity of the honourable corps of which he professed himself a member, laid him open, if an impostor, to almost immediate detection. This last argument, I must confess, weighed most strongly with me, as I could not bring myself to believe that the natural sagacity of Nicholas would ever allow him to commit himself so far as to assume a name, his pretensions to which might be so easily and so soon disproved. At my suggestion, after the matter had been pretty well canvassed, the Army List for the month was procured from the coffee-room, and examined, and there certainly, among the number of lieutenants in the Coldstream, all bearing of course the rank of captain, stood the name of Thomas Walton Hanbury. This fact tended much to incline me towards the latter opinion; and Sir Oliver himself, now that the object of his wrath was removed from his view, was, I could see, staggered, especially when Allanby, repeating the name two or three times over, as if to aid some faded recollection, declared that he had a vague idea of having somewhere or other either met with, or heard of, a Captain Hanbury of the Guards, and that the impression upon his mind was, that the person who bore that name was a young man of family and honour, though said to be rather too much addicted to enjoying, in their fullest extent, the pleasures afforded by the metropolis.

At this account, Sir Oliver, in whose opinion Sir John held a high rank, became evidently more thoughtful and embarrassed. At length he exclaimed,—"I tell you what, nephew Charles, nothing on earth but my own eyes shall ever convince me that the jackanapes, who threatened to pull my nose two hours ago, was not my Nick! But I'll be resolved: Yes, before I utterly send him to the d—l, I'll be resolved. I'll hamper the puppy. My determination is taken. By daybreak to-morrow, I'll be off to Oxford, and, wo betide the rascal, if I find that he has been outside the College gates for this month

name, proverbial for the resistance they oppose to any one who would lead or drive them. Sir Oliver, when his resolution was once taken, was scarcely less persevering than the most obstinate porker of them all. In vain did I suggest the avowed reason of his coming to town, and the anxiety I laboured under to be properly introduced to Lord Manningham, though, sooth to say, I was not altogether sorry for what I considered as at least a respite, if not a reprieve. My uncle was positive; and after having opposed him as long as I thought decency required, I was at length obliged to acquiesce in his determination. He put into my hands the re-written letter of my mother, which he told me I might present myself on the morrow if I pleased; and I heard him, with no small satisfaction, on our return to the hotel, order a post-chaise to be in readiness the next morning at five o'clock, to carry him the first stage on his way to Alma Mater. When I rose the next day, I found that he had been gone four hours, and was by that time about half-way on the road to the place of his destination.

Let not the reader think, meanwhile, that I had forgotten my engagement with Mesdames Wilkinson and Morgan. Far from it. I had taken advantage of a temporary cessation in the conversation, while Sir Oliver was deeply engaged with his lobster, and leaving Allanby to entertain him, had slipped back to the theatre, in order to keep my appointment. But I might have well saved myself the trouble, as the parties I was in quest of had already quitted the house, not wishing, in all probability, to avail themselves of the services of so forward a cavalier as myself. This, however, gave me much less disturbance than it otherwise would have done, as I was now in possession of the name and occupation of Mrs Wilkinson, and felt little doubt but that, with such a clew, a very trifling degree of patience and perseverance would enable me to ascertain her abode. I therefore returned, and rejoined the Baronets, having been hardly missed by either the one or the other.

Full of newly-raised hopes from the auspicious *rencontre* of the preceding evening, I was despatching my breakfast with much more deliberation and satisfaction than I had done of late, when the waiter delivered me a letter, just brought in by the twopenny-post, and, as far as I could decipher the hieroglyphics which composed the superscription, intended for myself. It was addressed to

" Mustar Stuffart,
" Taffystork Hothell,
" Coffin Garding;"

and contained the following communication:

" Sur,
" I haf fund out hoo the ladies you nose about ham, han wear they is; han this is hall I dares to sey for fire of haccidence; but hif you wil com to wear you nose, han wring has husal, you shal larn more frum
Your loven Sarvant
tell deth,
Sary Jennens.
" Sicks a'clock,
Vensday hafternone."

Never did that egregious antiquary, Thomas Hearne, chuckle with greater delight over a newly-deciphered Celtic inscription, than did I on unravelling the hidden meaning of this, to me, most precious of manuscripts. I kissed the dear dirty paper, and delicious pot-hooks, a thousand times; and scarcely did that favourite device of Cupid's signet, the deep indentation of the thimble-top on the half-masticated wafer, escape the same vivid token of my regard. I could not doubt but that my better genius had at length surmounted the various provoking obstacles thrown in his way by the demon of mischance, and that I was at last to be made happy with the intelligence I had so long and so eagerly desired to obtain. Oh! how I blessed the happy quarrel of the preceding evening, which, by so opportunely removing Sir Oliver from the scene of action, left me free as air to follow the dictates of my own inclination, without the interruption and restraint his presence would necessarily have imposed. I lost not a moment in repairing to Jermyn Street, nor did Miss Jennens keep me long in suspense. She told me that all her endeavours to discover who the

ladies were, or whence they came, had been ineffectual till the day before, when, to her great joy, the elder of them came once more in a hackney-coach, to call on Mrs Morgan; that on her going up stairs, she, Sally, had taken an opportunity of questioning the coachman as to the place whence he had brought his fare. A proffered pot of the infusion of molasses and coculus Indicus, by courtesy termed beer, rendered honest Jarvis communicative, and obtained her the information she wanted. He had brought the lady from No. 84 in Grosvenor Square, where she lived, as he inferred from what fell from one of the servants who put her into the coach, as housekeeper. Sally added, that after taking tea together, the lady and Mrs Morgan had gone to the play, whence they returned earlier than usual in a coach; that "the lady" did not then get out, but merely set her companion down; after which, my informant distinctly heard the order given to "drive to 84, Grosvenor Square."

While Sally Jennens was finishing her account, my hands were already employed in rummaging my pocket-book for the letter which had been, the evening before, given me by my uncle. It was readily found, and I hastily reperused its address. I was before sure I could not have mistaken it. It was the same—"To the Right Hon. Viscount Manningham, Grosvenor Square, London," with the magic number, "84," legibly inscribed in the O.P. angle. The very house!—Closely did I cross-examine the chamber-maid respecting her certainty of the correctness of the number. The girl was positive, and her testimony was repeated with the firmness of a Jew qualifying for bail at the Old Bailey, while I hardly knew whether to hope or fear that her story might be true in all its parts. She persisted, however, that she had heard the number distinctly on both occasions, and that she could not be mistaken. I gave her a reward, which produced me in return a curtsy down to the ground, and retired, much puzzled as to my future mode of proceeding.

Was it possible that my fair *incognita was indeed* domesticated *with Mrs Wilkinson*, and residing *under Lord Manningham's roof?* and, if so, in what capacity? or was she but a friend of the housekeeper, who had taken her to the theatre? Could it be that she was Miss Stafford herself? The idea startled as it struck me, but I dismissed it sorrowfully from my mind as unlikely, and indeed absurd. The utter improbability that the Honourable Amelia Stafford, the admired heiress of one of the most wealthy and respected noblemen in the three kingdoms, should accompany a domestic to the pit at Covent Garden; or that, even if she were inclined so to commit herself, her father, whose notions of decorum and etiquette, especially where females were concerned, were remarkably rigid—that *he* should permit so great a violation of both, and that, too, without any adequate motive—it was not possible to believe. One circumstance alone seemed at the first view to favour the supposition. A carriage, it appeared, attended too by servants, had called, on the eventful evening when I first saw the party, and conveyed them away from Mrs Morgan's; but I had omitted to enquire whether it had in the first instance carried them there, and for the servants of gentlemen in London to make use of the carriages of their masters, after setting them down at their various engagements, and to employ the said carriages during the interval, at the expiration of which their attendance would be again required, was, as I well knew, no uncommon occurrence. Or it might be, that this young lady was the daughter of some person in a respectable station in life, and intrusted temporarily to Mrs Wilkinson's care—a supposition which was much strengthened by the marked deference which I could not fail to remark in the good woman's behaviour towards her, which had first given rise to the idea that the parties were not connected by any ties of consanguinity; this idea, too, derived added confirmation from certain points in Mrs Wilkinson's demeanour when I encountered her for the second time. All these conjectures, however, led to no satisfactory termination, nor could I draw any certain conclusion from combining them. As to the booby who made the third person in the party, I easily ascer-

of Mrs Morgan's, and a junior clerk in one of the public offices.

Deeply immersed in cogitation, as I wandered through the now crowded streets, scarcely knowing whither I was walking, my feet seemed instinctively to convey me towards the quarter whither my thoughts had already strayed, and I found myself, all at once, perambulating the northern side of Grosvenor Square. The door of an elegant mansion in the angle nearest to me stood open; a respectable-looking man-servant, in a plain suit, was in the entrance, while two others, in handsome liveries of green and gold, were employed in opening the door of a fashionable, dark-green town-chariot, (the panels of which were simply ornamented by a plain crest, surmounted by a viscount's coronet,) and assisting its occupants to alight. A tall, gentlemanly-looking personage, in an undress military blue frock, with his hair *en queue*, and his striking figure a little bowed by age, stepped out first, and turning, offered his hand to facilitate the descent of a beautifully-formed female figure, whose plain white satin spencer, and Spanish hat of the same delicate material, exhibited to advantage a person cast in the truest mould of elegance and grace. As she tripped lightly into the hall, she half turned to adjust some little derangement of her dress; and one glimpse only, hastily caught beneath the snowy plume that vibrated gracefully above her polished brow, was sufficient to impress upon my mind the recollection of a countenance which, once seen, could never again be eradicated from my memory. It was herself, radiant in excess of loveliness, and looking, if possible, even more beautiful than when I had last beheld her. I hastened forward, unconscious of what I purposed; but it was too late. The door had already closed, and shut her from my view.

"Lord Manningham's carriage, I believe?" said I to the servant, who was now mounting the box, after having drawn up the blinds of the chariot, and closed the door.

"It is, sir," he replied, respectfully touching his hat, and in a moment the vehicle was out of sight.

I could no longer doubt. This then was the beautiful Amelia Stafford! the fair being who was already prepared to look with a favourable eye upon the addresses of her unknown admirer, and who was already the idolized object of that favoured and happy mortal! I hesitated no more; doubt, fear, and anxiety, at once gave way before the renovating warmth of love, as the dews of morn before the rising beams of a brilliant summer sun. The urgency of my summons brought a servant immediately to the door. "Inform Lord Manningham," said I, "that Mr Charles Stafford requests to be admitted to his presence." I heard the man deliver the message at a door which opened from the entrance-hall to a breakfast parlour on the right. The recollection of my gallant father, whose beloved brother would so soon press me to his heart, kindled my enthusiasm, and filled my young bosom with ten thousand nameless emotions. I had advanced half across the hall, in my eagerness to grasp the hand of a relative who had evinced such noble sentiments, such generous intentions in my favour, burning to meet his paternal caress with a due return of correspondent warmth, when I heard these words issue from the interior of the room towards which I was advancing, as they were delivered to the servant who had announced me, and who yet stood with the door half open in his hand—

"Mr Charles Stafford! Turn the scoundrel out of the house instantly, and never suffer him to enter these doors again!!"

THE ENCHANTED DOMAIN.

PART I.

Two lions sat on their pedestals,
And look'd sedate and stern,
With bearded jaws—and between their paws
They held a golden urn,
And, lighting the marble steps, from each
A magic flame did burn.

Broad and large, the marble stair
Ran out into the lake—
No sky o'erhead—but caverns spread,
And a vaulted arch did make—
Woods, rocks, and waters a silence bred
Such as might ne'er awake.

All around, with an emerald light
That the pleasant air did warm,
In freshness glow'd—and the waters flow'd,
As if by a secret charm.

Onward and onward went the boat,
And the marble steps drew near;
It silently pass'd by caverns vast—
But not a hand did steer—
And a silent page at the bow there stood,
Who lean'd on his tassel'd spear.

"What meaneth this mysterious boat?
Who, liveried page, art thou?
Whence and where is it thus we float?
Why standest at the bow?"

No answer made the liveried page,
Nor even the moving stream
A rippling made, so silent all.
Quoth I, "it is a dream."
Then suddenly o'er the marble steps
Fresh lights began to gleam.

High above the marble stair
With the lions on either side,
And the urns in their stony paws that flared,
Was a portal that open'd wide,
Stately and tall; an ample hall
And columns there stood within, and all
With golden lamps supplied.

Forth issued from the lofty cave
The fairest virgin band,
All clad in white, and bore each one
A flowret in her hand;
Each on a step, and on either side,
They took their graceful stand.

They bow'd their heads unto the page,
As the boat still nearer drew,
And each one on the marble stair
Her flower before him threw.

Forth stepp'd the page with lightsome foot,
And up the stair walk'd he—
I follow'd—a spell was on my soul,
And when the topmost stair I reach'd,
What sight mine eyes did see!

PART II.

How shall I tell to mortal ear
What never mortal eye,
Upon this working world of sin—
No—never might descry?
I know, I wis, what beauty is
That glows with mortal dye.

When lovers tell of beaming eyes,
And fingers from whose tips
Comes thrilling charm; of silken hair,
And rows of pearls, and lips,
Whose parting shows the opening rose,
Wherein the sweet bee sips;

I do but laugh that they can find
In language to express
Inferior charms, that, painted thus
To all the world, are less.
For what is rare, when copies are
Thus rendered numberless?

But beauty trusted to my sight,
Perchance to mine alone,
I would not if I could portray—
For now 'tis all mine own—
I prize the secret sanctity
That's lost if it be known.

Two modest pages, deck'd in blue
And silver lacing bright,
Held up a sovereign lady's train.
With wands of ivory white
Stood sages grave, whose flowing beards
Their vestures tinged with light.

They raised their wands awhile in air,
Then waved them round and round,
And figures of strange character
They traced upon the ground;
And suddenly, as I advanced,
Obeisance made profound.

The lady stood in stately guise,
And bow'd her queenly head,
And waved her hand. The virgin band,
And ancient sages sped,
And straight within the deep recess
The long procession led.

The Queen she sweetly smiled on me,
And ere the inner hall
We reach'd, new feelings thrill'd my soul,
As I were lord of all.

New power was in me; now no more
All wondrous was and strange,
But as familiar—every sense
Felt an enchanted range,
And a bliss unlike all mortal bliss

Methought I was the sovereign lord
Of some new world above,
Far in the starry sphere; and this
My destin'd bride and love.

PART III.

Little wot I how days sped on:
If perfect bliss there be,
That bliss was mine; it did enshrine
My soul, yet leave it free,
Bound up in thoughts of gentlest love
And gentlest courtesie.

Ever that fairest Queen and I
Our sweet communion held
In converse oft, as purest thought
Its eloquence impell'd,
And oft in looks more eloquent
When converse was withheld.

There was a magic in her speech,
A magic in her look,
A magic in her silent thought
Of more than speech partook—
O, would her speaking looks and words
Were writ in golden book!

Why should I try, with erring pen
Or pencil, e'er to paint
Her beauteous self—when fancy fails
In colours, weak and faint?
Earth never knew one half so fair,
Nor heaven a fairer saint.

PART IV.

That palace deep within the rock—
It was a wondrous thing—
The chambers were so infinite,
And past imagining.
No windows were, but lamps that did
Mysterious lustre fling
Around the walls of the sculptur'd halls,
Where silver birds did sing.

Gardens there were, with stately trees,
Such as were never seen;
Whose rustling boughs a music made
In presence of their Queen.
Rivers that flow'd with pearl and gold,
And banks of precious green.

There oft we sat by fountain's side
That silver jets up threw,
And tinged the leaves of the golden trees
All with a glistening hue;
And fruits around hung to the ground,
That diamonds were to view.

Here rubies were and emeralds green,
Here pearl and topaz bright,
And bending stems were rich with gems,
And all cast forth a light,
And overspread, like stars, o'erhead,
That gild the blue of night.

Sometimes within the cavern's depths
Strange wonders we beheld
In crystal cell, that but to tell
My tongue it is withheld;
But the visions reign within my brain,
And ne'er will be dispell'd.

One day, within a garden screen'd,
We sat, where on the ground
Dropp'd golden fruit, and fountains play'd
Their music round and round—
Blended above with vows of love
That melted in the sound.

"Ah, me!" quoth she, "that mortal ear
Must learn the coming ill,
To mar the present happiness,
As mar perchance it will!
We are not free from destiny;
That we must aye fulfil.

"My destiny of life, and power,
And love, must rest on one
Of mortal men, whose chasten'd soul
In Virtue's course shall run,
Nor e'er obey wild passion's sway,
Nor dangers ever shun.
O would thyself that mortal were—
That now the meed were won!

"Both far and near my pages speed,
And whomsoe'er they find,
By signs themselves alone do know,
Of pure and duteous mind,
They hither bring; and many a knight,
The bravest and the best,
Have here their days of trial pass'd,
Yet none have borne the test.
But evil will hath work'd its ill,
The blot within the breast.

"If, for the destined space of time,
No evil thought be thine,
Nor thou to anger, envy, pride,
Nor wayward will incline,
But keep thy heart most faithfully
On duty's even line;

"If love, unblemish'd by a stain,
Thy fancy truly guide
Even to the end, (it draweth nigh,)
Behold—dominion wide
Is thine, an undecaying life,
And I thy Queen, thy bride.

"If great the fault, thou must it rue
For aye, in iron chain;
If slight, thou must from hence be cast,
To perils new, and pain;
How hard to bear! But virtue rare
Thy courage may sustain;
And, oh! be faithful love thy guide,
Till thou the guerdon gain."

PART V.

Her words sank to my inmost soul;
I would have made reply—

But a serpent roll'd round the fruit of gold,
And hissing pass'd me by:
And chilling the light of the garden bright,
A shadow cross'd mine eye.

I looked down, I looked up,
A hoary sage there stood,
Who gazed on me with a searching look,
Nor boded his aspect good.
I knew him well, and many a time
Had mark'd how strange his mood.

It was old Himri, a crafty sage,
And one of trust was he,
As he were hoary seneschal,
Or one of like degree.
But he never cast, from first to last,
A pleasant look on me.

His brows hung o'er his small grey eyes,
That look'd as in a trance,
Whene'er observed—at other time,
They had a corner glance,
And through his beard his mouth appear'd
Compress'd in vigilance.

Awhile he stood, to the Queen he bow'd,
Thrice bow'd him down full low,
In reverend guise, and thrice again
He raised himself as slow—
Like some grim statue charm'd to life,
That scarcely felt its glow.

Then turning round, he raised his wand,
And moved with measured tread,
And to the spacious hall the way
All solemnly he led,
Where, 'mid the blaze of myriad lamps,
The banquet rich was spread.

PART VI.

No pleasant sight touch'd Himri's eye,
No music charm'd his ear;
Amidst the mirth I could not choose,
But note his look severe;
I felt an anger rise, that ill
Accorded with the cheer.

I look'd the old man in the face,
He eyed me with a scowl—
And methought I heard the moaning wind
Through distant caverns howl—
And then an answering sound, as if
The stony rocks did growl.

The feast it pass'd with mirth and glee,
But I was ill at rest,
I felt a wrath within me rise
That would not be suppress'd;
And in my silent chamber still
It rankled in my breast.

I could not sleep, but rose and paced
The pavement to and fro,
Nor there remained,—I seized the lamp,
And sought the stair below;
Stair after stair, deep down, but where
I sped, I did not know.

I reach'd a cavern; vast it was
As from cathedral floor
Up to the fretted roof; in midst
A column rose; it bore
A brazen dragon, and fifty lamps
Shew'd it was wet with gore,
And the rocks did monstrous shapes assume,
Where'er I could explore.

There, at the column's base, I saw
Old Himri stand; in look
Of fiery character uncouth
He earnestly did look,
And to the dragon raised it up,
And his brazen wings he shook.
My name was thrice pronounced, loud that
I could no longer brook.

I rush'd, I seized him by the beard,
I smote him with the lamp;
He reel'd, and, e'er he fell, he thrice
Upon the ground did stamp.
Then on my inmost soul there sunk
A deep and deadly damp.

PART VII.

One moment—all was still as death,
One moment and no more—
Then came a crash that the cavern rent,
And its sides asunder tore,
And a bellowing rose from the yawning chasm,
That open'd large before,
As if ten thousand brazen bulls
From their brazen throats did roar.

Mix'd with the noise of cataracts,
That, now no longer pent,
In fury the strong foundations shook,
And thunder'd through the rent,
And whirling down the distant gulf
To black perdition went.

Another crash—all, all gave way—
I felt my body whirl'd
Round and round in the thicken'd night,
And in roaring chaos hurl'd,
As if I were a wretch condemn'd
Straight from this vanity world.

PART VIII.

I cannot tell or where I fell,

But when I woke, in the self-same boat
I was gliding fast away,
And the liveried page still stood at the bow,
And not a word did say.
Narrow and dark the dismal holes
The bark went floating through,
And at the bow was a carbuncle,
That shew'd the ghastly hue,
Where'er we went, of rock and rent,
More horrible to view.

Sometimes we cross'd a low-brow'd vault,
Sometimes 'twas arched high—
And iron chains hung down below,
And rings wherein might lie
The doom'd;—and once methought I saw
The glistening of an eye
Through the dim space—methought I heard
A groan of agony.

And soon we reach'd a fearful pass,
Where monstrous forms did clasp
The rock, as if each crag did live,
As if the stone did gasp
With ire, and threw out horrid arms,
That might my body grasp.

O, Love! can terror touch the heart
That thou hast made to bear
The pangs of ruin'd hope—can death
The suffering spirit scare?
Death hath no bitter agony
To those that must despair.

The very peril made me laugh,
To think how I could mock
The fell despight of demon-sprite—
And I could feel no shock.
Louder I laughed—the more the yells
Ran round from rock to rock.

PART IX.

O, sleep, it is a blessed thing!
It steals the sting from woe,
Lost hopes it back again doth bring,
And more than hope bestow.
I cannot tell if it be spell,
Or Nature wills it so.

Amidst all frightful things to see,
All frightful things to hear,
Love brought despair to steel my heart,
And left me nought to fear—
Then came with gentle sleep to bless,
With visions soft to cheer.
O, Love through darkness' self can make
A pathway bright and clear!

But oh, the waking pangs!—yet still
E'en here Love's mercies are;
For if the soul refresh'd can feel
More keenly—it can bear,
E'en with the *very strength*; for Love,
With hope, still enters there,
And sets the prize before the eyes,
All perils for to dare.

Above me was a dusky sky,
And dusky was the ground
On which I lay—'twas iron grey,
Nor herbage sprang around.
And as I rose, at every tread
It rang an iron sound.

It was all lonely dreariness,
Swept o'er by many a gust
Of every moaning wind, that whirl'd
In air the parched dust,
That wither'd, dried, and cover'd all,
As with an iron rust.

No boat—no page! where, where are they?
Nor echo answer'd where—
No object to send back the sound—
It was so bleak and bare.
No creature there could find a hole,
Nor any beast a lair.
In vain I sought, by frequent thought,
What power had brought me there.

Perchance, said I, these scenes are fair
To every other eye;
Perchance a spell of demon fell
On every sense doth lie.
And what is fair I may not see,
But all things ill descry.

No path was there, no way to choose,
No track of living thing;
Yet on I fared, regardless where,
Or what, mischance might bring.
Night over all her scowling shades
Then sullenly did fling.

It was a wild, that evil spirits
Might blast, as they should skim
Over the waste, in the sweeping clouds
That shaped them strange and grim.
And if I looked at a peering star,
It instantly grew dim.

Onward I fared—it was the hour,
The chilling hour, when night
Struggles forlorn with the grey of morn,
The darkness with the light,
When a gloomy castle rose to view,
With a watch-tower blazing bright.

Columns of smoke around it rose,
Concealing all behind,
And curl'd, and roar'd, and hiss'd with a noise,
As of a rushing wind;
And a blustering tide, as if hammers plied,
And thundering wheels did grind.

Soon reach'd I straight the castle gate,
Nor daunted was a whit;
A mace suspended hung thereat.
As I stood and gazed on it,
A grate withdrew, and to my view
These words in fire were writ:

"If thou wouldst enter at this gate,
Stranger, whoe'er thou art,

Strike with this mace the brazen floor,
And be thou bold of heart.
Strike, and an entrance opens wide;
Or be thou wise—depart."

PART X.

I wandered through the castle hall,
That lofty was and wide,
And through the chambers desolate,
That echoed to my stride.
Nor living wight there met my sight,
Nor living thing to guide.

Four-and-twenty statues stood,
They were of iron all,
Monstrous, and large, of hideous form,
Around the iron hall,
And a dusky twilight solemnly
On their huge limbs did fall;
And an iron frieze, with figures strange,
Went round the iron wall.

Beyond a dusky curtain fell:
The sombre light did tinge
Its old mysterious tapestry,
And edged the dropping fringe—
There was a door behind—it moved,
And groan'd upon the hinge.

I enter'd, dark the passage was
And narrow—deep it lay
In silent blackness, as I felt,
Unknowing where, my way;
Till, from a distant chamber, shed
A lamp its feeble ray.

I reach'd that chamber soon—nor large
It was, tho' vaulted high;
A tablet bore a burning lamp,
('Twas lonely to descry,)
Whose falling beam in quiet stream
Did on the pavement lie.

And where the yellow lustre shone,
There was a brazen plate,
Such as in old cathedral aisle
We often see, of date
Most ancient, that in figures strange
Some saint doth celebrate:
Then thought I of the words of fire
Writ on the iron gate.

I struck it with the ponderous mace,
And stoutly dealt the blow—
Down, down it went with a rumbling noise
To central earth below—
And still more awful was the sound,
The fainter it did grow.

Deep down into the blackest pit
I look'd—and from below
A moving form all indistinct
I saw, uprising slow;
First came an iron head, and then
Huge shoulders heaved with gloom
Shed from the glimmering lamp that did
Unearthly lustre throw.

I stepp'd aside, and upward gazed,
As upward still it rose,
And did an iron Hercules
With his massy club disclose—
And he stood awhile on his pedestal
In awful stern repose.

And as I gazed, o'er all his form
There ran a sudden change,
His swelling veins like melting chains
Over his limbs did range,
And wave and beat with a quivering heat,
And a motion wondrous strange.

His colour changed, that was so dark,
To a pale and livid hue—
Then soon it turned to a dusky red—
Then more intense it grew,
Till it was white with a fiery light—
And a fiery breath he drew.

His eyeballs shot a fitful glare
Of ever-moving flame,
And a fiery flood, as it were blood,
Spread life throughout his frame.
He grasp'd his club with a firmer grasp,
As for a deadly aim.

I gazed, and could not choose but laugh
So strange a sight to see;
Whereat he brandish'd high his club—
His arm was lithe and free—
Then had I stood in a fearful mood
It had been ill for me.

I stepp'd aside with a ready stride,
And instantly raised my mace,
And hurl'd it with a dauntless arm
Into his burning face.
Then over the floor to the chamber door,
Quickening well my pace,
Quoth I, "With a foe of this fiery glow,
'Tis bootless to fight or race."

PART XI.

The passage long I wander'd through,
Yet could no entrance find
To th' iron hall—at every step
It further seem'd to wind.
Before me was a glimmering gloom,
Still blacker gloom behind.

Yet onward still, with outspread arms,
As one who feels his way,
I hasten'd on—a star there shone
Before me—with soft ray
Piercing the gloom, as in a tomb
A lamp that shines alway.

First seen, 'twas a sepulchral light;
But as I nearer came,
It brighter shone, e'en as it were
A diamond turn'd to flame.

So bright, it made the darkness all
Around the thicker seem—
'Twas held by one like angel seen
In vision or in dream,
That almost was invisible
Through the resplendent stream.

It seem'd as it were Grecian art;
But marble hath no flush
Of life; nor alabaster glows
With beauty's beaming blush.
So pure, its brightness did create
Around a holy hush.

Forwards he moved, and in his hand
He bore that shining thing—
I know not if 'twere earthly flame,
Or stone of magic ring—
It did defy all scrutiny,
Such lustre it did fling.

Around him, as he onward moved,
The darkness seemed to fly,
The walls like vapour to recede,
And open all to lie.—
Before me, lo! a river flow'd,
Above me was the sky.

My angel-guide—I knew not where,
I knew not how he sped;
But he was gone. A city fair
Before my eyes was spread,
With costly towers, reflected bright
In the deep river's bed.

I look'd behind—the castle-gate
Was there—it open'd wide,
And straight the burning monster-man
Forth from the portal hied.
I stepp'd aside; and he, roaring, rush'd
Into the hissing tide.

The river hiss'd, the river roar'd,
And boil'd like molten lead;
And the fishes, far as eye could see,
Leap'd from their burning bed,
And lay in heaps on every side,
Where they fell all scorch'd and dead.

I paced along the river's side,
I cross'd the crowded mart,
And many were that passed me by—
Their presence made me start;
They were so wither'd, parch'd, and dried,
It did an awe impart.

Like shrivell'd leather was their dress,
Like leather was their skin;
They look'd not men, but human husks,
That hollow were within—
Half shades, half ghosts, that penance did,
And suffer'd for their sin.

And oft they seem'd as they would speak,
As to and fro they pass'd,
But not a sound from their dry lips
Came, but a moaning blast;
And their eyeballs had a fixed glare,
That made them look aghast.

Onward I went—a palace fair
Before me I behold,
High o'er whose portal it was writ,
In characters of gold—
"Thou hast the tyrant Fire-god quell'd—
Herein thy sceptre hold.

"Here mayst thou choose dominion wide,
And vassals to thy throne."—
"Ambition is a fearful thing,"
Said I, "and power unknown.
Uncertain if for others' good,
I reign not for mine own."

I waved my hand, I look'd again,
The characters were gone;
And these were there—"Behold thy way—
The golden gate—pass on."
Then saw I straight a golden gate,
That bright before me shone.

As I approached it open flew;
So art had it disposed,
That scarcely had I enter'd in,
When it behind me closed.
"Ope not," quoth I, "'twixt tempting ill
And me thus interposed."

PART XII.

O power and boundless tyranny!
How much they lose who win!
The more their mandates fly abroad,
More restless they within.
What boots it to be Lord of all,
And yet the slave of sin?

It was the city still—before
My eyes above it rose
A hill whose flaming summit roar'd,
As heav'd by inward throes;
As if ten thousand hammers plied
On anvils ringing blows.

The sky was dark with falling dust,
And the hill's smoking side
Red liquid pour'd, as when the tree
Is pierced where gums do bide:
And through the city's central way
Roll'd on the burning tide.

I question'd one that pass'd in haste,
Who thus the mystery told:
"This day in every year, from thence
This golden stream is roll'd,
And every track is cover'd o'er
With dust of finest gold.
Be rich, and gather all thou canst,
And find thee sacks to hold."

The city streets as on I sped
In wild confusion lay,
Homes undefended, goods despoil'd—
And thieves that prowl'd for prey.
And still was heard more distant din
Of tumult and affray.

O what a sight it was to see
Down at that central flood!
Thousands in heaps confused there lay,
Choked in the yellow mud.

Some snatch'd, some fought; here roll'd the stream
With gold, and here with blood.

Some in their madness kneeled down,
As seiz'd with horrid thirst,
And fell back in their agony,
As they were things accurst;
And mothers throwing in, forgot
The very babes they nurs'd.
Blood, rapine, slaughter, misery, rage,
Into one ruin burst.

"O gold," quoth I, "no charm hast thou
To thee my heart to trust,
If thus thy blood-stain'd votaries do,
And grovelling lick thy dust.
Begone, thy purchase is the soul,
That thou to hell wouldst thrust."

PART XIII.

Onward I pass'd with steady step,
And with a steady eye,
Until that city, gold-accurst,
Did far behind me lie;
Ah me! that through such vile attaint,
Body and soul should die!

I reach'd a grove: alternate shade
And sunshine did it fill;
There birds did make their cheerful wake,
As they with utmost skill
Enticing words right wondrously
Did with their music trill.
"Who dwell herein where pleasure reigns,
Shall do whate'er they will."

I walk'd through gardens rich and fair,
Where silver fountains play'd,
That all around the pleasant ground
With beauty fresh array'd;
And e'en the very air I breath'd
Right pleasant thoughts convey'd;
And pleasant things all sparkling were
In sunshine and in shade.

Hard by the fountain's margin lay
Queen Pleasure, wondrous fair;
The flowers did upwards look, and kiss
Her cheek with playful air.
And her laughing eye look'd lustrously
All through her raven hair.
"Come, come to me," she sang, "and free
Thy silly heart from care.

"Thou bear'st a hopeless love within,
Vexing thy aching heart;
Drink of this sparkling cup—one draught
Oblivion will impart:
Drink; and new life, new love be thine,
Love without pain or smart."

Faith instant gave me strength, and words
"Who will not bear his woe, the badge
Of love, by love is spurn'd.

"New life! new love! oblivion cold!
This Pleasure's boasted goal!
Who with the bitter lose the sweet—
The blessing with the dole;
The breath they breathe it hath no life,
The body hath no soul."

Onward I pass'd with quicken'd step,
And passing, in black shade
Hard by, did view the wretched crew,
The bondsmen she had made,
Brutal in form, and grovelling low,
In silly garb array'd;
And ever in a dismal mire
They sottishly did wade.

PART XIV.

Then one there came like Bacchus clad,
With revel-crew and clan,
That with shout and cry, as they pass'd me by,
Did him with branches fan;
And wine, wine, wine, rivers of wine
After their footsteps ran.

The wine it swell'd, the wine it flow'd,
Purpling all the ground;
And riot, laugh, and revelry,
Did more and more resound.
Ah, then, the after wretchedness
Right plenteously was found!

Whole crowds there lagg'd behind; though lash'd
With whips, they could not quit
The maddening flood, but senseless drank,
Nor could they stand nor sit;
Some helpless lay as dead, and some
Convuls'd in horrid fit,
Whom fiends did come behind and drag
Down to a loathsome pit.

PART XV.

"The Tree of Life! the Tree of Life!
Come, mortals, come rejoice;
The Tree of Life, the Tree of Life,
Behold—the better choice."
Such were the sounds that reach'd my ear
From many a cheering voice.

Onward I walk'd—I saw a tree,
Round which were maids that sang,
"The Tree of Life! the Tree of Life!"
Till all the garden rang.
And as they pluck'd the leaves therefrom,
Instantly new outsprang.

They scarce withheld th' enticing song,

To see their wretched carcasses—
I loathed them for shame.
For though they ate, yet still I mark'd
Their wrinkled age the same.

"O, what is this poor life," said I,
"That it should ever last?
With present trouble, present care—
A sky aye overcast—
To give omnipotence to woe,
And fortune's biting blast!

"Or be my life secure from ill,
From peril, pain, and age,
And evil will—or it were best
An ending pilgrimage.
Here virtue meets not its reward—
Life is her trial-stage.
Death bids the soul forsake her dole,
And opens wide her cage."

I turn'd aside—O wretched sight!
I saw all around me lie,
The loath'd, diseas'd, abhorr'd, who felt
In life but agony.
For very pain they curs'd themselves,
Because they could not die.

And some there were that smote their breasts,
As there were burning coals,
That conscience ever stirr'd within,
The fire of wicked souls;
And then they howl'd and crawl'd away,
And hid themselves in holes.

One wretch, whom water would not drown,
Thrice tried, did writhe and howl;
One lay, his skin like rugged bark,
Famishing, as a ghoul
Malicious, nor could reach his food,
His limbs so shrunk and foul.

I sped, I could not bear the sight;
And fast away I flew—
The vain, the wicked, wretched race,
For ever to eschew.
Woods, plains, and rivers, in my speed,
Unmarked I passed through.

PART XVI.

I stood before a beauteous lake,
That girt a mountain chain,
Whose lustre like pure silver shone
Through veil of azure stain;
And gentle air came fresh and fair,
And cool'd my aching brain,
Inspiring thoughts of loveliness
That did dispel its pain.

I felt within a gentle peace;
There was a heavenly light
Of hope intense o'er every sense,
Brought visions angel-bright;
I know not how or whence it came,
It did transport me quite.

I sat beneath a spreading palm,
I look'd out on the lake;
Thoughts came, perchance of victory won,
For my dear lady's sake.
"O, that these waters would," quoth I,
"Me to her presence take!"

Scarce utter'd was the wish, when straight
Over the waters came,
I know not by what magic sent,
That boat I erst did name;
And in it stood that liveried page,
I knew him for the same.

The page he made prostration low,
And fell down at my feet;
Silent no more, but master, lord,
He did me lowly greet;
And in his sovereign lady's name,
Did my return entreat.

The boat moved swift across the lake;
And now the silvery blue
Over the opening mountains changed
Unto a golden hue;
And now we sought a cavern'd pass—
And now were gliding through.

I need not say, how swift we went
With a down-flowing tide;
The bark was true—its office knew,
Nor needed oar nor guide.
And now, we reach'd another lake
Before us opening wide.

I knew it well—no sky it had;
No sun above us bright—
But all was an o'er-arching rock,
And spread abroad with light
More than the glory of the sun,
And as the heavens in height.

Upon the bosom of the lake,
Like emerald green and dark,
Rich with device and canopy
There floated many a bark;
And Loves flew round on silver wings,
Like doves out of an ark.

In each a beauteous maiden lay;
And as they did approach,
They waved their lily arms above
Out of their pearly coach,
And laughing Cupids flew around,
Yet never did encroach.

One seemed drawn by a team of doves,
One by a silver swan,
And one by dolphins gold-besprent,
That Cupids rode upon,
That, not in need to urge their speed,
In sport did lash them on.

The green lake mirror'd the maidens' feet
Under the gliding bow,

While pennons gay floated away,
Both from the stern and prow.
And stately trees from verdant banks
Shook music from each bough.

Where'er I went the music went,
And by turns it floated round,
As if both voice and listening were
In water and on ground—
As if the water, rocks, and trees,
Did all enjoy the sound.

The marble steps were full in sight,
And the solemn lions seen,
And the lamps between their stony paws
Flared in the watery green;
My heart did beat with sudden heat
To see my stately Queen.

Upon the marble steps she stood;
One longing look I cast—
The boat it touch'd the marble stair,
Over the bow I pass'd—
One look—one smile—and in my arms
I held, I lock'd her fast.

O perfect, perfect, was the bliss,
As in each other's face
Awhile we gazed with fondest look,
Then did again embrace,
And stood like statues of true love,
Fix'd in a holy place!

But pass we by the tale of love,
Perchance it may but tire;
Awaken'd envy brings mistrust,
When forced to admire;
And few can feel the sanctity
But of their own pure fire.

PART XVII.

Fifty-and-two of manly form,
Each one a noble knight,
Whom I by conquest had released
From thrall and fell despight,
Apparell'd all stood round the hall
To grace the solemn rite;
With merry heart to bear a part,
Each with a maiden bright.

Old Himri, too, was jocund there,
And, with obsequious mien,
A royal robe did round me throw—
And my sweet beauteous Queen
A floweret held, and look'd thereon
With eye as heaven serene.

"This flower," quoth she, "I give to thee;
Bear this upon thy breast;
With power, with life that knows no age,
It will thy soul invest;
And this, this our true-plighted love,
It will for aye attest."

I took the flower—I rais'd her hand,
In ecstasy of bliss——
All in an instant vanish'd—where,
Where am I?—who is this?
With dark locks waving o'er my brow,
Whose gentle hand I kiss?

Where am I?—ah, this woodbine bower,
This flowery bank and stream!
And, my sweet Mary, is it thou?—
O, thou hast broke a dream
Most fair—ah! look me in the face
Again; for thou dost seem
That angel, that my Queen, my love,
I did a vision deem.

E'en so—we left that fragrant bower,
Dear Mary, hand in hand;
And, blessings on thee, years have pass'd
Since then, and thou dost stand
Before me now, of that sweet dream
The Queen—thy presence bland,
Through ways of shade hath sunshine made,
And Life—a Fairy Land.

PROGRESS OF SOCIAL DISORGANIZATION.

No. IV.

DECAY OF THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the general expedience," says Adam Smith, "of a free trade, there are two cases in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign, for the encouragement of domestic industry.

"The first is, when some particular sort of industry *is necessary for the defence of the country.* The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon the number of its sailors and shipping. The Act of Navigation, therefore, very properly endeavours to give the sailors and shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of their own country, in some cases by absolute prohibitions, and in others by heavy burdens upon the shipping of foreign countries. The following are the principal dispositions of this Act:—

"First. All ships, of which the owners, masters, and three-fourths of the mariners, are not British subjects, are prohibited, upon pain of forfeiting the ship and cargo, from trading to the British settlements and plantations, or from being employed in the coasting trade of Great Britain.

"Secondly. A great variety of the most bulky articles of importation can be brought into Great Britain only either in such ships as are above described, or in ships of the country where those goods are produced, and of which the owners, masters, and three-fourths of the mariners, are of that particular country; and when imported even in ships of this latter kind, they are subject to double alien duty. If imported in the ships of any other country, the penalty is forfeiture of the ship and goods.—When this Act was made, the Dutch were, as they still are, the great carriers of Europe, and by this regulation they are entirely excluded from being the carriers to Great Britain, or from importing to us the goods of any other European country.

"Thirdly. A great variety of the most bulky articles of importation are prohibited from being imported, even in British ships, from any country but that in which they are produced, under pain of forfeiting the ship and cargo.—This regulation, too, was probably intended against the Dutch.

"Fourthly. Salt fish of all kinds, whale fins, whalebone, oil, and blubber, not caught by and cured on board of British vessels, when imported into Great Britain, are subjected to double alien duty. The Dutch, as they are still the principal, were then the only fishers in Europe that attempted to supply foreign nations with fish. By this regulation a very heavy burden was laid upon their supplying Great Britain.

"When the Act of Navigation was made, though England and Holland were not actually at war, the most violent animosity subsisted between the two nations. It had begun during the government of the Long Parliament, which first framed this Act, and it broke out soon after in the Dutch wars during that of the Protector, and of Charles II. It is not impossible, therefore, that some of the regulations of this famous Act may have proceeded from national animosity. *They are as wise, however, as if they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom.* National animosity, at that particular time, aimed at the very object which the most deliberate wisdom could have recommended,—the diminution of the naval power of Holland, the only naval power which could endanger the security of England."*

Such are the reasons on which the Navigation Act was founded, and such the judgment passed on their wisdom by the great father of poli-

* Wealth of Nations, b. iv. c. 2.

tical economy. Though the strongest advocate, in the general case, for the freedom of trade, and the fountain from whence most of the pernicious doctrines on this subject have flowed, he felt and acknowledged that there were occasions on which they were *not* applicable; that there are principles of government of higher moment, and more sacred obligation, than the mere increase of national wealth; and that when either the national defence, or the public security, are at stake, the measures adapted for the growth of industry must receive a modification. What admirable wisdom, in an author so strongly imbued, in the general case, with the nature and causes of the wealth of nations; and how different from the rash and unbending application of the same principles by the statesmen of succeeding times, professing themselves the disciples of his doctrines, but any thing rather than the inheritors of his wisdom!

The experience of succeeding times has amply demonstrated the wisdom of the principles on which the Act of Navigation was founded, and which have been so well illustrated by Adam Smith. To demonstrate this, it is not necessary to go back to the subsequent long and unexampled history of British naval power; it is not required to refer to the period when Blake stormed the harbour of Cadiz, and carried the terrors of the Republican arms to the farthest extremities of Spain and the Indies; or when De Ruyter and Van Tromp yielded, after a desperate and honourable struggle, to the rising ascendant of English power; or, when the ambition of Louis XIV. was stranded on the shores of La Hogue, or the foundations were laid by the genius of Chatham, of our splendid colonial empire in every part of the globe; we need not extract from the page of history the splendid exploits of Hawke and Rodney, or exhibit the fleets of a single island bravely making head, under Nelson, against a world in arms: it is sufficient to refer to the less animating, but more authentic record; to exhibit the progressive growth of British navigation and commerce within the forty years that immediately preceded the disastrous period of 1688, when the reciprocity system was introduced, and the principles of the Navigation Act, supported by a hundred and seventy years' unbroken experience, and the authority of Adam Smith, were abandoned.

From this extraordinary but authentic document it appears, that the shipping of Great Britain had gone on steadily and rapidly increasing for the half century immediately preceding the change; that this increase had been steady through all the changes of peace and war, the extended commercial intercourse of the latter period compensating the exclusive advantages and practical monopoly of the former; and that so extraordinary had been the growth of our navigation during that period, that our vessels had increased from fourteen thousand to twenty-five thousand,—our tonnage from one million three hundred thousand, to two million five hundred thousand,—our seamen from little more than a hundred to little short of two hundred thousand.*

There is not to be found, in the

* It appears from the Parliamentary Returns, that since 1786, when the Registry Act came into force, the increase of British shipping has been as follows:—

	Vessels.	Tonnage.	Seamen.
1788	13,827	1,363,468	107,925
1792	16,079	1,540,145	118,286
1800	18,887	1,905,432	143,661
1810	23,708	2,406,044	168,871
1811	24,106	2,474,774	176,321
1812	24,107	2,478,799	182,099
1820	25,374	2,648,593	196,156
1821	25,036	2,560,203	190,826
1822	24,642	2,519,044	194,079

See Parl. Hist. xxxv. 1562, and Porter's Park. Tables, i. 61.

whole range of human affairs, a more striking example of the coincidence of theory and experience—of history with speculation, than is exhibited by this opinion, quoted from Adam Smith, with these documents and results, thus obtained from unquestionable authority.

What is it, then, which has led to the abandonment of this admirable policy? which has dissolved a system so obviously and intimately blended, not only with our naval power, but our national existence? which has transferred the growth of shipping from British to continental dockyards, and threatens, at no distant period, to reduce us to the necessity of fighting at a disadvantage for our very existence, on the seas immortalized in the archives of English glory? What is it which has induced able, powerful, and enlightened men, to give up a protection to British nautical interests, so strongly recommended by theory, so amply confirmed by experience, and abandon a patriotic policy, under which the British navy had become the terror and envy of the civilized world, and the British Colonial Empire had encircled the earth by its arms?

The grounds of this woful change —the disastrous effects of which we shall immediately demonstrate by irrefragable evidence—are to be found in a mistaken view of national policy, and the growing influence of those manufacturing and urban interests which we have elsewhere in this series demonstrated to have been so baneful in their operation. It is the exclusive pursuit of NATIONAL WEALTH, to the exclusion or injury of National Security or National Independence—the increasing, and at length usurping influence of manufacturing industry, which has led to the change, and made our statesmen literally barter the national independence, and sell their country, for gold—not indeed gold enriching themselves, or corrupting their individual conduct—but gold flowing into the pockets of their constituents, and governing the views of the clamorous urban democracies who have so long coveted, and at length obtained, the entire command of the country. *Mr Huskisson*, and the other *statesmen who adopted* this *wretched policy*, were most able men, but they were misled by a false estimate of the importance of national wealth, and did not advert to the obvious truth, that national independence and public security are sometimes incompatible with the adoption of measures calculated to increase the sale of manufactures in foreign states; and that if one or other must be injured, it is in the end the most ruinous, as well as in the outset the basest policy, to sacrifice public defence or security to the insatiable craving for wealth in a particular class of society. Adam Smith's work has had most important effects upon public policy, as well as private speculation in this country, within the last fifty years; but his disciples have totally perverted his principles, and, by fixing their attention exclusively on the "Wealth of Nations," which is but a part, and frequently a subordinate part of the objects which should engross a statesman's attention, more than counterbalanced all the good to be derived from the truths which his immortal work has unfolded.

On this subject we shall let Mr Huskisson speak for himself. On the night of the 6th June, 1823,—a day destined to be more disastrous in the end to the naval power of England, than the 21st October, which witnessed the thunderbolt of Trafalgar, was to that of France,—he thus expressed himself,—"Although the alteration he had to propose was in itself most important, and *an entire departure from the principles which had hitherto governed our foreign commerce*, yet his plan was so clear, and the benefit to be derived from it so obvious, that he trusted he should in a few words be able to shew the propriety of it. Honourable members were aware, that it had for a long time, indeed from the passing of the Navigation Act, been our policy to impose, upon cargoes brought in foreign vessels, higher duties than those imported in British, and to allow smaller drawbacks upon articles exported in foreign, than upon those exported in British bottoms. Now, whatever might be thought of the policy of such a measure, it was all very well as long as the nations with whom we traded acquiesced in it. But when once the attention of those countries we

called to it, it was not likely that such an inequality could last much longer. Accordingly, the greatest commercial nation in the world next to England, and our great rival in trade, the United States of America, finding the pressure of this tax, immediately commenced the retaliatory system, by imposing duties upon all articles imported into that country by British ships. In consequence of this, great embarrassment arose in the commercial intercourse of the two countries — insomuch, that in cases where the increased duties countervailed the freight, it became necessary to have two sets of ships employed; that is, to have British ships employed to bring home American produce, and American taking our produce to that country—each being of course obliged to leave its own port in ballast. We were in consequence obliged to place American vessels on the same footing as English with respect to duties, and they did the same to our ships. Portugal, by the same means, obliged us to equalize the duties on her shipping; and Belgium has recently given a bounty of 10 per cent on Dutch ships, with the same view. Prussia also has raised the duties on our vessels, and plainly intimated, that she will adopt still stronger measures of retaliation, if our system is not abandoned. We have arrived, therefore, at that point when one of two things must be done: Either we must commence a commercial conflict by means of prohibitions and duties—a course which no gentleman would recommend; or we must admit other Powers on a footing of perfect equality and reciprocity of duties." *

Proceeding on these principles, this great advocate of the reciprocity system proposed the following resolutions:—

"I. That it is the opinion of this committee, that his Majesty be authorized, by order in Council, to declare, that the importation or exportation of merchandise in foreign vessels may take place upon payment of the like duties, and with the like bounties, drawbacks, and allowances, as are payable or granted upon similar merchandise when imported or exported in British vessels from or to countries in which no other duties are charged, or drawbacks, bounties, or allowances granted on the importation or exportation of merchandise in British vessels, than are granted or charged on such merchandise when imported or exported in vessels of such countries.

"II. That his Majesty may be authorized, by order in Council, to direct the levying and charging of additional duties of customs, or the withholding of any drawbacks, bounties, or allowances, upon merchandise imported or exported into or from the United Kingdom in vessels belonging to any country, in which higher duties shall have been levied, or smaller bounties, drawbacks, or allowances granted upon merchandise when imported into, or exported from, such country in British vessels, than are levied or granted upon similar merchandise when imported or exported in vessels of such country!" †

These resolutions were immediately adopted by both Houses of Parliament, with the general concurrence of a liberal and conciliating Legislature, and mutual compliments from his Majesty's Ministry, and his Majesty's Opposition, upon the triumph of liberal principles, and the ascendency which the great truths of political economy had at length obtained in the councils of the nation. It is one of the most remarkable circumstances of those disastrous days of conciliation and concession, when amidst general transports, and pompous declamation upon the boundless prospects of our national felicity, the strong and ancient foundations of British greatness were loosened, and the seed of national ruin sown with the concurrence of the whole men styling themselves enlightened in the kingdom, that this prodigious change, involving, as Mr Huskisson admitted, a total departure from all the principles of our former navigation policy, excited hardly any attention in the Legislature; the whole debate on it did not take up two hours: it hardly occupies six pages of Hansard's Reports;

and the seal was put to a change, involving in its ultimate consequences the downfall of our maritime superiority, the dissolution of our Colonial Empire, our subjugation by foreign nations, with only one dissentient voice (Mr Robertson) in the Legislature, and without even a division in either House of Parliament!!

From the very first, we, in this Magazine, firmly and resolutely opposed the changes: we foretold that it would ruin our shipowners, check the growth of British shipping, ruinously depress our nautical industry, immensely increase that of our enemies, and ultimately raise foreign states to a level with us on our own element, and force us to fight with the offspring of our infatuated policy, in the Channel and German Seas, for our national existence. We founded our opinion upon the superior advantages which foreign nations, and especially the Baltic Powers, enjoyed for the building and repairing of ships over those of this country; possessing, as they did, every species of naval store, oak, fir, hemp, tar, pitch, iron, flax, at their own door, and with men to work them who did not receive half the money wages which are necessarily paid to the shipwrights in the British harbours, where all the necessaries of life are, comparatively speaking, so dear, and where taxation and long-established national wealth have exposed to such serious disadvantages this vital branch of national industry. Our arguments, in short, were precisely the same, *mutatis mutandis*, which are now put forth so generally, and happily for the nation, with such effect, against the repeal of the Corn Laws; and both were grounded on the same basis, viz. *salus populi suprema lex.* National subsistence, or defence, are of paramount importance; the measures calculated for the protection of both are the Palladium of the State, *non tangenda non movenda;* and how alluring soever may be the prospects held forth of encouraging other branches of industry, or increasing other branches of wealth, by measures calculated to depress them, they are instantly and peremptorily to be rejected, for reasons superior to all interested views, on principles above all that can be urged in behalf of any single class in the state. Of national, not less than female salvation and honour, it may truly be said, Those that deliberate are lost.

Immense was the abuse, boundless the vituperation, inexhaustible the ribaldry, poured out upon our devoted heads for this resolute course. We were the only influential journal that held out against the lights of the age: intrenched in the fastnesses of former prejudice, we held fast by all the errors of a former period: like a hulk moored in the water, we served to measure the velocity of the tide, which was sweeping past us. The metaphors were partially true: we were moored fast; a tide was sweeping past us; but we were moored to the rock of truth in the haven of the British constitution, and the torrent, which was flowing so impetuously past, was the tide of Revolution, undermining all the bulwarks of the State, bearing away every prop and support of former greatness.

Some of our readers may consider this inflated or exaggerated language. Before they adopt this conclusion, let them consider the following returns, and contemplate the steady decay of British, and increase of foreign shipping, in all the harbours of the kingdom, since the introduction of the reciprocity system. The details we are about to give may be minute, and to many uninteresting; but they are all taken from Parliamentary documents, and may be fully relied on. The subject is one of vast, of paramount importance: national independence, public freedom, are at stake in the questions which these figures involve; if they are neglected by the thoughtful and influential part of the nation, the elements of our existence will melt away, and we may be reduced, like Venice, to exhibit to the world the degraded shadow of the Queen of the Ocean.

Keeping in view that the reciprocity system was introduced in summer 1823, attend to the instantaneous decline in British, and increase of foreign shipping, that ensued in all the principal harbours of Great Britain:—

SHIPS THAT ENTERED THE HARBOURS OF

1. LONDON.

Years.	British. Ships.	British. Tons.	Foreign. Ships.	Foreign. Tons.
1822	3230	603,167	597	106,099
* 1823	3031	611,411	865	161,705
1824	3132	607,106	1643	264,098
1825	3989	789,565	1743	302,122
1826	3495	675,026	1586	215,254
1827	4012	769,102	1534	221,008
1828	4084	767,212	1303	195,929
1829	4108	784,070	1300	215,605
1830	3910	744,229	1268	207,500
1831	4140	780,988	1567	269,159

Thus, while the British vessels annually entering the port of London have only increased, since 1822, from 3230 to 4140, that is, a third, and their tonnage from 611,00 to 780,000, or a sixth; the foreign vessels annually entering have increased from 597 to 1557, or nearly tripled, while their tonnage has increased from 106,000 to 269,000, or twice and a half.

2. HULL.

Years.	British. Ships.	British. Tonnage.	Foreign. Ships.	Foreign. Tonnage.
1822	696	139,728	106	14,165
* 1823	779	154,058	205	26,355
1824	776	142,615	510	58,603
1825	1175	228,204	1000	100,773
1826	724	131,924	854	70,137
1827	984	191,734	801	72,386
1828	866	157,686	676	60,283
1829	889	166,209	603	58,854
1830	906	166,263	556	51,015
1831	989	189,388	725	73,547

Thus, while the British shipping entering the port of Hull has increased, since 1822, from 696 to 989, or a third nearly, and the tonnage from 139,000 to 189,000, or about the same; the foreign ships have increased from 106 to 725, or multiplied nearly SEVENFOLD, and their tonnage swelled from 14,000 to 73,000, or nearly SIXFOLD.

3. LIVERPOOL.

Years.	British. Ships.	British. Tonnage.	Foreign. Ships.	Foreign. Tonnage.
1822	1263	261,137	699	174,607
* 1823	1459	296,710	798	199,688
1824	1554	327,198	702	174,503
1825	1531	315,115	863	222,187
1826	1387	299,037	680	181,907
1827	1442	306,369	810	231,863
1828	1652	340,644	660	179,514
1829	1487	326,311	811	210,713
1830	1655	368,268	1055	272,463
1831	1862	413,928	978	

Thus, during the same period, the British ships annually entering the harbour of Liverpool have increased from 1263 to 1862, or a half, and their tonnage from 261,000 to 413,000, or somewhat more; while the foreign ships have increased from 699 to 978, or about a half, and their tonnage from 174,000 to 265,000, or about the same. The great proportion of the trade of Liverpool, which is the colonial trade, where the monopoly of British shipping is still preserved, explains the difference between this result and that exhibited by the other harbours in the kingdom.

But if we turn to Sunderland and Newcastle, we shall find the results equally alarming as to the rapid increase of foreign over British shipping in these harbours, under the reciprocity system. Their returns are as follows:—

4. SUNDERLAND.

	British.		Foreign.	
Years.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
1822	147	23,789	32	2,383
*1823	133	22,630	31	3,383
1824	81	14,142	28	2,347
1825	103	18,499	61	5,097
1826	78	15,149	46	3,765
1827	96	16,785	36	2,891
1828	87	15,072	29	2,201
1829	127	22,834	36	3,489
1830	299	52,579	62	4,572
1831	464	77,252	91	7,600

Thus from the year 1822 to 1829 the British vessels annually entering the port of Sunderland had decreased from 147 to 127, and their tonnage from 23,000 to 22,000 tons; while the foreign had increased from 32 to 36, and their tonnage risen from 2383 to 3489, or about a half. The subsequent great start in the British and foreign shipping at that harbour in 1830 and 1831, was owing to the changes made in the duties on coals at that time, and therefore cannot be considered as a fair specimen of the general result of the reciprocity system.

5. NEWCASTLE.

	British.		Foreign.	
Years.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
1822	311	45,969	108	8,282
* 1823	269	43,717	121	9,566
1824	259	40,402	196	15,264
1825	290	46,977	267	25,827
1826	300	47,768	226	20,453
1827	338	52,465	286	24,573
1828	359	54,534	239	22,452
1829	423	64,497	323	35,541
1830	373	58,764	329	35,346
1831	432	68,975	323	33,402

Thus, while the British shipping visiting the harbour of Newcastle annually, have increased since 1822 from 311 to 432, or considerably less than a half, and their tonnage from 45,000 to 68,000, or in the same proportion; the foreign ships have increased from 108 to 323, or tripled, and the tonnage increased from 8000 *to 33,000, or tripled* also.

These facts are deserving the most serious attention. They demonstrate that, while in all the harbours of the United Kingdom, the number and tonnage of British shipping entering have increased only a third, or a half, during the last ten years, and in some instances have actually diminished; the foreign ships and tonnage have in general *tripled*, and increased in some instances six and sevenfold. It is ev

to foretell what, in a given time, must be the result of such a progress.

But this is not all. From the table quoted below,* it appears that the vessels belonging to the United Kingdom have actually *declined* in the ten years since the reciprocity system began; that the decline in shipping belonging to the European trade has been very considerable; and that it is the great increase of vessels for the Colonial trade, where the reciprocity system is not yet applied, which alone has prevented the decay over the whole empire from being still more alarming; and this lamentable result has taken place, at the very time when our exports and imports have increased so immensely, that if they had been carried on as heretofore mainly in British bottoms, our shipping should have increased *a half* during the same time!

From the valuable table quoted below, it appears, that since the year 1820, the exports and imports of the British islands have increased *fully a half*, while their shipping has actually declined! † The immense difference must have been carried out and in from the empire somehow; and if we turn to the column exhibiting the growth of foreign tonnage entering the British harbours during the same time, we find that it has *more than doubled*, having risen from 433,000 tons to 896,000 tons annually. This is a most lamentable result. From this it appears that the increase of our exports and imports, so far from adding to, is actually *diminishing our strength*; that it is carried on in foreign bottoms; and that while the vast increase of our manufactured exports has not added one ton or vessel to the British naval strength, it is augmenting that of our enemies in a most fearful progression; at a rate greater than the British shipping increased even during the most prosperous period of the war.‡

* VESSELS BELONGING TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE, UNITED KINGDOM AND POSSESSIONS IN

	EUROPE.		COLONIES.		TOTAL.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
1821	21,969	2,449,629	3.384	201,564	25,036	2,560,203
1822	21,238	2,355,853	3,404	203,641	24,642	2,519,044
1823	21,042	2,302,867	3,500	203,893	24,542	2,506,769
1824	21,280	2,348,314	3,496	211,273	24,776	2,559,587
1825	20,701	2,328,807	3.579	214,875	24,280	2,553,682
1826	20,968	2,411,641	3 657	224,183	24,625	2.635,644
1827	19.524	2,181,138	3,675	279,362	23,199	2,460,500
1828	19,646	2,193,300	4.449	324,891	24,095	2,518,191
1829	19,110	2.199,959	4,343	317,041	23.453	2,517,000
1830	19,174	2,201,592	4,547	330,227	23,721	2,531,819
1831	19,450	2.321,356	4 792	357,608	24,242	2.581,964
1832	19,684	2,260,980	4,771	356,208	24,655	2,617,638

† Years.	Imports.	Exports.	British Shipping.	Foreign Shipping. Outward. Tons.
1820	L.31,484,108	L.48,313,051	2.560.203	433,328
1821	29,724,173	50.796,982	2,519,044	383,784
1822	39,401,264	52,770,416	2,506,769	457,542
1823	34,591,263	51,733,461	2, 559,587	563,571
1824	36,141,339	58.218,633	2,553,682	746,707
1825	42,661,054	55,618,327	2,635,644	905,520
1826	36,069,999	50,401,292	2,460,500	695,440
1827	43,467,747	61,082,695	2.517,000	767,821
1828	43,396,527	61,957,805	2,531,819	608,118
1829	42,311,648	66,072,163	2,581,964	730,250
1830	44,815,397	69,028,423	2,617,638	758,368
1831	48,161,661	70,820,066		896,051

‡ From 1792 to 1800, under the unparalleled stimulus of the war, the British tonnage increased only from 1,540,000, tons to 1,905,000, or a little more than *a fourth*; but the foreign shipping, in a similar period, under the fostering hand of the *reciprocity* system, has increased from 433,000 tons to 896 000, or more than doubled. *The command* of the ocean, and the monopoly of the trade of the world, could only *do a quarter as much* for our own navy in eight years of war, as the reciprocity system

If the Parliamentary Returns, now collected and condensed with so much accuracy in Porter's Parliamentary Tables, are more minutely investigated, it will at once appear where it is that British shipping has so wofully fallen off, and in what branches it has increased, and in a great degree counterbalanced the other's deficiency. It appears that the falling off of British, and increase of foreign shipping, has been most signal in all our intercourse with foreign states, and all the countries to which the reciprocity system applies; and that the deficiency has been solely made up by the vast increase of the colonial trade, which hitherto fortunately has been preserved entire from the modern system. A few returns will at once demonstrate this important fact.

The following table exhibits the growth of our colonial shipping and tonnage from 1820 to 1831.

	New Holland. Tons.	East Indies. Tons.	Canada. Tons.	West Indies. Tons.
1820	1,291	70,348	343,377	240,510
1821	1,349	41,588	337,446	245,321
1822	1,706	37,956	356,448	232,426
1823	3,883	48,325	401,669	233,790
1824	3,968	48,666	427,832	244,971
1825	3,971	43,069	489,844	232,357
1826	7,582	58,243	472,588	243,448
1827	5,439	59,734	359,793	243,721
1828	6,707	63,131	400,841	272,800
1829	8,970	71,911	431,901	263,338
1830	8,668	65,498	452,397	253,872
1831	11,875	63,566	480,236	249,079
1832	12,231	72,895	504,211	229,117

Now, here is a progress which reminds us of the prosperous days of the British Empire. Here are various branches of trade carried on with our own colonies, and, of course, entirely in British vessels, in which the growth of our mercantile navy has been really prodigious. In twelve years the tonnage employed in the trade to New Holland has multiplied TENFOLD: in the same time, that employed in the Canada trade, has risen from 340,000 to 500,000 tons, or nearly a fifth of the whole trade of the Empire. This is the state of our Colonial trade; growing rapidly and steadily in every quarter except the West Indies—a portion of the British empire, in which it has actually fallen off; the insane and oppressive policy so long pursued by our Government towards those splendid Colonies, having more than counterbalanced all the richest gifts of nature, —a virgin soil, a tropical sun, luxuriant vegetation, and scenery of almost fabulous beauty.

Contrast this striking and gratifying result with the working of the reciprocity system in the three countries which Mr Huskisson specified, as affording the inductive cause of the change of system, viz. America, Prussia, and the Netherlands:—

	AMERICA.		PRUSSIA.		NETHERLANDS.	
Years.	British. Tons.	Foreign Tons.	British. Tons.	Foreign. Tons.	British. Tons.	Foreign. Tons.
1820	29,490	159,418	87,451	60,450	69,618	43,684
1821	28,411	140,776	79,590	37,720	71,631	47,121
1822	73,853	156,054	102,847	58,270	70,049	62,648
1823	63,606	165,609	81,202	86,013	61,353	87,035
1824	44,994	153,475	94,664	151,621	68,285	107,729
1825	38,943	196,863	189,214	182,752	87,671	117,366
1826	47,711	151,765	119,060	120,589	101,842	81,199
1827	73,204	217,535	150,718	109,184	119,538	81,938
1828	80,158	138,174	133,753	99,195	129,223	80,901
1829	61,343	162,327	125,918	127,861	117,661	87,593
1830	65,130	214,166	102,758	139,646	120,301	82,811
1831	91,787	229,809	89,908	140,532	187,456	82,440

Thus, it appears, that the reciprocity system, introduced, as Mr Huskisson stated, under the threat of retaliatory measures from Prussia, has had the effect of *diminishing* the British tonnage employed in the trade with that country, from 87,000 tons annually to 83,000, and of increasing the Prussian from 60,000 in 1820, to 140,000 in 1831. The Netherlands exhibited the same result till 1830; the British shipping having only increased during that time from 70,000 tons to 117,000, that is, somewhat more than *a half*; whereas the foreign had increased from 43,000 to 97,000, or *more than doubled*. Since the Revolution of 1830, almost the whole trade of the Netherlands has fallen into the hands of the British; a memorable instance of the insanity of manufacturing demagogues in urging on the adoption of measures which are to consign themselves to irretrievable ruin. And in America, notwithstanding the brilliant prospects held out of the rapid growth of British shipping that would result from the reciprocity system, the American shipping, ever since the commencement of the reciprocity system with that country, which began in 1820,* has varied from a *fifth* to a *third* of that belonging to the harbours of the United States.

We shall add only one other set of returns to the numerous details with which we have overloaded this paper. It is the return of the number of ships built in the British dominions since the reciprocity system began, as compared with the exports and imports before that important change in our policy.

	Vessels Built and Registered.		Imports.	Exports.
Years.	Great Britain & Ireland.	Colonies.		
1820	635	248	L.31,484,000	L.48,343,000
1821	597	275	29,724,000	50,796,000
1822	571	209	29,401,000	52,770,000
1823	604	243	34,591,000	51,773,000
1824	837	342	36,141,000	58,218,000
1825	1003	536	42,661,000	55,608,000
1826	1131	588	36,069,000	50,401,000
1827	911	529	43,467,000	61,082,000
1828	857	464	43,396,000	61,957,000
1829	734	416	42,311,000	66,072,000
1830	750	367	44,815,000	69,028,000
1831	760	376	48,161,000	70,820,000
1832	758		44,586,000	76,071,000

This Table is highly instructive as to the working of the reciprocity system. It thence appears, that while the imports of the empire have increased, since 1820, *a half*, and the exports have risen in the same proportion, the ships annually built now are only *a sixth* greater in the British islands than at the commencement of that period, and, in fact, they are hardly so numerous at this time as they were twenty years ago, when our foreign trade was little more than half its present amount.† This result is the more instructive as to the operation of the reciprocity system, because the ships built in the colonies during the same period have fully kept pace with the growth of our foreign trade, the quantity annually built in those distant possessions having increased from about 250 to 375, or just a half. If the ships built at home had kept pace with our foreign commerce, and not been depressed by some peculiar cause, instead of the quantity annually built being now 750, it would have been 1100.

We shall only add, that the num-

---

* The reciprocity was begun in 1820, by a separate regulation for America. See *Mr Huskisson*'s Speech, June 6, 1823. Hansard, ix. 796.

	Ships Built.	Exports.	Imports.
† *1810*	685	L.30,171,000	L.45,616,000
1811	870	37,613,000	42,646,000

ber of British ships that passed the Sound in 1831, was 4772, and in 1832, only 3330, exhibiting a *decrease* in the latter year of 1442; while in foreign vessels there was an *increase* of 1125 in the latter year, as compared with the former—a decisive proof of the working of the reciprocity system in the Baltic trade.

Proceeding upon the data already obtained, it is possible to predict, with tolerable certainty, the period when our maritime superiority must be at an end, our colonial empire broken up, and our national independence irretrievably destroyed. Eight years of the reciprocity system have put a total stop to the growth of our own shipping, while it has doubled that of the other European powers, and raised their tonnage entering our harbours from 438,000 to 896,000. At the same rate, in eight years more, the foreign shipping which we nourish with our exports and imports, will be 1,800,000 tons, and in sixteen 3,600,000; *or above a million more than the whole shipping of Great Britain!* Our whole maritime strength will then have passed over to our enemies; the commerce of England, carried on in foreign bottoms, will have put into their hands the weapons which are to destroy us, and the British empire will be numbered with the things that have been!

Then will appear at once, how universal, how profound, is the jealousy of the English maritime power, which has so long been nursed by Continental States. An alliance, cordial as that which took place against France,—a crusade universal as that which overthrew Napoleon, will at once be formed. From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, the crusading warriors will come forth; the liberty of the seas will be their watchword; the principles of the armed neutrality will resound through the Baltic; the avengers of the 2d April will start up round the Trekroner Battery of Copenhagen; the shades of De Ruyter and Van Tromp will reanimate the Dutch; the recollection of the Nile and Trafalgar stimulate the French; the disgrace of St Vincent's and Cadiz rouse the inert spirit of the Spaniards. Where shall we find another Nelson—a second Blake, to dispel the confederacy? Even if the spirit of these heroes of the deep should descend upon their successors, where shall we find the dauntless seamen, the boundless resources, which a patriotic Government placed at their command? These resources are not only lost to us, but they are gained to our enemies; the shipping of Europe has not diminished, it has only changed hands; as much as the British pendant has disappeared from the ocean, have foreign flags increased; as much as naval strength has passed from us, has it grown in the harbours of our enemies. With our own hands we have laid the axe to the root of our prosperity; with our eyes open we have transferred the sinews of our strength to other States; with our own arms we have torn up the foundations of our national greatness, and prepared slavery for ourselves and our children!

If the increase of British shipping had followed, as it always did, during the period when the Navigation Laws were in force, the augmentation of our exports and imports,* the growth of our shipping and tonnage since 1823 should have been about a half: instead of 2,600,000 tons, the British empire should have possessed 3,700,000 tonnage of shipping. Where has the difference gone? Over to our enemies; to Russia, Prussia, the Netherlands, France, and America; —the very powers whose hostility

---

* Take as an example the parallel growth of British Exports, Imports, and Shipping, from 1788 to 1814.

	Imports.	Exports.	Ships.	Tonnage.
1788,	L.17,122,000	L.11,729,000	13,827	1,363,488
1792,	19,659,000	18,236,851	16,079	1,540,145
1800,	29,925,858	24,411,067	18,877	1,905,438
1810,	45,616,858	30,170,292	23,708	2,420,044
1811,	42,646,843	37,613,294	24,106	2,474,774
1812,	27,840,250	25,810,904	24,107	2,478,709

against the maritime superiority of this country is inveterate; who, differing on most other subjects as far as the poles are asunder, cordially concur in that one feeling of envy and animosity.

Let the opinions of the continental writers, and journalists, and historians, be examined. It will be found, that, differing on almost every other subject, they are unanimous in their hatred at Great Britain; that royalists and republicans, Carlists and Doctrinaires, Russians and French, Dutch and Prussians, all concur in invectives against the British maritime power, and panegyrics on all the sovereigns who have endeavoured to unite the European Powers into one formidable maritime league against this country. Even the terrors of Napoleon, and the pressing dangers of his tremendous power and insatiable ambition, were unable to divert them from this one favourite object; and the confederacy of the Baltic Powers in 1800, which was dissolved by the death of Paul and the cannon of Nelson, meets with unqualified approbation from every continental writer without exception; although the only effect of success, on the part of the league, would have been to subject them permanently and irrecoverably to the military power of France. So far does this fancied grievance of the dominion of the sea by Great Britain carry them, that their most enlightened writers of all parties speak of it as the most serious misfortune of modern times, and an evil which has more than counterbalanced in its ultimate effects the downfall of the Napoleon dynasty.

It is into the hands of powers, and people animated with these sentiments, that the reciprocity system is rapidly and steadily transferring the naval resources of England.

It will probably occur to every impartial person, that the preceding tables exhibit a sufficiently alarming view of the relative effect of the reciprocity system upon British and foreign naval strength. But in truth, the reality is much beyond what these figures would lead us to suppose. For, as the British shipping *is much employed* in the trade to *the adjoining* States, and foreign vessels *in the intercourse* with their every time that a vessel enters or clears out, its tonnage is entered in the custombouse books, it follows, that the British vessels, which make in great part the short foreign voyages, and are so frequently entered, must exhibit an array of tonnage in proportion to their amount, incomparably greater than the foreign, which are engaged in the more remote. For the same reason, the tonnage of the Netherlands and Prussia exhibits a much greater apparent increase than that of Russia or America. If this important circumstance is kept in view, and applied to the returns already laid before the reader, it will probably be deemed no exaggeration to affirm, that, while the British shipping, since the reciprocity system began, has stood still, that of foreign nations carrying on the commerce of Great Britain, has more than doubled.

The impolicy of the reciprocity system, therefore, is now demonstrated, by experience, beyond the possibility of a doubt; and it is equally evident, that if persevered in for ten years longer, it will raise up the shipping of foreign nations to a level with our own, and at once destroy our naval superiority and national independence.

We do not deny, that when Mr Huskisson broke up the Navigation Laws in 1820 and 1823, he had great difficulties to contend with; and that the obstacles recently arisen, which then appeared to him to render an abandonment of that system necessary, were most embarrassing. We feel the force of what he so constantly urged, that the monopoly, or exclusive advantages given to British shipping by that act, would work smoothly only so long as foreign nations, either from fear, supineness, or indifference, did not attempt measures of retaliation; and that the moment they did so, a most distressing embarrassment would arise, which might considerably prejudice our export trade. All that is perfectly true; but what we rest upon is this—Defence is of more importance than wealth; it is better to have liberty than worldly goods. Considerations of opulence or convenience are as nothing, when put in comparison with national independence. If matters had come to that pass,

crificed, better, far better, abandon the increase of your foreign exports, than consign your wooden walls to destruction. We have manufacturers and artisans, with their inevitable attendants of public demoralization, Trades' Unions, and democratic fervour in abundance! What we want, is such an increase in our maritime resources as may keep pace with the rapid strides which other nations are making in that particular. We take our stand on the principles of Adam Smith, that there are occasions on which the principles of free trade must yield to the higher considerations of public safety and national independence; that the Navigation Laws were framed,—accidentally or designedly, it matters not,—with consummate wisdom for that purpose; and that nothing short of the blockade of the Thames and the Medway, by an enemy's fleet, the burning of our arsenals at Portsmouth and Plymouth, a disaster as great as the Nile or Trafalgar was to our enemies, should have made us resign what was our main security for the sceptre of the ocean.

The deplorable thing now is, that foreign shipping is so rapidly encroaching upon British in the commerce of the United Kingdom, that every addition to our exports and imports, so far from adding to our national strength, is a direct subtraction from it, and is so much gained to the forces which are ultimately to be turned against us. That is the decisive circumstance. So rapid is the growth, under the reciprocity system, of foreign shipping in our own harbours, that it is easy to foresee the time when they will have obtained a decisive superiority over our own; and when, on the first rupture, or the first maritime disaster, the naval forces which we have nursed in our bosom, will at once be arrayed against us. This is the inevitable fate of a great and old commercial state, when it does not maintain, by positive regulations, exclusive advantages to its own shipping, because the high taxes, duties, and wages of labour, with which such a community necessarily becomes burdened, render it an easy matter for the shipping of younger and less *embarrassed states to* undersell it *in the transport of goods*; and thus, *in the conflict, its own shipping is* gradually ousted; and, amidst the prosperity of every other class, the sinews of its national defence are rapidly and irretrievably withered. Twenty or thirty years of such a progress, are amply sufficient to prostrate the strength of the greatest naval power in existence; or rather, to transfer the vehicles of its foreign commerce to its enemies, and hand over to foreign powers the instruments of its national subjugation. When once the corner has been turned—when once the foreign shipping which it employs has come to equal its own, it stands on the unstable equilibrium, and the slightest stroke will produce an overthrow. Like Charles XII., or Napoleon, it has taught its enemies how to conquer it; it has placed in their hands the means of its own destruction. An Ægospotamos, a Pultawa, a Leipsic, may in a day array the forces it has nourished in its bosom, against its existence.

These apprehensions will not appear chimerical to those who consider how rapidly all the greatest maritime empires recorded in history have been prostrated; how instantaneously the sceptre of the ocean slipped from the hands of Athens, Tyre, Venice, Portugal, and Holland. Far more rapid than the decay of a great military state, is the fall of such naval powers; a single disaster overwhelms them; they find themselves suddenly blockaded in their harbours. The world cannot want carriers, and the whole naval resources on which their greatness formerly depended, is at once transferred to their enemies. Such dangers are unavoidable, and naturally incident to that species of dominion. But we have anticipated the stroke; voluntarily transferred the sinews of strength to our enemies; with our own hands trained up the naval force which is one day to be the instrument of our destruction.

Vain are the hopes of maintaining any thing like prosperity to this country, if our naval superiority is at an end. The British oak constitutes the bond which holds together the scattered parts of this mighty dominion. The instant it is dissolved, the splendid fabric will fall to pieces;—our possessions in every part of the world will drop off, declare themselves independent, or

fall into the hands of other powers. If Portsmouth and Plymouth are blockaded—if an enemy's fleet lies at the Nore, and foreign flags wave triumphant in the Channel, how long will Canada, the East or West Indies, maintain their allegiance? How soon will the splendid, but half-ruined colonies in the Gulf of Mexico, shake off chains from which they have so long received nothing but injury—how rapidly will Canada rival the independence of the United States, and lay the foundations of a powerful state on the shores of the St Lawrence—how quickly will the magnificent empire of the East dissolve into air! Let us not deceive ourselves, tranquil and imposing as our colonial empire at present is;—willingly as all the quarters of the globe now receive the law from the Chapel of St Stephens;—peaceably as our fleets pass from hemisphere to hemisphere, without leaving the British dominions; a single rude shock would unloose the girdle which surrounds the globe, and the parent state in the Atlantic would be left in melancholy loneliness to contemplate the empires which have risen from its ruined dominions.

And let our manufacturers consider the prospects which await *them*, if by such an event the sceptre of the ocean is wrested from Britain. Are they aware of the deep, the unextinguishable jealousy of English industry and opulence which pervades their rivals, both in Europe and America? If disaster attends our fleets, how rapidly will this feeling burst forth in every part of the world! With what alacrity would the combined fleets of Europe and America carry the torch into the arsenals of Plymouth and Portsmouth, and avenge, in the glorious pile, the bombardment of Copenhagen, and conflagration of Toulon! How gladly would they cast anchor at the mouth of the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde, and seize, with piratical avidity, the fleets which have so long wafted to the British shores the riches of the East and the West! And, if once these great arteries of the empire are closed, where will be our *boasted export* of manufactures? *Will our democratic* operatives, with *their fervour*, their self-sufficiency, *their Tridentine* Unions, be able to man tend for the empire of the ocean with the navies which have beat down the flag of Trafalgar? How will they get their goods sold in such circumstances? Reduced to the home-market for consumption, how will the clamorous millions whom the town-directed policy of the last twenty years has called into existence, find bread? Where will be the sixty millions worth of manufactured goods which are now exported? Where the hundreds of thousands who now depend on their sale for their existence? Do the manufacturers suppose that the evil days are never to arise to Britain—that she alone is to be an exception to all earthly things? Do they imagine that the export of sixty millions a-year may be calculated upon as a fixed issue, independent of all political disasters, like the discharge of the waters of the Thames into the ocean? Have they ever considered how they would earn their subsistence, if, with our maritime superiority, our means of exporting any thing whatever, come to an end? And how short-sighted, therefore, are all those measures which, with a view to give an additional and unnatural impulse to the sale of our manufactures in foreign states, lay the axe to the root of that very naval power by which, and which alone, any part of that foreign sale can be permanently secured!

Vainest of all is the hope, that by revolutionizing the adjoining states, and encircling ourselves like France with a zone of affiliated republics, we can obtain a permanent shield, independent of our maritime superiority. Do our deluded Movement men really suppose that France and Belgium, under either Doctrinaire or Republican sway, under Marshal Soult or the Citizen King, will take up arms to maintain the maritime superiority of Great Britain, or enable our manufacturers to deluge them and other nations with their goods? We can tell them they never were more miserably mistaken. What have we got, either from France or Belgium, in return for our reciprocity concessions? Have they lowered the duties on iron or cotton goods? What did America do in furtherance of the spirit of conciliation between free states? Lay on the ta-

threat of civil war from the Southern States. The more republican nations become, it may be relied on they will become the more jealous of each other's mercantile or manufacturing industry; for this plain reason, that the classes who are personally interested in such employments obtain then the direction of public affairs. Who passed the Navigation Act? The Long Parliament and Cromwell. Who forced the exclusive tariff upon the Southern States of America? The manufacturing interests of the northern parts of the Union. Why is it that France is so resolutely fixed in resisting any relaxation of her rigid and exclusive mercantile system? Because the manufacturing interests in her great towns have acquired a predominance in the Chamber of Deputies. Nothing is more certain, therefore, than that the more democratic the European states become, the more will they be devoured with jealousy of our manufacturing and maritime greatness; and to hope for support from them, when their governments are directed by such interests, is to fall into a delusion of all others the most deplorable.

The circumstances of the world are such as to excite the most serious alarms for the durability of our maritime superiority, independent altogether of the disastrous effects of the reciprocity system, in which we have so blindly and obstinately persisted. It is in vain to conceal that the maritime resources of Russia are not only already very considerable, but extending with a rapidity in the highest degree alarming. The whole fleets of the Baltic, the navies of Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, are at her command, and are ready to start, at a moment's warning, to revenge the disasters of Copenhagen, and assert the principles of the armed neutrality. She has twenty-two sail of the line in the Black Sea; the remnant which the flames of Navarino have left of the Turkish fleet is at her disposal; the Dardanelles, under the auspices of a liberal Whig administration, have become a Russian strait, and the Euxine an impregnable, inaccessible Russian harbour. We ourselves counselled the Sultan, when *he turned to us for aid in his extremity, to apply to Russia, because our fleets were employed in blockading* the Scheldt and watching Lisbon. He did so; and the treaty of Constantinople, which gave the Russians the command of the whole naval resources of the Turkish empire, and ultimately of the whole sailors of Greece, was the consequence. Russia could at this moment fit out, between herself and her allies, eighty ships of the line, to join in the naval crusade against England; and of the quality of the seamen on board her fleets, we have not only had proof in the fight of Navarino, but we have the best evidence in the authority of Nelson, who counselled all his officers to "lay their vessels alongside a Frenchman, but strive to out-manœuvre a Russian." The stubborn valour of the North will in the end be as formidable by sea as by land; the sea-kings who so often desolated the British shores, issued from the shores of the Baltic; possibly a naval Leipsic yet awaits the maritime forces of England.

If such is the enemy arising on our own element against us on one side, what shall we say to the foe which is appearing on the other? The Americans have long been, next to ourselves, the greatest carrying nation in the world; and for the last fourteen years, under the influence of the reciprocity system, they have never engrossed less than two-thirds, sometimes as much as five-sixths, of the direct trade with Great Britain. What their naval prowess is, we know by dear-bought experience in the last war; and if historic candour cannot award to the captors of the Guerrier, the Java, and the Macedonia, the highest naval honours, it cannot refuse them the second. This rapid growth of the American, like the Russian marine, under the influence of a population which in those youthful states doubles once in thirty or forty years, render these two Powers in the highest degree formidable to the British navy; and it is at the very time that they are making unexampled strides on our own element, that we have chosen to transfer to them, by the reciprocity system, the sinews of our maritime power.

Are then the prospects of England irretrievably gloomy: is the sun of our naval superiority for ever set: and is the present generation destined to witness the extinction of

greatest Colonial empire that ever existed?—No! the means of salvation are yet in our power; our maritime superiority may yet be maintained; our girdle of colonies may yet encircle the earth. It is in the extent and rapid growth of our OWN COLONIES that the counterpoise is to be found to all the ambition of Russia, and all the jealousy of America. The difference between colonial trade, and trade with foreign nations, as it affects maritime power, is incalculable; and for this plain reason, that colonial trade, like the home trade, is all carried on in *your own bottoms*; whereas, more than a half of every foreign trade is engrossed by the foreign nation.* From the curious and highly valuable table below, it appears that while our exports to America are immense, amounting to twelve millions' worth of British manufacture, the tonnage of our shipping, which that trade employs, is little more than *a sixth* of that employed in the trade to Canada, which only takes off a *fourth* part of the quantity of manufactures absorbed by the United States. In other words, the employment given to British shipping in the trade to our own colonies in North America is TWENTY-FOUR greater, on the same amount of exports and imports, than to the independent state in the same portion of the globe; while our trade with Germany, which takes off nine millions worth a-year of exports, only gives employment to a half the shipping employed in the export of goods to the West Indies, whose consumption of our goods is hardly half as great. In other words, on the same amount of exports and imports, the encouragement to our shipping is only a FOURTH in the German of what it is in the West India trade. After so signal a proof of the difference between foreign and colonial trade, farther argument or illustration would be superfluous.

When we reflect on the extraordinary growth of our colonial shipping during the last twelve years, amidst the stagnation and decay of that employed in European commerce; when we recollect, that during that time the tonnage employed in the trade to New Holland has increased tenfold, and that in the commerce with our North American colonies risen from 350,000 to 500,000 tons, we cannot entertain a doubt that the means of preserving for a very long period, and establishing on a securer basis than ever, our maritime superiority, yet exists. Great Britain is an old state, teeming with wealth, inhabitants, and energy; her colonial dependencies boundless in extent, inexhaustible in fertility, incalculable in importance. To unite the heart with the extremities of such an empire; to convey to the colonies, famishing for men, and money, and manufactures, the overflowings of the parent state, redundant with them all, the British navy, public and private, exists; an inexhaustible and unconquerable arm, if not paralyzed by the insanity of its own government. It is in our own progeny, in our own descendants in every part of the globe, that we must look for our only effectual stay; it is in a sedulous and unceasing regard to their interests, that we must seek for the means of stanching the all but mortal wounds which the reciprocity system has inflicted on our maritime power. But let us not deceive ourselves; this last stay can be preserved only by constant regard to colonial interests. If the Whig system of colonial oppression, exemplified in the projected equalization of the timber-duties, and accomplished ruin of the West India islands, is persisted in, the finishing stroke to our national independence is given; and, with the loss of our colonies, our liberty, our glory, and our existence, is at an end.

* As the best illustration of the difference between colonial trade and trade with foreign nations in encouraging our shipping, we shall give returns for the last year of the exports, imports, and shipping, in the trade with Canada, West Indies, and New Holland, compared with America, Russia, and Germany.

	Canada.	West Indies.	New Holland.	America.	Russia.	Germany.
1832.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.		
Shipping,	504,211	229,117	12,231	95,203		
Exports,	L.3,130,490	L.3,788,236	L.375,081	L.12,596,173		

LONDON ON THE EDUCATION OF GARDENERS.

We have all our lives envied Adam. Yet, would you believe it, not for his abode in Paradise. The soul cannot now conceive a perfectly sinless and perfectly happy state of being; and a mere name, and no more, to our ear is the garden of Eden—ere was plucked

"That forbidden fruit, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Our first parents are not felt to be our first parents till they have fallen; then it is that we indeed love them; our filial affection is made tender by pity and awful by fear—and we weep to think of them, as they,

"Hand in hand, and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

It was original sin that made this earth so beautiful—that gave it a beauty dashed and broken with tears. Look long at a rose-bush covered with lapsing dewdrops, and you grow sorrowful—full of sorrow. If there were not the consciousness of some great loss, and the presage of some great restoration, a sight so simple in its purity could not so profoundly move the spirit, as that its confession should be a prayer. Not surely in form and colour alone lies the beauty of the rainbow.

We envy Adam because he was driven from Paradise. For a while the earth for him and poor Eve brought forth but thorns—so is it writ. But as the wind blew from Paradise, it brought seeds that sowed themselves in the desert—till erelong the desert blossomed like the rose. Assisted by younger hands, Adam could afford to steal an hour or two as the sun was westering, from the toil of field tillage, and through the twilight, and sometimes well on into the night, would he and Eve, not unregarded by the stars, work by their two selves, shaping bowers, and arbours, and glades, so as to form, by a model imperishable in their memories, another small new garden of Eden—not, indeed, so delightful—but dearer, far dearer to their souls, because every leaf was tinted by grief. Melancholy names did they give, then, to the thoughtless plants and flowers, and they loved them the better that thenceforth they reminded them always—but not painfully—of their transgression—now suffering a punishment so softened, that it sometimes was felt to be a chastened peace. Their hillside garden sloped to a stream, that, no doubt, was a branch of the holy river, of which the blind seer sings, "southward through Eden went a river large." We see the vision now—but we fear to paint it. Eve is still in her mortal prime; and as for Adam, not Seth's self is comparable to his sire—though his parents were wont to say, that their Seth had a face and a form that reminded them of one of the angels—that to be indeed an angel, he wanted but those wings that winnowed fragrance through the air as they descended on Paradise.

And thus it is that to us all gardens are beautiful—and all gardeners Adam's favourite sons. An Orchard! Families of fruit-trees "nigh planted by a river," and that river the Clyde. Till we gazed on you we knew not how dazzling may be the delicate spring, even more than the gorgeous autumn with all her purple and gold. No frost can wither, no blast can scatter such a power of blossoming as there brightens the day with promise that the gladdened heart may not for a moment doubt will be fulfilled!—And now we walk arm in arm with a venerable lady along a terrace hung high above a river—but between us and the brink of the precipice a leafless lawn—not of grass, but of moss, whereon centuries seem softly embedded—and lo! we are looking—to the right down down the glen, and to the left up up the glen—though to the left it takes a majestic bend, so that yonder castle, seemingly almost in front of us, stands on one of its cliffs—now we are looking over the top of holly hedges twenty feet high, and over the stately yew-pawns and peacocks—but hark! the flesh-and-blood peacock shrieking from the pine! An old English garden—such as Bacon, or Evelyn, or Cowley would have loved—felicitously

placed, with all its solemn calm, above the reach of the roar of a Scottish Flood!

But we shall not permit the visions of gardens thus to steady themselves before our imagination; and, since come they will, away must they pass like magic shadows on a sheet.—There you keep gliding in hundreds along with your old English halls, or rectories, or parsonages—some, alas! looking dilapidated and forlorn, but few in ruins, and, thank heaven! many of you in the decay of time renewed by love, and many more still fresh and strong, though breathing of antiquity, as when there was not one leaf of all that mass of ivy in which the highest chimneys are swathed, and buried all the gables.—Oh! stay but for one moment longer thou garden of the cliffs! Gone by! with all thine imagery—half garden and half forest—reflected in thine own tarn—and with thee a glimmer of green mountains and of dusky woods!—Sweet visionary shadow of the poor man's cot and garden! A blessing be upon thee almost on the edge of the bleak moor!—But villages, and towns, and cities travel by mistily, carrying before our ken many a green series of little rural or suburban gardens, all cultivated by owner's or tenant's hands, and beneath the blossomed fruit-trees, the ground variegated with many a flush of flowers.—What pinks! Aye—we know them well—the beautiful garden-plats on the banks and braes all round about our native town, pretty Paisley—and in among the very houses in nooks and corners which the sunshine does not scorn to visit—and as the glamour goes by, sweet to our soul is the thought of the Kilbarchan, the loveliest flower in heaven or on earth—for 'tis the prize-pink of our childhood, given us by our Father's hand, and we see now the spot where the fine-grained glory grew!

We hope our stomach is not out of order, and that these fancies are not the fumes of indigestion, as Cabanis and the materialists say. No—our stomach was never out of order in its life, not even in the Bay of Biscay O. At all events, that huge *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, beneath which our table groans, is no spectral illusion; and might ballast a balloon. It lies open at the 1322d page—and we espy much matter on the Education of Gardeners—a pleasant and a prolific theme. In our walks over the world, we have looked in upon hundreds of gardeners in their own houses, and have always met with a kind welcome. No other class of men are so well off for wives. How ladylike many matrons who have received us with a curtsy, a smile, and a hand, in tree-shaded dwellings not far apart from the hall or mansion-house, nests in secluded spots which you may seek for without finding among the wide sweep of the demesne, that in its elegant cultivation still retains something of the wild character of the forest. Honest men's daughters—not degraded, surely, by having been in household service which they adorned—and now visited familiarly by the young ladies, who disdained not to wear the bridal favours on the marriage-day, and have sent her baby-linen duly every year. Not all such; for gardeners intermarry—let us tell you—not unfrequently with maidens of the middle ranks—the daughters of statesmen (cock lairds), tradesmen well to do—and clergymen. And we could mention instances of gentle blood blushing in the faces of the children of bold Sons of the Spade. What matters it whom they marry—if their bosom friends be chaste, modest, and good? Many a pleasant evening have we passed in such domiciles, for we are something of a botanist—though that not much—a florist of the second rate in knowledge, and of the first in love—and though no great linguist, we have studied all the tongues of trees—and not a language spoken in the forest of which we do not know all the roots, and most of the ramifications. Soon after sunrise, whatever might be the season, we always took our departure; nor empty-handed were we allowed to go our ways—for all the gardeners who were friends of ours, enjoyed the privilege of giving presents of a dozen or two of green gages—a few pints of grozets—say the Roaring Lion or the Fiery Dragon—and if still the vernal breezes were blowing, in our breast a Flower, composed of many flowers that as we crossed the moors

companioned us through the solitude, as if our attendant spirit were the sweet-scented Spring!

But our table groans again—and fain would we relieve it from the burden; but on attempting to lift up the Encyclopædia of Gardening, we find we are not the man we once were, and our back beseeches us to remember its lumbago. A ponderous tome! But is it not now republishing in numbers? That is merciful. Now for our review.

Mr Loudon observes "that the terms knowledge and ignorance are entirely relative; that the knowledge of a chemist's porter would have subjected him to be hanged and burned in the days of the first Popes; and that any bricklayer's labourer who reads the London newspapers has more correct ideas on the principles of political economy than nine-tenths of the nobility of Russia and Spain." Will he persist in saying so, with the proceedings of the Trades' Unions before his eyes? In spite of the much vaunted march of intellect during the last dozen years, and all the efforts of the Educationists to enlighten the labouring classes, they seem stone-blind to the plainest and simplest truths, and hurrying headlong on the road to ruin. What does Mr Loudon know of the Russian nobility? Among them are many men of the highest mental cultivation; and Nicholas, who may be an autocrat, (how few who call him so know the meaning of the epithet!) happening to possess great talents, knows that the stability of his throne depends now on the intellect of that order. Political Economy—and good Political Economy too—Storch has a European reputation—is better studied in Russia than it is in Britain; and Mr Loudon himself, though he may have "as correct ideas on its principles" as "any bricklayer's labourer," would soon be made to sing small on the question of Free-Trade, in an argument with any fur-clad Russ taken at random from the nine-tenths of the nobility whom he ignorantly honours with his scorn. The Spanish nobles are not what they once were; but the Spanish bricklayers, meaning thereby the Spanish people, we are sorry *to say, may be safely* backed at odds *against the British, in* the practice of the "few plain rules" which suffice them whose lot it is to earn bread by sweat. We know the character of our countrymen, and we honour it; but they are puffed up with foul wind blown into their minds by quacks, and if it be not beaten out of them they will burst. Their knowledge of their own trades is admirable, and in strength and skill they excel all the nations; but their ignorance of the principles of Political Economy is night-dark, and they go recklessly groping through the gloom, stumbling over obstructions which they can no more remove or surmount than they can change the laws of nature.

"It is impossible," quoth our Sage, "to set limits to the knowledge which may be obtained by those who are destined even to the most severe and constant labour." That sounds grandly, but it is mere nonsense. Limits are set to knowledge by severe and constant labour itself; yet are they not narrow limits, and within them may be found, within the four seas, myriads of men "their country's pride." Base would it be to seek to thwart the desire for instruction; but foolish is it to direct it to unattainable objects; or encourage it to go beyond the sphere of those essential and vital duties of which the performance secures the corresponding rights. And no language can be conceived more foolish than this loose talk of Mr Loudon's, to which the whole history of man in his best imaginable condition gives the lie. "If," says he, "every cook-maid, before she could obtain a first-rate situation, were required to be able to read Apicius Redivivus in the original tongue, there would be no want of learned cooks; and if no gardener could obtain a first-rate situation who had not written a Thesis in Greek, or who had not made the tour of Europe, there would be soon found abundance of gardeners so qualified." How wise and how witty!

Mr Loudon holds, that every rational man may obtain every thing he desires, if he but desire it strongly and steadily, and carry his desire into continuous action. As he is not an irrational man, and manifestly desires to write sense, how happens it, then, that he has jotted down so

much pretentious nonsense? "Suppose," saith he, "a man desires to be a king; that is a desire sufficiently extraordinary; but if he will first make himself acquainted with the history of all men who have raised themselves from nothing to be kings, and then consider in which part of the world he is most likely to succeed, *he may very likely attain his object.*" Suppose Mr Loudon himself desires to be king of Dahomey? He would find it no easy matter to kick all the native princes out of his way to the throne; and we should not fear to lay a pine-apple to a crab, that, long before his ambition was gratified by his finding himself sitting in state, almost naked, with a gold-rimmed cocked hat on his regal head, he would have to act, not as king's chief drummer, but chief drum, his skin having been skilfully made into that warlike instrument, wherewith the slave of the legitimate and reigning monarch "affrighted armies." Would he, as a simpler speculation, try to be king of Brentford? That monarchy, we believe, is elective; but what a crowd of competitors! How many were the chances even against Bamfylde Moore Carew himself, who, by a rare concurrence of circumstances, was chosen by acclamation King of the Beggars!

Suppose again "that a man desires to possess great wealth"—to be as rich as Crœsus, while he chooses to continue in that post of honour, a private station. He may attempt this, Mr Loudon tells us, in three ways; and as he mentions but three, we may presume, that in his estimation there are but three, and that unless he follow one or other of them, a man may never rationally hope to be rich. "This he may attempt in three ways—by a saving of income and gain of time, that is, by denying himself the usual gratifications of food, clothing, and rest, and laying out at compound interest what is gained by these deprivations; by gambling speculations in property; and by marriage." Thank Heaven, we have no desire "to possess great wealth." We sometimes dream of gold, yea, much fine gold—in mountains—*Alps* above Alp—a Chimborazo *of bullion*—*gold* bars broader than *the sunset clouds*. Our imagination *dwarfs* Mr Canning's famous picture of a good currency—a mountain of paper irrigated by a river of gold. Wordsworth had us in his mind when he indited the pregnant line—"that poor old man is richer than he seems." But all the stories, that make such a noise in the world, of our worldly wealth are idle; for we are a mere annuitant of a few thousands, and, with the exception of Buchanan Lodge, (not fifty acres, policy and all,) we are "lords of our presence, and no land beside." What then? We are not the man "to desire to possess great wealth," "by denying ourselves the gratifications of food, clothing, and rest." The gratifications of food are intense, including, of course, all eatables and all drinkables; and rather than forego these, might we cease to be. Yet we eat rather with a steady than a voracious appetite, and pity 'tis that we flourished not during the Grecian mythology, that Bacchus and Ariadne might have taken a lesson from us how to turn up the little finger. Neither did we ever feel any inclination to deny ourselves the gratification of clothing, except when taking the plunge or shower-bath in a pool or beneath a waterfall of the Tweed. Then the shepherdess on the hill beholds us through her hollow hand, an animated image of the Truth, lustrous amidst the vapours. And what would be human life, without rest! Oh, divine privilege of leisure! To us the land of Drowsyhead is the land of Faery; and as we awaken at the touch of morn's rosy fingers, what an illustration of the *otium cum dignitate*, in the person of one nevertheless well-stricken in years! We scorn the assistance of red plush-breeches, worn by a celebrated philosopher to prevent him sliddering down the inclined plane of his couch—and, though we lie in finest linen, trust fearlessly to the native tenacity of our limbs and frame, and to that noble organ of Adhesiveness which phrenologists have come from afar to admire. "Laying out at compound interest, what is gained by these deprivations" of food, clothes, and rest! The idea of compound interest is to us so shocking, that while our metaphysical genius would fain analyze it, our conscience instinctively recoils from the horror, and leaves

the monstrous mass in all the loathsomeness of its conglomeration. Sufficient for the day is the money thereof—enough and to spare. Nor, we hope, do all poor people go unrelieved from our lintel, though now and then an idler or a drunkard may with his heel indent a curse on the gravel walk, or, in sullen spite, uproot a flower from the borders, that, like two harmless and splendid snakes, sometimes shrub-concealed, glide towards our porch. Though some silly ones seem to know it not, we have all our lives been lovers of simplicity; so no wonder we delight in simple interest, and see a charm in two per cent beyond the reaches of a miser's soul in his most avaricious dream.

And what say we to Mr Loudon's second way of getting possession of great wealth—"gambling speculations in property?" We abhor all gambling; but all speculations in property are not gambling; and hundreds and thousands of British merchants acquire "great wealth" by knowledge working according to a rule of life drawn by honour and conscience, and rather than swerve from it they would be poor. "Th' accomplished men of the accounting house are they;"—through them has this empire waxed great, and may the seas be for ever whitened with their sails. Too many gamblers there are in trade—and they are seeking now to strangle their native soil—but the nobler *terræ filii* will not suffer them—and Ceres smiles to see a muzzle put on the mouth of the blatant beast that has been so fiercely growling for cheap bread, reckless all the while of that industry which has already filled our market-places with cheap corn—and will keep England "Merry England" still, if the plough be not palsied, nor the natural order of civilized society inverted, and "the smiling power of cultivation," which now lies on many a once unproductive hill, withered by insane legislation, for sake of false friends or true enemies, who hypocritically bless or sincerely curse us and our power and our dominion, from lands beyond the sea, whose slavery we yet may pity, and whose liberty we do not need to envy, so long as we till the glebe that, in spite of snows and hails, shews its rich harvests to the sun, ripening in frequent glooms, and sometimes reaped by a hardy race amidst the pauses of the tempest.

But what think we of Mr Loudon's third and last way of acquiring "great" wealth—by marriage? Why, a beautiful young woman, with a sublime fortune, is not to be sneezed at in nuptial sheets—unless it be to give the dear creature an opportunity of saying, "God bless you!" An ugly old woman, on the other hand, in the stocks, is to be scunnered at, in a similar predicament, were it but to induce her to allow you a separate maintenance, and all the privileges of a bachelor. The world knows we are engaged; but were we offered our choice of two lovely beings—both beautiful—but the one, sole child of an eminent banker, and the other, the last of a second series of daughters *raised*—as the Americans say—not forced—from the time-honoured bed of a country gentleman impatient of widowhood, whose ancestors had killed their own mutton from time immemorial—we should, unless her hair were very red indeed, take unto our bosom the dowerless damsel, were it only for the pure delight of seeing her, at our own expenses, "taking off her marriage clothes," or, in other words, providing herself with a tasteful *trousseau*. In short, we would take her with rapture into our arms, though she had just a shift to her back, and but one pair of elastic garters. Like the moon without a cloud—or like the moon veiled in clouds—her beauty would thus be ours too, inasmuch as we should be the sun that illumined the lovely orb. Think but for a moment of your bride buying, out of her own dower, you being farthingless, and receiving discount for ready money, not only the four-posted bed, but all the rest of the furniture—nay, the very house to which you bring her home, and of which, with a face of the most brazen assurance, you tell her to consider herself the mistress—she having considerately bought up the feu-duty, and introduced gas! Then the degradation of never being permitted, while you breathe, to put on or take off your breeches, without the consciousness that she paid for them

(and, consequently, is entitled to wear them *ad libitum*), whether velvet or fustian—so inexorable is the law of the association of ideas. Far rather—so help us heaven—would we wear kilts till we dropped into the grave.

But what thinks and says Mr Loudon? Why, that of the three ways aforesaid, "the first is slow, but certain—the second is dangerous—*and the third doubtful.*" From this, it is clear that he recommends the first, and would have all prudent gardeners—for it is to them he is writing—"deny themselves the usual gratifications of food, clothing, and rest." The second—"gambling speculations in property," lie seldom in their way, and are dangerous; and the third is so doubtful, that better far a son of the spade should go sans meat, sans drink, sans clothes, sans sleep, sans every thing, than look out for a lass with a tocher. But why call the third mode doubtful? Assure yourself of the precise amount, at a fair valuation by an experienced appraiser, of the real and personal property of the favoured fair, and by marrying her instanter across the bonnet, you make yourself *ultimus et solus hæres*—to speak classically—of the great globe herself, and all that she inherits. Nothing doubtful after that—but as sure as a gun are you an opulent gardener. Your search, by the premises, was not for heart's-ease or none-so-pretty; you have got your dandelion—a flower which apprentices call by a grosser name—but what you wished for was gold; and is she not as yellow in the face, and all over, as a gowden guinea?

Again—"Suppose," quoth our bedesman, "a man wishes to become an eminent Poet, he may not become such a poet as Burns or Lord Byron, because the clay of which he is formed may be originally of inferior quality to that of these men; but if his natural faculties are of the average quality, he may become a poet of respectable rank." From Mr Loudon's cautious use of the "may," he seems merely to think that the probabilities are against the generality of gardeners becoming absolute *Burnses or Byrons*; the thing is not *impossible*—for though their "clay" *may be* of inferior quality, so may it be of equal, or haply of superior; and from soils of average quality, pretty heavy crops of poetry—which may be sold per sample—may be depended on with ordinary management. And how is the man, gardener or not, "wishing to become an eminent poet," to proceed? "First, let him read all the poetry that has been written in such languages as he understands; next, let him, by the aid of books on rhetoric, and on the art of poetry and criticism, analyze all the best poems, and treasure up in his mind all the figures, metaphors, &c. that are made use of in them. Then let him, according to the line of poetry which he chooses to pursue, place himself in circumstances favourable to its study, and persevere till he produces at least a new combination of former figures, joined, if possible, with some which, as Addison has expressed it, are both 'strange and new,'" and thus may he become an eminent poet of respectable rank.

After these remarks on extravagant desires—that is to say, on desires derided as extravagant by thoughtless people—and on what Mr Loudon chooses to call the possibility "of attaining ends generally considered as depending on fate, original genius, or predestination, it will not be necessary," he says, "to hint at the practicability of any man's attaining eminence as an artist of any description—as a literary character, natural or experimental philosopher, mathematician, divine, lawyer, or physician." If all this be true, and we should be sad and sorry to deny it, we cannot help wondering at there being so many professional gardeners—so few kings, and fewer poets. But our enthusiastic friend drives his doctrine on desire still farther home, assuring us "that no self-convicted sinner ever failed of being converted, nor any persevering lover of getting possession of his mistress." How does he account for remorse committing suicide? And if a dozen persevering lovers are "a' wooin', puin' at her," will they all get possession of the same mistress?

Other faculties, however, are necessary to ensure success in horticulture, besides d
the chief are att

"Unless"—says he—"we pay attention to what is addressed to us, whether by the ear or eye, it is impossible we can remember, because the sight or sound has made no impression on the memory, and without memory there can be no knowledge." Of the truth of this original observation he gives a very striking illustration—"It is a common thing for a person to walk out and return without being able to describe, or even mention, any one thing he has seen; or to read a newspaper without being able to tell what he has read, farther than to give some vague idea of the subject." But attention alone will not do; and he instructs the young gardener how to cultivate memory on philosophical principles—after a fashion that makes small beer of Feinagle. The generic names of plants and animals are, he tells us, of three kinds (just as there were three ways of getting rich); "those composed of words indicating something of the nature, or appearance, or uses of the plants—those composed of the name of some eminent individual—and those composed of native or local names. Do you wish to remember the name of some plant of the second or of the third class? Then,

"Thus, Gordon was a nurseryman at Mile-end, a short, lame, sailor-looking man, who dressed in blue trowsers, chewed tobacco, and was without offspring; it is easy to imagine his wife reproaching him with the last circumstance, while he holds out to her a plant of Gordonia, as a substitute for a son and heir. Elettari being extensively cultivated as a spice by the natives of Coromandel, we may imagine a group of these Indians arriving after death at the gates of Paradise, each with a bundle of the plant. The porter may be supposed, on first opening the gate, to be about to shut it in the faces of these poor black fellows, till they all shout out, 'Elettari.' 'What then,' says the porter, with surprise, 'you are, *elect-are-ye!*' and lets them in. Elettari is the only native generic name in Monandria Monogynia; the native specific names in the same class and order are Allughas, Zerumbet, Casumunar, and Mioga, which may be easily likened in sound to Hallelujah, Strumpet, Cheesemonger, and Maijocchi."

All other names, whether of science, or those which occur in the common intercourse of life, as of persons and places, are to be recollected "on the same principle," "and the more ludicrous the association, the better will it be recollected." All this may be extremely witty; but then, Mr Loudon should recollect that a sense of the ludicrous is not equally given to gardeners; that in some it is fine, in others coarse, in some quick, in others slow; that in many it seems almost dead or dormant, and in most suppressed, during the duties of daily life, by other senses of a higher kind. Be that as it may, 'tis insulting and injurious to vegetables to recollect their names by ludicrous associations alone,—and if such of the Monandria Monogynia as rejoice in their native specific names, could be informed of Mr Loudon's new nomenclature, they would rise up to a plant, and push him from his stool in his pride of place. The coarse, vulgar wit of animal matter we can well believe very offensive to a sensitive vegetable; and coarse, vulgar wit is Mr Loudon's here as ever set the smiddy in a roar. What decent gardener would call any thing with buds or leaves—strumpet? What gardener who had read his Bible, as a touch of the ludicrous, would change allughas into halleluiah? What a capon who should chuckle to call casumunar, cheesemonger? And as for remembering for ever Mioga, by pronouncing it Maijocchi, does Mr Loudon imagine that the name of that ungrateful reprobate is familiar as a household word in English gardens? He makes such free use of the scissors, that we do not always know when he is original, and when he is indebted to wits no way inferior to himself in power of illustration. Is the following his own, or Feinagle's, or some other fool's? In spite of inverted commas, it must be a lump of Loudon.

"If I am told that the Dutch merchant Schimmelpheninck was a very wealthy or religious man, that will not assist me in recollecting his long name; but if I say to myself there is some resemblance between Schimmelpheninck and skim-milk-pen-and-ink, the resemblance may enable me to do so; or if I have re-

course to a Dutch dictionary, and discover that *schimmel* is grey, and *plenick* a penny, I have greypenny, as a synonym, which, with the operations the mind has undergone in getting at it, will most probably impress the original name on the memory. If a Highlander tells me his name is Macpherson, I immediately interpret it *mac parson*,—son of a parson—son of a Catholic priest and a Highland maid; and I figure to myself his first parents of a former age, a Franciscan friar, 'an olly man of God,' and a bare-legged brawny wench. I see the monk receive her into his cell, take her confession, lead her from the confessional to his couch, there to kneel and join with him in prayer: the straying hands of the holy father surprise the penitent, but he consoles her: 'Let us forget ourselves, daughter, "all flesh is grass," but God is every thing, and every thing is permitted to his servant St Francis,—let our bodies take their course.' Nine moons hence, and the sun rises on the plantlet of the tree of Macpherson."

Having thus strengthened his memory by the same means by which he has refined his taste, the gardener cannot fail in giving himself "an intellectual education, independently of acquiring his profession." Eight hours per day, we are told, is about the average of his labour throughout the year. It is not often severe; so he has eight hours for "rest, dressing and undressing; eight for labour, and acquiring the practice of gardening, and eight hours for refreshment and study. On comparing this time for study with that which is usually devoted to it by young men at college, not the generality of young men, but those even who attain to eminence, we will find the difference very inconsiderable." The young man at college, Mr Loudon reminds us, requires the same time for rest as the gardener, and at least two hours more for dressing and undressing; for breakfast he requires an hour, and for dinner and tea at least three hours. It is so long since we were a young man at college, that we cannot speak confidently as to all the items in Mr Loudon's account. But never shall we believe that we required at least two hours for dressing and undressing—washing and shaving, of course, included in the bill of the day. For undressing we could not have required above a minute in the twenty-four hours *then*—on the supposition—a liberal one—of our having undressed twice—for we do not require for the same purpose, and on the same supposition, more than two minutes *now*. Five seconds for neckcloth—five for coat and waistcoat—cossacks five—drawers five, (for if you hurry you tear)—and stockings, five each—on an average of a year—for occasionally we keep dancing about on one leg, with the silk sliped over the instep of the other foot, and clinging to it with an obstinacy that would have discomposed the man of Uz, though not Us—and that makes one minute. No allowance is here made for shirt or flannel waistcoat—but these no true Scotchman changes above once a-week—that is a work for Sabbath hours—and we have known it take double the time of all our other dis-apparelling. No young man at college will ever be in the first class, or senior wrangler, who cannot undress within the minute, and dress within the quarter of an hour—so from Mr Loudon's most extravagant and outrageous allowance of two hours, subtract one hour and twenty-eight minutes—which add either to sleep or study, or in equal proportions to both—for surely you would not add them to eating, which, according to Mr Loudon, already engrosses four hours, without including its consequences, which, however, perhaps fall under the head of relaxation. Whoever took an hour for breakfast? Why, we could make three breakfasts—and material breakfasts, too—in that long space of time—were it not for fear of a surfeit. Three hours, "at least," for dinner and tea, is likewise enormous; and a poor creature, indeed, must he be, who takes tea at all when reading for honours. He makes his debût in the world in the shape of the Wooden Spoon.

It finally appears that your gardener, who works on a yearly average but eight hours a-day, has more time for study than your Oxonian or Cantab. It is true, allows Mr Loudon, that he is "subject to the time

employed in eating, but that may well be considered as compensated by the knowledge of botany he acquires in the garden during his hours of labour." The great advantage, however, which your gardener possesses over your Oxonian and Cantab is, "that, unless his religion forbid, he may study at least twelve hours every Sunday." Mr Loudon is the most liberal man in his religious opinions we ever heard of, as you will see by and by; meanwhile, do you not admire the coolness with which he lets drop, "unless his religion forbid," into the above passage? He recommends that the Sundays shall be employed thus:—Morning commenced as usual with a language; "the remaining part of the day we would dispose of in portions of one, two, or three hours, in bringing forward those evening studies which we had been least successful in during the week, or found ourselves most in want of for actual use. This day is also particularly adapted for drawing, which, though it ought not to be neglected with artificial light, yet goes on best with that of the sun." Arithmetic, mensuration, and land-surveying, mechanics and experimental philosophy, essay and letter-writing, "both with a view to improvement in the style and penmanship," and, if possible, miscellaneous reading from an Encyclopedia —these are the studies on which the gardener, according to Mr Loudon's scheme of education, is to be employed twelve hours every Sabbath or Lord's day.

These are some "of the branches which best deserve his attention." But this Gardener's Friend holds that "one branch of knowledge is as much as any person ever does or can excel in." A gardener, therefore, should not, he thinks, "attempt to excel in any one branch of knowledge besides that of gardening." Even in botany he cannot arrive at great perfection, from not having an opportunity of consulting the herbariums and books, which are only to be found in the metropolis. Instead, therefore, of vainly attempting "to excel in any one branch except gardening," he ought to follow another plan entirely, and a most *plausible one it seems* in Mr Loudon's *simple words*—"He ought rather to make himself acquainted to the degree that circumstances may permit, with the whole cycle of human knowledge." But, even when he has done so, he must not think of ever being able to become "expert at chemical analysis, dissection of animals; solving problems in any of the higher branches of mathematics, or to excel in painting, music, or poetry."

Discouraging doctrine, and, we hope, unsound—but how is the gardener to find means of making himself acquainted with the whole cycle of human knowledge? "To the degree that circumstances may permit," is a most indefinite degree; and should it so happen that the gardener has found a place "among the farthest Hebrides," the degree to which he may have made himself acquainted with the whole cycle of human knowledge would be hardly, we should think, worth taking, except for the honour of the thing, and to be worn as a titular ornament. In happier circumstances, the source from which he is to derive his general knowledge, "it may be easily conceived, is chiefly from books." He is to derive aid, too, from professional men, men of talents and learning, wherever he has an opportunity of conversing with them, public lectures, artists, artisans, manufacturers of every description, manufactories, engines, mines, dock-yards, and all other works displaying human skill. But the grand source is books—and the question is, says Mr Loudon, how a journeyman gardener, whose wages are often less than those of a common labourer, is to procure them?

Now it is well known to all persons conversant with such matters, that there are, over and above the more rare and uncommon one of purchase, three ways of procuring books —begging, borrowing, and stealing —though by means of a fine but not difficult analysis, all the three, nay all the four, may be reduced to one —to wit, stealing—as a few words will shew. You pretend to purchase books—but you never pretend to pay for them; and thus, "to the degree that circumstances may permit, you become acquainted with the whole cycle of human knowledge." The distinction between begging and borrowing is so slight, as to be at times

almost imperceptible; but begging is more nearly akin to purchase without payment; for in both cases alike you make the book your own, with consent of the previous owner, and write your name on it, not only without compunction, but with a rejoicing conscience. Borrowing, you perceive at once, is stealing, with a gentler name, aggravated by audacity —for you do not, for a long course of years, deny the fact, but, on the contrary, apologize every time you meet the previous owner—which, however, you take care shall be as seldom as possible—nay, promise to return it on Monday. Your friend cuts you, or goes abroad, or marries, and forgets his books in his children, or, best of all, dies, and the book—or books—are yours for life. Mere simple stealing—that is, shop-lifting—though common, is not correct; but being committed probably on a sudden impulse, on the sly, and with shame, it is a venial offence in comparison with borrowing; though we believe that he who steals many books, one after another, nor gives over doing so, even after frequent detection and exposure, will be almost sure to take to borrowing at last.

With such sentiments on stealing, we were startled by Mr Loudon's answer to his own question, "How is a journeyman gardener, whose wages are less often than a common labourer, to procure books?"—"Our answer is, borrow them; and make it a fixed rule to purchase no books excepting grammars, dictionaries, and other elementary works, and of these, used and cheap copies." And from whom is he to borrow? Why, from the head gardener, to be sure. And how does *he* procure them? Why, he borrows them, of course, from "the patron under whom he serves." And how came they into *his* possession? Probably by purchase, without payment; and thus do the journeymen gardeners over all Britain "become acquainted, as far-as circumstances may permit, with the whole cycle of human knowledge," at the expense of John Murray, Longman, and Co., and William *Blackwood*! We pity the poor *booksellers.*

The sort of books, says Mr Loudon, "desirable to borrow," independently of those connected with professional acquirements, are treatises on chemistry, zoology, mineralogy, and, above all, a good Encyclopedia—one systematically, instead of alphabetically arranged, would be the best; but as most existing libraries, he says, are now stocked with the Encyclopedia Britannica, or Rees' Cyclopedia, "these must be taken till a well-executed one, on the plan of the Encyclopedia Metropolitana, now publishing, (but badly executed,) finds its way into general use." The Encyclopedia Metropolitana is not badly executed, as this conceited gentleman impertinently says in a parenthesis—any one number of it being worth all he has compiled since he became a clipper. Then, there is the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, edited by Sir David Brewster, now complete, and the property of that enterprising bookseller, Mr Tegg, full of the most useful information of all kinds, as Mr Loudon well knows, though he has kept his left-hand thumb upon it, all the while brandishing in his right a formidable pair of shears that might trim a privet hedge, or the mane of a bonassus.

While the journeyman gardener is thus making himself acquainted, to the degree that circumstances may permit, "with the whole cycle of human knowledge," the indefatigable book-borrower has not been neglectful of personal accomplishments, which Mr Loudon classes under the following grand divisions—"Dancing, fencing, boxing, wrestling, the infantry manual exercise, whist, backgammon, and the fiddle." Of these, he considers "dancing, boxing, and the fiddle, as the most essential objects. In most country places, these and all the other acquirements may be learned from retired valets, old soldiers, or from some of the servants in a great family, *at an easy rate.*" They may be paid for in vegetables.

Dancing, and the manual exercise, are particularly useful, Mr Loudon thinks, as improving the gait of a gardener, "and habituating him to good postures, both in standing and sitting." He looks like an old soldier. We fear that retired valets are seldom good hands at the boxing-gloves, and seldomer with the mild-

mawlies; and that a yokel in a turn-up at a fair has a better chance of flooring his man, by his own natural way of fighting, whatever that may be, than by the pseudo-science taught him by my Lord's gentleman. In the ring, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" and there is nothing, with the uninitiated into the greater mysteries, like good round hitting, closing, and hugging, with an occasional, and perhaps accidental and unaccountable cross-buttock. Let the gardener, say we, eschew fighting altogether; if wantonly attacked, let him use the blackthorn, hitting fearlessly at the head; and if his heart be in the right place, by using that simple recipe, he will down half-a-dozen gipsies. Against the fiddle we have nothing to say—except the Scotch one—and in lieu of it we beg to substitute the bagpipe. We can say little or nothing in favour of cards. We hate the whole pack. Mr Loudon, however, thinks whist "an essential accomplishment of every man who would find his way in society in England, where conversation is not nearly so well understood as on the Continent, and therefore less relied on for passing the time agreeably."

An easy, graceful, and yet manly action is to be attained by the young gardener, as we have seen, by the practice of dancing and the manual exercise; but these are insufficient to give him a good address. He is therefore "to read Lord Chesterfield, guarding against those slips of the pen where he seems to recommend impurity and deception." And he can only acquire "a gracious and polite manner of speaking by much reading, and by attending to the language of ladies and gentlemen, frequenters of polished society." Much depends on the proper management of the muscles of the face. A gardener must not be a gawky. Now our physiognomist has noticed, "that the features of the face may be *set*" to any emotion, so that "if the muscles of his face are put in training by a gardener at the commencement of his apprenticeship, almost any thing may be done with them, as in the case of comedians." Should he tire of his profession, he may go upon the stage, and a Matthews, a Yates, or a John Reeve, be found in every provincial theatre. Yet we find "that a gardener's object should be less the power of varying them than of giving a set expression of animation, joined to a degree of satisfaction; this medium or central disposition he can occasionally alter to that of pleasure on the one hand, or disapprobation on the other, as circumstances require." The art of conversation, so flourishing on the Continent, being little understood here, "consisting, in ordinary society, in tiresome relations as to the party or their affairs, attempts to obtain victory in argument, &c.," Mr Loudon has devised a scheme for the cultivation of conversation, as a delightful art, which we hope will not be confined to gardeners, but extended to all mankind. "Three or four gardeners, all eager for improvement, might practise conversation on this principle, by assembling occasionally, and either conversing as equals, or, for the sake of variety, assuming characters. Two, for example, may take the part of the parents of a family, one or two as strangers on a visit to them, and the rest as children, and so on. The party might first produce that sort of family wrangling and snarling, which commonly occurs at firesides, as the conversation to be avoided; and next a conversation as it ought to be, or as each gardener would desire to have it in his own family." In short, having already all put the muscles of their face in training, and being excellent comedians, they are to have private theatricals, at one another's houses, at which will be enacted extemporary domestic dramas, such as the Spoiled Child, the Brawling Brothers, the Scolding Wife, Who's Papa, and My Uncle. There are few stronger innate principles in human nature than "a pawpensity for the dwama;" and we have only to hope that no beak will interfere with so moral and intellectual an entertainment, no money, we presume, being taken at the door, and the most delicate female parts being performed by stout young gardeners.

There are, Mr Loudon tells us, two things in conduct which the gardener ought most particularly to avoid—familiarity and cupidity. Nothing more odious than familiarity, nor a more certain mark, he says, of low

birth and breeding. Really, as to low birth, there is no need to sneer at it here, for few gardeners are what is called gentlemen born—though many of them are, in the best sense of the word, gentlemen. Low birth and low breeding generally go together, such is the lot of man. And we must not be offended by the familiarity of the vulgar, but make allowances for the manners of well-meaning people, whom providence has made delvers and ditchers. "A low ignorant man," quoth Mr Loudon, "if he receive the slightest civilities from a superior, immediately conceives the latter has a particular friendship for him, and even endeavours to turn this friendship to advantage, by asking to borrow money to forward himself in business, or requesting a place under government, or a pension." And pray, why not try to borrow money as well as books? A place under government is a more serious affair, but as for a pension, if the man be an old soldier or sailor, and have a wooden leg, he enjoys one already; and if he be sound, wind and limb, he is probably on the parish. You may, in most cases, put him off with half-a-crown; but it is not so easy to get rid of the fair sex. For Mr Loudon assures us, that "if a gentleman, or indeed any man, notices a low familiar woman, the latter immediately concludes he is in love with her." Very likely, if the notice taken of her chance to be in a wood, and consist in chucking her under the chin. But then the familiarity is first committed by the gentleman, or any other man, and he must abide the result. On the highroad, or in the harvest-field, or in the churchyard, "on the skaleing o' the kirk," or at the cottage-door, surely you may "notice a low familiar woman," without inspiring her with a sudden belief that you are the victim of passion for her charms, and will never rest till you have effected her ruin, or made her your wife. Few men of our years are more likely to kindle a flame in the susceptible bosom than Christopher North; few men of any years more suave to the sex. Yet we have noticed hundreds, aye, thousands, of *maids, wives,* and widows, of low *birth and low* breeding, who dropped *us a curtsy,* and asked us "to come *hen, the house and taste*" without seeming, so far as was known to us, simple souls, to suspect us of being over head and ears in love with them, though we confess our critick has occasionally been spirited away in a miraculous manner, found next morning by "the auld wife ayont the fire," behind a cabinet in the spence, and delivered to us, without explanation, embroidered with a spider's web, and in the web the spider.

"A well-informed and polite man," says our sage, "is not familiar with any one." What sayest thou to that doctrine, dear Charles Lamb? Where are gone "all the familiar faces!" The well-informed and polite man, Mr Loudon tells us, is not familiar with any one, "because he knows that if he were to lay bare every thing respecting himself, he would lessen respect." There is no occasion to lay bare every thing, not even when you bathe in loch or river; but why such fear of lessening respect? We have some friends—three, or perhaps four—whom we love like uterine brothers—but, thank God, we know them too well, and they know us too well, to allow the possibility of mutual respect. For half a century and upwards we have been as familiar as trees composing one clump on the hillside—or as clouds brought into union by heaven's own breath "frae a' the airts the wind can blaw," and allowed to settle down on a bright blue spot of sky, for an hour of profound and perfect peace! Respect! Away with it to hypocrites or self-deceivers. But ours be the bond and balm of life—the Christian virtue that is born in the freedom of the heart—fearing nothing, suspecting nothing, but like a bird on the bough, or a flower on the brae, singing and smiling, for its own sweet sake, as if there were neither sin nor sorrow on all this earth—and that is Love—the same love that was in the heart of Cain before he came to envy Abel, and while yet he saw, without anger, the smoke of the sacrifice ascending from that rural altar, "and blessed the brother whom erelong he slew!"

But what saith Mr Loudon on cupidity? That it is out of the question with a well-informed and polite man. And why? "Because he knows mankind too well to suppose [illegible]

merely because he asks it; but even if there were a chance of getting it in this way, still he would not ask, because he might be asked something more valuable in return." Hobbism is heard in all its hardness but from the jaws of a thorough-going Scotchman. No Englishman of the selfish school could have made such a bare-faced avowal as this of the principle of his moral creed. His own pride would have been offended by such a direct and explicit confession of his own meanness; and were the words set down for him, we can fancy we see John Bull trampling upon and tossing them, with fire-eyed disdain, like his namesake, more wrathful than seems reasonable with the toggery of a tailor, who is taking a swim with his friends the frogs.

Mr Loudon, however, makes some amends for his enunciation of such despicable doctrine, by a good remark and pleasing illustration on the subject of "judicious restraint." "A man properly under its influence," he finely says, "may be compared to a well-trained tree; and as this figure is familiar to the young gardener, it may be well for him frequently to ask himself, whether, supposing he were a cherry-tree, he would be reckoned one finely spread against a wall, or an unpruned standard." Fairest and gentlest of readers, that ever dropped a tear on page of Maga, or illumined it with a smile, what sayest thou? Wouldst thou, supposing thy sweet self to be a cherry-tree, be one finely spread against a wall, or an unpruned standard? Oh! not for all the suns and systems in the universe would we see thee finely spread against a wall! Thy tender trunk trained up from childhood in the way it should go, and from which no liberty is left it to depart when it is old—thy delicate limbs, spread eaglewise, fastened with rusty nails and bits of musty flannel to the unfeeling bricks! All the rounded proportions of thy naturally graceful figure flattened into a pancake—or say rather a fan, unfolded for ever yet flirted not at all! What, though by this process thou art made to bear show-cherries like plums? Alas! alas! love sickens and dies at sight of the long, lank, productive espalier! *But love springs again to life at the airy whisper of that* exquisite unpruned standard, blushing yonder with blossoms that look as if they were composed of snow and fire blended in wondrous union by the creative and reconciling spring. We clasp her stem that softens in our embrace, and thrills to our passion, while from each core expires a long-drawn mutual sigh. We release her—oh! sweet Helen Tree—from our imaginary marriage, and retiring a few steps, that she may have room to display herself all abroad, on the greensward of the sunny glade, an island in the wood, we gaze on the virgin glory till our soul assimilates itself to the sight, that fills it through a thousand eyes—and oh! metamorphosis divine, transfigured are we into a stately young male cherry-tree, while all the birds of the morning break out into a nuptial song, and so closely intertwined are now our branches, that the sun himself knows not how to distinguish our blossoms, and is pleased to see the loving confusion every moment coloured brighter and brighter with beauty born of bliss; nor can the clouds themselves, who come floating along from the orient to adore and worship, either abate or bedim the still unsubdued splendour of that one-in-two and two-in-one unpruned standard Cherry-Tree.

Supposing a young gardener to have obtained a tolerably good situation at home, and to have proved it for a year or two, Mr Loudon says he should set about two things; "the first is saving money, and the second is entering into the marriage state." He treats us with two tables of calculations, shewing how an industrious, successful, and money-loving gardener may, at fifty, purchase no trifling annuity for two lives—his own and his wife's—and thereby continue to jog on comfortably to the end. We have nothing to object to these tables, except that they leave us rather in the dark as to Mr Loudon's opinions on marriage. He is manifestly a Malthusian, and speaks with fear and trembling, as well he may, of what he calls "thoughtless and unmeasured procreation." But here is the concluding paragraph of his treatise on the education of gardeners:—

"The vulgar reason why a young

man ought to save money is, that he may get together as much as may enable him to collect some furniture and get *married*. This, however, may be called saving to produce want and misery. A young couple, eager to get the use of each other's persons, will not be very nice in the quantity or quality of their furniture. All they consider necessary is, accordingly, often got before either are twenty. Housekeeping and propagation are commenced; and thus the foundation laid of a life of hard labour, scanty food, and their attendants, bad temper, and oftendisease. After twenty-five years of bustle and distraction, nine or ten children have been produced, and are most probably growing up in rags and ignorance; and all that this couple can say is, that they have struggled hard to create nine times as much misery as that by which they are oppressed. If the man had limited himself for twenty-five years to making the heads of pins, he might have accumulated as much as would have made him independent and comfortable, and still had sufficient time before him to marry, and enjoy the comfort and solace of a wife and children. But the use of a wife to a gardener, and to every man who is not independent, ought to be chiefly as the operative partner in his domestic economy; to prepare his food, and keep in order his lodging and clothes. If, in addition to these duties, she has cultivated, or will cultivate her mind, so as to become interesting as a companion, so much the better; and if the parties further think that they can attain their object of independence, and rear one or two children, let them do so. Universal sources of happiness should never be rejected when they can be retained."

Mr Loudon seems to us to have here huddled together all the most loathsome language of the antipropagationists—and, therefore, he must strip and submit his back to the knout. He speaks like a vulgar fellow when he speaks "of a young couple eager to get the use of each other's persons." Were that all they *were eager about*, they would not *wait "to collect* some furniture." *But even if it* were, let not this el-

words, shew himself no better than a monk. He should remember, that in the young even animal passion itself is commonly accompanied with feelings and fancies that are not animal—and that the most ignorant, coarse, and clownish lout of a clodhopper, notwithstanding all his grinning, may be seriously in love with a sweetheart whom it is hardly possible for us to look at without laughter, presenting, as she does, so rare an assemblage of all that is most ludicrous in nature and in art. Yet the poor creatures are Christian—they have been married this very day in a church—and, after a supper provided for a few friends, of beans and bacon, and a gallon or two of cider, they will go to bed—now husband and wife—and rising thankfully, long before Mr Loudon, go together to their work. They contrive to continue in the same cottage, and have children, some of whom die, and are buried with some expense and some grief—others live, sometimes behaving well, and sometimes very ill indeed—and there is scolding, squalling, cuffing, kicking, and frequent pulling of ears. Yet, on the whole, the family are happy—as happiness goes in this world. And 'tis amusing to see how the parents have transmitted both their faces to their eldest daughter Dorothy, who is, notwithstanding, not only a good creature, but a Blue. Yes, she is the village poetess—and here is a little poem of her's on the Battle of Agincourt, which she lately sent in a modest letter to Maga.

> How sublime are Honour's deeds,
> Displaying rectitude;
> In point of Glory there it lies,
> Prince Henry's Magnitude.

Is not our slight sketch more true to nature than Mr Loudon's finished picture? "Housekeeping and propagation are commenced" are ugly words, because spat in an ugly spirit; and the whole world, we feel assured, will be against Mr Loudon in the preference he gives to the making of the heads of pins, through the long space of twenty-five revolving years, and with us in the preference we give, through the same protracted period, to the making of the heads and tails of children. From

appear that he thinks the proper age for a man's marrying is about forty-five. But what young woman would marry such a foggy, if she could have a spruce lad of two or three-and-twenty? Observe, that a man of five-and-forty, who has been married twenty years and upwards, and can shew a comely wife and a fine grown-up or growing-up family of sons and daughters, is virtually a young man, and in the prime of life; but a barren bachelor of the same age has almost always such a suspicious look of longevity about him, that he is often accused, we confess unjustly, of being a Nestor aping a Neoptolemus. Mr Loudon is as obscure an oracle on the proper age of our friend's wife. "If the parties further think that they can attain their object of independence—*and rear one or two children—let them do so.*" Very laconic. They are to rear only one or two children—pray, are they not to beget any more? And if the answer be,—"No—not any more,"—will Mr Loudon have the goodness to point out—not for our sakes, for we have no personal interest in the matter—but for our married brethren of mankind—how they are to prevent it? Better far, to our mind, a life of hard labour, scanty food, and their attendants, bad temper, and often disease, after twenty-five years of bustle and distraction, nine or ten children, growing up in rags and ignorance, and the hardest struggles to create nine times as much misery as that by which the multiplying pair have been oppressed—better far, we say, the sum-total of the misery, with all its formidable items set down by the steel-pen of a Loudon, than the inconceivable and unnatural suffering of that pair sternly resolved, at bidding of a Loudon's "let them do so," to confine the amount of their offspring within the dual number—conjugating and declining, after a dismal fashion, the verb and the noun love; so as to draw tears down Pluto's iron cheeks, and awaken universal sympathy for the infatuated sinners, even among the damned.

"The use of a wife to a gardener, and to every man who is not independent," ought to be, quoth this liberal-minded man, "to prepare his *food, and keep in* order his lodging and clothes." Let him go into the poorest hut and tell the gudewife so, and she will bundle him out, not without a crack on the sconce from the mop-staff, while she will continue twirling the muff thereof with great animation, as she washes the threshold from the dust of his shoes; and then with loud laughter, pursuing his flight, she flings herself back on the gude-man's elbow-chair, and cries to herself—"What a coof!"

The education of a gardener, or any other man, cannot be complete, we should think, without religion; and so thinks Mr Loudon. We have seen that he counsels gardeners to bring up their weekly studies, during all the twelve hours of the Sabbath day. Are they never to go to church? That is as it may happen—"as their religion may permit." The sage defines religion—"our opinions as to the nature of things"—it being, he says, the same as devotion, devoted to, and in Latin *religio*. In certain periods of the progress of society, he tells us, morality and religion are treated as depending on each other—"the latter is considered as the principal foundation of the former, and man is taught to be sober and honest, not only to avoid the punishment awarded by the laws of his country, but to avoid still greater punishment in future. Fear is the motive to obedience in both cases, and while some defend the principle of employing the fear of hell along with that of the law, others argue that the principle of utility is alone a sufficient foundation for morals. Self-interest, and the dread of losing reputation, they say, is a foundation more to be depended on than a joint fear of the law and of hell, because if the party change his religion, the fear of hell or future punishment may be got rid of, and what remains of earthly fear may not be sufficient in the first instance to restrain from excess."

Our modern Socrates, "without defending either opinion," begs leave to make a few remarks on both. To rude and gross minds, he thinks "that the fear of being hanged and eternally burned is more suitable than the more simple and refined motives of personal advantage and reputation." It seems to us that to be hanged and eternally burned must

be a great personal disadvantage to any "gardener, or any other man;" that self-interest is not lost sight of in seeking to avoid them; and that men may desire to have a fair reputation who believe in future punishments.

Our Sage thinks, that as society improves, "man begins to have less extravagant notions of his own importance; and from ranking himself among the immortal gods, at last finds himself but an animal among other animals, and a mere man. His extravagant hopes now vanish, and with these his superstitious fears. He finds nothing left but to make the most of life, by the exercise of his faculties in such a way as to keep up a lively consciousness of existence, and a feeling of enjoyment or happiness." This happens, he says, as "society improves;" and we take the liberty of telling him—*that he lies.*

The truth is, that this man is a wretched ignoramus on all subjects on which it behoveth a man humbly to seek light; and we have been graciously told, that whosoever seeketh in a right spirit, shall find it. That he is a wretched ignoramus, we shall shew out of his own mouth. "There are a great many different species (of religion) in the world, and those of the more civilized nations, as the European, Indian, Chinese, like plants which have been long in cultivation, are branched out into numerous varieties."

That is a piece of pompous pedantry, but let it pass. He continues thus:—"It may well be asked, which is the true religion, or that which a man had best adopt?" Why, does not the blockhead know that the Christian religion is the true religion, and that which a man had best adopt? He does not know it, and therefore we call him again a wretched ignoramus. Will the gardeners of Britain degrade themselves so far as to *borrow* a book blundered out of the block-head of such a fool as he who spawned the following filth?—"Truth is either absolute or relative. Absolute truth is that which is true in the nature of things, or capable of demonstration; thus, in *arithmetic, three* and two are equal *to five in every* part of the world, *and have been so*, and will be so for ever. Relative truth is that which is believed to be true by any particular person, or among any particular people. Thus, if a man believe that Rome is paved with cinders, to him it is true; and if a whole people believe, with Pythagoras, that the earth is an immense plain, to them that system is as true as the Copernican system is to us. The same thing holds as to religion, and each species or variety is true to those who believe in it. What may be absolutely true in this sentiment, can only be ascertained by finding out what is common to all religions. It would appear that all of them, of which any distinct accounts are obtained, profess two things; first, to give an account of the origin of the world and of man, their history and destinies; and, secondly, to prescribe some form of devotion. The intention of the first is to satisfy curiosity, and of the second to procure the favour of the Author of nature. As no two religions agree in their historical accounts, and as no greater blessings are observed to follow the devotions of one people more than those of another, all that can be said to be universally true in religion is, that it exists, and that it attempts to explain the nature of things, and prescribe homage to the Author of nature. In short, that it is a sort of speculation on the nature of things,—philosophy in a certain stage of its progress. According to this theory, there can be no person without religion;—that is, there can be no person without ideas as to the nature of things; and whatever any person may think or determine in his own mind on these subjects, these thoughts, and the actions which flow from them, constitute his religion; thus, what are called Deists, Atheists, Sceptics, &c., can no more be said to be without religion, than Christians, Mahomedans, or Chinese. It is true, they are not of any particular religion at present avowed by whole nations, but they have just as much religion as whole nations have; that is, they have certain ideas on the subject, and they act in consequence of these ideas."

So Mr Loudon tells the gardeners of Great Britain, that it is all one whether they be atheists or Christians. For saying so we shall not

call him fool, for we are told not to give that name to a brother. Yet we are likewise told, that "the fool saith in his heart, there is no God." He so saith in his heart, because his heart is desperately wicked, and hard as a stone. But affliction comes like a great frost, and splits the stone into pieces, and then the wretch knows that there is a God, and a judgment.

Mr Loudon is, like ourselves, an editor. He has then a catapulta and a battering-ram to bring against us; and, if our wall be weak, he may hope to breach it, to rush in and storm our citadel, and put our garrison to the sword. But we promise, if he be rash enough to face such an encounter, to meet him, not in the breach, but outside the ramparts, and within his own lines, at the head of a victorious sally, and in our hand the Crutch. *In hoc signo vincimus*—and our very name has long been a tower of strength, and a sword of fire—Christopher North.

Gardeners of Great Britain and of Ireland!—for we love the Emerald of the Sea—ye will range yourselves, we know, under our banner. How often have our hearts been gladdened by the sight of that Annual Show, moving to music through the streets and squares of high Dunedin, a waving wood of beautiful green branches, fruit-laden, and bright, too, with flowers, while underneath, with measured tread, whose firm sound brings from the dust the pleasant sound of peace, marches a long line of thoughtful, but cheerful faces, of figures, such as, if need were, would drive, with levelled bayonets, all invaders into the sea. Sons of Adam, and followers of his trade! we greet you well — one and all of you — at this hour pursuing your work, which is your pastime, on the bosom of the various spring. We are with you on Mayday. Saunders, give us a spade.

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

Why, Adam, to be sure, and Eve was the lady—and so is every Adam still—and so is every Eve—who delving, remembers that he too is but a worm; who spinning, thinks sometimes of her own frail thread of life!

O, gardeners of Mid-Lothian! we saw you—through a window—we say not in what street—with our own old eyes, walking in that multitudinous procession on the day celebrative of ——Reform. What Pan, and Sylvanus, and Vertumnus, and Pomona, and Flora, thought and felt, we know not; perhaps even as Christopher North. May no frost kill the blossoms of your hopes! May the tree then planted be the best of bearers, and a very golden pippin in the flavour of its fruit!

As for you, ye Plumbers, "with leaden eyes that love the ground!" we noticed your banner, emblazoned with "Christopher under the Pump." It was a poor caricature—and the inscription stolen from Maga. It had been well if all the members of your managing committee had confined themselves to such petty theft. But on the very day before the Procession, that very standard-bearer, availing himself of his office of Inspector of the Gutters, in which we had employed and paid him for a good many years, cut off some hundred pound weight of lead, and rolling it up like a few yards of carpetting, over his unseen shoulder with it, down stairs, out of the area-door, and, having deposited it in a place of safety, away to speak on Reform—the orator being at the same time a Thief and a Robber.

FOUR LYRICS. BY DELTA.

No. I.

TO THE SKYLARK.

Awake ere the morning dawn—skylark, arise!
The last of the stars hath waned dim in the skies;
The peak of the mountain is purpled in light,
And the grass with the night-dew is diamonded white;
The young flowers, at morning's call, open their eyes,—
Then up ere the break of day, skylark, arise!

Earth starts like a sluggard half-roused from a dream;
Pale and ghost-like the mist floats away from the stream,
And the cataract hoarsely, that all the night long
Pour'd forth to the desolate darkness its song,
Now softens to music, as brighten the skies;—
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Arise from the clover, and up to the cloud,
Ere the sun leaves his chamber in majesty proud,
And, ere his light lowers to earth's meaner things,
Catch the stainless effulgence of heaven on thy wings,
While thy gaze, as thou soarest and singest, shall feast
On the innermost shrine of the uttermost east.

Up, up with a loud voice of singing! the bee
Will be out to the bloom, and the bird to the tree,
The trout to the pool, and the par to the rill,
The flock to the plain, and the deer to the hill—
Soon the marsh will resound to the plover's lone cries;—
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Up, up with thy praise-breathing anthem! Alone
The drowsyhead, man, on his bed slumbers prone;
The stars may go down, and the sun from the deep
Burst forth, still his hands they are folded in sleep.
Let the least in creation the greatest despise—
Then up to Heaven's threshold, blithe skylark, arise!

No. II.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hoarse chatter'd the crow on the boughs overhead,
And the owl, from a time-ruin'd tower,
Boded forth to my spirit its omens of dread,
And added fresh gloom to the hour:
Earth frown'd like a desert; the clouds roll'd above
In murkier shadows, a desolate throng;
While the stream, as it flow'd through October's wan grove,
Had turn'd into wailing its song.

Then sunk the red sun o'er the verge of the hill,
The dull twilight breeze roam'd abroad
And sigh'd—while all sounds

'Twas a scene of seclusion—beneath an oak-tree,
All pensive I sate on a moss-cover'd stone,
And thought that, whatever the future might be,
How sweet were the days which were gone!

I mused on the friends who had pass'd to the grave—
Like spectres they rose on the mind;
Then, listening, I heard but the dull hollow rave
Of the rank grass, bestirr'd by the wind.
I thought on the glory, the sunshine of yore,
When Hope rear'd her fairy-built piles to the view;
Then turn'd to the darken'd plain scowling before,
And the wither'd plants laden with dew.

Thrice happy, I deem'd, were the perish'd and dead,
Since pleasures but wane into woes;
And the friends, with whom youth's sunny morning was led,
Have left us alone ere its close.
Who longest survive but the longer deplore,
Since Heaven calls its favourites the soonest away;
The holly-tree smiles through the snows lying hoar,
But the passion-flower fades in a day!

No. III.

HADDON HALL, YORKSHIRE.

Green weeds o'ertop thy ruined wall,
Grey, venerable Haddon Hall,
The swallow twitters through thee;
Who would have thought, when, in their pride,
Thy battlements the storm defied,
That time should thus subdue thee?

While with a famed and far renown,
England's third Edward wore the crown,
Upsprang'st thou in thy glory;
And surely thine—if thou couldst tell
Like the old Delphian oracle,—
Would be a wondrous story!

How many a Vernon thou hast seen,
Kings of the Peak, thy walls within;
How many a maiden tender;
How many a warrior stern and steel'd,
In burgonet, and lance, and shield,
Array'd with martial splendour.

Then, as the soft autumnal breeze
Just curl'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
In the blue cloudless weather,
How many a gallant hunting train,
With hawk in hood, and horse in rein,
Forsook thy courts together!

The grandeur of the olden time
Mantled thy towers with pride sublime,
Enlivening all who near'd them;
From Hippocras and Sherris sack
Palmer or Pilgrim turn'd not back,
Before thy cellars cheer'd them.

Since thine unbroken early day,
How many a race hath pass'd away,
In charnel vault to moulder,—
Yet Nature round thee breathes an air
Serenely bright, and softly fair,
To charm the rapt beholder.

The past is but a gorgeous dream,
And Time glides by us like a stream,
While musing on thy story;
And sorrow prompts a deep—Alas!
That, like a pageant, thus should pass
To wreck all human glory.

No. IV.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Farewell! if there can be farewell
To what is graved on Memory's page;
Thine image there undimm'd shall dwell,
And highest, holiest thoughts engage:
When, in the calm of solitude,
I think how pure mere man might be,
How meekly great, how truly good,
My spirit turns to thee!

Thine was the tongue that spake no ill;
Thine was the judgment, ever kind,
That for the erring, lingered still
Benevolent excuse to find;
Pure in thyself, 'twas thine to think
That others,—all mankind were such,
Alive to feel, and quick to shrink
From Sin's polluting touch.

Yes! 'twas no idle, vain pretence,
No frothwork of a feeble mind,
For thine was learning's excellence
With strong and manly sense combined;
The glories of the ancient day
Illumed thy steps with classic light,
The patriot's deed and poet's lay
Bequeath'd thee sweet delight.

And thine was Duty's loftiest sense,
And thine that calm, high, Christian faith,
Which warm'd thee to benevolence,
And soothed the thorny bed of death;
So God hath call'd thee back again,
Back to thy birthright in the sky,
Who ne'er gave cause of grief to men,
Save when 'twas thine to die!

WOMAN. BY SIMONIDES (NOT OF COS).

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HAY.

I.

THE prototype of every female mind
The Gods first made, of every form and kind.
Behold the slut—she in the dirt is found
All filth-polluted, rolling on the ground,
Unwashed, unkempt, untidy her attire,
In mud she wallows, fattens in the mire,
Her filthy house, and filthier self avow
Her soul as taken from the bristly sow.

II.

The scoundrel fox another soul supplies,
To good and evil—up to all—all-wise;
A prying spirit, ever on the watch
At truth or lies, at right or wrong to catch;
The busy-bodies these, that roam and gad,
Some pretty good, but more, alas! are bad.

III.

That barking woman, with her slanderous itch,
Proclaims the spirit of her parent bitch.
With eager eyes and ears, and poking snout,
She snuffs for scandal, and she paws it out;
Peering and peeping everywhere she goes,
Barking and biting both at friends and foes:
And rather than be still, the spiteful elf
Will snap and snarl at her precious self.
What if her everlasting tongue should rouse
The angry spirit of her patient spouse
To seize a stone to quell each horrid note,
And pound her grinders down her yelping throat:
Ah! little would it boot, poor man—for she
Will bark, though angry or though kind he be,
Though friends or foes, or strangers should be near;
Her clamorous tongue, all, all are doomed to hear.

IV.

The lazy lump, the weary husband's load,
The Gods created of the sluggish sod—
Her earth-born spirit knows nor ill nor good,
Her knowledge is to cram herself with food.
When angry winter's biting frosts appear,
Close by the blazing hearth she posts her chair,
And the poor creature sits and shivers there.

V.

Mark you a fifth? the never constant sea,
Oh fickle womankind, gave birth to thee;
So smiling, lovely, so serene to-day,
That he who knows thee not might justly say,
Most elegant, domestic, perfect creature,
"Thou cunning pattern of excelling nature."
But mark her well,—'tis hideous to behold
This perfect creature,—now a perfect scold;
Whom none dare look upon, and none come near,
Who fills both friends and foes, and all with fear,

Since thine unbroken
How

Rages unrestrain'd—and bowls and ships,
Like on the sea, when summer smiles,
And as the sea, no placid and serene,
The sailor's fear, no placid and serene,
Upon its waves with loud, terrific roar,
Lash with their curling crests the labouring shore,
Such changeful, so deceitful, do we find
This "sea of troubles"—fickle womankind.

718

VI.

A heap of sluggish ashes, and an ass,
The all-enduring, form'd another class,
Whom neither force, nor angry words, will rouse
To do a single deed to please a spouse.
If they retire,—it is that they may eat:
If by the fire,—they cram themselves with meat:
Or if perchance they feel the amorous flame—
No choice have they—for every man's the same.

VII.

The weasel-soul'd, the grim, the sad-of-face,
The unloving, unbeloved, ungracious race,
Nor beautiful, nor fair, aught earthly deem;
Life has for them no charm, and love's a dream.
They hate their husbands with a perfect hate:
Their pilfering tricks continual broils create:
Their fiendish, thievish, sacrilegious eyes
Even on the sacred victims gormandize.

VIII.

From the soft, waving-maned, the full-fed mare,
Jove made a tribe—the foes of toil and care.
These will not grind, nor winnow, ne'er are seen
To watch the oven, or their houses clean,
For fear of soot; the purses of their spouses,
Pretending love, they sweep, though not their houses.
No washings twice or thrice a-day they spare
On their own persons,—these their only care,
Nor oils, nor unguents, to perfume their hair,
Which o'er the neck luxuriantly spreads,
And, crown'd with flowers, a lovely fragrance sheds.
'Tis a fine show—another's eyes to feast,
But to a spouse—the devil at the least;
Except a king or prince they chance to find,
Who has a taste for toys of such a kind.

IX.

Another class form'd from the hideous ape,
Ugly in figure, fashion, face, and shape—
Jove sent to earth—the greatest frights that e'er
Created laughter, or made people stare.
Hipless, and shapeless as a plank, they wend;
Necks stiff and short, and never meant to bend.
Oh, wretched husband, thine's a piteous case,
Compell'd this prime of evils to embrace—
Who like the ape is crafty, full of guile,
But "never twists her lips by way of smile;"
Pries into all, but ne'er an action does
That is not hideous as her ugly phiz.
This is her object, this by night and day
Rouses her soul and being into play,—
How she may bring about, by wicked skill,

x.

Happy the man,—thrice happy surely he!
Whose wife was fashion'd from the busy bee.
Her, scandal dares not, with its slime, defile:
And wealth and honours on her husband smile.
The mother of a race renown'd and bold,
With him she loves, herself beloved, grows old.
The excellent of women! *her* is given
The encircling beauty of the grace of Heaven.
She with her sex ne'er spends the precious hours
In listening to their gossip and amours.
Thrice happy they whom gracious Heaven may bless
With wives so virtuous, prudent, good, as this!

This the exception: those, and such as those,
The ills,—that fill the life of man with woes,
Which, in the wisdom of his crafty mind,
Jove sends to earth in shape of womankind,—
Of whom, alas! the fairest and the best
A husband knows the blessing not so blest:
Since *a whole day* of happiness, no man
Spent with a wife e'er since the world began:
Nor soon will gaunt starvation leave that house
Where dwells that foe of Gods and man—a spouse.
Nay, when his soul is open to delights,
Intent on solemn, or on festive rites,
This carping fury soon his bliss will blight,
And change his feasting into deadly fight.
For hospitality may never dare
To spread the table, if a wife be there,
Whose best intentions, in her wisest mood,
Are folly;—surely evil is her good.
Marriage makes man a simpleton—since he
Sees not—what all his neighbours gladly see—
That strange delusion which would make *his* bride
So perfect,—so imperfect *all* beside.
Loud in her praises, he can never see,
That as his neighbour's, so his fate must be,—
A thraldom, and a bondage, and a yoke
Which Jove hath made, and never can be broke;
Till Pluto free him from a weary life,
Perchance while fighting for a worthless wife.

SONG OF DEMODOCUS THE BARD BEFORE ULYSSES, IN THE COURT OF KING ALCINOUS.

ODYSSEY. LIB. VIII.

Translated by Mr Chapman, Trinity College, Cambridge.

I.

The Bard, preluding, struck his tuneful lyre,
Breathed a few notes, then dash'd into the song,
How Mars and Aphrodité crown'd desire
In Vulcan's mansion, and to Vulcan's wrong.
With gifts he won her—nor enjoy'd her long,
For the sun saw and told their furtive joy:
Abused Vulcan went his tools among,
Grief-brooding, while revengeful plans employ
His thoughts, how best to work the slippery Pair annoy.

II.

On its broad base his anvil huge he sets,
And hammers out his link'd securities—
Infrangible, indissoluble nets,—
Incensed with Mars; then to his chamber hies,
And spreads them, for Adultery's surprise,
All round the bed, down hanging from the roof:
Thin as Arachne's tissue, even eyes
Of Gods might not discern those wiles of proof:
Then he pretends to go to Lemnos far aloof,

III.

Dearest of all his earth-haunts. Nor dark-sighted
Was Golden-Rein; he watch'd, with look-out keen,
Vulcan depart: he sped and found new-lighted,
And sitting there in her own beauty's sheen,
From her sire's mansion the love-kindling Queen.
He clasp'd her, and, with burning passion, said:
"Come, dearest! come; Vulcan is hence, I ween;
His rude-voiced Sintians must be visited;
While he to Lemnos goes, let us, Love! go to bed."

IV.

Thus he to Beauty; she was nothing loth;
Together went they, and together lay:
Then Vulcan's meshes fell and fetter'd both;
Nor can their fasten'd limbs their will obey;
So bound, they know they cannot get away.
But Lame-foot turn'd, or ever that he got
To Lemnos, (for his Spy-Sun saw their play,)
Stood on the doorway, madden'd with his lot,
And bellow'd to the Gods his own domestic blot:

V.

Dreadful his shout; "Ye ever-living Gods,
Jove and the rest! come hither and behold
A sight preposterous, for these abodes
Intolerable; for my mother's mould
Shaped me a lame-foot, is my honour sold
By dainty Venus to the Homicide;
For he, forsooth, is straight-foot, handsome, bold,—
But I am halt; for this my parents chide;
They should have made me straight, or not have multiplied.

VI.

"But no shall see here that [illegible]

Yet do I think not e'en a little sleep
Has come on them; nor will they wish to be
So sleeping found—though loving tenderly:
But them together thus this bond shall hold,
Until her father shall repay to me
The gifts I paid for her—my spousal gold,—
His daughter bright of blee,* but infamously bold."

VII.

To Vulcan's brass-built house th' Immortals follow
Neptune, who Earth in his embrace doth lay,
Eloquent Hermes, and far-dart Apollo;
The Goddesses kept, shame-faced, all away.
They at the chamber-door their progress stay,—
The Gods, from whom all good, all blessing flows;
And while their shame the wantons there bewray,
An unextinguishable laughter rose,
To see the cunning nets that them so fast enclose.

VIII.

Then looking to his neighbour one would say:
"Ill deeds thrive not; the slow o'ertakes the fleet;
Thus slow-foot Vulcan, as we see to-day,
Has overtaken Mars the swift of feet;
He lame,—this swiftest of the Gods, whose seat
Is high Olympus; and the forfeit-fine
He needs must pay for his adulterous feat,"
Then King Apollo graceful did incline
To Hermes, asking him: "Come, messenger divine!

IX.

"Good-giver! Jove's own son! say, art thou willing,
On pain of being with such chains comprest,
To lie with golden Aphrodité billing?"
To him the Argicide: "Would that the test
Were offered me! I'd choose to be so blest,
On golden Aphrodité's bosom found,
Before all Gods and Goddesses confest,
Though thrice so many chains were thrown around:"
With laughter loud and long the vaulted courts resound.

X.

Nor Neptune kept his laugh; but still he pray'd
The artist Vulcan to release his bound;
"Loose him; duly, I promise, shall be paid
The proper mulct." To him the God, renown'd
For skill: "Ill-doers are ill-payers found;
Be surety for the bad, he will betray thee;
How shall I bind thee, when he's out of pound?"
Then Neptune:—"Vulcan! come, in this obey me;
If he makes forfeiture, then I myself will pay thee!"

XI.

"Nay, then," quoth Vulcan, "I must needs obey;"
He said, and loosed them from their bondage base;
Uprose the guilty Pair, and sped away.
Free from his bonds, he darted down on Thrace;
But Aphrodité, with her laughing face,
Fled to her Paphian incense-breathing bowers,
There the sweet Graces bathed the Mother-Grace,
Rain'd on her essences and perfumed showers,
And drest her in her robes of beauty-flashing flowers.

* Blee—true Saxon for complexion.

ADMISSION OF DISSENTERS TO DEGREES IN THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

The character of the English Universities never stood so high as it does now, and the friends of civil and religious liberty, forsooth, have within these few years seen the necessity of changing their tactics in the manœuvring of their forces to effect their overthrow. For a long while they were most audacious in their abuse of these glorious establishments, and unwearied in their efforts to hold them up to scorn and hatred as the strongholds of bigotry and superstition. Within their walls in vain might you look, they cried, for men of science and learning—you found but a set of monks lazily loitering among the cloisters, or desecrating the chapels with hypocritical prayers. Such was the unceasing slang of the more vulgar crew. Philosophers again spoke of their blind or obstinate resistance to the spirit of the age. They accused them of continuing to teach all the exploded errors of the schools, long after the other great Seminaries of education in Europe had begun to diffuse the grand truths of modern philosophy, and the knowledge of those arts by which the genius of invention and discovery had elevated, enriched, and adorned life. Or they likened them to vessels moored in a river, down which tide and stream were carrying past their sides thousands of adventurous sails, all bound on voyages across the great deep, while the crews of the sheer hulks, leaning lazily over the rotten bulwarks, deluded themselves with the belief that they too were in motion, and drifting along in the midst of that endless fleet.

Some such image—though we are inclined in all humility to think that we have so far improved upon it as to make it at once more poetical and more intelligible, without destroying its inapplicability in the least—was, we remember, employed by a great philosopher of the North, and pompously repeated many a time and oft by the more erudite among a people, who, according to a celebrated English moralist, no bad judge either of individual or national character, had almost all a mouthful, but few or one a bellyful, of that food which is found most nutritive to the nobler faculties of the mind, although unfortunately too many of them were filled to repletion with that sort of provender which turns to wind, and by natural necessity causes eructation. That Scotland has long had good reason to be proud of her own Universities, and of the rapid advancement of her natives from barbarism to civility, is indeed most true; but it was lamentable to hear some of her most liberal spirits, as they loved to call themselves, so far elated by their own reputation, which already is on the wane, and, when at its brightest, shone with borrowed light, as to sneer, in a sense of fancied superiority, at a system of studies of which they knew not even enough to be able to misrepresent them, and were obliged therefore to disparage by generalities conceived in conscious ignorance, and vented in affected scorn.

Oh! what retaliation might there then have been! The small storm that was raised, however, soon fell; but the aggressors got a lesson not again to shame themselves by calumnies against the character of institutions venerated by all the noblest spirits of the noblest land on all the earth. They got a lesson rather to honour themselves by assimilating, so far as that might be, and the difference of national circumstances would allow, that system of education which they themselves conducted, to that which, however high might be the notion that the vanity of a people within little more than a century released from bondage to the soil might inspire into their hearts, had received the sanction of the approval of an older and far more cultivated nation, a nation that had "taken the start of this majestic world," and stood on the very summit of renown. But we here in Scotland were soon after that exposure of the "follies of our wise" hushed to silence, while in England a vast majority of the Dissenters continued to assail the Universities more bitterly than ever, because they knew they were

raged with a rage altogether heathen, expressed in language disgraceful to men who were in any way followers of the Christian faith. Is it possible that all this enmity, rooted ineradicably in so many fierce or sullen hearts, can be forgotten by those who belong to the Church of England, and desire that she may be on earth immortal? Can oblivion of all that her friends owe to her in defence against her enemies be so utter, that they will now concede to them the claims, so preposterously urged by those enemies, to all the rights and privileges conferred by the degrees of those Universities which they have so long maligned, and yearned, with longings—haply not to be vain—for their decay and dissolution?

Grieved shall we be, but not astounded, even by such abandonment of all feeling and principle as such concession would imply; for, in obedience to the Spirit of the Age, they who from abject fear have not hitherto dared to withstand and oppose it, are prepared, we verily believe, to yield up every thing that shall only be demanded with a loud voice and a brazen forehead. Blessings are now heaped on the Universities by clamour of the same throats that so long clothed them with curses—they are extolled to the skies by the same lungs that so long laboured to sink them by calumny to the dust—and a call now rings over the land to fling open their gates to the entrance of that flower of the English youth, which they who raised it thanked heaven would never be exposed to the fatal blight of the foul air stagnating within them, and expiring only pestilential vapours. So strong is their passion, so devout their worship of knowledge, human and divine—now to be found only in perfection within the cloisters of those monks and friars—that the Church of England's loving supporters cannot rest till privileged to take their degrees too within those holy precincts, and issue out into the world with titular bearings of honour, which their fathers had for ages taught their sons to scorn, and up to last year, and all through it on to its close, chided with savage objurgations as worse than worthless, baubles at once, and *badges of shame*. Did they not believe all the falsehoods of Beverley? Was not even Sedgwick's triumphant refutation of the Reprobate declared by them a failure? And, alas! has that distinguished man headed a petition to Parliament to admit such an enemy within the gates? May he prove the true prophet at last—devoutly should we pray but that, in utter hopelessness of any great future good, a prayer for its attainment cannot reach the lips, but expires in the despondence of the heart, unable, do what it will, to silence dismal forebodings of evil to what it venerates and loves.

This, we confess, is strange to us even in the midst of all things strange—and we should wish to hear the question argued on its merits by the best men of Cambridge, rather than treated, so imperfectly, with regard only to what is alleged and denied to have been old law and old custom. Both the law and the custom are old enough, in all conscience, against the claims of the Dissenters to the right of graduation in the English Universities; but this is certain, that were all law and all custom established to have been against these claims for ever, that consideration would signify not a jot to the great majority of those who are determined to grant them—and that they will settle the question in a far simpler style, by saying, it shall be so. Aye—this is the age of reason—there shall no longer be any monopolies of learning—free trade in that mart as in every other—let the goods be exposed to purchase, without restriction, to all comers—let them but lay down their monies—and there shall be no advantage given on the score of faith or creed—ho! all ye who hunger and thirst for knowledge, and aspire to the distinctions which her institutions can confer, and no question shall be asked whether you be Jew or Gentile—either is as good as a Christian—for as to religion, that is an affair between a man and his Maker—and in seminaries of science, unless indeed you are determined to be a divine, every man's creed should be left to his own conscience!—This assuredly never was the old law, or the old custom of Cambridge—this is not stare super antiquas vias; if it be—they who venture to take their stand on such

old roads, will find that their foundations are built on piles that have become rotten, and the institutions themselves will sink out of sight, and be swallowed up in the treacherous hollow.

And what made the English Universities monopolies of learning? Not the State. The *genius loci* of each time-hallowed establishment, which was no other than religion. Since the Reformation, that religion has been Christianity in its purest spirit. The form it has assumed is that which seemed best to those who shaped it, and whose sacred bounty gave it a power of beneficence that has made all the wide land rejoice. How prosperous now are those noble endowments! Genius, talent, learning, sense, science, honour, religion, all flourish there; but how happens it, if they have indeed monopolized all these, that the high-minded, and high-souled, and opulent millions on millions—for so numerous, they say, are they—who chose to separate themselves from all connexion with the Church of England, and for so many generations regarded with an evil eye the Universities to her so dear—incorporated with her very existence, and prospering in the same light in which she prospered—how happens it that the Dissenters have not, with all their desire for knowledge, and all their power to build up establishments of their own for its nurture and extension, done so, long before now, in rivalry with those monopolizing companies composed for ages, as they said, of ignorant and slothful men, and to the sure destruction of a system in itself so ruinous, and therefore naturally so perishable? True, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had got a long start—but then, they were going lazily downhill — their very riches, it was said, were their ruin; and though they might have still contrived by their privileges to keep a hold on the country, which it would have been no easy matter to force them to relax, yet is not the fiery zeal and burning enthusiasm of young establishments more than a match for the lukewarm indifference and slow-blooded indolence of the old? How *was it possible* that a crowd of col*leges on the Cam*, and a crowd of col*leges on the Isis*, whatever were their endowments, their privileges, and their rights, benighted as they were in the inspissated gloom of the dark ages, all along haunted by spectral syllogisms, with the shade of Aristotle himself leading the van, and of Aquinas bringing up the rear, could have stood against one small cluster of colleges, whether composing a University or not, on the banks of the Severn or the Trent or the Tyne, or on whatever far better than classical stream, Unitarian or Socinian zeal might chuse to build up towers and temples, of a style and order of architecture of its own, to put to shame the fantastic tricks superstition of old played with the lime-work of Granta and Rhedycina!

Professor Sedgwick "expresses his surprise at the turn which the discussion has so far taken. We have been wrangling upon mere antiquarian facts, and not on the broad principles of expediency affecting the future prospects of Church and State." That line of argument, he says, "was forced on him and his friends by their opponents." Not so. In not very courteous terms, as some think, he remarked on the Counter-declaration to the Petition. In the Petition it was said, that "in praying for the abolition of these restrictions, they rejoice in being able to assure your honourable House, that they are only asking for a restitution of their ancient academical laws and laudable customs." In the counter-declaration it is said, "we, the undersigned resident members of the Senate, deem it incumbent upon us, without delay, publicly to protest against the allegations and principles set forth in that petition. We do not admit that the abolition of the existing restrictions would be, as alleged, a restitution of the ancient laws and laudable customs of the University; neither do we acknowledge that any of those restrictions were imposed in a manner formal and unprecedented." On this the Professor goes on to remark, that "if there be any meaning in words, the two passages above quoted are directly opposed to one another. They contain an expression not of opinion, but of facts; if one be true, the other must be false." T
sion—and a very

of opinion and of facts. They protest against *allegations and principles*, and though firmly, mildly; and they do not admit (can words be gentler?) that the abolition of existing restrictions would be a restitution of ancient laws and *laudable customs*. Professor Sedgwick manfully avows his approbation of the spirit of what he believes to have been ancient laws and laudable customs; and earnestly desires that spirit should breathe again in his beloved Granta. His opponents as manfully avow their dislike of that spirit, which, at the same time, they do not believe ever did breathe there—were it henceforth to be there the pervading and dominant spirit, they anticipate from it consequences the very reverse of those anticipated by him;—and surely this is an expression of opinion as well as facts. "If one be true, the other must be false," sounds harsh; yet it is, we believe, but scholastic language, and the words do not sound so in Latin. But restricting the question to facts, the Professor has been far from overwhelming with his facts, and has not any mighty cause of triumph. We shall not join "the wrangling upon mere antiquarian facts" which he has deprecated; but where has he shewn, that before the time of James the First, Dissenters were ever admitted into the University? The Editor of the Standard, with his wonted talent and learning, has shewn, by numerous quotations from the laws of Edward Sixth and Elizabeth, that no Dissenter was permitted even in the kingdom; consequently, that no Dissenter could be admitted into the University. The 6th of James the First was but a recital of the law of the land. Dr Giffard points out to Professor Sedgwick the nature of declaratory laws and ancillary statutes, as they are called by Lord Coke. They are both alike conservative of customs. The one merely render more clear and certain what they assume to have been previously the law; the other only give efficacy to principles before sanctioned by the Legislature. King James found no Dissenters in the Universities—no avowed Dissenters in the kingdom. From a new state of affairs, *new consequences were apprehended; and a measure was* adopted, not of innovation, but of prevention. The Standard shews, that under the laws against nonconformity, prior to the time of James the First, private University statutes, for the exclusion of nonconformists, were altogether unnecessary, "and no more to be dreamt of than University statutes for the exclusion of centaurs or griffins." What, then, it may be asked, is the meaning of the restitution of the University system prior to the reign of James I.? In what did it differ, in form or spirit, from the system then fortified by a confirmatory law, and enduring till this day—but perhaps now about to be dissolved? James was a poor creature—but good laws have been enacted by despicable Kings, and more despicable Parliaments, and still more despicable Ministers. And how happened it, that these innovating restrictions, destructive of "the ancient laws and laudable customs of the University," have been suffered to remain in force till pretty far on in the reign of William the Fourth — William the Liberator? Did William the Third, who was in his way a liberator too, annul the restrictions which James the First imposed? Or did he and other princes do what they could to strengthen them? Was the Oranger blind to this flagrant crime of the Dethroned? Was the freed nation blind to it? That king and people did not rejoice with one consent to rescind the base law of the tyrant? No. William had the eye as well as the beak of an eagle; and the glorious Revolution of 1688 purged with euphrasy the sight of the nation till it shone, and pierced through despotism with a glance that withered. But, by all men, the restrictive rules of the Universities were then clearly seen to be safeguards to the civil and religious liberties of England. William, therefore, confirmed,—not by any specific acts, for these were not needed, but by the whole tenor of his reign,—what James had done; and James did no more than secure to the Universities by one measure, what Elizabeth had secured to them by another—the measures themselves being different, according to the difference of the times. For in the reign of Elizabeth every body knows that tests were imposed, in order to confine University edu-

cation to the members of the Established Church. The Puritans objected to the form of the oath of supremacy, which differed from that now in use, but it was not refused except by the Roman Catholics. That oath, and the act of uniformity, constituted the test which was designed to keep the Universities for the strict purposes of the Establishment; and the act of King James the First, as we have already seen, of which so many complaints have been made, had been only in conformity with the same principle—as was forcibly stated in the House—we believe, in the admirable speech of Sir Robert Inglis. There really does not seem to us any "wrangling about antiquarian facts" here; nor can we sympathize with, nor indeed understand, the excessive love and admiration Professor Sedgwick feels for the spirit that animated the University of Cambridge centuries ago, as if it were a spirit so much more liberal and enlightened than that which now inspires it, and has inspired it during its glorious growth; and when it dies, will, we fear, leave it to gradual, perhaps rapid decay. That the ages before James the First were more intellectual than those which have succeeded, we cannot think; so that even had Professor Sedgwick shewn, what he has been unable to shew, that the Universities were open to all human beings, and wooed men of all religious creeds to their nursing bosoms, that would be no argument with us for desiring that those Almæ Matres should again appear as the exuberantly-breasted sisters of Charity, and offer sustenance to all mouths, though their milk of sound doctrine might be "with sputtering noise rejected," and the wry faces and revolting stomachs of Dissenters shew their ingratitude for the much solicited but unvalued boon.

We again say, that we do earnestly desire to hear this great question treated on its merits by Professor Sedgwick himself, or some other Cambridge man of equal powers. *On them* he has let escape him but *a few unsatisfactory glimpses of light. We long* for full effulgence to *be streamed on* the principles of the *Petition. None* can suspect us of tion?)—for a man so highly endowed, and so eminent in science. But there are in the Universities many as good as he who think very differently; and in saying that he has numerous equals there, we mean to do him all honour. He is in the minority, whether we look to numbers or intellect. To science, as he uses the term, the appeal ought not in reason to be made—though, if it were, the decision would not be in favour of the measure;—as some of the most illustrious men of science seem to be neutral, or at least are silent —and many are against it. The Theological Professors, and the Graduates in Divinity, think and feel as might have been expected of men devoutly dedicated to the duties of that Church whose doctrine and discipline they have sworn to preserve immaculate; and Professor Sedgwick, who was above attributing to the Petition an authority which did not belong to it, as the Premier and other Ministers were not ashamed to do, says generously—for there are occasions when it requires generosity to be just—"Of those who occupy the degrees of highest dignity in the University, a large majority are unfortunately against us; and among those who have signed the counter-declaration, are many whose names it is impossible to read without sentiments of honour and respect." The Wisdom of the University is against the measure.

It is far from agreeable to us to argue such a question against such a man—but till he convinces our reason, we must adhere to our opinions —which we have formed from experience—nor have our opportunities of judging aright been less favourable than his own. In a letter from a lay member of the Senate, published in the *John Bull*, April 13, we find our own sentiments so much better expressed than they could be in any words of ours, that we cannot but enrich our pages with a quotation:—

"I will not discuss with you the question, whether the Universities are more properly Lay or Ecclesiastical corporations. The best writers upon English law consider them as partaking of the nature of [illegible] sufficient for me to know

been the sanctuaries and the source of pure and undefiled religion to the laity and clergy of the land; and that they have been, under the blessing of God, amongst others, the signal means of preserving, in the educated and influential classes of the country, and through them in the nation at large, a purity and a unity of Christian faith and practice. The prevalence of dissent and infidelity may be traced to causes out of the reach of human control. Pride and independence, the offspring of a sudden emancipation from intellectual darkness, the rapid growth of knowledge and of science, unhallowed by the principles of Christian morality, have contributed to dissever the bonds of the religious and social system.

"Amidst all this confusion and error, through seasons of political anarchy and religious tempest, the Church of England has ever been the pole-star which has guided the bewildered mariner to a haven of rest; the Universities of England have stood in the gap, and unflinchingly maintained the monarchical institutions of the country, and the rights and liberties of the people. They have with equal courage and success resisted the tyranny of a King, and the oppression of a Parliament. Has all this been accidental, and the fortuitous result of temporary coincidence? Has it not rather arisen from the principles of Christian unity and freedom, which a common religious training instilled, and a common sense of danger called into action?

"It has been the glory and the blessing of this country, that its clergy and laity, as they are associated in station, so are they trained under the same system and within the same walls. No one can doubt, that to this cause is to be attributed, in a great degree, the absence of that infidelity which characterises the educated portion and upper classes of the laity of some other countries. The literary cabal which, some years ago, in a neighbouring country, formed something like a regular plan for the destruction of the Christian religion, included many who stood high in the ranks of literature and science. *You would have* Christianity no *longer an essential* part of the system of the University, as a University. Your principle goes to this. You use the term Dissenter, but in a sense which necessarily includes all who are not members of the Church of England, whether Roman Catholic, Protestant Dissenter, Jew, Turk, Heretic, or Infidel. You would not have the University draw any distinction, in conferring degrees, or admission into its governing body, between a believer and an unbeliever. You would have the constituency of the University consist of a mixed body of Christians and infidels. All places of dignity and power are to be open to them. You would leave it to accident, whether the Chancellor, High Steward, Professors, or other officers of the University, were of any or no faith. You would give persons of every creed and no creed a voice in the election of representatives, and thus deprive the Church of her only recognised organs in the House of Commons. The party, with which you are now identified, would also 'relieve' the Bishops from their duties in the other House of Parliament. You would of course cease to exact attendance at the University church, or compliance with any ordinances not purely scientific. All should be voluntary. Such is the state of things you would see established in a Christian University, and you would yet affect to believe that the change would not affect the interests of national religion."

What was the reason assigned by Lord Brougham, and the other founders of the University of London, for the exclusion of Theology? The utter impossibility of teaching doctrines to which all the members—who were to be of all sects—could in conscience conform; and the reason was valid. Therefore all the students are left to their own religion; and religion—except in as far as all studies of man and nature comprehend it—is never mentioned within the walls. There is not even a chair of Natural Theology, which surely there might be, as it might be taught, one would think, without offending any faith. But Lord Brougham, or the able writer, whoever he may be, of the exposition of the principles which guided the founders, draws a distinction, whic

so far we think just, between that Seminary and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In them the students are all resident within the walls. Each college is a *dulce domum*, wherein youth are instructed in religion as in their parents' house. If they be not, their life is without religion. The students in the University of London reside with their parents or their friends, and from them and with them they receive religious lessons, each according to the creed of his fathers. In a college not only open to Dissenters, but where an immense majority of the students are Dissenters —if not, indeed, them all—it is not easy, we confess, to see how any other principle could have been adopted; and that proves how pernicious the same principle would be if adopted in institutions of which the character is the very reverse—the very reverse their reigning spirit. "In a University open to individuals of all religious opinions, it would be impossible," said Lord Brougham, or his accredited friend, "to institute any theological lectures, and still less practicable to introduce any religious observances that would be generally complied with." What said Lord John Russell to that principle, when quoted by Mr Goulburn, in his very sensible and unanswerable speech? Not a word. He gave it the go-by, as if he had been deaf—and no matter had he been dumb too; but his Lordship never gives in his adherence either to his own long if not well-digested opinions, nor yet to any of those opinions of his friends on which, nevertheless, he acts—for the time comes when it is convenient to break off, and then with the utmost nonchalance he lets them drop, like phlegm, out of his mouth and his mind. He expectorates an opinion—wipes his lips, and swallows a lozenge. Lord Brougham, or his accredited friend, judiciously adds, "In the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the students, being removed from the superintendence of their parents and guardians, are placed in colleges or domestic establishments, *where it is necessary* that religious *instruction should* form part of the *course of education.*" He was justifying the other—each on its own grounds—and now, shame to the hypocrisy that would thus hide its hidden designs under a mask, the same set of men now declare their own argument to be worthless, and resolve that the system of religious instruction at Oxford and Cambridge shall be the same as in Gower Street—that is, that there shall be none at all. Can there be imagined any thing more basely wicked than this? Yet Professor Sedgwick believes them to be friends not only of religion, but of the Church!

Let us turn now to the University of Oxford, and to an exposition of the principles of the system that has so long been happily dominant there, (alas! we fear soon to be broken down,) given in a "Letter" from the Rev. W. Sewell, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College—a letter full of the highest Christian wisdom, which makes us, while we read, often forget his mere talents, though they are of the highest order. We have a pleasure and a pride in recording in our pages sentiments so noble, views so comprehensive, and reflections so profound; and whatever be the result, Oxford will for ever honour her champion—for, humbly as he speaks of himself, her champion he is—and of that Church over which has long been gathering a cloud, soon to burst either in harmless rain, or in destructive lightning that may smite tower and temple to the dust. The University of Oxford, he observes, at present is essentially and permanently changed from its original constitution. That is indeed most true. By many benign and beautiful processes has a happy reformation been wrought, not only from the times anterior to James the First—of which Professor Sedgwick is so enamoured—but in our own times, and before our own eyes; and it is still going on—for the reformation which intellect, under the guidance and inspiration of Christianity, effects, never ceases, but shines more and more unto the perfect day.

"It has become," says Mr Sewell, "a society for education, an intermediate stage of discipline and study between the necessary confinement

quent the University at present in the ardent, unregulated activity of a disputant in logic, but they are brought here to be governed, and formed, and initiated in those rules of thought, and courses of study, which, in its public and corporate capacity, the University has thought proper to encourage." And what those studies are, and what the machinery is by which they are carried on, and the spirit pervading the whole system of the place—never were better—if so well explained, as by this good and wise man.

"Our system as constituted at present, places in our hands the education of the young in an intermediate stage between boyhood and manhood. They are brought here from the close confinement of school, trusted with no inconsiderable degree of liberty and self-management, left free to a certain extent in their course of reading, the nature of their expenses, the formation of their society, and the employment of their time; but still laid under discipline as members of a corporate society, and subjected more immediately to government by the superintendence of their Colleges and Tutors. This discipline and government is the end of our system; the partial freedom from restraint is permitted as conducing to that end. Young men cannot be treated and controlled as children. Some license must be allowed, not only as a preparation for that full liberty which is soon to follow, but even as a necessary condition of retaining any practical influence upon their hearts and dispositions. And that a certain portion of their life and education should be passed under such a modified restraint, that they should not all at once be let loose from the strictness of their early subjection, that they should exercise by degrees the liberty of maturer years, and be tried in a field of temptation where there are eyes watching, and hands waiting to save; all this seems no unreasonable theory—no undesirable part of a national scheme of education. Men complain of the temptations of the university, and the follies which often are found here. But these temptations are inseparable from the very condition of a system intended to answer the purpose of a preparation and introduction to the world. And these follies must always be expected, till we find human nature perfect, or human control over agents even partially independent, strong enough to exclude the risk of errors. There *must be permitted* among us a certain *degree of freedom*—freedom of thought, freedom of study, freedom of action,—if it be desirable, as it is desirable, that young men should pass through this transition state of discipline, and we are to conduct them.

"But if this be allowed, another condition of our system necessarily follows. Exactly in proportion as it removes the restraint of abstract rules, it must provide for a closer, a more particular, if I may use the word, a more affectionate superintendence over the habits and actions of the young. It must create an individual influence, an influence of private respect and personal attachment, to reach even the hours and actions which publicly are left free and unguarded. For this purpose the prudent framers of our present statutes provided, that the great mass of students (all, I might say, for the exceptions are insignificant) should be brought under the roofs of their separate colleges, and independently of the Lecturers in public, should none of them be left without a Tutor."

The understanding is cultivated—and by finest appliances—as an instrument and a mean, not an end. Mere knowledge, and mere talent, though there they are to be found, deep and brilliant, are not the objects of highest ambition and respect, under a system of Christian education. "In one word," says Mr Sewell, "we would stand to the young—first as their moral guardians, and then as their instructors in learning;" and the creed of human nature taught them is drawn from the Bible, and enforced by lessons derived from the fatal errors, as well as the wonderful truths, of heathen philosophy.

If improvement is still to be made—and that it is, Mr Sewell would be the last to deny—is it to be by an abandonment of the formal part of the system, or by an encouragement and extension of its spirit?

"We must cherish, not destroy. But (it is the point to which I have been leading) the admission into our body of Dissenters from the Established Church must prove its immediate destruction. It must be so for this reason. The University of Oxford is happily not an enlightened body. It sprung and received its support from a strong and earnest spirit of devotion. All its early statutes and foundations were most deeply imbued with religion. Its motto is, 'The Lord our light.' And, thank God, this has not yet been changed for the light of the present generation

Perhaps there never was a time when, in every denomination of members, the spirit of religion was so strong and so active as at present. All the older members of our societies, either personally or by reputation, are tolerably well known to each other. For a college, one of the first in point of number, I can answer from my own observation. I have known something of nearly all the young men who, during the last few years, have risen into distinction, and been sent into the world. And other opportunities have been given me of observing the tone of opinion prevalent in the great mass of students. It is a most heartfelt delight to be able honestly and sincerely to assert, that a respect for religion, that at least the elements of piety are one of the distinguishing features in the character our system tends to form. There is, of course, vice; there is, of course, indifference; there may be even something worse. In all large bodies of young men, brought from all parts of the country, and from every variety of condition, we know there must be. But in the best and most respected, and only influential part of the society, (I speak of the young as well as of the old,) most frequently coupled with the greatest talents and acquirements, and very often with rank and fortune, a reverence and deference for religion is sure to be found. We are, thank God, a religious body—and by his blessing will continue the same. For, in addition to such habits of thought as many may deem to be prejudice, we have certain other principles and reasons for desiring to constitute religion a most vital and prominent part in our system of moral education. You have lamented the unenlightened state of our minds in this enlightened age. And one light has fallen, not from Heaven, upon the eyes of the present generation, which to us is total darkness. We do not think it possible, we could not even attempt to make men good, without endeavouring to make them Christians. We cannot understand a scheme of moral control, or moral perfection, in which religion, fixed, definite, positive religion, is left out. I will tell you two reasons only, and leave you to judge if they are despicable.

"First, then, our view of morality (and moral science is the chiefest of our studies) embraces a much wider field than is comprised in the language of the world. Moral goodness is a right state of heart, a right perception and sense of all those relations, in which as moral agents we stand to all other moral beings. It does *not rest* in mere external actions, nor in *any partial* scheme of moral affection. exists between it and ourselves. Such relations nature has framed us to establish even within our own mind, by giving us the power of reflection. And our moral virtues and moral duties are those feelings, sentiments, tendencies, and obligations, which nature universally excites whenever the relations are perceived. The extent, therefore, and the compass of morality, is limited only by the multitude of moral agents, whose existence we can discover. And any system which excludes a single part, is necessarily false and imperfect. Prudence, therefore, to ourselves, benevolence to man, even piety to God, by itself, if it could possibly exist alone, cannot form in any great scheme of duty the whole perfection of the human heart. Much less can that scheme be perfect, be any thing but a miserable, misshapen, and mutilated fragment, which excludes from our moral relations the relation of man to his God. Hence, as we do not value, as we rather compassionate and dread, mere talent without goodness of heart; so goodness of heart, that is, any thing deserving of the name, we cannot recognise apart from religion. If morality means the absence of certain gross crimes, a man may be destitute of religion, and still be moral. But if morality means goodness, such a man is no more good than the person who commits adultery without robbing, or robs without committing adultery.

"But, secondly, even if our view of morality was different, and confined to the narrow limits of general opinion, there is another reason of equal weight, which would compel us to make religion, and not mere religion, but Christianity, an integral part of education.

"We do not know how to make men good, supposing goodness to be separate from religion, without employing Christianity as an instrument.

Very much of our reading and study is devoted to the moral philosophy both of ancient and modern times. And no little interest is taken in the general theory of moral improvement. But looking at the human heart and our human means of acting upon it, we find our hand perfectly powerless, I might say, perfectly empty, without taking up the Bible. As far as the common appeals to human prudence are concerned, nature herself has provided all that ingenuity could imagine, and with how little success I need not say. As for declamatory panegyrics on the dignity and loveliness of virtue, they require, I fear, to be effectual, not a bad heart which needs correction, but a heart already good to admit and understand

cial affections, may indeed do something in keeping men from sin, but in many hearts they scarcely exist, and in all are transient. Change of place destroys their recollection, and the frequency of use will deaden their force. And we remember that beautiful confession of a most eminent man. 'I have practised that honest artifice of Seneca, and in my retired and solitary imagination, to detain me from the foulness of vice, have fancied to myself the presence of my dearest and worthiest friend, before whom I should lose my head, rather than be vicious: yet herein I found that there was nought but moral honesty, and this was not to be virtuous for his sake who must reward us at last. I have tried if I could reach that great resolution of his to be honest without thought of heaven or hell; and indeed I found upon a natural inclination and inbred loyalty unto virtue, that I could serve her without a livery; yet not,' he concludes, 'not in that resolved and venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon any easy temptation, might be induced to forget her.'

"The great and constant problem of morals, is the art of making men good. And we know but one solution, which is, to make them Christians. Christianity differs in this from all other systems framed to act upon our moral constitution; that it is a system of external facts. It does indeed employ and excite principles and affections inherent in our common nature. It could do no otherwise. But it places before them other scenes, other beings, other relations, and other prospects, besides what the world contains. It changes our position, and so tries to change the heart. If men think that our follies and vices arise from our situation on earth, cut off from the sight of Heaven, and the direct communication with our Maker, the same change which they would effect by rolling away the sky, and bringing us to the feet of God's throne, is effected by the faith of Christianity. We know no better, no more powerful mode of acting on the human heart. And, therefore, the faith of Christianity is with us the great instrument of morality.

"As a part, then, and portion, and by far the largest portion, of goodness, and as the means of producing goodness, we cannot consent to part with our religion. For this reason twice a-day we assemble for public prayer, not as a mere form, or a rule of discipline, but because those who framed our statutes, and many, if not all, who conform to them, believe that the duties of the day are nothing but as consecrated by God; because though a careless discharge of such an act deadens and hardens the heart, a right and faithful attempt to fulfil it is one of the best means of perfection. If men on entering their chapel will compel their attention to rest on the objects before their eyes, and the words put into their mouths, their thoughts by degrees will slide into that frame and temper of mind, from which prayer will naturally flow. And if this exertion is kept up throughout the whole course of our Church Liturgy, twice every day they will practise all the good thoughts and feelings which constitute a Christian life. We do not withhold this opportunity of great good from those who are willing to embrace it, because those who persist in inattention necessarily turn it to evil. On the same principle our statutes command, that the ordinances and articles of our faith should form an essential part in our weekly instruction. In the College to which I belong, probably in many others, nearly a third of our regular lectures is devoted exclusively to religion. And no man leaves us without having passed through a certain course of reading, fixed according to his own powers, in the history, the evidences, the ethics, and especially the peculiar doctrines of the Bible, as asserted in our articles of faith. If you attended at the public examinations of the University, you would find these points not only insisted on in a separate branch, but constantly connected, in proportion to the talents and acquirements of students, with all their other studies,—the history of the Bible with the history of heathenism; the criticisms of scholars with the language of the Testament; the ethics of Plato and Aristotle with the moral doctrines of the Gospel; and the theories of ancient philosophy with the tenets and distinctions of our Church. All this is done upon the belief, that in proportion as we give a young man knowledge, we must give him at the same time something to correct and to guide it. It is done because we hold religion to be the best of wisdom, and Christianity the best of religions."

Mr Sewell's statements respecting the place which religious instruction holds in the system at Oxford, is as certainly to be depended on as Professor Sedgwick's, respecting the same important point at Cambridge; and we must say that the superiority is immeasurably on the side of Oxford. At Cambridge, "no under graduate is compelled to attend a lecture delivered by any professors of theology," (nor is

Oxford). "To the best of my belief, no college lectures on divinity have ever, within the last thirty years, been delivered, which a Dissenter of any denomination would have scrupled to attend—such lectures being studiously confined to a critical examination of various parts of the New Testament, to discussions on the evidences of Christianity, *and so on*," &c. Such college lectures must be very cautious concerns—somewhat jejune, and not a little dry. Critical examinations on various parts of the New Testament—we take the liberty to think—could hardly avoid many important points on which, though a Dissenter of any denomination might not scruple to listen to an expounder who belonged to the Church of England, he must scruple to believe one word he hears; nor can the evidences of Christianity be rightly presented, without any regard being paid to the doctrines—for we have always thought—nor surely are we singular in that belief—that its internal evidence shone like light. But that light must be cleared of mist and cloud to the eyes of the young who desire to see it; and is that internal evidence the same to a Unitarian or a Socinian, as to him who already believes in a very different creed, and listens to lectures that it may be enlightened and confirmed? Many a conscientious Dissenter—nay, all—would scruple to attend the lectures of Mr Sewell. But the reason of this wide and vast difference between the two systems, in as far as regards religious instruction, is manifest. At Cambridge, Dissenters have been for a good many years admitted, at Oxford there are none; and care has been taken, it would appear, not to hurt their feelings, so that within these thirty years no college lectures on divinity have been delivered, which, to the best of Professor Sedgwick's belief—and he is at once an unexceptionable witness and an enlightened judge—"a Dissenter of any denomination would have scrupled to attend." May we express our surprise, that during all those thirty *years*, no college lecturer on divinity *should have* arisen who scrupled to *deliver them?*

Mr Sewell does not therefore agree it a matter of indifference whether students issue from the hands of their tutors, Presbyterians or Methodists, Calvinists or Baptists, Unitarians or Churchmen. He professes to "have little liberality in religion." He is charitable in his judgments of the faith of his fellow-men; nor does he believe in the infallibility of the Episcopal Church. But he believes in its doctrines, as Professor Sedgwick does—with this difference in his opinion of the duty of tutors in Universities belonging to that Church—and in which the tenets of that Church are commanded to be taught—"that he cannot part with one shred or item of doctrine whether in commands of God, or articles of Faith, in facts of the Gospel, or practice of the Church, which he believes to be established by the same inspiration, which sanctions and consecrates the Bible." In all this Mr Sewell shews himself far behind the Spirit of the Age. Let us be with him in that serene region long ago "visited by the day-spring from on high"—by the spirit of all ages—where "our noisy years seem moments in the silence of the eternal Being," and this age of stalking shadows pluming themselves on their substantial altitude low as emptiest dreams—but a speck.

"Is it necessary for me now to explain, Why, consistently with her principles and duty, the University of Oxford cannot and ought not to consent to the admission of Dissenters to its body?

"Even if you would send us your sons, and permit us, as we surely should endeavour, to attempt their conversion, we should be reluctant to bring within our walls such elements of religious dispute.

"But, if their conversion is prohibited, we will not consent to take the charge. We will not affect to educate, where the great end of education is excluded. We will not pretend to control, when the great engine of control is taken from our hands. We deny the possibility of educating men as Christians, upon any wide comprehensive plan, which shall unite all sects by excluding all distinctions. Natural religion,—that is, a religion without faith, or repentance, or an atonement, or a sanctifying spirit, or a visible Church,—this may be taught; but with what effect the heathen world

are not heathens, as

"But, you will urge, how many sects are there, differing from the National Church solely in points and forms, which no parties hold essential to Christianity? Surely where men agree in all fundamental doctrines, and differ only in trifles, one course of religious instruction may be equally applied to all. There is one plain matter of fact in answer to such a suggestion. If these points of separation are so trivial, and so irrelevant to the real, sincere profession of the gospel, why does any separation exist? Why are these sects no longer portions of our Church? Who is it that is placed in this most serious dilemma? Either we have divided the Christian world for nothing at all, or we have divided it on doctrines which have nothing to do with Christianity. I do not wish to urge any such truth in accusation; but it surely is sufficient to excuse us from comprehending in our religious education, and recognising as innocent and safe, any principle so utterly destructive of the peace and the unity of Christians.

"These points are, moreover, in general, points of discipline, and principles of submission,—of discipline and submission in the most natural and reasonable field for its voluntary practice, where the bond is religion, and the authority is God. But discipline and submission are necessary parts of our system. Impatience of authority, obstinacy in opinion, self-conceit, and wilfulness of purpose,—these are not the features of character which we wish to impress upon the young. We do not approve of them in morals, and we cannot reconcile them to government. Nothing—and I speak from experience—so completely takes a young man from your influence, in every particular of conduct, as any approach to sectarianism—any tendency, I mean, to depart from the religion of his country and his home. Allow him a rash freedom to choose for himself his own form of religion, without any dutiful deference to a higher and binding authority, and either you give up religion as the first and most solemn of actions, or you sanction a similar freedom in all other acts and decisions.

"Again, He is in one state or another. He has either no religion at all, and has adopted his creed without thought, and you sanction such thoughtlessness by abstaining from any attempt at correction,—or he is warm and anxious in his zeal; and this zeal—I speak again from experience—infuses the spirit of opposition into every department of instruction. He himself is ardent in conversion; and you *make no effort to convert* him. He *distrusts your religion*, and despises your coldness. There is one, the greatest secret of the heart, which you cannot discuss without dispute; and you cannot procure his confidence. You speak in the language of authority, and may compel an external submission; but he departs with the pride of a martyr, and the complacency of one who bears within him the ultimate standard of appeal. It begets coldness, suspicion, and reserve. There is something always behind the mere outward communication, which you cannot reach, and scarcely dare to touch. You cannot place him before you, and claim that supreme authority over his counsels, and affections, and conduct, which, as the minister of God, charged with the care of his soul, you have the right and the duty to assert. And still less can you attach him to your side by that spirit of confidence and friendship, to form which, with all beneath our care, is the great business and pleasure we should aim at, and without which we cannot succeed in forming them to all goodness and truth.

"So much for our intercourse with those whose religion would exclude them from our control. Our intercourse with others would not be facilitated or improved by the presence of such an example. And its influence on the minds of the young, who belong to our own communion, would be fatal in the highest degree. It would infallibly break them up into every variety of sects."

We believe the objections here so calmly urged, in conviction of their natural force, can never be rebutted, but then they may be set aside; for they are but creatures of the mind, and you may, if you will, call them phantoms. An act of Parliament is a substance—it is a piece of parchment—you see it yellow—you hear it rustle—you hold it up in your hand—you call it a charter of rights—and the world calls you a Liberal. All the Dissenters want is really, after all—you say—not much; it is merely "full, true, perfect, and absolute liberty." On what plea do they call themselves Dissenters? Think what they will—strive all they can to destroy what most you value and hold holiest—set themselves against the majority in all that is dearest to it, and which that majority has through a long succession of ages laboured to build up, extend, and guard as an inviolable trust, and an inappreciable treasure—and then complain to the State of the hardship of being ex-

cluded from any of the privileges which, by their own act; they relinquished, and long pursued with immitigable hate to sweep away! till they find that to possess them will be to their own temporal advantage, and then what a change of tone and temper, and how laudatory are they all! And that is conduct according to conscience! and to concede such claims is to shew a mind in unison with the Spirit of the Age! And that spirit is a glorious spirit to which the spirit of Christianity itself must bow, and from it accept the law of thought, feeling, action, life!

To be admitted to enter the University of Cambridge was, we presume, at the time said to be a boon bestowed rather than a right granted to Dissenters. But be it said that it was a right granted; was it given them as part of their natural right of inheritance, or as the whole? If as a part, there was meanness and injustice in the niggardly grant; if as a whole, why yield to the Dissenters now? Till entitled to graduate, they will not now rest; and after they have been so entitled, how long will they rest till they bestir themselves to procure all the advantages which graduation may yield? They will not wait a year—not a day—not an hour. They are meditating it now—they have been meditating it long—and they will gain their object—for feeble will be the force of those inside the door—a simultaneous rush will be made—not with Professor Sedgwick at its head—for he is sincere, and affects to believe nothing that he does not believe—and he seems not to believe this—but with some men, even more liberal than he, constrained by none of his high thoughts—a pretender, perhaps, in that science in which the Professor is a true proficient—not a Dissenter even from that Church, of which the Head of the Petitioners is an affectionate—would we could say, in all senses, a faithful son—but by a man of no religion but that known by the name of Natural—a Deist in his loftier hours—in his lowest, an Atheist.

"I congratulate," says the Professor, "the members of the Senate *who signed* the petition on the favourable hearing their prayer has met *with, and on the sure grounds of* hope, that before many months are over, their wishes will be accomplished. They have asked for nothing *but what the present condition of the country imperiously demands!* and what is at once compatible with the honour of the University and the safety of our Ecclesiastical Establishments. Under the contemplated change, none but well-educated men in a good condition of life can come among us from the Dissenting Body, and from such men what cause have we of fear?" So the concession of the claims of the Dissenters is imperiously demanded? By whom? Why, by themselves—for what else can be meant by those most indefinite words, "the present condition of the country?" Does the Church of England demand it? Do the Universities demand it? Do the nobility, gentry, Episcopalian people of England demand it? No. But the Dissenters demand it—a multitude, with all creeds, and with none—who, to use the words of the Editor of the Standard—let us call him by his honoued name—Dr Giffard—"if they want degrees, let them go where these degrees can be already had without difficulty; or if they want to raise them in the English soil, let them erect and endow Universities of their own, with titles of their own; and as soon as these Universities and titles merit the same consideration as the Universities and titles of Oxford and Cambridge, there can be no doubt that they will receive it. Meanwhile let not the Dissenters, or any one else, claim a participation in what they have not earned, or seek to enforce it, either directly or by intrusion, or by claiming a legal right to forge, as it were, the indorsements of Oxford and Cambridge."

"Under the contemplated change, none but well-educated men, in a good condition of life, can come among us from the Dissenting body," says Professor Sedgwick; "and from such men we have nothing to fear." What! is nothing ever to be feared from well-educated men, in a good condition of life? From none else, say we. Understand, however, "well-educated" and "good," in a somewhat different sense from that in which they are here used, with an unintentionally sophistical quirk.—

The better, in mere worldly circumstances, the condition of the Dissenters is—for reasons too plain to be even alluded to—the stronger their animosity to the Established Church. A good education implies a right religious belief; and that, it will not be said, is possessed by all the Dissenters who may be laxly said to be well-educated, and strictly in a good condition of life. Many of them will have no religious belief at all—but among them there will no doubt be men of talents, and zeal, and energy, and ambition. If they have no principle—and many will have none—will there be "nothing to fear from such persons" when they possess power? If they have principle—and many, nay most, will have it—if it be dear to them, will they not do their best to procure for it full freedom of play—for in that alone can it be said to have life? And, if so, will they sleep while others wake, or rather will they not wake while others sleep, till they break the dreams of the slumberers by the crash made in falling first by one part, and then by another of the old sacred edifice, which, long before its natural date, may be sorely dilapidated, and at last reduced to ruin by a rougher hand than that of time?

"The spoliation of Church property," the Professor continues, "cannot begin at Cambridge. If such a calamity be in reserve for us, (which God forbid,) it will either commence suddenly in some brutal acts of democratic violence, fatal to all property, or be brought about gradually by the progressive alienation of those who, from their property and intelligence, have a natural weight in the councils of the State. Against the former kind of spoliation academical regulations offer no defence; from the latter, we must be base churchmen, and no better than moral cowards, if we think we have aught to fear, provided we be true to ourselves, and waste not foolishly our strength in defending untenable positions, and maintaining a system of exclusion opposed to the temper of the age in which we live, and the present tolerant spirit of English law." Warmly conceived, and well expressed; but glowing though be the *words, at their first drop on* the paper, "they languish, grow dim, and die," in the parching-up light of truth. Church spoliation may not begin at Cambridge—but it may end there; and the measure that seems so full of promise of all good to Professor Sedgwick's eyes, may not only prepare a path, but open a door to the spoiler. The Dissenters become a part of the governing body—but that will not satisfy them, if they be as other men. "Should they be told," to use the words of Sir Robert Peel, "that all offices of emolument, all of a pecuniary nature, are to be closed against them; that they may take a degree which qualifies them for such office, but that they must not enjoy any of its profits or emolument—will not the same argument now advanced in favour of conceding to them degrees be repeated?" We have already said that they will—if the laws of nature be not changed as well as those of the Universities—and that the same arguments will be triumphant. "By admitting them to the governing body," says Sir Robert, "a small minority will be created, and it is well known what even a small minority can effect, particularly when in pursuit of objects of ambition. It is a great fallacy to say, that because Dissenters are now admitted to the benefits of University education, without any injurious effects, (*which we don't believe,*) the same result would follow a further extension of their privileges. The first concession will involve the remainder; a new subject of discontent will be created, and it will be saying, 'Peace—peace—when is no peace;' and an instrument would be placed in the hands of Dissenters to wield for the purpose of extorting the remaining equal rights and privileges." Thus far Sir Robert Peel. Now, the spirit of encroachment is often a still, stealthy, but sure spirit, working almost imperceptibly, while it is undermining deep, or boring thorough; so that all at once sinks foundation, and into rubbish topples down wall. And the spirit of concession is a weak, wavering spirit, that yields first an inch and then an ell, till at last, looking back, it sees the people whom it had been conciliating grown into a great crowd, discontented with the ground they have

been thus suffered to occupy, and pressing on in battalious array, "with the measured tread of marching men," whom there is no power to stop, were there the desire, and they carry without collision the last posts of all on the summit of the hill. "Well-educated men, in a good condition," form the great body of Dissenters, and "from such what have we to fear?" Every thing and all. "The college endowments are, with limited exceptions," says the Professor, "*secured* to the members of the Established Church." "By what spells, what conjurations, and what mighty magic," ask we, that the spirit of the age shall not cut the security like a rotten rope, or consume it like dry flax?

Is it true, that "academical regulations offer no defence against brutal acts of democratic violence?" No. All regulations do—for the sanctity of unviolated law overawes the multitude, else whence the stability of any state? "Academical regulations" are poor and inadequate words to express the power of time-hallowed institutions. Let the great, old, famous English Universities remain what they have been for so many ages, in purpose and in spirit, and sacred in the eyes and in the hearts of so many millions, with not one "moral coward" among them all, and the might of their majesty, combined with that of a venerable and magnificent Church Establishment, will prevail even over "the brutality of democratic violence," for it will be for ever curbing it, and, better still, humanizing it, by the irresistible influences of religion, felt wide and afar over dwellers in darksome places, who yet know not whence the blessing comes, while they owe it to a spirit that holds its court among those towers and temples, and speaks in the voice, and bestows through the hands, of its own Christian priesthood.

With our admiration of Professor Sedgwick's talents, and our respect for his character, sorry are we to say, that we do not think that he and his friends, who have presented that *Petition,* have been "true to themselves." And as "for foolishly wasting their strength in defending untenable positions," how much oftener have empires been lost by relinquishing positions foolishly thought to be untenable, when they might have been held against all invaders—in front impregnable—nor to be turned on either flank, the one protected by rocks commanding the enemy's whole position, and the other by a wood, into which had he ventured, he had been lost. We are sick at "the eternal blazon" of the "temper of the age." What is its temper? Is it, in sad truth, an irreligious age? No. Then let not the friends of religion fear. But neither let them act as if they did fear. Let them defy the hordes of infidels, by whom the Dissenters are backed—backed, perhaps, though we know not how that is—without or against their will. True, that "Cambridge is a University in the proper sense of the word—a place of national education, not for the Church merely, but for all the learned faculties, a great scientific body, and a lay corporation." The passage quoted in a former part of this article explains that assertion, and puts it in its true light. It has long been so—and it gained its glory under a system, which, we fear, has seen almost its latest day. Well does the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth say, in some pages this moment come to our hands—"What then is the title and definition of an English University? Call them, if you will, as they call themselves, 'SEMINARIES OF SOUND LEARNING AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.' Call them, even as they are called by Dissenters, 'National Seminaries of Education;' but call them not Scientific Institutions, or Literary Academies: the names are honourable, but they are not descriptive of the English Universities. The Universities of England have produced, and are producing, and still, by God's blessing, hope to produce, men eminent in every department of literature and science; but this is neither their sole, nor is it their primary and characteristic object." Farewell.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXII. MAY, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

PART II.

Contents.

Attacks on the Church,	731
Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th,	743
The Conde de Ildefonzo. A Tale of the Spanish Revolution, Part I.	756
Stephen Oliver on Angling,	775
The Corn Law Question,	792
The Moral of Flowers,	802
Poetry of Ebenezer Elliott,	815
Combinations,	826
Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. LXV.	852

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

ALSO, JUST PUBLISHED,

No. CCXXI. FOR MAY. PART I.

CONTENTS.

I. Cruise of the Midge. Chap. 3.—II. Memoir of M. de Chateaubriand.—III. Mirabeau.—IV. Thoughts and Recollections. By Mrs Hemans. 1. To a Family Bible 2. On a Remembered Picture of Christ. 3. Mountain Sanctuaries. 4. The Lilies of the Field. 5. The Birds of the Air. 6. The Olive Tree. 7. Places of Worship. 8. A Church in North Wales. 9. Old Church in an English Park.—V. The Lay of Sir Lionel.—VI. My Cousin Nicholas. Chap. 5, 6.—VII. The Enchanted Domain.—VIII. Progress of Social Disorganization. No. 4. Decay of the Wooden Walls of England.—IX. Loudon on the Education of Gardeners.—X. Four Lyrics. By Delta. 1. To the Skylark. 2. Twilight Thoughts. 3. Haddon Hall, Yorkshire. 4. Elegiac Stanzas.—XI. Woman; by Simonides (not of Cos). Translated by William Hay.—XII. Song of Demodocus the Bard before Ulysses, at the Court of King Alcinous.—XIII. Admission of Dissenters to Degrees in the English Universities.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXII. MAY, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

PART II.

ATTACKS ON THE CHURCH.

The historians of modern times, with all their ability and philosophic penetration, have failed in tracing with the lucid colours which might have been expected from them, the influence of religion on modern civilisation. The two greatest, Hume and Gibbon, were tainted with the infidel spirit of the age in which they lived, and which worked out its natural and appropriate fruit in the French Revolution. The view which they exhibit, accordingly, of the influence of Christianity, is not only defective, but false: they have neither told the whole truth, nor nothing but the truth. The expedient which they have adopted for this purpose is the same which, in all ages, has been the most prolific source of error: viz. the application to one age, of the feelings and information of another; and supposing that every thing must be always prejudicial or ridiculous, because it is so in the age in which they live. Thus, they ridicule or vilify the Monasteries and Nunneries, the Papal power and superstitious feelings of the middle ages,—forgetting that the eighteenth was not the fourteenth century; that asylums for helpless weakness are not required, when the reign of law and the authority of government is established; and that spells thrown over the imagination, useless or ridiculous *in an age of order* and civilisation, *are the only* bridles on violence in a period of anarchy and blood. The insolent and ungrateful modern liberals who revile the Christian faith, and see in its institutions only the remnant of feudal servitude and the remains of Gothic institutions, in fact owe the spread of the principles on which they pride themselves, and which constitute their political strength, mainly to the effects of the religion which they abhor; and, but for the previous effects of Christianity in breaking the fetters of slavery, diffusing general information on the most momentous of all subjects, coercing the violence of power, and mitigating the horrors of war, instead of being permitted to carry on, unmolested, their parricidal warfare against the Parents to which they owe all their blessings, they would have been crouching, as in Persia or Turkey, beneath the fetters of Oriental power.

Such a spectacle has for a long course of years been presented in the neighbouring kingdom, and such consequences are now reaped by the first of European monarchies. It is in this view eminently favourable to the cause of religion and freedom throughout the world, that the second French Revolution has arisen, and torn aside the thin veil which the pious dispositions and mild government of the elder branch of the Bourbons, had thrown over the disjointed remains of the revolu

tionary volcano. During the Restoration, the liberal party of Great Britain were never weary of extolling the happy condition and brilliant prospects of the French people; and uniformly held out, that much as the violence and horrors of the preceding convulsions were to be deplored, their final results had been eminently favourable to the interests of mankind. The delusion was thus generally diffused, that Christianity formed no essential part of public felicity; that it was possible to rear up a happy state of society on the foundation of church spoliation, and general infidelity; and that in a regenerated monarchy, religion might be dispensed with, and public virtue supersede the necessity of ecclesiastical instructors. Is there any well-informed man who will *now* dare to maintain the paradox? The revolt of the Barricades, the accession of the Citizen King, has dispelled the illusion: it has disclosed the interior of the whited sepulchre, exhibited the ghastly features of premature decay, amidst the triumph of the revolutionists; held up to public gaze the extinction of all the elements of freedom in the first of regenerated monarchies; exhibited a growth of licentiousness and profligacy unparalleled in any modern State, and revealed to the world, as the certain fruits of irreligious triumphs, the chains, the well-known chains of Eastern despotism.

"There are but two eras in human affairs," says Madame de Stael, "that which preceded, and that which followed the introduction of Christianity." The evident and ruinous effects of the extinction of religion in France, have forced themselves upon the observation of the most enlightened even of the liberal party in that fervent country. It was impossible, that a generation could grow up under the practical influence of irreligious sentiments, without the disastrous effects of such a change forcing themselves upon the observation of every impartial observer; and accordingly M. Guizot, though one of the liberal leaders, and by no means guiltless in regard *to the previous* measures of that *party which* led to the Revolution *of July,* has portrayed in vivid colours the important effects of Christianity upon the fabric of society in modern Europe. Public misfortune has righted the human mind. We no longer meet with the sneers at religion in the enlightened writers of France, which disgrace the otherwise incomparable works of Hume and Gibbon. Even the lucid and philosophic spirit with which Robertson has reviewed the progress of society in modern Europe, yields to the antiquarian penetration, the enlarged views, with which Guizot has traced, through all the obscurity of the middle ages, the historical blessings of religious institutions; and that fervent and enthusiastic defence of Christianity, which for above a century had been wanting to French literature, was found within sight of the altar of the Goddess of Reason, in the burning thoughts and gifted eloquence of Chateaubriand.

When Napoleon took the field, in 1815, against the forces of combined Europe, he marched in the first instance against the Duke of Wellington's army: "for if I defeat the English," said he, "what need I care for all the hordes which the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, are directing to the Rhine?" Revolutionary madness pays the same sincere, but involuntary homage to the Church, in every State which it invades: it directs its first and strongest attack against the establishments of Christianity. An unerring instinct tells its leaders, that if they can only overthrow its bulwarks, they will find it an easy matter to overturn all the other institutions of society; that when the sentinels at the gates are massacred, the battlements will soon be in their power. The Church was the first victim of democratic fervour in France; and before a stroke was levelled either at the nobility or the throne, the whole ecclesiastical property in the State was confiscated; the earliest measure of the revolutionists in Spain and Portugal, when they obtained possession of supreme power in 1823, was to extinguish the whole institutions, and appropriate the whole possessions, of the Church; and the first use which the reformers of England have made of the extraordinary triumph of the Reform Bill,

has been to direct against the Established Church the whole discontented humours of the State.

The assault on the Church, therefore, is not to be regarded as a mere isolated menace on a detached interest in the State. It is a direct attack on the whole interests of society—the first of a series of measures by which the nobility, the throne, the funds, the great estates, will be destroyed. The leaders of the revolutionary party are well aware that the Church is the great bond which unites the higher and the lower orders; that in its defence all the greatest and noblest, as well as the humblest and simplest of the community, are linked together; and that in the feelings of common devotion, and the worship of God under one common roof, feelings of mutual sympathy are produced, which are perhaps the only ties of affection which, in the present artificial state of society, unite the higher and the lower orders. All this they know, and the effects of this union they fear from the bottom of their hearts. They are well aware that the Catholic Relief Bill, by depriving the Conservative party of the vast support which they received from the religious sympathy of the great mass of the rural tenantry on that important question, did more to prostrate the defences of the monarchy than any measure since the Revolution, and led by natural consequence to the Reform Bill, and all the catalogue of disasters by which it has been attended. Knowing this, and anticipating a similar junction of the Conservative leaders and the rural population, in defence of the Church of England, they are indefatigable in their efforts to heap up obloquy on its institutions; and anticipate from its overthrow the dispersion of the last phalanx which remains between them and the attainment of all their selfish and revolutionary projects.

The Revolutionists have begun their attack in an artful way. Knowing the influence of education on the mind of youth—seeing the noble stand which Oxford and Cambridge have made against the Reform Bill, and all the ruinous measures by *which it has been followed*; irritated *beyond measure at the* multitudes of able and highly educated young men whom those two noble seminaries annually send forth, strongly imbued with Conservative principles; bitterly galled by the obvious fact, that the waters flowing from these great fountains of knowledge are now purified, and the sophisms of modern liberalism effectually banished from the really enlightened classes of society, they have recourse to a lower body. They represent these venerable institutions as the mere fastnesses of error, prejudice, and cupidity, and hold forth, as the first of the many grievances under which they labour, the necessity of conforming to the Church of England before they can attain any of the honours or important stations in the University. This is their first attack on Religion, the Church, and the State; they hope thus to get possession of the great fountain of public instruction, and so turn by its source the mighty stream which has so long opposed a barrier to their progress.

As it is obvious what the designs of the Revolutionists are in making this inroad, so it would be mere affectation in the Conservatives to attempt to conceal what their motives are for resisting it. They are fully aware of the importance of religion to society, and deeply impressed with a conviction, that the Church of England is the form in which its blessings can best be communicated to the English people. Believing this, they regard Oxford and Cambridge as not merely places of education, but essentially and chiefly places of *religious* education. They are persuaded, that unless the elements of a right faith are early implanted in the minds of the influential part of the nation—unless the truths of Christianity in its purest form are early inhaled by our statesmen, our legislators, our instructors, the institutions, not only of religion, but of society, are bound together by a rope of sand, and all the elements of British greatness and freedom will be speedily dissolved by the subtle poison which has proved fatal to them in the neighbouring kingdom. Believing this, and deeply impressed with the necessity of preserving unsullied the great fountains of public thought, they are resolved

to resist to the uttermost any measures calculated to weaken the ascendency of the Established Church in these seminaries, and render their walls the theatre of the divisions, acrimony, and malevolent disposition, which so lamentably pervade the dissenting interest in every other part of the kingdom. In doing this, they are not actuated by any ill-will towards that body, adorned by many eminent and respectable men; they are merely sensible of the obvious truth, that they cannot coexist in the same establishment, that their sphere of usefulness lies in different quarters, and that the utility of both would be destroyed, if they were placed side by side in an institution fundamentally framed upon the adoption of one system of religious faith.

What would the Catholics say, if a Protestant were to insist not merely upon receiving the elements of education at Maynooth College, but being declared eligible to its professorships? or a Jew were to complain of injustice, because he were not permitted to become Professor of Divinity in a Christian University; or a Protestant were to propose that he should be elected to an important situation in the Propaganda of Rome? In all these cases the absurdity of the demand is obvious, and our own Dissenters and Liberals would be the first to point it out, if it were attempted by any member of the Church of England. But they wilfully shut their eyes to the unreasonable nature of such a demand when directed against the Established Church of this country; or rather, they distinctly see it and feel it, but obstinately persist in supporting it, from its tendency to advance their revolutionary projects.

Nothing but confusion and discord, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, can be expected to arise from permitting the point of the dissenting wedge to be introduced into either of the Universities. They say now, that they wish to be allowed to aspire to scholarships and degrees; that is, to become *members of* the University, and have *a vote in* various elections and matters *connected* with academical discipline. What good is to be derived pedient to introduce the firebrand of religious discord, the jealousies of an established and rival church, into the calm retreats of science and philosophy? Has the experience of mankind shewn that religious strife is so trifling and inconsiderable a source of discord, that it can be safely introduced into the bosom of a peaceful community? Are no evil consequences to be anticipated, not merely to the Church of England, but to religion in general, from the jealousy, the animosity, and heart-burnings of two rival sets of theologians in one University, each burning with zeal for the propagation of their own set of opinions, and each striving to draw off proselytes, and students from their antagonist? Is there any example in the world, in any country really governed by religious principles, of such a heterogeneous mixture of discordant theological principles in a public seminary of education? Such a system may do very well in regenerated and revolutionized France, which has nearly thrown off the old slough of the Christian faith, and appears now in the parti-coloured skin of science, profligacy, and despotism; but it is incompatible with a sincere belief in the truth of their principles by either Churchmen or Dissenters, and could lead to nothing, in a really Christian establishment, but the fierceness of religious strife, or the supineness of sceptical indifference.

The able and candid journals in the dissenting interest openly avow, and publicly glory in, the ulterior objects which they have in view, in thus seeking to force themselves into the Universities. The Examiner declares that the object is of vital importance, for that if once they succeed in possessing themselves of the lever of education, the speedy overthrow of the Establishment will be a comparatively easy task. They are perfectly right. It will be so; and therefore it is, that not only all friends to the Church of England, but all sincere and upright believers in Christianity, should unite their forces to resist an invasion fraught with such danger, not only to so venerable an establishment, but such incalculable danger to the progress of Christianity over the world. It is

which would be produced, not upon these islands in particular, but the world in general, if the Church of England were overturned. What other church has ever so nobly maintained the contest, not merely of its own tenets, but of Christianity in general, as that of England? Where shall we find, in the annals of any other people, so stupendous an array of learning and intellect, of eloquence and genius, of taste and piety? The fervent spirit and poetic ardour of Jeremy Taylor—the learned wisdom and practical piety of Barrow—the pious aspirations and devout feelings of Hooker—the sound judgment and clear sagacity of Tillotson—the metaphysical acuteness and discriminating talent of Samuel Clarke, have stamped immortality upon the church to which they belonged. The prophecy of Latimer and Ridley at the stake is already accomplished—they have lighted a flame which, by the grace of God, will never be extinguished.

If the Democratic dissenters of modern times were worthy of the land which gave them birth, and the sires from which they sprang, they would tremble before they laid a hand on an establishment which has done, and is doing, such marvellous things. Greater in its achievements than the patriotism of antiquity—more glorious in its conquests than the Roman legions, it has subjected, not kingdoms, but hemispheres, to its influence; and in the admirable Liturgy by which it has spoken to the hearts of so many millions, and is destined to speak to the hearts of so many myriads of mankind, established an unseen dominion, against which the forces of hell shall strive in vain. They may root the Mother Church out of the British islands—they may annihilate the parent of such unequalled greatness—they may reduce the land of Newton and Bacon to an infidel state—they may render Christianity, in this its once favoured ark, hateful by their ambition, or contemptible by their divisions—they may overturn the British empire by their success, but extinguish the Church of England they never will, till talent has ceased to command the admiration, and piety win *the affections, and usefulness* secure *the concurrence of* mankind.

And are these glories and this usefulness matter of history merely? Must we turn to other days, to the annals of an earlier age, to the works of an infant Establishment, for proofs of its continued and undecaying lustre? No! The present time bears witness to its achievements; the land in which we live affords testimony of its splendour. Never in any former age, not even in that memorable one which arose, conquering and to conquer, out of the fires of Smithfield, nor in that equally momentous period when it set itself to oppose the torrent of licentiousness which overspread the country on the accession of Charles II., did the Church of England appear in brighter and more glorious colours, than now, when, undeterred by the terrors of a revolution, and unseduced by the allurements of power, she maintains her faith inviolate, and preserves in silent courage her blissful career. It is on this trying, this momentous occasion, that the inherent purity of her principles and dignity of her character have been most conspicuous. Other ages have witnessed the prostration of religious institutions by the fervour of sectarian zeal, or the attacks of infidel ribaldry; other countries have seen the noble foundations of ancient piety torn up by the fury of modern revolution,—but in all such cases the government at least was steady to its duty and its principles, and in the hour of trial the throne and the altar fell together. It has been reserved for our age alone to witness the Church, in the moment of its greatest danger, bereft of support in the quarter where every principle of duty and wisdom entitled it to expect it; to see the forces of revolution and of the government blended together for the promotion of measures evidently and avowedly intended to accomplish its destruction, and the whole weight of the prerogative exerted to force through a revolutionary change, the first effect of which was openly announced to be the arraying all the forces of democracy at once against its battlements. Assailed thus, in front and rear at the same time, threatened by the enemy without, deserted by the garrison within, it has nobly stood at its post, mildly but firmly withstanding the attacks of its enemies, replying

by the lustre of its character to all the calumnies with which it was assailed, and exhibiting an example of usefulness, piety, and benevolence, in the midst of a corrupted society, which may well put its antagonists to the blush for the obvious blessings to which they have been insensible, and the vast advantages which they have sought to destroy.

When we reflect on the calumnies which the Dissenters have heaped on the Church of England,—when we look back to their history and her history,—when we consider what they are, and what she is, we are lost in astonishment at the audacity and effrontery of their pretensions, and the gross ignorance of history, science, theology, and literature, which such diatribes imply in their followers. The schoolmaster has been abroad to very little purpose; his instructions have wofully darkened the age, when such misrepresentations can find a willing reception in any, even the humblest and most prejudiced class of readers. Who are the great men who adorn and have immortalized the dissenting churches of Britain? Respectable worthy pastors they have had, and have; two or three rather ingenious metaphysicians they may point out; eminent names in science they may boast; sturdy supporters of democracy they have produced: but to compare them to the luminaries of the Church of England! Where are their Taylors, and Barrows, and Hookers, their Clarkes, and Cudworths, and Newtons, their Sherlocks, and Ogdens, and Paleys, their Warburtons, and Butlers, and Tillotsons, their Hebers, Coplestones, Sumners, and Alisons? What names have they produced which have acquired a European reputation, or are known beyond the straits of Dover or the Atlantic, or will survive the fervour and zeal of the little sect to which they belong? *

Is it in the more silent and unobtrusive, but not less important walks of usefulness, that we are to look for evidence of the benefits of a national Establishment? Where shall we find such numerous—such overwhelming proofs of it, as in the *Church of England*? What other national religion has ever so effectually resisted all the powers of wickedness?—what other has so manfully endured the terrors of a persecuting, or resisted the corruptions of a profligate age?—what other has spread so far and wide the principle and practice of true religion?—what other has so thoroughly engrafted the great duty of Christian charity, not only upon the habits and feelings, but the institutions of the people? The Poor Laws, the noblest monument, as they were originally conceived, of Christian benevolence and political wisdom, that ever was reared by man, date their origin from the 43d of Elizabeth, shortly after the establishment of the National Church; and but for the steady provision which they have since afforded to sickness and old age, the institutions of England could never have withstood the shocks arising from the vicissitudes of employment and subsistence, incident to a great commercial and manufacturing community. The charitable institutions, and benevolent establishments of the island, have since that time been unbounded, notwithstanding the vast burden entailed on the State by the subsequent misdirection of that great engine of national pity; and if we add together the legal and the voluntary contributions made good by English charity and benevolence since its first establishment, we shall find their amount unparalleled in any other age or country. Where shall we find a National Church that has so effectually resisted the agents of corruption which have been so long and actively at work in the British islands, and preserved the standard of national morals so high, and the adherence to religion so general, amidst sources of corruption unparalleled in any country, ancient or modern? Roman virtue rapidly yielded to the wealth brought in by her victorious legions; Constantinople soon was corrupted by the stream of wealth which flowed into the great emporium of Asiatic commerce; Venetian patriotism sunk under the enervating influence of Indian opulence: but the English

character has withstood, for above a century, the corrupting influence of all the causes which singly proved fatal to her predecessors in that dazzling career; conquests greater than attended the standards of Rome, even in the days of Cæsar; commerce more extensive than flowed into the golden horn of Constantinople; wealth more boundless than Eastern riches poured into the Lagune of St Mark. While France, her equal in years, was immersed in the corruptions and infidelity which induced the desolating tempest of the Revolution; while Spain, debilitated by prosperity, had sunk into an inglorious old age; while Italy, her elder born in national existence, unmindful of her immortal predecessors, had yielded to the deadly poison of long established refinement, — England alone remained comparatively pure and unchanged in its public character, and exhibited, though grey in years of renown, the energy and vigour of youthful civilisation. What is the chief cause of this singular exception in favour of the British Empire, of that tendency to decay which seems the common lot of earthly things? The purity and practice of her Established Church; the incessant efforts which its teachers have made to struggle with so many and varied causes of corruption; the principles which they have implanted in the minds of youth, and exemplified in their own blameless and blessed career. It is here that we are to find the secret of the long duration of British prosperity; of the matchless progress she has made in arts, and usefulness, and arms; and the unexampled resistance she has opposed to the many principles of decay fermenting in her own bosom. Extinguish these fountains of living water; mingle them with the bitterness of sectarian zeal, or the indifference of foreign infidelity; and how rapidly will the unresisted principles of corruption spread—how speedily will her long averted old age fall upon the British Empire!

Ignorant men may rail at the sloth and indolence of the Establishment; sectarian zeal may magnify the vices or weakness of a *few of its unworthy members*; but *history, judging by the actions of* men, will pronounce the labours of the English Church the most astonishing monument of Christian beneficence that ever has existed upon earth. It is institutions which make men. The efforts of the English Church have been so astonishing, because its Establishment is admirably calculated to combine practical beneficence with speculative research, and unite humble usefulness with dignified exertion. If its members had been exclusively of the aristocratic classes, it would have sunk into the corruptions of the French Hierarchy; if of the lower, it would have been lost in the jealousies of the English Dissenters. It is by the happy combination of the two,—by the admixture of plebeian vigour and ability with patrician lustre and descent,—by the union of the elevated character and simple habits of the old English gentlemen with the talents and energy of its rising urban society, that its admirable and dignified character has so long and durably been imprinted on the Church of England. Remove the operation of these causes, by the destruction or mutilation of the Establishment, and how soon would this character be lost, and this usefulness extinguished, and these virtues cease to bless mankind?

Where is now the Church of France? In that revolutionized and regenerated realm, what are the character, utility, and prospects of the Christian clergy? What barrier have they opposed to the flood of licentiousness, profligacy, and corruption which broke in upon the State with the triumph of revolutionary principles? Where are now the Bossuets and Fenelons, the Massillons and Bourdaloues, the Flechiers and Saurins, the Malebranches and Pascals of the best of republics? Buried in the vault of all the Capulets; overwhelmed in the ruins of the Establishment; drowned in the ceaseless struggle for the necessaries of life, which is imposed on pastors in their wretched circumstances. French talent is unquestionably not extinct; the glory of her arms is indelibly engraven in the records of history; the researches of her philosophers have rivalled all but Newton's fame; the taste

of her people attracts all the nations of Europe to her capital. How has it happened, that no addition whatever has been made to her religious celebrity, nor any men arisen to bear the standard of the Cross abreast of the ensigns of temporal glory? The cause is to be found in the destruction of the Establishment; in the consequent casting down of religion into the lower walks of life; in the ceaseless and humble toil imposed upon the degraded members of the present Church. No man in France would make his son an ecclesiastic who could get him as an apprentice into a grocer's shop, or had the prospect of making him a sergeant of artillery. The Church, the first and most important of professions in every Christian state, is abandoned to the lowest classes of society; and so humble are their means, that they are unable to give to their younger members even the decent education which in Britain is placed within the reach of every peasant. Such have been the effects of destroying the Establishment in the first of European monarchies.

And has the boasted spread of education, have the efforts of the schoolmaster been able to supersede the necessity of Christian instructors in that great and varied community? The rapid progress of demoralization, the frightful increase of profligacy, afford decisive evidence that it has not; and that, with the destruction of the National Church, the national regenerators have destroyed the seeds of lasting prosperity, or even durable existence.* In the condition of France, therefore, we may see a living instance of the effect of demolishing the Church Establishment upon public morality, and, of course, by a rapid process, upon national safety; and if we would follow the course of corruption upon which they are now so far advanced, we have now only to imitate their example.

The argument which supposes that religious instruction is not necessarily dependent upon national support, and that you may leave the people to choose and pay their own pastors, as they choose and pay their own butchers, bakers, and tailors, is obviously and palpably unsound. It presupposes that the people are qualified to judge what is good for them in religious tuition; that an unerring instinct will lead them to church, as it leads them to breakfast or dinner; and that they will provide themselves with the requisite supply of spiritual food, just as certainly as they will provide for the physical necessities or desires of their being. Does any one's experience of human nature, any one's knowledge of the world, any one's acquaintance with history, support such an opinion? Is it not certain, on the contrary, that mankind, if left to themselves, will, in general, make no provision whatever for their spiritual necessities; that, engrossed with the necessities of their present condition, and pressed by the wants of their animal desires, they will utterly neglect the weightier matters of the law; and that to apply the principles of free trade and unlimited competition to religious instruction, is, in other words, to deliver both poor and rich over to the unrestrained influence of passion, sensuality, and wickedness?

Self-preservation is the first law of nature; but it is preservation in this world, not the next, which is the ruling principle. The clergy, deprived of all steady support or fixed incomes, and driven to depend on their flocks for their subsistence, must adapt themselves to the tastes and dispositions of the mass of the people; and what that is we may every day see. They must teach, not what is true, or in the end useful, but what is agreeable, and at the moment profitable. Fanaticism, extravagance, and absurdity—stimulus to the imagination—food for the passions—must

---

* The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births in Paris was, in 1824, as nine *to eighteen nearly*; in 1831, under the influence of the Revolution of the Barricades, *it had become* as eleven to nineteen, or as one to one and a half nearly, and is daily *on the increase.* See Obit. Ann. 1832. In the county of Middlesex, including London [illegible] Porter's Parl. Tables, ii. 58.

become the predominant characteristic of the theological instruction of the great bulk of the people. Reason, justice, beneficence, self-command, and devotion, will be speedily discarded. David Hume himself has said, that a Church Establishment is necessary to preserve religious instruction from extravagance and error; and the observation is perfectly just in all ages, because it is founded on the experienced inability of the human mind, in the multitude, when left to itself, to resist the inroads of imagination and excitement upon the domain of religion and reason.

Nor is it only upon the middling and lower orders that the ruinous effects of the want of a religious Establishment would be speedily felt. Consequences, if possible still more disastrous, would inevitably follow upon the higher orders—upon the noble, the haughty, the affluent. They would speedily draw off from their humbler brethren—an aristocratic religion would arise—fashionable preachers, in highly-rented places of worship, would attract brilliant audiences—the temple of God would become the theatre of vanity. Those who know how much this has already taken place in the metropolis, even with all the equalizing effect of parochial places of worship and an Established Church, may conceive, how rapidly it would spread if the Establishment were annihilated, and the different classes of society were scattered abroad to seek each their own places of devotion, according as their finances, their habits, their inclinations, led them. A King's Theatre of religion would speedily arise; the avenues to certain churches, favourites with the higher orders, would be thronged with carriages, while the unnoticed poor were allowed to slink away to their humble meeting-houses through lanes and alleys. In such fashionable places of worship, could we expect truth to be openly and fearlessly spoken, or vice rightly and sincerely stigmatized? Is it likely that prevailing vices would be loudly condemned, and agreeable weaknesses sternly reprobated, and fashionable indulgences vehemently exposed, by pastors who, by the *propagation of such* wholesome but unpalatable doctrines, might be reduced from a thousand to a hundred a-year?

Of all the numerous delusions that democratic ambition has succeeded in palming off upon mankind, there is none so utterly extravagant as the doctrine, that an Established Church, and the payment of the clergy by means of tithes, are aristocratic institutions, and that the lower orders would gain by having the revenues of the Establishment applied to other and secular purposes. Who pays the clergy in the Established Church? The landowners in the country, and the houseowners in towns; that is, the richest classes in both situations. The tithe, apparently paid by the farmer, is in reality defrayed by the landlord; if it did not exist, the rent he receives would be proportionally advanced: the Scotch farmer who pays no tithe, pays more in rent than the English does in rent and tithe put together. The clergy are, in truth, *landed proprietors*, who draw their share of the produce on the condition of furnishing *gratuitous* instruction to the people in the momentous subjects of religion; while the landowner draws the remainder under no such condition. In what way the labouring or industrious classes are to be benefited by depriving the clergy of the landed estates which now enable the poor to receive from them the blessing of religious instruction for nothing, and throwing them directly as a burden upon the hard-earned wages of the poor, we leave it to the advocates of such a change to explain.

The effect of such a change must be either to extinguish religious instruction altogether, and leave the people in a nominally Christian state, without information on their duties or the other world, but what they could pick up from the Mechanics' Institutes and Penny Magazines, or to force every congregation to maintain its own clergyman. If the revolutionists intend the first, we understand them. They wish to reduce Great Britain to a heathen state; to allow the human mind, deprived of the light of revelation, to recur to the absurdity and grossness of polytheism: they would restore us to the barbarous rites of

the Hindoos, or the brilliant mythology of the Greeks, or the austere superstition of the Druids. If not, they are doubtless prepared to shew how the human mind, consumed as it is with ceaseless anxiety on the government of this world, and the events of the next, is to be prevented from relapsing into error, heathen superstition, pagan belief, the invariable attendants, in every former age of the world, of the extinction or neglect of the worship of the one true God. If this is not the design of the revolutionists, and they really desire to preserve the Christian religion in this country, they are doubtless prepared to shew how the working classes, whose interests they pretend to advocate, are to be benefited by confiscating the property which now pays for the religious instruction of the poor, and laying the maintenance of the clergy as a direct tax upon the wages of industry.

Of all the classes of landed proprietors, the clergy are the one who spend their incomes most directly and immediately among the people of their own vicinity. This is a most important circumstance, especially in an age when the tendency to fly abroad, and forget the anxieties of Britain in the dissipation and luxury of foreign capitals, is so extremely prevalent in the landed proprietors. How strange, then, that the clergy and bishops, who are the class of all others of the landed proprietors who are most resident, and encourage domestic industry most largely by their wealth, should be the one against whom so great a clamour is raised, and that the lay owners, who are subject to no obligation of residence, and do nothing whatever for their incomes, should be allowed to range the world over in quest of pleasure or excitement, without raising any jealousy of their possessions! O'Connell sees this clearly, though frequently for party purposes he thinks fit to conceal or suppress it. When the Irish Church Reform Bill was brought in last session, he said that he hailed it, and especially the suppression of the *ten bishoprics*, as the greatest boon *ever conferred* upon the Emerald Isle: but this session, in summing up the catalogue of Ministerial delinquencies against Ireland, he placed in the very front rank the extinction of the ten bishops, "almost the only remnant of resident landowners left in the country." Such are the inconsistencies of the revolutionists; and the opinion to which the great Agitator has now arrived as to the propriety of not extinguishing the clergy, and depriving the people of the inestimable benefits of such a body of landowners constantly residing amongst them, will be universal, when the voice of passion is stilled; but not perhaps before the great work of spoliation is effected, and the Church has ceased to be numbered among the landowners of England.

Incalculable would be the evils to the poor, if the present race of resident clergymen were extirpated by the dissolution of the Establishment, and their place supplied only by dissenting ministers, or *curés*, as in regenerated France. Would such a body, hardly equal in point of acquirement, family, education, or income, to the humblest class of present schoolmasters, be expected to perform the functions, or discharge the duties, or carry on the beneficence of the present parish priests? Connected as the clergy now are with the landed proprietors, and frequently the aristocracy, by family, university education, and society, and with the poor by duty, proximity of residence, and Christian benevolence, they form a link, binding together the higher and lower orders, of inestimable value and importance; whose influence has done more than that of any other class to knit society together, whose value could only be fully appreciated if they were removed, and an irreparable chasm left in the place which they occupied. Suppose a tax-gatherer sent down to every county, to collect the tithes for behoof of the consolidated fund, or in aid of the establishment for the diffusion of politico-economical and scientific disquisitions; will such an officer supply the place of a Christian clergyman, living in the several parishes, visiting the poor, heading all the undertakings for their improvement, instructing them in their religious duties, rejoicing with them when

they rejoiced, and weeping with them when they wept? Are the farmers likely to compound their tithes for a twentieth instead of a tenth of the produce with such a Government collector, as the Parliamentary returns prove they now do with the Established Clergy? Widely, wofully different will be their situation, when the parsonage-house is in ruins, the parish church going to decay, its pulpit occupied by a dissenting zealot, or a Catholic bigot, maintained by themselves, and their tithes paid besides to an inexorable collector in the county town, from what it now is under the shadow of the great and venerable Establishment of England, with grateful feeling and social interchange of kindness, endearing the pastor to his parishioners, and the Christian shepherd and his affectionate flock living and dying together.

The inequality in the emoluments of livings in different situations, and the abuse of pluralities, is the incessant theme of declamation. But while we admit that something should be done, and that, too, right speedily, to raise up the numerous small livings to a level with the incomes requisite for a clergyman's family, we are prepared to maintain, that if all livings are made of the same, or nearly the same size, and pluralities are abolished, the peculiar dignity and usefulness of the Establishment will be in a great measure destroyed. It is a most perilous thing to extinguish emulation in any class of men, or say to a man put down at five-and-twenty in a living, "Here you are for life: exertion can neither better, nor indolence injure your fortunes." If you have a complete equality in livings, beware lest you have at the same time a similar equality in the intellectual qualifications of their incumbents. If every clergyman is bound for ever to one spot, is there no danger that they will often be reduced to the contracted ideas and narrow views, hardly avoidable by those constantly chained to a limited set of objects? We have the highest regard for the respectability and utility of the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland; but we cannot shut our eyes to their obvious inferiority in *theological acquirement* and general information to their brethren in England, and often marvel that, among a thousand men of good education, and decent competence, so few names of general celebrity should be found; that so few Chalmerses or Thomsons exist in the land of Robertson and Blair. It would be a most lamentable circumstance if, from the triumph of democratic principles, a similar equality of income and intellect were to be found under the Church of England. The inequality in the livings of the Church of England, the brilliant prizes in its lottery, the numerous blanks which threaten its members, and invigorate their exertions, are the best security for general and unflinching exertion, and perfectly suited to the varied, and, at first sight, heterogeneous mixture, which distinguishes the lay society of the empire—that singular union of aristocratic feeling with democratic ambition, of patrician pride with plebeian vigour, of general equality in rights, and excessive difference in condition, which characterises English society. A more equal distribution of livings may be gratifying to democratic envy, or suitable to republican equality; but it could not fail to diminish the varied acquirements and high standard of excellence which has so long distinguished, and now more than ever distinguishes, the Church of England, and would rapidly extinguish those illustrious names which, in every branch of knowledge, and theology more than any, have immortalized its history. The present is an aspiring and an energetic age. No class in society can slumber with impunity at its post. So great are the efforts making in every line of life, under the pressure of overbearing necessity, that to remain still is to retrograde. If the English Church, under the paralysis brought on by the extinction of all great objects of ambition to its members, is reduced to comparative obscurity and indolence, it will rapidly fall into contempt, and, like the revolutionized Church of France, fail in possessing any influence over a corrupt community, or discharging the most essential duties of a Christian Establishment.

When we reflect how respected th

clergy still are by the rural parishioners, and how strong religious feeling still is in the great body of the English people, we entertain more sanguine hopes of the issue of the contest which has now commenced, than any other which has taken place since the passing of the Reform Bill. We should have no fears whatever for the result, if it were not for the peculiar character of the body to whom the New Constitution has given so destructive a preeminence, and the great proportion of the ten-pounders who are either themselves Dissenters, or influenced by the envy and spite so frequent among the lower classes of their different communions. We trust, however, with confidence in the hitherto untainted hearts of the rural population; we rely upon the sanctity and justice of the cause which the Church is called to defend,—upon the wisdom, prudence, and courage of its leaders,—and, most of all, upon the influence of truth and returning moderation, even upon a numerous portion of the community whose seduction has hitherto given the enemies of the Constitution so fatal an advantage. We trust that the feelings of religion, and the reverence for Christianity, are yet all-powerful with a vast majority of the people; that this constitutes an essential, a vital difference between our situation and that of France at the commencement of her Revolution; and that the eloquent description of Mr Burke is yet applicable to the English people. "We know, and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civilized society, and the source of all good, and of all comfort. We are so convinced of this, that there is no rust of superstition with which the continual absurdity of the human mind might have crusted it over in the course of ages, that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people of England would not prefer to impiety. We shall never be such fools as to call in an enemy to the substance of any system to remove its corruptions, to supply its defects, or to perfect its construction. If our religious tenets should ever want a farther elucidation, we shall not call on Atheism to explain them. We shall not light up our temple from that unhallowed fire. It will be illuminated with other lights. It will be perfumed with other incense than the infectious stuff which is imported by the smugglers in adulterated metaphysics. If our Ecclesiastical Establishment should want a revision, it is not avarice or rapacity, public or private, that we shall employ for the audit, or receipt, or application of its consecrated revenue. We are resolved to have an Established Church, an Established Monarchy, an Established Aristocracy, and an Established Democracy, each in the degree it exists, and no more. Violently condemning neither the Greek nor Armenian, nor, since the heats have subsided, the Roman system of religion, we prefer the Protestant;—not because we think it has less of the Christian religion in it, but because, in our judgment, it has more. We are Protestants, not from indifference, but zeal."

BOB BURKE'S DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY OF THE 48TH.

CHAP. I.

HOW BOB WAS IN LOVE WITH MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"WHEN the 48th were quartered in Mallow, I was there on a visit to one of the Purcells, who abound in that part of the world, and, being some sixteen or seventeen years younger than I am now, thought I might as well fall in love with Miss Theodosia Macnamara. She was a fine grown girl, full of flesh and blood, rose five foot nine at least when shod, had many excellent points, and stepped out slappingly upon her pasterns. She was somewhat of a roarer, it must be admitted, for you could hear her from one end of the Walk to the other; and I am told, that as she has grown somewhat aged, she shews symptoms of vice, but I knew nothing of the latter, and did not mind the former, because I never had a fancy for your mimini-pimini young ladies, with their mouths squeezed into the shape and dimensions of a needle's eye. I always suspect such damsels as having a very portentous design against mankind in general.

"She was at Mallow for the sake of the Spa, it being understood that she was consumptive — though I'll answer for it, her lungs were not touched; and I never saw any signs of consumption about her, except at meal times, when her consumption was undoubtedly great. However, her mother, a very nice middle-aged woman—she was of the O'Regans of the West, and a perfect lady in her manners, with a very remarkable red nose, which she attributed to a cold, which had settled in that part, and which cold she was always endeavouring to cure with various balsamic preparations taken inwardly, —maintained that her poor chicken, as she called her, was very delicate, and required the air and water of Mallow to cure her. Theodosia, (she was so named after some of the Limerick family,) or, as we generally called her, Dosy, was rather of a sanguine complexion, with hair that might be styled auburn, but which usually received another name. Her nose was turned up, as they say was that of Cleopatra; and her mouth, which was never idle, being always employed in eating, drinking, shouting, or laughing, was of considerable dimensions. Her eyes were piercers, with a slight tendency to a cast; and her complexion was equal to a footman's plush breeches, or the first tinge of the bloom of morning bursting through a summer cloud, or what else verse-making men are fond of saying. I remember a young man who was in love with her writing a song about her, in which there was one or other of the similes above mentioned, I forget which. The verses were said to be very clever, as no doubt they were; but I do not recollect them, never being able to remember poetry. Dosy's mother used to say that it was a hectic flush —if so, it was a very permanent flush, for it never left her cheeks for a moment, and, had it not belonged to a young lady in a galloping consumption, would have done honour to a dairy-maid.

"Pardon these details, gentlemen," said Bob Burke, sighing, "but one always thinks of the first loves. Tom Moore says, that 'there's nothing half so sweet in life as young love's dram;' and talking of that, if there's any thing left in the brandy bottle, hand it over to me. Here's to the days gone by, they will never come again. Dear Dosy, you and I had some fun together. I see her now with her red hair escaping from under her hat, in a pea-green habit, a stiff cutting whip in her hand, licking it into Tom the Devil, a black horse, that would have carried a sixteen stoner over a six-foot wall, following Will Wrixon's hounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and singing out, 'Go it, my trumps.' These are the recollections that bring tears in a man's eyes."

There were none visible in Bob's, but as he here finished his dram, it is perhaps a convenient opportunity for concluding a chapter.

Chap. II.

How Ensign Brady went to drink tea with Miss Theodosia MacNamara.

"The day of that hunt was the very day that led to my duel with Brady. He was a long, straddling, waddle mouthed chap, who had no more notion of riding a hunt than a rhinoceros. He was mounted on a showy-enough-looking mare, which had been nerved by Rodolphus Bootiman, the horse-doctor, and though 'a good 'un to look at, was a rum 'un to go;' and before she was nerved, all the work had been taken out of her by long Lanty Philpot, who sold her to Brady after dinner for fifty pounds, she being not worth twenty in her best day, and Brady giving his bill at three months for the fatty. My friend the ensign was no judge of a horse, and the event shewed that my cousin Lanty was no judge of a bill—not a cross of the fatty having been paid from that day to this, and it is out of the question now, it being long past the statute of limitations, to say nothing of Brady having since twice taken the benefit of the Act. So both parties jockeyed one another, having that pleasure, which must do them instead of profit.

"She was a bay chestnut, and nothing would do Brady but he must run her at a little gap which Miss Dosy was going to clear, in order to shew his gallantry and agility; and certainly I must do him the credit to say that he did get his mare *on* the gap, which was no small feat, but there she broke down, and off went Brady, neck and crop, into as fine a pool of stagnant green mud as you would ever wish to see. He was ducked regularly in it, and he came out, if not in the jacket, yet in the colours, of the Rifle Brigade, looking rueful enough at his misfortune, as you may suppose. But he had not much time to think of the figure he cut, for before he could well get up, who should come right slap over him but Miss Dosy herself upon Tom the *Devil, having* cleared the gap and a *yard beyond the* pool in fine style. *Brady ducked*, and escaped the less consequence than the knocking out of his brains, if he had any; but he did not escape a smart rap from a stone which one of Tom's heels flung back with such unlucky accuracy, as to hit Brady right in the mouth, knocking out one of his eye teeth, (which, I do not recollect.) Brady clapped his hand to his mouth, and bawled, as any man might do in such a case, so loud, that Miss Dosy checked Tom for a minute, to turn round, and there she saw him making the most horrid faces in the world, his mouth streaming blood, and himself painted green from head to foot, with as pretty a coat of shining slime as was to be found in the province of Munster. 'That's the gentleman you just leapt over, Miss Dosy,' said I, for I had joined her, 'and he seems to be in some confusion.' 'I am sorry,' said she, 'Bob, that I should have in any way offended him or any other gentleman, by leaping over him, but I can't wait now. Take him my compliments, and tell him I should be happy to see him at tea at six o'clock this evening, in a different suit.' Off she went, and I rode back with her message, (by which means I was thrown out,) and would you believe it, he had the ill manners to say 'the h——;' but I shall not repeat what he said. It was impolite to the last degree, not to say profane, but perhaps he may be somewhat excused under his peculiar circumstances. There is no knowing what even Job himself might have said, immediately after having been thrown off his horse into a green pool, with his eye-tooth knocked out, his mouth full of mud and blood, on being asked to a tea-party.

"He—Brady, not Job—went, nevertheless—for, on our return to Miss Dosy's lodgings, we found a triangular note, beautifully perfumed, expressing his gratitude for her kind invitation, and telling her not to think of the slight accident which

he added, he could not conceive, his mare never having broken down with him before—which was true enough, as that was the first day he ever mounted her—and she having been bought by himself at a sale of the Earl of Darlington's horses last year, for two hundred guineas. She was a great favourite, he went on to say, with the Earl, who often rode her, and ran at Doncaster by the name of Miss Russell. All this latter part of the note was not quite so true, but then, it must be admitted, that when we talk about horses, we are not tied down to be exact to a letter. If we were, God help Tattersal's!

"To tea, accordingly, the ensign came at six, wiped clean, and in a different set-out altogether from what he appeared in on emerging from the ditch. He was, to make use of a phrase introduced from the ancient Latin into the modern Greek, togged up in the most approved style of his Majesty's forty-eighth foot. Bright was the scarlet of his coat—deep the blue of his facings."

"I beg your pardon," said Antony Harrison, here interrupting the speaker; "the forty-eighth are not royals, and you ought to know that no regiment but those which are royal sport blue facings. I remember, once upon a time, in a coffee-shop, detecting a very smart fellow, who wrote some clever things in a Magazine published in Edinburgh by one Blackwood, under the character of a military man, not to be any thing of the kind, by his talking about ensigns in the fusileers—all the world knowing that in the fusileers there are no ensigns, but in their place second lieutenants. Let me set you right there, Bob; the facings your friend Brady exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Mallow tea-table must have been buff—pale buff."

"Buff, black, blue, brown, yellow, Pompadour, brick-dust, no matter what they were," continued Burke, in no wise pleased by the interruption, "they were as bright as they could be made, and so was all the lace, and other traps which I shall not specify more minutely, as I am in presence of so sharp a critic. He was, in fact, in full dress—as you know is done in country quarters—and being not a bad plan and elevation of a man, looked well enough. Miss Dosy, I perceived, had not been perfectly ignorant of the rank and condition of the gentleman over whom she had leaped, for she was dressed in her purple satin body and white skirt, which she always put on when she wished to be irresistible, and her hair was suffered to flow in long ringlets down her fair neck—and, by Jupiter, it was fair as a swan's, and as majestic too—and no mistake. Yes! Dosy Macnamara looked divine that evening.

"Never mind! Tea was brought in by Mary Keefe, and it was just as all other *teas* have been and will be. Do not, however, confound it with the wafer-sliced and hot-watered abominations which are inflicted, perhaps justly, on the wretched individuals who are guilty of haunting *soirées* and *conversaziones* in this good and bad city of London. The tea was congou or souchong, or some other of these Chinese affairs, for any thing I know to the contrary; for, having dined at the house, I was mixing my fifth tumbler when tea was brought in, and Mrs Macnamara begged me not to disturb myself; and she being a lady for whom I had a great respect, I complied with her desire; but there was a potato-cake, an inch thick and two feet in diameter, which Mrs Macnamara informed me in a whisper was made by Dosy after the hunt.

"'Poor chicken,' she said, 'if she had the strength, she has the willingness; but she is so delicate. If you saw her handling the potatoes today.'

"'Madam,' said I, looking tender, and putting my hand on my heart, 'I wish I was a potato!'

Chap. III.

HOW ENSIGN BRADY ASTONISHED THE NATIVES AT MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA'S.

"I THOUGHT this was an uncommonly pathetic wish, after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz, but it was scarcely out of my mouth, when Ensign Brady, taking a cup of tea from Miss Dosy's hand, looking upon me with an air of infinite condescension, declared that I must be the happiest of men, as my wish was granted before it was made. I was preparing to answer, but Miss Dosy laughed so loud, that I had not time, and my only resource was to swallow what I had just made. The ensign followed up his victory without mercy.

"'Talking of potatoes, Miss Theodosia,' said he, looking at me, 'puts me in mind of truffles. Do you know this most exquisite cake of yours much resembles a *gateau aux truffes?* By Gad! how Colonel Thornton, Sir Harry Millicent, Lord Mortgageshire, and that desperate fellow, the Honourable and Reverend Dick Sellenger, and I, used to tuck in truffles, when we were quartered in Paris. Mortgageshire—an uncommon droll fellow; I used to call his Lordship Morty—he called me Brad—we were on such terms; and we used to live together in the Rue de la Paix, that beautiful street close by the Place Vendôme, where there's the pillar. You have been at Paris, Miss Macnamara?' asked the ensign, filling his mouth with a half-pound bite of the potato-cake at the same moment.

"Dosy confessed that she had never travelled into any foreign parts except the kingdom of Kerry; and on the same question being repeated to me, I was obliged to admit that I was in a similar predicament. Brady was triumphant.

"'It is a loss to any man,' said he, 'not to have been in Paris. I know that city well, and so I ought; but I did many naughty things there.'

"'O fie!' said Mrs Macnamara.

"'O, madam,' continued Brady, '*the fact is*, that the Paris ladies were *rather too fond* of us English. When *I say English*, I mean Scotch and Irish Irishmen had more good luck than the natives of the other two islands.'

"'In my geography book,' said Miss Dosy, 'it is put down only as one island, consisting of England, capital London, on the Thames, in the south; and Scotland, capital Edinburgh, on the Forth, in the north; population'——

"'Gad! you are right,' said Brady —'perfectly right, Miss Macnamara. I see you are quite a blue. But, as I was saying, it is scarce possible for a good-looking young English officer to escape the French ladies. And then I played rather deep —on the whole, however, I think I may say I won. Mortgageshire and I broke Frascati's one night—we won a hundred thousand francs at rouge, and fifty-four thousand at roulette. You would have thought the croupiers would have fainted; they tore their hair with vexation. The money, however, soon went again—we could not keep it. As for wine, you have it cheap there, and of a quality which you cannot get in England. At Very's, for example, I drank chambertin—it is a kind of claret—for three francs two sous a bottle, which was, beyond all comparison, far superior to what I drank, a couple of months ago, at the Duke of Devonshire's, though his Grace prides himself on that very wine, and sent to a particular bin for a favourite specimen, when I observed to him I had tasted better in Paris. Out of politeness, I pretended to approve of his Grace's choice; but I give you my honour—only I would not wish it to reach his Grace's ears—it was not to be compared to what I had at Very's for a moment.

"So flowed on Brady for a couple of hours. The Tooleries, as he thought proper to call them; the Louvre, with its pictures, the removal of which he deplored as a matter of taste, assuring us that he had used all his influence with the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington to prevent it, but in vain; the Boulevards, the opera, the

Montagnes Russes—every thing, in short, about Paris, was depicted to the astonished mind of Miss Dosy. Then came London—where he belonged to I do not know how many clubs—and cut a most distinguished figure in the fashionable world. He was of the Prince Regent's set, and assured us, on his honour, that there was never any thing so ill-founded as the stories afloat to the discredit of that illustrious person. But on what happened at Carlton-house, he felt obliged to keep silence, the Prince being remarkably strict in exacting a promise from every gentleman whom he admitted to his table, not to divulge any thing that occurred there—a violation of which promise was the cause of the exclusion of Brummell. As for the Princess of Wales, he would rather not say any thing.

"And so forth. Now, in those days of my innocence, I believed these stories as gospel, hating the fellow all the while from the bottom of my heart, as I saw that he made a deep impression on Dosy, who sate in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing them down as a common-councilman swallows turtle. But times are changed. I have seen Paris and London since, and I believe I know both villages as well as most men, and the deuce a word of truth did Brady tell in his whole narrative. In Paris, when not in quarters, (he had joined some six or eight months after Waterloo,) he lived *au cinquantième* in a dog-hole in the Rue Git-le-Cœur, (a street at what I may call the Surrey side of Paris,) among carters and other such folk; and in London I discovered that his principal domicile was in one of the courts now demolished to make room for the fine new gimcrackery at Charing Cross; it was in Round Court, at a pieman's of the name of Dudfield."

"Dick Dudfield?" said Jack Ginger, "I knew the man well—a most particular friend of mine. He was a duffer besides being a pieman, and was transported some years ago. He is now a flourishing merchant in Australasia, and will, I suppose, in due time be grandfather to a member of Congress."

"There it was that Brady lived then," continued Bob Burke, "when *he was hobnobbing* with Georgius Quartus, and dancing at Almack's with Lady Elizabeth Conynghame. Faith, the nearest approach he ever made to royalty was when he was put into the King's own Bench, where he sojourned many a long day. What an ass I was to believe a word of such stuff! but, nevertheless, it goes down with the rustics to the present minute. I sometimes sport a duke or so myself, when I find myself among yokels, and I rise vastly in estimation by so doing. What do we come to London or Paris for, but to get some touch of knowing how to do things properly? It would be devilish hard, I think, for Ensign Brady, or Ensign Brady's master, to do me now-a-days by flamming off titles of high life."

The company did no more than justice to Mr Burke's experience, by unanimously admitting that such a feat was all but impossible.

"I was," he went on, "a good deal annoyed at my inferiority, and I could not help seeing that Miss Dosy was making comparisons that were rather odious, as she glanced from the gay uniform of the Ensign on my habiliments, which having been perpetrated by a Mallow tailor with a hatchet, or pitchfork, or pickaxe, or some such tool, did not stand the scrutiny to advantage. I was, I think, a better-looking fellow than Brady. Well, well—laugh if you like. I am no beauty, I know; but then, consider that what I am talking of was sixteen years ago, and more; and a man does not stand the battering I have gone through for these sixteen years with impunity. Do you call the thirty or forty thousand tumblers of punch, in all its varieties, that I have since imbibed, nothing?"

"Yes," said Jack Ginger, with a sigh, "there was a song we used to sing on board the Brimstone, when cruising about the Spanish main—

'If Mars leaves his scars, jolly Bacchus as well
Sets his trace on the face, which a toper will tell;
But which a more merry campaign has pursued,
The shedder of wine, or the shedder of blood?'

I forget the rest of it. Poor Ned Nixon! It was he who made that song—he was afterwards bit in two by a shark, having tumbled over-

board in the cool of the evening, one fine summer day, off Port Royal."

"Well, at all events," said Burke, continuing his narrative, "I thought I was a better-looking fellow than my rival, and was fretted at being sung down. I resolved to outstay him—and, though he sate long enough, I, who was more at home, contrived to remain after him, but it was only to hear him extolled.

"'A very nice young man,' said Mrs Macnamara.

"'An extreme nice young man,' responded Miss Theodosia.

"'A perfect gentleman in his manners; he puts me quite in mind of my uncle, the late Jerry O'Regan,' observed Mrs Macnamara.

"'Quite the gentleman in every particular,' ejaculated Miss Theodosia.

"'He has seen a great deal of the world for so young a man,' remarked Mrs Macnamara.

"'He has mixed in the best society, too,' cried Miss Theodosia.

"'It is a great advantage to a young man to travel,' quoth Mrs Macnamara.

"'And a very great disadvantage to a young man to be always sticking at home,' chimed in Miss Theodosia, looking at me; 'it shuts them out from all chances of the elegance which we have just seen displayed by Ensign Brady of the 48th foot.'

"'For my part,' said I, 'I do not think him such an elegant fellow at all. Do you remember, Dosy Macnamara, how he looked when he got up out of the green puddle today?'

"'Mr Burke,' said she, 'that was an accident that might happen any man. You were thrown yourself this day week, on clearing Jack Falvey's wall—so you need not reflect on Mr Brady.'

"'If I was,' said I, 'it was as fine a leap as ever was made; and I was on my mare in half a shake afterwards. Bob Buller of Ballythomas, or Jack Prendergast, or Fergus O'Connor, could not have rode it better. And you too'——

"'Well,' said she, 'I am not going to dispute with you. I am sleepy, and must get to bed.'

"'Do, poor chicken,' said Mrs Macnamara, soothingly; 'and, Bob, my dear, I wish it was in your power to go travel, and see the Booleries and the Tooleyvards, and the rest, and then you might be, in course of time, as genteel as Ensign Brady.'

"'Heigho!' said Miss Dosy, ejecting a sigh. 'Travel, Bob, travel.'

"'I will,' said I, at once, and left the house in the most abrupt manner, after consigning Ensign Brady to the particular attention of Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megæra, all compressed into one emphatic monosyllable.

Chap. IV.

How Bob Burke, after an interview with Barney Pulvertaft, ascertained that he was desperately in love with Miss Theodosia Macnamara.

"On leaving Dosy's lodgings, I began to consult the state of my heart. Am I really, said I, so much in love, as to lose my temper if this prating ensign should carry off the lady? I was much puzzled to resolve the question. I walked up and down the Spa-Walk, whiffing a cigar, for a quarter of an hour, without being able to come to a decision. At last, just as the cigar was out, my eye caught a light in the window of *Barney Pulvertaft*, the attorney—old *Six-and-Eight*pence, as we used to call *him*. *I knew* he was the confidential agent of the Macnamaras: and as he my father, I thought I had a claim to learn something about the affairs of Miss Dosy. I understood she was an heiress, but had never, until now, thought of enquiring into the precise amount of her expectances. Seeing that the old fellow was up, I determined to step over, and found him in the middle of law-papers, although it was then rather late, with a pot-bellied jug, of the bee-hive pattern, by his side, full of punch—or rather, I should say, half-full; for Six-and-Eightpence had not been idle. His snuff-coloured wig was [redacted] one side of his head—his

his cravat off—his shirt unbuttoned—his stockings half down his lean legs—his feet in a pair of worsted slippers. The old fellow was, in short, relaxed for the night, but he had his pen in his hand.

"'I am only filling copies of *capiases*, Bob,' said he; 'light and pleasant work, which does not distress one in an evening. There are a few of your friends booked here. What has brought you to me so late to-night?—but your father's son is always welcome. Aye, there were few men like your father—never stagged in a lawsuit in his life—saw it always out to the end—drove it from court to court;—if he was beat, why, so much the worse, but he never fretted—if he won, faith! he squeezed the opposite party well. Aye, he was a good-hearted, honest, straightforward man. I wish I had a hundred such clients. So here's his memory anyhow.'

"Six-and-Eightpence had a good right to give the toast, as what constituted the excellence of my father in his eyes had moved most of the good acres of Ballyburke out of the family into the hands of the lawyers; but from filial duty I complied with the attorney's request—the more readily, because I well knew, from long experience, that his skill in punch-making was unimpeachable. So we talked about my father's old lawsuits, and I got Barney into excellent humour, by letting him tell me of the great skill and infinite adroitness which he had displayed upon a multiplicity of occasions. It was not, however, until we were deep in the second jug, and Six-and-Eightpence was beginning to shew symptoms of being *cut*, that I ventured to introduce the subject of my visit. I did it as cautiously as I could, but the old fellow soon found out my drift.

"'No,' hiccuped he—'Bob—'twont—'twont—do. Close as green—green wax. Never te-tell profess-profess-professional secrets. Know her expec—hiccup—tances to a ten-ten-penny. So you are after—after—her? Ah, Bo-bob! She'll be a ca-catch—let not a wo-word from me. No—never. Bar-ney Pepulverta-taft is game to the last. Never be-betrayed ye-your father. *God rest his soul*—he was a wo-*worthy man.*'

"On this recollection of the merits of my sainted sire, the attorney wept; and in spite of all his professional determinations, whether the potency of the fluid or the memory of the deceased acted upon him, I got at the facts. Dosy had not more than a couple of hundred pounds in the world—her mother's property was an annuity which expired with herself; but her uncle, by the father's side, Mick Macnamara of Kawleash, had an estate of at least five hundred a-year, which, in case of his dying without issue, was to come to her—besides a power of money saved; Mick being one who, to use the elegant phraseology of my friend the attorney, would skin a flea for the sake of selling the hide. All this money, ten thousand pounds, or something equally musical, would in all probability go to Miss Dosy—the L.500 a-year was hers by entail. Now, as her uncle was eighty-four years old, unmarried, and in the last stage of the palsy, it was a thing as sure as the bank, that Miss Dosy was a very rich heiress indeed.

"'So—so,' said Six-and-Eightpence—'this—this—is strictly con-fiddle-confid-confiddledential. Do—do not say a word about it. I ought not to have to-told it—but, you do-dog, you wheedled it out of me. Da-dang it, I co-could not ref-refuse your father's so-son. You are ve-very like him—as I sa-saw him sitting many a ti-time in that cha-chair. But you nev-never will have his spu-spunk in a sho-shoot (suit). There, the lands of Arry-arry-arry-bally-bally-be-beg-clock-clough-macde-de-duagh—confound the wo-word—of Arryballybegcloughmacduagh, the finest be-bog in the co-country—are ye-yours—but you haven't spu-spunk to go into Cha-chancery for it, like your worthy fa-father, Go-god rest his soul. Blow out that se-second ca-candle, Be-bob, for I hate waste.'

"'There's but one in the room, Barney,' said I.

"'You mean to say,' hiccuped he, 'that I am te-te-tipsy? Well, well, ye-young fe-fellow, well, I am their je-joke. However, till the je-jug is out, you must be je-jogging. Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to be——. However, le-leave me

your arm up the sta-stairs, for they are very slip-slippery to-night.'

"I conducted the attorney to his bedchamber, and safely stowed him into bed, while he kept stammering forth praises on my worthy father, and upbraiding me with want of spunk in not carrying on a Chancery-suit begun by him some twelve years before, for a couple of hundred acres of bog, the value of which would scarcely have amounted to the price of the parchment expended on it. Having performed this duty, I proceeded homewards, labouring under a variety of sensations.

"How delicious is the feeling of love, when it first takes full possession of a youthful bosom! Before its balmy influence vanish all selfish thoughts—all grovelling notions. Pure and sublimated, the soul looks forward to objects beyond self, and merges all ideas of personal identity in aspirations of the felicity to be derived from the being adored. A thrill of rapture pervades the breast—an intense but bland flame permeates every vein—throbs in every pulse. Oh, blissful period! brief in duration, but crowded with thoughts of happiness never to recur again! As I gained the Walk, the moon was high and bright in heaven, pouring a flood of mild light over the trees. The stars shone with sapphire lustre in the cloudless sky—not a breeze disturbed the deep serene. I was alone. I thought of my love—of what else could I think? What I had just heard had kindled my passion for the divine Theodosia into a quenchless blaze. Yes, I exclaimed aloud, I *do* love her. Such an angel does not exist on the earth. What charms! What innocence! What horsewomanship! Five hundred a-year certain! Ten thousand pounds in perspective! I'll repurchase the lands of Ballyburke—I'll rebuild the hunting-lodge in the Galtecs—I'll keep a pack of hounds, and live a sporting life. Oh, dear, divine Theodosia, how I *do* adore you! I'll shoot that Brady, and no mistake. How dare he interfere where my affections are so irrevocably fixed?

"Such were my musings. Alas! how we are changed as we progress through the world! That breast becomes arid, which once was open to every impression of the tender passion. The rattle of the dice-box beats out of the head the rattle of the quiver of Cupid—and the shuffling of the cards renders the rustling of his wings inaudible. The necessity of looking after a tablecloth supersedes that of looking after a petticoat, and we more willingly make an assignation with a mutton-chop, than with an angel in female form. The bonds of love are exchanged for those of the conveyancer—bills take the place of billets, and we do not protest, but are protested against, by a three-and-sixpenny notary. Such are the melancholy effects of age. I knew them not then. I continued to muse full of sweet thoughts, until gradually the moon faded from the sky—the stars went out—and all was darkness. Morning succeeded to night, and, on awaking, I found, that owing to the forgetfulness in which the thoughts of the fair Theodosia had plunged me, I had selected the bottom step of old Barney Pulvertaft's door as my couch, and was awakened from repose in consequence of his servant-maid (one Norry Mulcaky) having emptied the contents of her—washing-tub, over my slumbering person.

Chap. V.

How Bob Burke, after consultation with Wooden-leg Waddy, fought the duel with Ensign Brady for the sake of Miss Theodosia Macnamara.

"At night I had fallen asleep fierce in the determination of exterminating Brady; but with the morrow, *cool reflection* came—made probably *cooler* by the aspersion I had *suffered*. How could I fight him, when he had never given me the slightest affront? To be sure, picking a quarrel is not hard, thank God, in any part of Ireland; but unless I was quick about it, he might get so deep into the good graces of Dosy, who was as flammable as tinder, even my shooting him might

of any practical advantage to myself. Then, besides, he might shoot me; and, in fact, I was not by any means so determined in the affair at seven o'clock in the morning as I was at twelve o'clock at night. I got home, however, dressed, shaved, &c. and turned out. 'I think,' said I to myself, 'the best thing I can do, is to go and consult Wooden-leg Waddy; and, as he is an early man, I shall catch him now.' The thought was no sooner formed than executed; and in less than five minutes I was walking with Wooden-leg Waddy in his garden, at the back of his house, by the banks of the Blackwater.

"Waddy had been in the Hundred-and-First, and had seen much service in that distinguished corps."

"I remember it well during the war," said Antony Harrison; "we used to call it the Hungry-and-Worst;—but it did its duty on a pinch nevertheless."

"No matter," continued Burke; "Waddy had served a good deal, and lost his leg somehow, for which he had a pension besides his half-pay, and he lived in ease and affluence among the Bucks of Mallow. He was a great hand at settling and arranging duels, being what we generally call in Ireland a *judgmatical* sort of man—a word which, I think, might be introduced with advantage into the English vocabulary. When I called on him, he was smoking his meerschaum, as he walked up and down his garden in an old undress coat, and a fur cap on his head. I bade him good morning; to which salutation he answered by a nod, and a more prolonged whiff.

"'I want to speak to you, Wooden-leg,' said I, 'on a matter which nearly concerns me.' On which, I received another nod, and another whiff in reply.

"'The fact is,' said I, 'that there is an Ensign Brady of the 48th quartered here, with whom I have some reason to be angry, and I am thinking of calling him out. I have come to ask your advice whether I should do so or not. He has deeply injured me, by interfering between me and the girl of my affections. What ought I to do in such a case?'

"'Fight him—by all means,' said *Wooden-leg Waddy.*

"'But the difficulty is this—he has offered me no affront, direct or indirect—we have no quarrel whatever—and he has not paid any addresses to the lady. He and I have scarcely been in contact at all. I do not see how I can manage it immediately with any propriety. What then can I do now?'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Still these are the facts of the case. He, whether intentionally or not, is coming between me and my mistress, which is doing me an injury perfectly equal to the grossest insult. How should I act?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then I fear if I were to call him out on a groundless quarrel, or one which would appear to be such, that I should lose the good graces of the lady, and be laughed at by my friends, or set down as a quarrelsome and dangerous companion.'

"'Do not fight him then, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Yet as he is a military man, he must know enough of the etiquette of these affairs to feel perfectly confident that he has affronted me; and the opinion of a military man, standing, as of course he does, in the rank and position of a gentleman, could not, I think, be overlooked without disgrace.'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then, talking of gentlemen, I own he is an officer of the 48th, but his father is a fish-tackle seller in John Street, Kilkenny, who keeps a three-halfpenny shop, where you may buy every thing, from a cheese to a cheese-toaster, from a felt hat to a pair of brogues, from a pound of brown soap to a yard of huckaback towels. He got his commission by his father's retiring from the Ormonde interest, and acting as whipper-in to the sham freeholders from Castlecomer; and I am, as you know, of the best blood of the Burkes—straight from the De Burgos themselves—and when I think of that, I really do not like to meet this Mr Brady.'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"This advice of your friend Waddy to you," said Tom Meggot, interrupt-

ing Burke, "much resembles that which Pantagruel gave Panurge on the subject of his marriage, as I heard a friend of mine, Percy, of Gray's Inn, reading to me the other day."

"I do not know the people you speak of," continued Bob, "but such was the advice which Waddy gave me.

"'Why,' said I, 'Wooden-leg, my friend, this is like playing battledore and shuttlecock; what is knocked forward with one hand is knocked back with the other. Come, tell me what I ought to do.'

"'Well,' said Wooden-leg, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth, '*in dubiis suspice*, &c. Let us decide it by tossing a halfpenny. If it comes down *head*, you fight—if *harp*, you do not. Nothing can be fairer.'

"I assented.

"'Which,' said he, 'is it to be—two out of three, as at Newmarket, or the first toss to decide?'

"'Sudden death,' said I, 'and there will soon be an end of it.'

"Up went the halfpenny, and we looked with anxious eyes for its descent, when, unluckily, it stuck in a gooseberry bush.

"'I don't like that,' said Wooden-leg Waddy; 'for it's a token of bad luck. But here goes again.'

"Again the copper soared to the sky, and down it came—*head*.

"'I wish you joy, my friend,' said Waddy; 'you are to fight. That was my opinion all along, though I did not like to commit myself. I can lend you a pair of the most beautiful duelling pistols ever put into a man's hand—Wogden's, I swear. The last time they were out, they shot Joe Brown of Mount Badger as dead as Harry the Eighth.'

"'Will you be my second?' said I.

"'Why, no,' replied Wooden-leg, 'I cannot; for I am bound over by a rascally magistrate to keep the peace, because I barely broke the head of a blackguard bailiff, who came here to serve a writ on a friend of mine, with one of my spare legs. But I can get you a second at once. My nephew, Major Mug, has just come to me on a few days' visit, and, as he is quite *idle*, it will give him some amusement to be your second. Look up at his bedroom—you see he is shaving *himself*.'

"In a short time the Major made his appearance, dressed with a most military accuracy of costume. There was not a speck of dust on his well-brushed blue surtout—not a vestige of hair, except the regulation whiskers, on his closely-shaven countenance. His hat was brushed to the most glossy perfection—his boots shone in the fatty glow of Day and Martin. There was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his hard and weather-beaten face, and, as he stood rigidly upright, you would have sworn that every sinew and muscle of his body was as stiff as whipcord. He saluted us in military style, and was soon put in possession of the case. Wooden-leg Waddy insinuated that there were hardly as yet grounds for a duel.

"'I differ,' said Major Mug, 'decidedly—the grounds are ample. I never saw a clearer case in my life, and I have been principal or second in seven-and-twenty. If I collect your story rightly, Mr Burke, he gave you an abrupt answer in the field, which was highly derogatory to the lady in question, and impertinently rude to yourself?'

"'He certainly,' said I, 'gave me what we call a short answer; but I did not notice it at the time, and he has since made friends with the young lady.'

"'It matters nothing,' observed Major Mug, 'what you may think, or she may think. The business is now in my hands, and I must see you through it. The first thing to be done is to write him a letter. Send out for paper—let it be gilt-edged, Waddy—that we may do the thing genteelly. I'll dictate, Mr Burke, if you please.'

"And so he did. As well as I can recollect, the note was as follows:—

"'Spa Walk, Mallow, June 8, 18—.

"'Eight o'clock in the morning.

"'Sir,—A desire for harmony and peace, which has at all times actuated my conduct, prevented me, yesterday, from asking you the meaning of the short and contemptuous message which you communicated me to deliver to a certain young lady of our acquaintance, whose name I do not choose to drag into a correspondence. But now that there is no danger of its disturbing any one, I must say that in your desiring me to tell that young lady she might [illegible] elder herself as [illegible], you were

ty of conduct highly unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and subversive of the discipline of the hunt. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

" 'ROBERT BURKE.

"'P. S.—This note will be delivered to you by my friend, Major Mug, of the 3d West Indian; and you will, I trust, see the propriety of referring him to another gentleman without further delay.'

"'That, I think, is neat,' said the Major. 'Now, seal it with wax, Mr Burke, with wax—and let the seal be your arms. That's right. Now, direct it.'

"'Ensign Brady?'

"'No—no—the right thing would be, "Mr Brady, Ensign, 48th foot," but custom allows "Esquire." That will do.—"Thady Brady, Esq., Ensign, 48th Foot, Barracks, Mallow." He shall have it in less than a quarter of an hour.'

"The Major was as good as his word, and in about half an hour he brought back the result of his mission. The Ensign, he told us, was extremely reluctant to fight, and wanted to be off, on the ground that he had meant no offence, did not even remember having used the expression, and offered to ask the lady if she conceived for a moment he had any idea of saying any thing but what was complimentary to her.

"'In fact,' said the Major, 'he at first plumply refused to fight; but I soon brought him to reason. 'Sir,' said I, 'you either consent to fight, or refuse to fight. In the first case, the thing is settled to hand, and we are not called upon to enquire if there was an affront or not—in the second case, your refusal to comply with a gentleman's request is, of itself, an offence for which he has a right to call you out. Put it, then, on any grounds, you must fight him. It is perfectly indifferent to me what the grounds may be; and I have only to request the name of your friend, as I too much respect the coat you wear, to think that there can be any other alternative.' This brought the chap to his senses, and he referred me to Captain Codd, of his own regiment, at which I felt much pleased, because Codd is an intimate friend of my own, he and I having *fought a duel* three years ago in *Falmouth*, in which I lost the top of this little finger, and he his left whisker. It was a near touch. He is as honourable a man as ever paced a ground; and I am sure that he will no more let his man off the field until business is done, than I would myself.'

"I own," continued Burke, "I did not half relish this announcement of the firm purpose of our seconds; but I was in for it, and could not get back. I sometimes thought Dosy a dear purchase, at such an expense; but it was no use to grumble. Major Mug was sorry to say that there was a review to take place immediately, at which the Ensign must attend, and it was impossible for him to meet me until the evening; 'but,' added he, 'at this time of the year it can be of no great consequence. There will be plenty of light till nine, but I have fixed *seven*. In the meantime, you may as well divert yourself with a little pistol practice, but do it on the sly, as, if they were shabby enough to have a trial, it would not tell well before the jury.'

"Promising to take a quiet chop with me at five, the Major retired, leaving me not quite contented with the state of affairs. I sat down, and wrote a letter to my cousin, Phil Purdon of Kanturk, telling him what I was about, and giving directions what was to be done in the case of any fatal event. I communicated to him the whole story—deplored my unhappy fate in being thus cut off in the flower of my youth—left him three pair of buckskin breeches—and repented my sins. This letter I immediately packed off by a special messenger, and then began half-a-dozen others, of various styles of tenderness and sentimentality, to be delivered after my melancholy decease. The day went off fast enough, I assure you; and at five the Major, and Wooden-leg Waddy, arrived in high spirits.

"'Here, my boy,' said Waddy, handing me the pistols, 'here are the flutes; and pretty music, I can tell you, they make.'

"'As for dinner,' said Major Mug, 'I do not much care; but, Mr Burke, I hope it is ready, as I am rather hungry. We must dine lightly, however, and drink not much. If we come off with flying colours, we may crack a bottle together by and by; in case you shoot Brady, I

have every thing arranged for our keeping out of the way until the thing blows over—if he shoot you, I'll see you buried. Of course, you would not recommend any thing so ungenteel as a prosecution. No. I'll take care it shall all appear in the papers, and announce that Robert Burke, Esq., met his death with becoming fortitude, assuring the unhappy survivor that he heartily forgave him, and wished him health and happiness.'

"'I must tell you,' said Woodenleg Waddy, 'it's all over Mallow, and the whole town will be on the ground to see it. Miss Dosy knows of it, and is quite delighted—she says she will certainly marry the survivor. I spoke to the magistrate to keep out of the way, and he promised, that though it deprived him of a great pleasure, he would go and dine five miles off—and know nothing about it. But here comes dinner. Let us be jolly.'

"I cannot say that I played on that day as brilliant a part with the knife and fork as I usually do, and did not sympathize much in the speculations of my guests, who pushed the bottle about with great energy, recommending me, however, to refrain. At last, the Major looked at his watch, which he had kept lying on the table before him from the beginning of dinner—started up—clapped me on the shoulder, and declaring it only wanted six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the time, hurried me off to the scene of action—a field close by the Castle.

"There certainly was a miscellaneous assemblage of the inhabitants of Mallow, all anxious to see the duel. They had pitted us like gamecocks, and bets were freely taken as to the chances of our killing one another, and the particular spots. One betted on my being hit in the jaw, another was so kind as to lay the odds on my knee. A tolerably general opinion appeared to prevail that one or other of us was to be killed; and much good-humoured joking took place among them, while they were deciding which. As I was double the thickness of my antagonist, I was clearly the favourite *for being shot*; and I heard one fellow near me say, 'Three to two on *Burke, that* he's shot first—I bet in

"Brady and Codd soon appeared, and the preliminaries were arranged with much punctilio between our seconds, who mutually and loudly extolled each other's gentlemanlike mode of doing business. Brady could scarcely stand with fright, and I confess that I did not feel quite as Hector of Troy, or the Seven Champions of Christendom, are reported to have done on similar occasions. At last the ground was measured—the pistols handed to the principals—the handkerchief dropped—whiz! went the bullet within an inch of my ear—and crack! went mine exactly on Ensign Brady's waistcoat pocket. By an unaccountable accident, there was a five-shilling piece in that very pocket, and the ball glanced away, while Brady doubled himself down, uttering a loud howl that might be heard half a mile off. The crowd was so attentive as to give a huzza for my success.

"Codd ran up to his principal, who was writhing as if he had ten thousand colics, and soon ascertained that no harm was done.

"'What do you propose,' said he to my second—'What do you propose to do, Major?'

"'As there is neither blood drawn nor bone broken,' said the Major, 'I think that shot goes for nothing.'

"'I agree with you,' said Captain Codd.

"'If your party will apologise,' said Major Mug, 'I'll take my man off the ground.'

"'Certainly,' said Captain Codd, 'you are quite right, Major, in asking the apology, but you know that it is my duty to refuse it.'

"'You are correct, Captain,' said the Major; 'I then formally require that Ensign Brady apologise to Mr Burke.'

"'I as formally refuse it,' said Captain Codd.

"'We must have another shot, then,' said the Major.

"'Another shot, by all means,' said the Captain.

"'Captain Codd,' said the Major, 'you have shewn yourself in this, as in every transaction of your life, a perfect gentleman.'

"'He who would dare to say,' replied the Captain, 'that Major Mug is not among the most gentlemanly men in the service, would v

"Our seconds bowed, took a pinch of snuff together, and proceeded to load the pistols. Neither Brady nor I was particularly pleased at these complimentary speeches of the gentlemen, and, I am sure, had we been left to ourselves, would have declined the second shot. As it was, it appeared inevitable.

"Just, however, as the process of loading was completing, there appeared on the ground my cousin Phil Purdon, rattling in on his black mare as hard as he could lick. When he came in sight he bawled out,—

"'I want to speak to the plaintiff in this action—I mean, to one of the parties in this duel. I want to speak to you, Bob Burke.'

"'The thing is impossible, sir,' said Major Mug.

"'Perfectly impossible, sir,' said Captain Codd.

"'Possible or impossible is nothing to the question,' shouted Purdon; 'Bob, I *must* speak to you.'

"'It is contrary to all regulation,' said the Major.

"'Quite contrary,' said the Captain.

"Phil, however, persisted, and approached me. 'Are you fighting about Dosy Mac?' said he to me in a whisper.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'And she is to marry the survivor, I understand?'

"'So I am told,' said I.

"'Back out, Bob, then; back out, at the rate of a hunt. Old Mick Macnamara is married.'

"'Married!' I exclaimed.

"'Poz,' said he. 'I drew the articles myself. He married his housemaid, a girl of eighteen; and'— here he whispered.

"'What,' I cried, 'six months!'

"'Six months,' said he, 'and no mistake.'

"'Ensign Brady,' said I, immediately coming forward, 'there has been a strange misconception in this business. I here declare, in presence of this honourable company, that you have acted throughout like a man of honour, and a gentleman; and you leave the ground without a stain on your character.'

"Brady hopped three feet off the ground with joy at the unexpected *deliverance. He forgot* all etiquette, *and came forward* to shake me by *the hand.*

"'My dear Burke,' said he, 'it must have been a mistake: let us swear eternal friendship.'

"'For ever,' said I, 'I resign you Miss Theodosia.'

"'You are too generous,' he said, 'but I cannot abuse your generosity.'

"'It is unprecedented conduct,' growled Major Mug. 'I'll never be second to a *Pekin* again.'

"'*My* principal leaves the ground with honour,' said Captain Codd, looking melancholy nevertheless.

"'Humph!' grunted Wooden-leg Waddy, lighting his meershaum.

"The crowd dispersed much displeased, and I fear my reputation for valour did not rise among them. I went off with Purdon to finish a jug at Carmichael's, and Brady swaggered off to Miss Dosy's. His renown for valour won her heart. It cannot be denied that I sunk deeply in her opinion. On that very evening Brady broke his love, and was accepted. Mrs Mac. opposed, but the red-coat prevailed.

"'He may rise to be a general,' said Dosy, 'and be a knight, and then I will be Lady Brady.'

"'Or if my father should be made an earl, angelic Theodosia, you would be Lady Thady Brady,' said the ensign.

"'Beautiful prospect!' cried Dosy, 'Lady Thady Brady! What a harmonious sound!'

"But why dally over the detail of my unfortunate loves? Dosy and the ensign were married before the accident which had befallen her uncle was discovered; and, if they were not happy, why, then you and I may. They have had eleven children, and, I understand, he now keeps a comfortable eating-house close by Cumberland basin in Bristol. Such was my duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th."

"Your fighting with Brady puts me in mind, that the finest duel I ever saw," said Joe MacGillycuddy, "was between a butcher and bulldog, in the Diamond of Derry."

"I am obliged to you for your comparison," said Burke, "but I think it is now high time for dinner, and your beautiful story will keep. Has any body the least idea where dinner is to be raised?"

To this no answer was returned, and we all began to reflect with the utmost intensity

THE CONDE DE ILDEFONZO.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

PART I.

THE period of which I speak will tell all the more minute circumstances. The Spanish Revolution of 1822 is still fresh enough in the public mind to save me the trouble of telling how it began, grew, maddened, and was extinguished. It was a *pendant* to the French; Jacobin in heart, but Spanish still—therefore Jacobin just as much as the plays performed by school girls at the breaking up for the holidays, resemble the exhibitions of the American savages round a dying captive. All was mimic daring and feeble ferocity. The Spaniard's soul is but an animated guitar after all. Strike it, and it shakes from its fibres all kinds of sounds, eccentric, sweet, discordant, new, old; but it waits the striker, and without him, it will never send out a tone from the day when it is first put together, to the day when it is laid up in that case which neither man nor woman can unlock. The Frenchman is a *jet d'eau*, artificial in every point and pin of his construction, spouting, sporting, and rustling for ever—all dexterity, ingenuity, and happy artifice. The Englishman is a river, rough or smooth as chance so please, but not very amenable to the directions of man, and, when curbed by human contrivances, apt to shew his dislike to the artist by sweeping away bridge, barrier, and artist together. The Italian is a canal, smooth as one of those water-roads that insulate his own dull, soundless, and magnificent Venice; channels that look unfathomable, simply because they are black, and that, threatening to swallow up the traveller at every stroke of the oar, are travelled over, ploughed and harrowed, shaken and polluted, by the passing keel of every rambler of the earth, lover or hater, freeman or slave, without being stirred into so much as a bubble of foam. The Spaniard is a rivulet, clear or obscure as it may be, springing from the mount of some hoary genealogy, or from the silent and unnamed recesses of some peasant hamlet, still with a touch of nature, still murmuring lights of heaven and the flowers of earth, but still not to be relied on for good or evil half an hour together, and as liable to be dried to the bottom by the half hour's sunshine, as swollen into a torrent by the half hour's shower. The moral of the whole is, that though a Spaniard may form showy plans, he is satisfied with the trouble of projection. A Spaniard may begin a revolution, but he must find somebody else to finish it. His play is always in the hands of the manager; his rockets never rise a foot above ground. All is fitful, fanciful, and unfinished.

Let me say under what circumstances I was in Spain. At the conclusion of the war in 1815, I had rambled over the Continent. England was the citadel, and after having been shut up for a dozen years in the citadel, I felt a wish to visit a little of the surrounding country. Accordingly, I rambled over Germany, where the French made highways of the bodies of electors and princes, turned dukes and barons into valets, and manufactured the genealogies of the twenty-four fatal descendants of Priam of Troy into horsecloths. Switzerland was my next perambulation. Switzerland, where all the romance of hill and dale only exhibits the narrow-minded spirited set of knaves on the face of the globe. The whole territory a large inn, and every soul within it nothing but the soul of an innkeeper, sulky, sharping, and sour. Switzerland, the nursing mother of all that is bitter in religious feud, repulsive in manners, sullen in prejudices, and conceited in pride. Why will our travellers do the honours of their calling by a little deference for fact? The Swiss have for six centuries been the dealers in human flesh, the sellers of their blood to all and every crowned profligate, who would buy it for any profligate purpose under the sky. So much for the virtues of the men of the mountain.

From Switzerland I journeyed into Italy, that melodrama of nations, the extravagant, the showy, the silly, and

of half-a-dozen dead ages, and living on the plots of worn-out tragedies; great in memory, pitiful in performance, and waving the banners of the Senatus populusque Romanus, over a wigged and rouged army of candle-snuffers and scene-shifters. From Italy a felucca, a blast of the east wind, and a candle lighted before a bust of St Januarius, carried me, contemptuous of breaker and billow, to the land of the monk, Spain, with her chivalry unhorsed, her romance silent, her hymns turned into marches for the mob, and her sovereign, of all sovereigns the dreariest, the most solemn and the most slumbering, alternately on his knees before his confessor, and holding cabinet councils with his five mistresses; squeezing his peasantry for necklaces and garters for the Madonna, and prostrating himself before the wisdom of his barber. There was some provocation to rational animals in all this. But the Spaniards are generous, gallant, and grim, not rational; and a dynasty of five hundred Ferdinands might have successively slept on the throne, and slipped off the throne, without disturbing the complacency, or the cigar of any lip in the Peninsula, but for the accident that Spain, in the burlesque of all gravity, was, by the malice of nature, a borderer on France. On the ridge of the Pyrenees sat the monkey of Europe, grinning at the Spaniard in all his grave proceedings, mocking his stately step, and playing antics in the air, to seduce the unlucky Don Diegos of the plain to imitate his buffoonery. Spain was actually laughed into a fandango of patriotism; and, once effectually gibed, would have played the Jacobin according to the approved model of Paris and 1793, but nature forbade. The dagger was the native weapon, and no advance of the age could prevail on the Spaniard to cultivate the sweeping activity of the guillotine for his friend's neck or his own.

All this was curious, stirring, and new. It was something to see a Spaniard in motion. It was more to see the whole country determining to do something, though prodigiously puzzled to think what that something should be. One and all were resolved to make a figure in the history *of the nineteenth* century, and, above all, not to be laughed at by the *babaus* of Paris. An Englishman looks with a sort of natural pity on all nations who have not a habeas corpus act, a pension list, and a jail in every county town strong enough to stand a siege. Spain has not one of the three; and my sympathies were strongly enlisted for the sufferings of a gallant people, who knew no more of a national debt, than of a tunnel to the antipodes. I landed in Murcia, a province abounding in the misfortune of being the favourite position with the Spanish tale-tellers of every atrocity of which knife or bane is the natural parent. If you were to meet a hundred chroniclers, ninety-nine of them would begin their history of highway robbery or domestic extinction by—"One evening, as a cavalier and his lady were galloping by the Bustamente pass in Murcia;" or, "as a noble lady of Murcia, all robed in gold and jewels, sat down to the table, her noble lord dropped a dose of opium into her cup." And so forth. The custom is so thoroughly established, that a Spaniard would no more feel any sensation in the terrors of an adventure which did not begin in Murcia, wherever it might end, than a Frenchman would have his chimney swept by any but a Savoyard. However, travellers have no right to choose. The felucca dropped in at Carthagena, shook its light cotton wings over the bluest of blue seas, and was gone, after bequeathing me to the care of the Señor landlord of the "*El Rey de las Diamantes;*" some Indian cacique, or the monarch of Golconda, whose effigy swung aloft in the majestic blackness of ages. The landlord received me as a potentate might have received an ambassador from a dependent state; congratulated me on being an Englishman; congratulated England on being an ally of the fairest, freest, and most powerful soil on the surface of the globe; congratulated the British army on having had the good fortune to fight along with the invincible Spanish heroes, and to take lessons from their tactics and triumphs; promised that Spain would regard her pupil at all times with a parental eye; and finished by laying the opulence of Murcia at my disposal, and sending

in for my supper an olla which not even hunger could touch, and a rabbit in its grand climacteric. Even on this supper, another appetite was quartered. A tall, showy personage marched into the apartment, set himself down, without ceremony, and exhibited an adroitness in cutting his way through the bony nerves of the ancient rabbit, to be equalled only by his liberality in supplying his plate. But he was a new character; and what else had I travelled three thousand miles in three months to see? I was the spectator at a play. Don Gabriel de Rocafuentes, or some patronymic equally long and lofty, was before me, as the actor is before the pit. He talked on every topic of the day. Brunet could not have twisted his features into more amusing grimace, nor Talma devoted despotism, by circles of longitude and latitude, to the infernal gods, with more terrors of brow and convulsions of mustache, than the Don, when, resting from the labours of the table, he condescended to open his soul to the stranger. By his own account, no man since the days of Aboulfaouris, the great Persian, who made the tour of the planetary system, ever equalled himself in the vastness and variety of his wanderings. He had been in every battle of the Peninsula, had acted as aide-de-camp to every general in existence, had turned the fortunes of every doubtful day since the first shot fired by the Prussians in the plains of Champagne; was on the most friendly terms with every monarch, from the firebrand fierceness of Napoleon, to the chill ferocity of the autocrat of all the Russias; was on the tenderest terms with all their queens; was at that moment in the receipt of despatches from Metternich,—his friend Metternich; and was only pondering whether he should take the field against the illiberal monarchy of the Madrid dotard, or accept of the command of the Alexandrian army for the extinction of the Sultan. On this topic he deigned to ask my opinion. I had none to give. He then delivered over to all the degrees of future tormentors, the Jewish commissaries who refused to advance *him a million* or two of *duros* for the *mise-en-campagne* of his army. This was more intelligible. I paid for my night's amusement by the loan of two hard dollars; and having liquidated the claims of the Señor landlord for our supper, was honoured with a special embrace by the warlike Don, and offered any rank on his staff I found myself disposed to desire.

Next morning I ordered a calèche, and rolled out of the portals of the solemn city of Carthagena. Travellers are charged with invention in the perpetual crash of Spanish carriage-wheels. But the invention would lie in the contrary point; and the man who ever travelled a day in any of the provincial roads without a crash, would have a tale to tell, among the very rarest that ever met the Spanish ear. On the verge of nightfall, and of the hill that looks down into the valley of Lanega, my mules made a check; a prayer to the Virgin, a plunge from the leading mule, and a break of the pole, short to the axle, were the first consequences. Down went the calèche, the mules kicked, brayed, and tumbled over each other, the two postilions shot a-head clean out of sight; and at the foot of the declivity, which I had reached, like Regulus in his barrel, rolled in the calèche, I crept out of a ruin of wheels, straps, and traces, which would have defied all the ingenuity of Spain to set on its legs again.

But the Spanish shepherds' proverb, that "The wind never blows cold in the sheepshearing," a principle of lazy reliance on accident, which is Spanish all over, was our motto now. The calèche lay a wreck, 'tis true; but it lay in the ditch of a mansion worthy of a household of monks; large, stately, and superb. Such is fortune. If we had two sound wheels, we might have bivouacked in the forest, or been hutted at least in some deplorable inn, smelling of all the abominations of the land; have fed on salt fish, been stifled with bad tobacco; and if we escaped being stilettoed by some smuggling bravo for some imaginary point of honour, would have been sure to have parted with no small share of our peace of mind in its beds, and been plundered very sufficiently next morning in its bill. My disaster was seen from the mansion, and a crowd of valets, headed by a figure worthy of

the days of Le Sage, a chamberlain, of the first dimensions, came to offer me the hospitalities of the mansion. I was only too fortunate; and gladly leaving my postilions to recover from their calamity, by the help of a vow to St Mary of Lanega, (for every hill and every vale of Spain has its presiding Goddess,) advanced to present myself before the lord of this superb establishment. I was received by the noble owner with great civility; my mishap was condoled over, and I was desired to set myself at my ease for the night. The time is not yet distant enough to make my record of his hospitality and his feelings harmless; and I therefore take the office of king, or that other fountain of honour, king-at-arms, into my competence, and give him, in addition to his weight of honours, the title of Conde de Montellana. He presented me to his Countess, a grave and majestic figure, whose dark brows and darker eyes shewed what execution might have flashed from them among the courtiers of Charles the Fourth, twenty years before. The more interesting presentation was to his daughter, a magnificent creature, uniting the graces of youth with the dignity of a queen; and seeming fit rather to rule with a sceptre, than to condescend to think of such soft arts as smiles, or such slight triumphs as subduing of the embroidered heroes of the royal circle. A still more interesting introduction was to his niece, arrived that day from her convent in the Alpuxarras, a rugged nest for so gay and lighthearted a bird. Beauty is all conventional. Nothing is truer than that the eye is three-fourths of all beauty, the fancy is often the other fourth. But still there are some constituents that form the common stock of loveliness; and if a countenance of the liveliest, most varied, and most intelligent expression,—if a shape of remarkable grace, and still in the finest flexibility of youth,—and a voice that could not utter a word without convincing the ear that there was a melody of its own in the human accent, made beauty—this girl would have been beautiful in any collection of enchantresses in the circumference of the world. One of her names was Catalina, and by *that she must* be content to be known. The name will not develope her, more than the title which I have taken the privilege of conferring on her uncle. The Catalinas in Spain are as numerous as the lamps that burn before the little black images of the Virgin in the corners of the streets; they are incalculable. The Conde was polite, and conversible. He had been, like most of the Spanish nobles, a soldier; but, unlike most of them, he had served and travelled abroad. He had been on the staff of the Archduke Charles, on the Rhine; he had fought in Italy, where he had an estate in right of his Countess, and it was not till after he had got a sabre-wound in the head, a French bullet in the side, which made him still stoop, and a broad riband of Maria Theresa across his breast, that he sheathed his sword, and retired from camps and cannon-shots, to live among his vines and fig-trees, and be the patriarch of the valley of Lanega.

The evening passed pleasantly. I happened to have travelled in the countries about which the Conde felt the chief curiosity. I had seen, a few years later than he, the remarkable men of the time. This was enough for the Conde. I was an Englishman; this was enough for the Condessa, who, by some strange means or other, had imbibed an extraordinary respect for the national character. I was a stranger; and perhaps the novelty was enough for the young ladies. We talked long, much, and late. Of all meals, the most familiarising is supper. Before it was half over, we were old friends. If my entertainers were pleased, I was charmed; beauty, elegance, and wealth were before me. I could not help contrasting all this with the inn; the sulky landlord, the salt-fish, the tobacco, and the smuggler, stiletto in hand. No calèche ever tumbled to pieces under a more benignant star. But this could not go on for ever. While the Conde's eyes were beaming with hospitality, and the eyes of his circle were sparkling like a row of diamonds, with all the various lustres that Spanish eyes alone possess in the world, the toll of the neighbouring convent for matins, first reminded us that we were beginning the day; and as, even in Spain, to begin the day over a table

covered with bottles of rosoglio, is not within the strict regularities of life, I made my bow for the time, and the circle rose and dissolved away like a fairy vision at sunrise.

My chamber was, like every thing else under this roof, stately. Pictures and statues lined the gallery which led to my place of rest. The chamber was silk, from ceiling to floor; the tables were marble; the bed was velvet. In the garden, a fount, of Italian sculpture, threw up a spire of sparkling water above the trees. There was a moon just couching on the horizon; stars, bright with all the brightness of the south, were scattered over the sky. All was the night for a romancer, a painter, or a lover. I lingered at the casement for a while, enjoying the prospect, and thinking once more of the Venta and the abominations which I had escaped. But the landscape began to grow dim; the stars went out one by one; the moon grew small, and seemed to shake from her orbit; the murmuring of the fountain softened into a whisper. In short, I was falling fast asleep on the marble frame of the balcony. I yielded to the enemy, and plunging myself under the embroidery of my too sumptuous bed, fell into the slumber so naturally earned by a day's jolting over a Spanish highway, and under a Spanish burning sun.

I should have told that I had a little companion of my travels, who never gave me any trouble—never borrowed my money—never played the inconstant, and never made me wish either him or myself at the Antipodes; this is enough to tell, that it was neither man, woman, nor child. It was a little Tuscan greyhound, honoured by his former mistress with the illustrious name of Napoleon, and sold to me by that mistress, a Duchesa too, for the sum of five zechins. The Duchesa wept, and vowed that she could not survive the parting; but she sold him notwithstanding, and put my zechins in her purse, in an agony of tears and sighs. Napoleon was beautiful, as every thing in Italy is, but the women—and honest, as every thing is, but the men. On this night he took possession of his share of my purple [illegible] in the land of dreams as soon as his master.

The day's journey, the evening's hospitality, the lofty *tournure* of the young Condessa, and the touching gaiety of her cousin, were whirling before my brain like the pictures of a magic lantern. I was listening to some flattering speech from the noble Count, and was delighting to find its spirit transfused into the brilliant eyes, and quivering on the coral lips, of the Donna Catalina, when I thought myself suddenly transported to the inn. Then the whole abomination was round me to the life—the black-visaged hostess, the brawling muleteer, the bandit, the smuggler—but all in gigantic proportions, and all engaged in mortal quarrel; poniards were drawn, swords flashing, and clubs beating out brains. I was forced to take my share in the fray for self-defence, and played the hero, to my own astonishment. At length a tremendous grasp seized me, and I was about to return it with furious effect, when I opened my eyes, and found Napoleon sitting on my breast, and making a variety of busy efforts to bring me to my senses. I flung him off with more indignity than his merits deserved; but to recover my dream was impossible. Napoleon, like his great namesake in so many instances, had murdered sleep; he clung to me—he fawned—he growled—and having tried all the arts of canine appeal, he sprang to the seat of the casement. I followed to take summary measures, and fling him out to spend his night *al fresco*. But my eyes no sooner glanced on the garden, than, Cielo! what a sight! A mass of men were standing under cover of the trees, within a hundred yards of the mansion. They were evidently waiting for some signal, and waiting for some purpose of mischief. A great deal of whispering was going on, and some difference of opinion, too, as I could discover by the Spaniards' argument of the knife plucked out of the sheath, and then suddenly thrust in again, having gained its object of conviction. Clubs were waved above rough heads, and cloaks were thrown open in the energy of debate, while within I saw the glistening of sw[illegible] and carbines. What was [illegible] doing. The mansion was [illegible]

lent; all were evidently without note of this extraordinary visitation. I held a council of war, and with Napoleon at my side, a name inspiring battle, if not victory, hurried from the chamber to apprize the Conde of his situation.

But I had scarcely reached the end of the gallery, when a roar, a clash of arms, and a blaze of torches, told me that an attack had been made on the opposite side of the building. In another moment, a door burst open, and a figure with a drawn sword and a lamp in his hand, rushed up to me. Luckily I was unarmed, or, between the dimness and the surprise, we might have been engaged in single combat. However, on my springing back from the sweep of the light, it shewed me the Conde, and we congratulated each other on the timeliness of the discovery. Our business was now to rouse the domestics, whose cups must have been drugged by some emissary in the house, for to arouse them seemed next to impossible. The gallery, however, was soon peopled by the higher branches. The ladies of the mansion had speedily gathered together; all was trepidation; and, by some unaccountable affinity, I found the fair Catalina by my side, and disposed to rely prodigiously on my generalship. The English reputation on the continent is warlike, to an extravagance. The idea of an Englishman, who is not born a soldier or sailor, or who, at least, does not take to shot and shells, or to stem and stern, as naturally as the Newfoundland dog takes to the brine, is among the most inconceivable of all things. There is no possibility of persuading, arguing, or convincing the foreigner to the contrary. The Englishman who is not amphibious, or who does not inhale gunpowder smoke as the native *pabulum*, of his lungs is a *lusus naturæ*, or a half-caste, or no Englishman at all. My appearance, then, whatever it might add to the physical, added vastly to the moral force. There was no time to be lost. It was quite clear that a desperate attempt was about to try our courage. The assailants were unknown to the Conde. Whether an invasion of Algerines—by no means an impossible thing in Murcia, *even in this* nineteenth century—*an incursion of* guerillas, or a troop of deserters from the army of the Isle of Leon, of whose disorders some flying reports had been spread about the country for some time, all was uncertain. In fact, nothing was clear except that the mansion was attacked, and was in imminent danger of being set on fire; for fragments of blazing wood were now flying like a bombardment against the walls and windows, and shots began to rattle. All was confusion in our troops; the valets and grooms had gathered such old muskets and fowling-pieces as they could, and were vowing, by all their saints, to blow the renegadoes on the outside to the moon. The Conde was an old soldier who had served in some of the roughest affairs of the war; he was calm and intrepid, but perplexed beyond measure at the cause of the assault. The ladies were all but terrified to death; but, to our infinite embarrassment, they determined, as they said, to die with us, and, in consequence, made it nearly a matter of certainty that we should die with them. At length, a thunder at the great gate told us that the besiegers were in earnest; and that if we were to defend ourselves, the time was come. I of course supplicated for something to do, and the Conde gave me the charge of the gate. I sallied forth with a carbine on my shoulder; a brace of pistols, as old as the Armada, in my pockets; and three stout gallegos, to compose my garrison. I planted them at the loopholes in the sides of the gate; and taking my position in the arch above, prepared for action. I love brief orders, for I never could take the trouble of comprehending any other, and this I fully believe to be the case with the majority of warriors. A superfluity of good advice on such subjects is always so much thrown away. My order of battle was, "Fire one at a time. Do not throw away a grain of powder; and to make that matter sure, do not pull a trigger until you are sure of singing the enemy's mustaches." A codicil was added, announcing a "hard dollar for the first shot that brought down its man."

The night was now dark as Erebus; the moon had sunk down heavy in clouds—the wind was angry—the forest roared before the riding gusts—and the roar of the crowd without was echoed by the clamour

within. We sat with our carbines loaded, waiting to find something to fire at. But the force of the attack seemed to have been suddenly changed; and a quick succession of shots in the rear of the building, half determined me to quit my inactive post, and join the Conde, as more stirring service. I was actually descending from my height, and leaving the massive bars and bolts below me to do their duty by themselves, when Napoleon, my guardian angel, pricked up his ears, whined, pawed, and, putting his long nose into the night, gave palpable signs that his eye saw something invisible to mine. I countermarched at the instant, and nothing could be in better time. I had not cocked my carbine half a second, before I heard a low trampling through the groves in front. Soon after came a long dark line of men, scarcely distinguishable from the ground they trode. A group came out in front, bearing the trunk of a tree in their arms. This they had been employed in cutting down, which was the cause of our respite. A twinkle of a torch shewed me the whole proceeding, and I made ready accordingly. The battering-ram advanced, with a tall ruffian carrying a lantern at its head, who was, I presumed, chief engineer. My gallegos humbly implored leave to try the range of their artillery. I was inflexible. The battering-ram advanced, and gave half-a-dozen fierce blows on the gate. My gallegos now swore that fire they must. I was still inflexible. The ram still struck hard; and the assailants, conceiving that all was safe, began to deploy in crowds from the shelter of the grove. The gallegos now began to murmur, and I heard the word traitor passing from lip to lip. My garrison was, in fact, fast approaching to mutiny, when I gave the signal of battle—not by word or gesture, but by sending a bullet directly through the head of the chief engineer. I had earned my own dollar. The gallant gallegos were now free to exhibit their gallantry. The whole three fired at once; and though this was contrary to orders, the effect was good. The surprise was complete. The storming party were routed with infinite confusion; and four ruffians, laid side by side in front of the gate, were evidences, that if my marksmen had not won the dollar, the secret lay in my having fired first. They were no losers, however, by the mischance, and we loaded again. But the battle seemed over on our side of the fortress—not a soul appeared. We sallied out, dragged in the battering-ram as a trophy, and, finding one of the fellows still able to speak, dragged him in too. He was a stranger in that part of the country, and was, as he informed us, no less than a Captain in the Grand Army of Insurrection, formed out of the clowns of the province. A junta for the purpose of unseating the Spanish monarch, hanging the Spanish grandees, banishing the priests, and robbing every body who had any thing to be robbed of, had been holding its privy council in Carthagena for the last three months, as undisturbed as if they had been a convocation of nuns. To my enquiry why the mansion of the Conde had been the object of such especial hostility, the wounded changer of dynasties professed himself unable to give the slightest clue. I insisted on a somewhat more explicit answer. My gallegos put their muskets to his head to clear his recollection, or save him from all future trouble connected with his brains. He was wonderfully enlightened at the instant, and had begun a narrative, in which the Conde and his family bore a prominent part, and to which I was listening with strong interest, and the gallegos with gestures of alternate surprise, doubt, and rage, when a distant crash of musketry, followed by something between a shout and a yell, stopped the narrator, and startled the hearers. I rushed to my post on the arch, and reconnoitred the grove with the eyes of a lynx. All was dim and dumb. But on casting a glance round, I saw the wounded man suddenly spring up from the ground, overturn one of the gallegos, catch his musket from the ground as he fell, and, with the coolest air imaginable, level it at me, and fire. Never was the fate of a traveller nearer its *finale*. The bullet struck the marble within an inch of my temple, covered me with dust, and fell flattened into sheetlead at my feet. Partly astonished at the fellow's audacity, and partly

by the shock, I grasped the sculptured San Pedro, that made at once the ornament and the sanctity of the grand entrance, and fixed my eyes on the marksman. He had retired a few paces, at once keeping the gallegos in check, and reloading the musket. He was again bringing it to his shoulder, while I clung to the statue, something like the bird in the fascination of the snake, perfectly conscious that the next touch of the trigger might be my last, yet unable to prevent the catastrophe, when I saw the weapon suddenly fall on the floor, and the marksman turn round, plunge into the darkness, and disappear. All this was but the work of a moment. I sprung down, determined to pursue, and disqualify him from making man a mark for ball-practice in future; but I too was arrested. Before me stood, pale, trembling, almost speechless, Catalina. What had occurred? Where was the Conde? A few sighs—a few sobs—a few struggles with her overwhelming emotion, at length enabled her to relieve my real anxiety. Her tidings were brief, but sufficiently expressive. The mansion had been attacked by the garden entrance, where the statues and terraces allowed the assailants to approach unperceived. They had already forced their way into the principal apartments, and were plundering every thing. The Conde had been wounded while fighting gallantly; some of the domestics had been stabbed; and Catalina, in despair and agony at the impending ruin, had followed her own counsel, and flown to bring up the Englishman, who was of course to turn the tide of battle at a glance. My own campaign had not been prosperous enough to excite sanguine hopes. But if I had been St Anthony or St Simon Stylites, I should have felt a heart within my bosom, or jumped down from my pillar, to be the *preux chevalier* of the creature before me. I had seen her only in her gaiety. She was then beautiful; but now, in her trepidation—in her strong feeling—the imploring loveliness of her dark eyes—the quivering attempts at speech of her exquisite lips—the living expression that beamed in the quick movements of her *fine features*, rendered her to my eyes the most resistless being I had ever seen. Even if my sense of loveliness had not been exposed to so powerful an appeal, there might have been some right to my services in a sense of gratitude; for it was her hand that had caught the arm of the assassin, and startled him into flight. I followed her guidance without delay. We hurried on through a succession of superb rooms, covered with tapestry and pictures, but we had now no time for their contemplation. The shots echoed thick in front, and my fairest of guides flew along with breathless impatience. At length we arrived at a massive door, covered with gilding and magnificent ornaments. She tried the lock—it resisted her slight hand. Shouts rose on the other side. I tried it in turn. The shouts redoubled, followed by a heavy fire of musketry, and the fire by screams and groans. The huge lock would not give way. My guide's anxiety grew at every moment. "It is all my folly!" she bitterly exclaimed. "I brought you by the shortest way, without remembering that this door is never opened but when the King visits the grandee. Long before this, we might have been by the side of the Conde. What on earth will become of him—of us all!" I attempted vain consolation, and at length enquired for that longer route which would have escaped this intolerable and very magnificent obstacle. She was on the point of flying in the new direction, when, by a last effort, I succeeded in forcing back a whole legion of bolts. The valves flew back, and the entire strange scene was before me. It was the grand banqueting room which had formed the principal point of this extraordinary storm. Vast volumes of flame were shooting up from the outside, turning the ten or twelve tall casements to crimson, and filling the vast hall with a glare that scorched the eyes. Every picture, statue, heraldic ornament, and cherub nestled in the rich Italian cornice, or goddess looking down from her clouds on the finely-painted ceiling, quivered and gleamed as if it had been just cast in molten gold and steel. The blaze was so powerful, that I shrunk back at the first step, as if I were stepping into an enormous furnace. My first impression undoubtedly was, that the whole immense palace was a body of

flame. As to the inmates, I scarcely dared to look round for them, in fear of finding nothing but blackened wretches crumbling into ashes. It is due to my own heroism—such as it was—to say, that I felt no terror for myself at the moment. The truth is, I had not time to think of the danger, or of any thing else. All was roar, fierce effulgence—dazzling glare. The opportunity would have been invaluable for a painter of Pandemonium. Salvator or Spagnoletto would have immortalized their bandits and martyrs, by circumfusing them with half the flashing bursts of flame, and consuming lustres, that were now rolling, wheeling, and sweeping against the walls of this saloon, worthy of princes.

Their ideas might have been reinforced in point of fitting population, by the wild grotesques on the walls and ceilings, mingled with the Parian Apollos and Venuses, that figured, mild and magnificent, like fallen angels, among the demons lit into life by this terrific illumination. But all those conceptions were, I must acknowledge, the work of an after day. The hour itself found me much in the condition of a British general, when he makes his *debût* at the head of an army. I was determined to behave gallantly, and come off with character. But I was prodigiously puzzled how to begin. In this dilemma, my good angel Catalina again interposed. She had, like myself, been at first overwhelmed with the astounding glare that burst upon us at our sudden entrance from the long avenues of darkness into this focus of conflagration. But she now, with one hand laid upon my arm, and with the other, pointing to a group surrounding a figure stretched on a sofa in the distant corner of the saloon, uttered a cry which recalled me to the full possession of such faculties as I ever was master of. She sprang away. I followed. In the next moment her arm was round the neck of the Conde, who was the fainting figure, and whose days of fame I thought were fairly numbered. He had received a wound in the forehead, which covered his features with blood; and whether it had or had not left a brace of Spanish bullets in the brain of my gallant entertainer, was the question. by the sufferer himself, for he had lost sight, voice, every thing. It was equally in vain to hope for intelligence from the fainting women and screaming domestics who formed a circle, any thing but a *cordon sanitaire*, round the sofa, as if to stifle the last breath of the gasping Conde. My English habits revolted against this absurdity at once, and thinking, that if the unlucky grandee must die, it would not be necessary to ensure his fate by suffocation, I attempted to clear the circle; and, if I could give him nothing else, give him at least air to die in. But I had forgotten that I was in the country of common sense no longer, and that I was in the heart of the land of romance. My attempt to remove a single soul of the circle that now hung round, as if for the purpose of immediate strangulation, was fiercely, or fondly, or frowningly repelled on all sides. There was the majestic Condessa clinging to the neck; the magnificent daughter, with her alabaster arms writhed for life and death round the feet: a *demoiselle de toilette* knelt at one side, holding one hand; an old valet knelt at the other side, kissing the other. At the head, the family confessor took possession of the only point left to him, and with the cross in his right hand, employed his left to raise up the Conde's head to gaze upon it, with his eyes *shut*.

But something must be done. With fear and trembling I ventured to unclasp the arm of the Condessa. If a look could have slain me, I had not been now alive to tell the result. I recoiled at the flash of those vast eyes darting fire into mine. An effort of the same kind to untwine the clasp of the lovely daughter, was repelled in a not less irresistible manner. She mutely struggled for a moment, then tottered, gave a shriek, and fainted on the body. This was high treason complete, and half-a-dozen domestics, poniard in hand, actually rushed from the extreme of the hall, where they were watching the progress of the fire, to finish the business by thrusting their weapons into the new traitor. Once more I felt the services of my guardian spirit. Catalina, who had stood despairingly looking on the countenance of her expiring kinsman till this moment, sprung

glitter of those tremendous knives, as their masters came rushing down the hall, and swearing vengeance in all the tongues of Murcia. She cried out, sprang forward as if to defend me, busy as I was with those intractable lovers and mourners, and by her cry gave me time to spring up and keep those madmen at bay, till they could see that I was nothing worse than a very puzzled English gentleman. But a new catastrophe now seemed at hand. The tall casements, already nearly red hot, began to fall inwards; some had the process expedited by volleys of shot; the smoke rolled in after them, and the saloon was rapidly filling. Another quarter of an hour must have put an end to every care of ours, that had this world for its object. The heat now began to affect myself. The atmosphere was scorching; and between anxiety, watching, vexation, and vapour, I should have been rejoiced to find an ocean at my feet to jump into, and get rid of my humanity and its troubles together. But the danger proved an auxiliary. The arms which scarcely any human force could relax, gave way to the effect of exhaustion and terror in a new shape. The Demoiselle dropped on the floor. The Condessa followed her example. The Padre transferred his cares to the lady, and I had now none to deal with but the Donna Juliana and the valet. I took the latter in charge without delay, caught him up from his position, and without regarding a hundred thousand *diablos* and *demonios*, which he lavished on me during his transit, nor several much more formidable kicks, fairly flung him outside the window, with permission to make his escape in the best manner he could.

I now, too, saw for the first time the true nature of our situation. Along the whole vast terraces bundles of fagots had been laid, and those, set on fire, aided by large quantities of brushwood, thrown into the dry moat under the windows, had produced the conflagration, which threatened to melt the mansion into its original clay, and to roast its inmates into the other world. Beyond this formidable line of attack, I saw, through the intervals of the smoke and flame, groups of people; some sitting down, with native gravity, to wait the progress of their allies in front, the fagots; others asleep on the grass, with here and there a few half-dozen of sharpshooting piccaroons, exercising themselves in throwing in a shot from time to time at a favourite pane, or knocking off the chin or ear of some of the grandees whose effigies adorned the *façade*. Why they should have begun by attempting to burn what it was their purpose to plunder, was beyond my knowledge; but it afterwards turned out to be one of those curious examples of combined subtlety and simplicity, which belongs to the Spaniard beyond all other men alive. The object was to revolutionize the mansion by robbing it, and to bring the master over to the patriotic side of politics, by throwing him into a dungeon if he should suffer himself to be caught; or, if he should be refractory, to shoot him, this being the most regular contrivance for convincing the refractory of the advantages of the new *régime*. The attack had commenced accordingly, and the rabble, regenerated by the rights of man, had marched as to an easy triumph. But the sharp reply of the Conde's firelocks had made caution necessary, and after losing half-a-dozen of their number, who had attempted rather hastily to pluck the republican laurel, they withdrew their main body to ponder on the matter. Still the plunder of the palace was tempting, though it was obvious enough that they were not likely to succeed in converting its lord; and a reinforcement of patriots from the suburbs of Carthagena, probably the most profligate nest of mankind, had supplied those calculating warriors with an expedient, matchless for all its purposes. This was the attack, by scorching away the defenders from window, wall, and door. Another advantage was, that from the time when the smoke began to rise, it would be almost impossible for the defenders of the mansion to hit any of its assailants, the volumes of smoke operating as a complete screen, and it being obviously hopeless for any one to think of taking aim, where none could see. The fagots certainly were doing their work incomparably. All was

now a scene of sheets of rolling vapour, hot, stifling, and black. Half in rage, half in despair, I tottered rather than walked back to the spot where the wounded noble lay. Catalina was still by his side alone, but she was a host. She was holding a goblet of wine to his lips; and let the world say what it will henceforth of courtly grace and *fête champêtre* captivation, give me the air, the gesture, and the countenance of that girl, in the midst of terror, fire, and imminent ruin, with one slight arm raising up that sinking frame, and with the other advancing the cup to his lips; and let who will have the rifling of Canova's gallery for me, and the Venus Anadyomene, alive or dead. All seemed now at an end. The domestics had fled. The Conde evidently could do nothing. And the look with which the lovely Catalina welcomed me, as I stood by her side, was like the look with which the last survivor on a sinking deck sees another returning on board to make a last effort for the safety of both, or go down together.

Human nature is a strange thing. It was the most singular spot and moment on earth to tell a love-tale. Yet there was so little time to lose. If I had not told it then, it might never have been told. There were banditti without, and bullets flying within, and yells enough to have announced an army of Indians. But then there were no spectacled duennas, no feline-visaged aunts, no sullen brothers with their swords half out of their scabbards; there was, in short, no family rampart to scale, no solemn circumvallation of Spanish vigilance, French pride, or English frost, to break through; and so, as fate would have it, I told my tale. Simple enough it was, and short. It was merely that I found my vocation was to die at her feet, if she would not let me live there;—but that I preferred living; and that she had only to say, sigh, or look, the word, to make me abjure liberty for the term of my existence, and be the humblest of her slaves. There never probably was such a speech made in a house on fire before. How *she received it*, I could scarcely tell, *for my valour* had failed me at the *first word*. And having delivered myself of the weight of my sentiments, I dropped down my eyes on the floor, and was blockhead enough to keep them there. Yet one glance that I ventured showed me her cheek flushed with the sudden crimson of a new-born rose, and her eye sparkling like a midnight star. She was gazing upwards at the moment, otherwise I should have lost my view; for the next moment, as her glance fell upon me, I felt mine instinctively seek the ground, and lost sight of all above her foot during the rest of the crisis. At length she said, "Is this a time to talk of such things?" The words were neither many nor memorable, and yet they shot a new feeling into every nerve of my frame. It was well that they were uttered; for, if they were not, I and all round me must have soon been a hecatomb. But the spell was broken, or rather a new spell was thrown over me. I grasped the Conde's carbine, and sprang forward into the pitchy clouds, determined "to do or die." One slight sound, and to this hour I cannot tell whether it was sigh or word, stopped me in my first plunge. Catalina's hand was waved in farewell to me. I caught it; it was chill, trembling, and feeble. I pressed it to my lips. I would not have given up that single pressure to have been Sultan of both the Turkeys. I still held the slender hand. The face was now deadly pale. Large tears were silently chasing one another down her marble cheek, like pearls sliding down a Grecian bust. She made no resistance to my retaining her hand. She probably thought that, as the general catastrophe of the family was come, she might as well leave the world in peace, even with the heretic Englishman. I thought so too, and ventured nearer still. Not an envious glance was there to discover, if we had flown to the moon. The Conde's eyes were closed; he of course went for nothing. A volley that poured in at the instant shattered a magnificent girandole exactly over the spot where we were standing, and brought down its drops in a diamond shower upon our heads, awoke me, perhaps both, to the unfitness of the time for a declaration of matrimony. Catalina let fall the golden goblet at her feet, and threw herself on her unfortunate kinsman.

neck. I, furiously indignant, half in unconsciousness of what I was doing, and equally in ignorance of where I was going, sprang away, and rushed through smoke and flame; I suppose, with some vague idea of getting out of the palace, raising the country, and returning to the rescue with some ten or twenty thousand gallant peasants resolved to die for their chief and the realm. In fact, I was precisely in that state of excitement, which the French tenderly term Monomania, and the English more simply pronounce, fit for nothing but a cell, straw, and a strait-waistcoat. Yet this is the true condition and tone of heroism; and Alexander, when he passed the Granicus, or Cæsar the Rubicon, would have had a narrow escape from a British jury impanelled on the statute, *De Lunatico inquirendo*.

Still on I rushed. All was now thick darkness, except when some gust blew up the embers outside. I felt my lungs withered; my limbs tottered. I tried to roar. The attempt was a failure. The degenerate thought once passed through my brain—what, in the name of all absurdity, had brought me into this scrape at all? But it was not a thought of the heart. I expelled it summarily, and it never dared to return. In my fury, I struck about me with my carbine. It fell heavy on an unseen door. The door flew open. Imagine my surprise Within, sat quietly, as so many Dutch burgomasters, a dozen valets, smoking their cigars, and playing a game of Lansquenet, *pour passer le temps*, till the palace was burned. I raved against the lazy poltroons. I had now recovered my voice. I flung their cards out of the window, threatened to send the players after the cards, and ordered them to follow me, with a solemn promise, which I believe I would not then have much hesitated in executing, to send the contents of my firearm into the midst of the group, on the slightest symptom of mutiny.

But I did injustice to my Spanish recruits. They exhibited no hesitation whatever. Their spokesman told me that they were ready and willing to follow me to the world's end, and glad to find that I had escaped being a *roti*; that they had fired and fought as long as they could see any thing, but that finding war was useless, they had retired to the servants' hall to wait till affairs took another turn, or "till they heard the ring of the Conde's bell!" I burst into an involuntary roar of laughter, in which the whole circle sympathetically joined. But a new thought struck me. The hall was in the wing of this immense building. A glance outward shewed me the crowd of robbers and patriots, at least a hundred yards in advance, evidently crushing nearer to the banqueting room, which they had already so completely cleared of its defenders. There was Catalina still; for I knew that she would never desert her feeble charge. The first impulse was, to hurry back at the head of the valets, defend her, and play the lover. But should I have time, my next was to advance, take the scoundrels in flank and rear, and play the general. The question was decided with military promptitude. I made every man reload, with a double charge of bullets, hammer his flint in my presence, and pledge himself, as a man of honour, not to fire without bringing down his man. Those principles of tactics settled, I sallied into the gardens.

What a contrast all there was to all that I had left behind. Every fragrance of flower and field breathed on me; the night air was absolutely intoxicating with odour, fresh, cool, dewy, delicious. I never knew what "the breath of life" meant until now. Above, a single star looked down, blue and benignant, like the eye of a guardian spirit, watching the slumbers of the world. But the sudden glare of torches, and a shout evidently denoting that an entrance had been made into the scene of conflict, awoke me at once. I ranged my little troop in line, and ordering them to fire only by one-half at a time, levelled their firelocks, one by one, and gave the word "fire." The effect was indescribable. If a thunderbolt had dropped among them, my discharge need not be ashamed of the comparison, so far as effect went. The whole multitude, by this time some hundreds, were staggered; I saw their mass heave and shake as if they were on the deck of one of their own chebecks. My marks-

men had kept their word; every bullet had told, and for one wretch that was hit, fifty were frightened. But they had not yet got enough. Some of the brawnier ruffians, hot with brandy, and mad for plunder, urged them on again. My remaining platoon fired, with a precision worthy of a Prussian parade. If a whole hemisphere of shot and shells had been rolled upon them from the sky, nothing could have been more conclusive. One universal howl tore the air. They burst away in all directions, kicking, trampling, and stabbing each other. The crowd who had made their way over the terrace, were now seen pouring back out of the casements like the reflux of a tide. All was a general rush to escape from the mansion, from the gardens, and from the grove. Some screamed out that the Royal Guards were come; others the Algerines; the majority, Satan, in the shape of a colossal park of artillery. All were sure of but one thing, and that was, that they would be massacred. At all events, they seemed determined not to undergo their fate in the grounds of the Conde. For a few minutes there was not a soul of them remaining, except some twenty legislators, whom our double charges had fairly disqualified from taking any active part in national affairs for some time to come.

One half of them had discharged the only debt that they would ever have paid, and the rest were howling for mercy, when they saw me and my phalanx advancing at double quick time over the field of battle. However, I had other matters then to think of than knocking out the brains of a set of fools who had so little to spare; and at the head of my heroes I moved full speed on the mansion. The fire had been more persevering than the patriots. For it had laid hold on the massive framework of the doors and casements, and was tranquilly making its way to the tapestries and pictures. Ordering my troop to expel this invader, as it had done the rest, I rushed through the intolerable smoke, to find the treasure which I had left *behind. After* a search, by no means *brief; for* all round me was utter *darkness.* I stumbled against the it half burned, and a torch smouldering across the fragments; at another step, my foot plashed in a stream of some fluid on the floor. With an indescribable shudder I dipped my hand in it, and by the last spark of the torch, saw that it was blood. I felt sick at heart. The natural presumption was, that the same ruffians who had fired the sofa, had destroyed the unfortunate Conde. The torch fell from my hands, and was extinguished. I had not power to utter a word, much less to call for help to the further end of the vast hall where my followers were still busy in dragging down the burning tapestry. I flung myself on the sofa, to do with my hands, what my eyes refused to do, and discover the remnants of my unhappy friend, and, my heart actually froze at the thought, of that loveliest of the lovely, who I knew would not stir from his side with life, and whom I, of course, concluded to have perished under the same dagger. In this moment the sofa fell into fragments, and I was thrown helplessly forward on——. To this hour I feel the pang that shot through my whole frame; it stings me as I write the words; I fell upon a corpse. A stream of blood was flowing from the side. All but overcome with horror, I felt that it was the body of a man. My hand rested on a star of some order on its breast. All doubt was now at an end, the fate of the Conde was decided. With but one enquiry more to make, or one feeling to satisfy, I blindly felt for the last reliques of that gentle and noble-hearted being, who had within so short a period exercised so extraordinary an influence over me. There, too, I was soon satisfied.

In the dark I grasped the richly embroidered mantle which she had worn. Even the goblet which she held to the lips of the expiring man, was then lying on its folds! What became of me from that moment I know not. There never was born an individual less made to play the sentimentalist. I was now thirty-six, an age when the little incense that every man offers to the passions, had been fairly blown off my altar. I had passed through all the captivations of eyes, feet, and fingers, in a pilgrimage from Calais to Cassino,

be magical in glance, dance, and canzonet,—the spirits, white, black and grey, that work such tempests in the world of man; yet had passed heart whole. Not a feather of my tranquillity had ever been ruffled by the fairest of them all. Not a bottle of claret or an ortolan the less had excited my sensorium; not a dream of chariots winged with doves, or matrimonial balloons, despising the world below, and sweeping along, with their freight of happiness to the evening star, had for five seconds ever favoured the quiet currents of my fancy. If there was on earth a being stamped with "single blessedness," bound in the triple steel of resolute bachelorism, a sworn antihymenist, I was the man, six hours before. And now, a time scarcely longer than an Englishman takes to eat his dinner, or a Frenchman to curl his ringlets, had upturned my whole microcosm, and metamorphosed *un malgre* into a Rinaldo, or an Amadis de Gaul.

But I had then no thoughts to waste upon my own transformations; or rather I had no thoughts at all; for the conviction that Catalina, innocent, fond, high-hearted, and beautiful,—Catalina, with all her rosy smiles, and all her sparkling perfections, had been trampled into one of the masses of death and gore, that seemed to thicken round me, had been too much for my frame, warm as it was with the fever and fatigue of the night. I sank at once, and sank into total insensibility. How long I thus remained, I knew not, but by the discovery, on opening my eyes, that I was lying under the nose of a very handsome Arabian horse, which seemed to be prodigiously ill reconciled to my company. Day was streaking the roof of the stable, now my bed-chamber; and by the snoring of a groom lying doubled up on a heap of straw beside me, I ascertained, alone, that I was yet in the land where sunshine is the staff of life, a cloak serves for every integument of the human frame, and the breath of man's nostrils has been poured in only for the purpose of being puffed out again through a cigar. Stiff with weariness, and stained with blood, much of others, and a little of my own, I left the *Arabian, and the* inferior rational brute at his feet, to settle their precedency, and tottered out into the open air. It was one of the finest mornings of the finest season in the world—a Spanish Spring. All was lucid, lustrous, balmy; a globe of clouds, the living colour of crimson, from which a Venus might have descended within the last five minutes, and which seemed waiting for her, until she had paid a morning visit to Adonis, lay on a sky of molten lapis lazuli; every tree was dropping fragrance and dew, and every dew-drop was a diamond that might have set the King of Visapour in battle array against the King of Golconda. For the moment, I actually found it impossible to bring back the recollections of the night. There was that around me which was "enough to cheer all sadness but despair." But I was soon to be awakened. On forcing my way through a thicket of roses, that covered me with buds and otto, the whole scene lay before me. And what a scene of sorrow. The conflagration had nearly died away, but it was not until it had done its work with terrible effect. Of the entire magnificent pile but one wing stood; buttress and battlement had fallen, and were falling; the flame had sunk only after calcining the huge walls into dust, and scattering the enormous beams in ashes. Every gust of the morning wind that swept away the white and suffocating cloud which constantly arose from the ruins, shewed some new overthrow, and let the light in on some new vista of mirrors, pictures, and costly furniture, gradually melting down into the flames that still spread and gnawed the vitals of the building below, like an army of wolves. Shattered walls, cleft from top to bottom by the fury of the flame; painted windows, illuminated, and dissolving in the partial blaze within, and the delicate flowers and traceries of the Gothic architecture, reddening, bursting off with the heat, or whitening into smoke and decay, were all that remained of the princely habitation, that the last sunset had seen the seat of beings worthy of the habitation, hearts generous and dignified, accomplished intellects, and forms which birth and beauty had sealed with a signet, not to be counterfeited by kings.

When I could collect myself, after the first shock of the sight, I looked round for the domestics, or tenantry, or any of the hundred or thousand human beings that might, I naturally concluded, have crowded to the spot of such a calamity. To my astonishment, not a soul was to be found. Terror, guilt, or superstition, had made every body fly, as if the place contained a pestilence. As a last resource, I returned to the groom whom I had left in my straw. He was now awake at last, and even sitting up; but drunk to the top of his bent. To my first word, he answered only by drinking my health, and suiting the action to the word, by putting a flask of *aqua ardiente* to his mouth, which he took from it again, only to let fall on the pavement, and to follow it there. In my indignation, I called him some name. It penetrated to the seat of his sensibilities, wherever that was. He opened his eyes wide, flung the flask at my head, and made a bound towards me, horsewhip in hand. I was tired, vexed, disgusted, dreamy, sick of the world. But the opportunity of at once doing an act of justice, inculcating a lesson of virtue, and relieving myself of a portion of my *ennui*, was too tempting to be resisted. I met him in full charge, wrested the *flagellum* from his nerveless hands, and, before he had time to fall asleep again, gave him a practical lecture on his outer man, which might make him sympathize, for all time to come, with any belaboured donkey, from Cadiz to the Pyrenees.

I had now to make up my mind as to what were to be my further proceedings. With ruins before me, and with solitude round me, I was exactly in the condition in which a man has the finest opportunity of discovering what resources are in himself. The experiment did not succeed with me, more than with Pompey the Great. Yet I was sensibly the better for the horsewhipping I had given the drunken groom. The vice was *not* Spanish; and in punishing it, I had soared to the dignity of a national avenger. Many a man has died of dejection, who, if *he had an act* of public justice of *this kind to* execute, would have *gathered up his* faculties, and been alive at this hour. Like Antæus, instead of being strangled at his point of solitary elevation, he would have found himself much the better for the roughest contact with the level of humanity. Determining to make a courage, if I could not find one, and equally determining to resist the intolerable and diseased lassitude which I felt growing over my mind, much more than over my frame, I still had not power to leave the scene of destruction. I roved it from sunrise to sunset, and I had all the world to myself. Not a human being ever interrupted me by the sound of a human voice. Clustered cottages and village alehouses are matters unheard of in the remoter provinces of Spain. The palace stands in solemn solitude. The farm-house stands equally clear of the contamination of meaner society. The peasant's hut buries itself in the fissure of some precipice, where its only visiting acquaintance must be the wolf or the vulture. The land is all lines of circumvallation and contravallation. In the cities, society, on the contrary, is crowded like a camp. If the trader, lover, soldier, priest, scholar, lawyer, and noble, find room enough to stand in and sun himself to sleep, or room enough to lie down and smoke himself to sleep, his broadest ambition asks no more; and therein it shews its good sense, for no more could it get. Life is compression; the business of life is flirtation; the pleasure of life is gossip; the trial of life is having something to do; and the close of life is, to go out like an exhausted pipe, give its last smoke, and have its ashes shaken out by the hand of the sexton, to smoke no more.

The few huts which I detected in the forest were deserted; and famine at last made it necessary for me to think seriously of returning to the world again. There is no use in saying now, how loftily I then despised the world, and how contemptible all the bustlings of life seemed to me in comparison with thinking of the loss of the lovely and the young. But I had not the option. The fiercest of all instincts had begun to assert its supremacy; and after gazing at the unoccupying palace for the thousandth time, my

crating the folly which had suffered me to lose sight of Catalina for a moment, and resolving thenceforth to shut my eyes, my ears, and my soul, to the sight, sound, and sense, of woman in her beauty, I sat down on the pedestal of a fallen statue, to ponder over the whole matter, and decide my decision again. In the moodiness of the time, I swung my foot against a small heap of dust, or fragments of the stone: it scattered before me, and disclosed a little morocco case, which had probably been dropped by some of the plunderers in their flight. I opened it, and saw—Catalina! I felt as if a stroke of lightning had fallen on me. The sensation was electric. There was the exquisite countenance, living, and illumined: her eyes were looking into the depths of mine. I could see the half-defined and delicate smile ripening on her lip. It was just half opening, and I could have listened for the words. The sweet, soft voice seemed to be sinking in my ear. But the dream was but for a moment, and it had its bitter reverse. A blast that came, heavy with the sulphurous vapours of the ruin, made me lift my eyes, and made me remember, too, that in the mass of wreck before me, the daughter of loveliness was now mouldering. Into what hideous shape might not that elegance of form have been crushed? What spire of flame, that from time to time shot up from the corners of the once proud fabric, might not be extinguishing the last remnant of all that was the charm of all eyes and ears? What cloud of those white ashes, that the gusts swept high and far, might not be dust once moulded into a form worthy only of the bright spirit it had enshrined,—dust that would have made every spot where it lay, sacred to my heart,—dust that would have reconciled me to lying down with it that hour in the grave.

"You are an Englishman? Of course you are a friend of liberty. We Spaniards are rather late in the field, I acknowledge; but then we have the less time to throw away. So what are you for to-night? The club, the opera, the hazard table, or the bal paré at Madame Crescembini's?" *All this variety of* delights was rattled off the tongue of a dashing, dark-browed, and very handsome Spaniard, young, volatile, and in boundless spirits. I had met with him at our ambassador's, he was to be seen everywhere, in the best company, and everywhere was the admiration of the ladies, and, of course, the envy, and, now and then a little, the hatred of the gentlemen. By what accident this showy personage attached himself, is matter of but a few words. One night, shortly after my arrival in Madrid, as I was returning from a fête at the Austrian ambassador's, my carriage, driving through one of those frightfully dark streets, which make the capital of the Castiles as perilous as the straits of Thermopylæ, ran down an unfortunate calèche coming with great rapidity in the opposite direction. As I did not feel myself qualified to use the privileges of a grandee of Spain, and break men's bones that I might arrive the earlier at my supper, I ordered my coachman to stop, and enquire what mischief he had done. I was not left long in doubt; for, by the light of the little lamp that twinkled before a little image of the Virgin, like the decaying piety of the people, I saw a gallant cavalier, in the uniform of the royal guard, extricate himself from the overturned calèche, and drawing his sabre, dart towards the carriage door, with all the appearance of a determination to wipe out the affront by sending me to the other world. It was in vain that I apologized, with all due consideration for the ill luck of so well-dressed a hero. He would hear of nothing but immediate war. As I had no liking for war in a dark street, at three in the morning, and with no other recorders to hand down the exploit to fame than a pair of postilions, I further attempted to explain, that if there had been any fault in addition to the misfortune, it was his own, and that he had only to drive more leisurely in future. But this did not prove a palliative. At length, a little tired of this dialogue, I told him that I was sleepy, cold, and only desired then to go to bed, but that in the morning I should be ready for his *cartel*. This was but throwing oil on the fire; he grew furious, and at length was hasty enough to use some flowers of the street vocabulary, which put

an end to all compromise. I happened to wear a sword, as the ambassador's was a party, *en grande costume*. Ordering my valet to wait the event, and see me quietly carried home, in case I was to give the guardsman the pleasure of running me through the *præcordia*, I sprang into the middle of the street, and prepared for combat; inwardly wondering at the ill luck which seemed to bring me into perpetual scrapes, and thinking how oddly the whole affair would sound in the English papers. Let no one raise the laugh of unbelief. I am not accountable for the *capricios* of the human mind. But nothing is more true to history than that, at the very instant when I was standing, with the bitter wind of a Madrid winter's night—and it needs not bow its honours, in that matter, to Siberia—with ice shooting through my silk investitures into every pore of my frame, and with my rapier in position to do battle against an adversary whom I could barely see by the glitter of his own, I had constructed the very paragraph in which the Morning Post would announce to the "world of fashion" the "extraordinary rencontre, in Spain, in which Sir Charles —— at midnight, slew, or was slain," &c. I had not yet settled the latter point, when the guardsman made a sweep of his sabre at my head, which, if it had taken effect, would have furnished the journalist with intelligence of the most authentic nature. However, thanks to the Madonna, I escaped being cloven to the chine; for at that moment either she, or the wind, blew out her little lamp, and total darkness was the inevitable consequence. The Englishman knows nothing about the sword, and doubtless, if the affair had been suffered to turn into a fencing-match, the cavalier's sabre would have carved me quite at its ease. But the blowing out of our candle satisfied me that some exertion on my part might be necessary. I accordingly made a spring at my antagonist, which perplexed his science. I grasped him; our struggle now was close and *fierce*. I was strong, active, and, at *last, angry*. The guardsman was to *the full* as active, and at least as *angry*. But the John Bull nerve from the cradle upon scraps and cutlets. I soon found that I had the Spaniard in a vice; he attempted to extricate himself with great gallantry, and at last slipped away from me like a serpent. Well it had been for him, if he had been satisfied with this piece of generalship. But he resolved to have another chance for the laurel. He rushed on me again. I received him on my sword's point, exactly in the centre of the right shoulder. It went through and through. He uttered a scream of agony, dropped his sabre on the ground, and stumbled after it. The field was now fairly my own. The cavalier's honour was satisfied—so was mine; and having no further reason for freezing in the Calle de San Agustino any longer, I had the gallant guardsman laid in the carriage, and carried groaning and teasing to my hotel.

If my good angels had intended to make me free of all the gay, graceful, eccentric, prodigal, and profligate higher society of the luxurious Spanish world, they could not have contrived a more effective expedient. Every human being worth knowing, and perhaps not worth knowing, in this most curious miscellany of mankind, was interested in some way or other about El Capitan Don Altuna. The hotel was crowded with visitants from morning till midnight. His fame spread upward and downward, and it was said that even royal bosoms acknowledged the sympathy due to the suffering hero; for by a strange turn of fortune, our quarrel had taken a grand amatory shape, and the cavalier was declared to be the victim of an attempt to outwit him with his love, who was either the prima donna of the royal opera, one of the Queen's ladies of honour, or a Princess of the blood. The matter was uncertain, and therefore the latitude for fact and fancy was the greater. Fortune had thus shorn me of half my laurels, but even half were something. The Don had been so well known, and so little liked, as a first-rate swordsman, that to have fought, and still more to have wounded, and still more to have probably spoiled his science for life, was held by a very considerable circle, even of the royal guard themselves, who

tude; and the magnificent ball given by the guard to the court and nobility, saw the Englishman by no means unmarked by the attentions of the important members of the corps. Bright eyes, too, condescended to shoot additional rays when I happened to appear; and perfumed notes with the most exquisite borders, enclosing the most intolerable attempts at expressing the sentiments of the fair writers—for in Spain, as Dogberry says, "a good education comes by nature," at least art seldom troubles herself on the subject—lay, from time to time, on my table.

But what heart had I for those triflings? I had come to Madrid merely on my way to hide my head in England, or wherever I might hide it most effectually. Every enquiry that I could make for the fate of the Ildefonzo family was totally in vain. I had traversed the south of Spain with fruitless perseverance. All that I could learn was that the Conde had been an insurgent against the New *Régime*, had collected troops, defied the Cortes, fought a pitched battle, in which the soldiers at liberty performed miracles of valour, and had finally retreated to his castle, which, in despair, he had been seen to set on fire, and finally perish with all his family in the flames. To this monstrosity the story of my brave and unfortunate friend had shaped itself in the hands of that greatest of authors, common fame. But the catastrophe coincided too painfully with my own knowledge. All was now certain. And with the calmness that belongs to insured misfortune, I made up my mind to enquire no more, but quit the country, where the very sound of the language reminded me of things which I had determined to forget, if possible, and spend the rest of my life in rambling, or in solitude, or in sleep! The guardsman's wound kept me in Madrid. His recovery was slow; to move him was pronounced hazardous; and with this new tie on my hospitality I remained. He had periods of pain and fever which made something more than hired attendance grateful to him; and in one of those rare evenings when we happened to be alone, I attempted to amuse him by some mention of my Italian tours. He was intelligent, and our conversation insensibly touched on the forbidden topic. But here I found him quite at home. "He was perfectly well acquainted with the south and east of Spain; had been quartered in every city from Cadiz to Perpignan," &c. I was unable to resist the enquiry for the fate of my friends. "He had known them; been a guest in their mansion; felt a strong interest in their circumstances." As I alluded to my strange and melancholy adventure, he grew more interested; and I, in that universal propensity to make a confidant which is often so hard to resist, in return for his interest, by degrees gave him the whole disburthening of my wounded spirit. The effect of this confidence on the cavalier was like a total change of character. Always gay and graceful; he now became calmly kind, gravely listened to my rambling details, and exhibited the most generous anxiety to relieve me of the wretched indecision, which, in spite of all my vows to the contrary, embarrassed my mind. In a month he was able to move about, and his gratitude was employed in projecting amusements for the next month, which might have occupied half a life. The Don still had his personal pursuits, which he becomingly kept to himself. I had no desire to mingle in those scenes, whether of squalid indulgence, or brilliant excess, which make the employment of life in this profuse scene of indolent pleasure. Still it was not altogether possible always to put on a face of frowns against the elastic good-humour of the Don. I am one of those who have never been able to resist importunity, and, least of all, that importunity which comes armed with kindness. I went to some of his balls and *al frescoes;* and as a shewy idler, and an Englishman, and of course supposed to come loaded with the wealth of India, was welcomed to the saloons of the leaders of society in Madrid. But as an Englishman, I possessed a higher claim still on the popularity of the hour. Spain was in a ferment of patriotism. The army had shewn their respect for an oath by revolting against their King. The government was revolutionary. The populace were the sovereign

and every heart was boiling over with the hope of a general sharing of the titles and orders, the houses and lands, the opulence and the appointments of the nobles. An Englishman, possessing any mark of distinction, and presumed to be opulent, was a sort of enemy to the new monarch in the streets. I was perfectly silent on the trite and tiresome subject, which constituted the grand science of regeneration among this new born race. But even my scorn of their political frivolity assisted my easiness of intercourse among them. I should have shrunk from the real Jacobin. I was merely amused with the fictitious Revolutionist. The first evidence of genuine overthrow would have been the signal for my putting half-a-dozen mules to my carriage, and bidding farewell to the soil of sarabands for the next century. But my lively guest had determined on keeping me where I was, and I was not unwilling to gratify his determination. I thus mingled with partisans of all sides—was present at coteries of all orders of patriotism—and listened to the harangues at the *Café del Sol*, alternately with the graver and equally fruitless debates in the Cortes. To me all had equally the appearance of child's play. The Spaniard had his hour of fantasy; and in that hour fancied himself a republican. But, for one hour of this borrowed taste, he had three-and-twenty of the natural genius for doing nothing, playing dominos, and twanging the guitar. I made up my mind on the total impossibility of his going beyond the melodrama of Rebellion. The Frenchman alone was capable of the tragedy. Thus fortified, I looked upon myself as simply taking the world as it came.

But, after all, temptation is unsafe. Time, habit, and the eternal repetition of the same sentiments, will do something to entangle the wisest; and I am not inclined to reckon myself in that file. I became strongly involved in the political whirl. My purse, for money was now indifferent to me, was often called on; my name was reckoned among the resources of struggling patriotism; the sudden glow of the national temperament had begun to ardour in my brow; and while the gay Capitan kept up the ball with increasing vivacity, I was unconsciously gliding into an interest in the game.

The game was thickening; just at this time the question of "King, or no King," was beginning to be pondered on by the philosophers of the party. I had heard of houses where the dance and the supper were combined with the most ardent "devotion to the grand cause of freedom," and of Madonna di Crescambini, as a first-rate friend to the grand cause. But my first visit was reserved for this evening. Altuna's cabriolet was at the door. We got in, and galloped over three-fourths of Madrid in its usual state of darkness; by what miracle we were saved from compound fractures of every limb of our bodies, is still unknown to me. However, we continued to wind along through a labyrinth of alleys, that seemed growing rougher and narrower at every yard.

"Where does Madonna live?" said I, at last. "This does not seem at least the court end?"

"How the deuce should it?" was the laughing answer. "La Crescambini disdains the aids of art; she has not to follow fashion; fashion follows her. But you shall see."

I began to think that I had trusted too far to the decorum of my volatile friend.

"I must desire, Altuna," said I, "that you do not bring me into any of those awkward positions, which sit so easy on such dexterous fellows as yourself; but from which no Englishman was ever made to escape."

He turned his face full upon me at the words. My old ally, the twinkle of a lamp before an image, the only light in the street, served me again. The expression of the very handsome face, was a sudden mixture of scorn and triumph. I probably gave some indication of my surprise, for the look was qualified instantly by a clasp of my hand of the most confiding order, and a speech of more than the usual length, in which the gallant cavalier solemnly protested that he had brought me to "that strange [illegible]

of the oddities of the capital, unknown to all but the select few; to introduce me to a singular source of amusement, and to give me an insight into the actual movements and movers of the public mind."

He sprang out of the vehicle. I followed. Our way led through a passage as long, winding, and silent, as the most romantic in a tale of banditti. We gave private signals at successive doors, were let in soundlessly, said nothing, and were passed forward. Whether I was in the subterraneans of the palace, of the Inquisition, or of the public jail, began to be a doubtful matter with me, and I was on the point of thinking that nothing good was likely to follow such preliminaries, when a murmur of voices began to whisper in the night, a glimmer played in the air high above our heads, a low door opened; the Capitan bade me now prepare for a scene. We descended half-a-hundred steps through a dimly-lighted corridor, and, at the end of it, laying his hand on my arm, to intimate silence, he threw open a thick curtain, which hung across the entrance, and disclosed what was indeed an extraordinary scene.

STEPHEN OLIVER ON ANGLING. *

All the great poets seem to have left off work—we hope it is not so with all the great anglers. Age will deaden inspiration, and old swans sing but when they die. Yet a poet's life never grows prosaic—and there is ever a halo round his temples besprinkled thinly with grey hairs. Anglimania, again, survives in the blood as long as the heart beats, and the pulse can be felt, however feeble; and even after the wrist has lost its cunning, or, at least, is unable to practise it, sweet is the murmur of the fishy stream to mine ancient's ear, and beautiful to his dim eyes the breezy blue of its wrinkled surface, down which go flaunting, till they are sucked in, in fleets, and squadrons, and single sail, spring's flower and field and forest flies, ephemerals all like ourselves—but happier far in their airy waftage or watery voyaging, than the vain race of man!

We must not say that we were a great, but may say that we were once a good angler. You may ask Wordsworth. He will tell you of our killing a creelful in two hours, in the beautiful liquid link uniting Grassmere and Rydalmere, one day when Ned Hurd himself could not move a fin. But Ned had no idea of fine tackle—and ours was like the gossamer—invisible but in the sun-glint, and then our flies were so lifelike that you thought you heard them hum. The great poet lay on the bank near the bridge, with a placid smile on his noble features, as at every other throw we hooked a golden star, and bid it shine on the sward among the brackens; yet, ever and anon, the fixed dim eyes told, that his spirit was in meditation's umbrage, haunted by sights too ethereal for sense to see, and we knew then that we passed to and fro before his couch an unregarded shadow. Divine day! and yet but one of a celestial series!—closed now—haply never to be continued: but often renewed in imaginative memory—with many blank interruptions, and many dim fadings-away of uncertain imagery—yet restorative and elevating—in moonlight glimpses, or sudden sunbursts—

> "Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine."

Dip into Bewick for that wise-looking order of birds, the Waders. Our physiognomy is more intellectual; but when you see their legs, you see ours; and we have forded the Tweed, in incipient spate, to the astonishment of the pedlar, shaking his head on the right bank of the river, while we were shaking our body,

---

* Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. By Stephen Oliver, the Younger. 12mo. Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand, London.

like a joyous Newfoundlander, on the left; and then, at the first drop of our hare-lug, hooking a trout like a small fish at the tail of the ford, and running him up high and dry on the sand, as if he were amphibious, and had come ashore of his own accord, to take a frisk with the lambs racing in the sunshine.

Indian-rubber boots half-way up to the fork! Charles Macintosh is a man of genius—but he will pardon us for recommending to our rheumatic friends a panoply of caoutchouc—while we—should we ever angle again in the flesh—continue to shew our spindle-shanks and thighs to the tenants of the flood in worsted, flannel, and velveteen, and the warmer the wetter, till, thoroughly saturated, you feel as if wading to the waistband in cream of roses.

Is the angling in Scotland better, or worse, or the same as it used to be some thirty, forty, or fifty years ago? In the Lowlands we cannot help thinking it is not what it then was; some streams that were then trout-ful shew now but an occasional minnow-shoal; and one in particular, which we shall not offend by naming—for that would be personal—we wept to find last spring every here and there as dry as the adjacent high-road, though not so well macadamized; without any cause or motive we could discover, except pure weariness of life. The Diving-Pool, which Sandy Donald used to maintain had no bottom, we fathomed with the Crutch! The Lang holms—we fished—all the way down from the Brier-bush to the Stone-cross, if fishing it might be called, where fish were none—and we heard but one plump in the water, which we at first fondly imagined might be a leaping trout, but on a narrower inspection, lo! striking out like a Byron, a most expeditious frog. A ploughman stared at us as his team were wheeling on the head-rig above the bank, wondering what the creature was doing there; but we told him we were merely taking exercise, at which he smiled, and crying "gee-ho," began to draw as pretty a furrow as we ever saw—the whole wide field having *manifestly* been long under *cultivation*, which we well remember to have been hundred year-old three parts of the year, left the gowans just as numerous as when they came flocking out in spring. Oh, those mills! those mills!

Yet the Tweed, Henry Scott, senior, (his hook is bloody,) thinks every whit as good as of yore; though the trouts have changed their ground, because their ground has itself changed from a hundred causes at work in flood, plain, and fell, which it would require a small agricultural treatise to elucidate—and something of the sort was prettily done—with another object—by Sir Walter, in one of his delightful papers in the Quarterly Review. But Cadrona mains are still prolific of pounders—along Elibank-wood the princes and princesses of the blood-royal are black but comely; and, for our own parts, werewe to take a day, we should keep loitering and sauntering along the lovely levels all within sight of holy Ashestiel.

A paper of ours, in last year's Mags, entitled, Twaddle on Tweedside, a Cockney called Twaddle indeed—but he was one of the two *artists* implicated in the charge of the double-rod. You may remember the picture—of our friend fast in a tree on one side of the river, and his brother-in-law attacked by a goat on the other—a patriarch whom it was in vain to attempt to rebut. You cannot have forgot the line baited with frogs, minnows, lob-worms, and salmon-flies. Ever since his perusal of that harmless article, has he, whose life we saved from that infuriated grey-beard, pursued us in print, with unmitigated and unappeasable revenge. The very same day—and never till this moment did we mention the circumstance to a living soul—we rescued him from an onset of geese—after the squadron had twice charged over his body—and having ascertained that no bones were broken, supported him to a wayside inn, and committed him to the care of an old woman, who could not have treated him more tenderly had he been her own son—anointing his hinder-end with opodeldoc, and salving with Turner's cerate the wounds on his legs and thighs, which that cruel gander, with his bill so rough, had made. Thinking on him, we are almost disposed

ment expressed in four well-known lines of one of the Lyrical Ballads:—

" I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
For me, the gratitude of man
Has oftener left me mourning."

The angling in the Highlands has doubtless undergone considerable changes since the days of Noah, but not much within our memory—and that little has perhaps improved its character. Streams hidden half a century ago in pine forests, and chilled by perpetual shade, are now animated by sun and wind, and prolific of fly-loving life. The natives used to be negroes, with an occasional Albino—now their skins are brown and speckled, like that of other Celts. The strath-rivers roll now, in many parts of their course, through cultured plains; and the borders of many a loch, not long ago with stunted wood all horrid, are green as emerald, or yellow as gold, with cow-pastures alternating with barley fields, and huts that in those regions may be called cottages—though you may lay your loof on the mouth of the novel chimney. In many places there is less moss—water-hags have been drained—and you hear by its voice that purer is the element. But if we get off on a description, there will be no stopping us till we run bounce against another Article—so let us merely say that, forgetting a few furnaces and other manufactories, angling has improved in the Highlands with the aspect of the improvable country, while it remains the same in the regions of rock and mountain, and an atmosphere enclosing for ever the mist and cloud. 'Tis an awful thing to stand—all alone by oneself—in the noise of one of those far-off and high-up waterfalls—yet a strange desperation infatuates you to leap into the caldron, which, though it seems boiling, heart-sickens you as you come bubbling up from the blackness, with antarctic cold. Few or no trouts there—but the fresh-run salmon, white as silver, from the sea, in vain shoots up through the rainbowed thunder, in source-seeking instinct, and falls back into the foaming eddies, taking his pastime where the river-horse would *be whirled like* a leaf, and sucked *snorting into* the jaws of death.

That is pretty well. We never read a bad article or book about angling—and many is the admirable article we have written on the silent trade. Perhaps it might be best of all treated in a poem in the Spenserian stanza, with notes. We have such a poem lying by us, but not in a finished state, and wish some younger brother of the rod and quill would polish it up a bit for us, till it is about as spirited as Somerville's Chase, and as elegant as Beattie's Minstrel. Another favourite scheme of ours is to publish the Transactions of the Edinburgh Anglimaniacal Club—or, rather, a selection in three volumes, crown octavo—which might be the Angler's *Vade-mecum in sæcula sæculorum.*

But our brain has lately conceived a still more magnificent idea—that of the Establishment of a Universal Union of Angling Clubs—the first celebration to be held on the river Ewes—and the tents of the Union to be pitched among the silvan rocks through which that river rushes from Loch Maree. We now elect ourselves Grand Master by acclamation—the Shepherd poet-laureat—Archibald Goldie, Esq. secretary—David Kinnear, Esq. treasurer—the Rev. Hamilton Paul, chaplain—Sir Morgan O'Doherty, standard bearer and champion—and patroness, (we humbly hope by permission,) our most gracious Queen—Adelaide the Beloved.

Let Great Britain and Ireland think on this idea.

Meanwhile here is a wee bit bookie written by a true angler—and we are only sorry that it is but a wee bit bookie—and wish that instead of 160 small pages, with an appendix, it had consisted of twice that number o' lang leaves, for it is inspired with the right spirit, and must have a place in every library—shelf Walton.

We were never in Coquetdale, but should be happy to have a holiday there with Stephen Oliver. You must allow us to introduce to you that pleasant worthy and his companion Burrell.

A DAY IN COQUETDALE.

" Towards the end of July, or the beginning of August, I have for some years past been accustomed to take a trip into Roxburghshire, to spend a few weeks with a friend; and as I travel at my ease

sure. I always enjoy a few days' fishing by the way. Sometimes I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of Weldon Bridge, for the sake of a cast in the Coquet; sometimes I take up my quarters with honest Sandy Macgregor, at the Tankerville Arms, Wooler, to enjoy a few days fishing in the Glen and the Till; and occasionally I drive up to Yetholm to have a day's sport in the Bowmont, with that patriarch of gipsies and prince of fishers, old Will Faa; as good a fly-fisher as is to be met with between Berwick and Dumfries, in which tract of country are to be found some of the best anglers in the kingdom.

"There are not many trout streams in England more likely to afford a week's recreation to the fly-fisher than the Coquet; nor would it be an easy matter to point out a river on the whole more interesting, and affording better sport. The angler may undoubtedly take larger trouts at Driffield, and from streams more secluded bring home a heavier creel; but for a week's fair fishing, from Linnshiels to Warkworth, the Coquet is perhaps surpassed by none. The natural scenery of its banks is beautiful, independent of the interest excited by the ruins of Brinkburn Priory, and the Hermitage of Warkworth; and its waters, 'clear as diamond spark,' present in their course every variety of smooth water, rapids, and pools, for the exercise of the angler's skill.

"Last year I took my usual route, intending to spend a day or two in Coquetdale, accompanied by a friend, an amateur both of fishing and of sketching, but more expert at taking a view than taking a trout. We were approaching the village where we intended to stop, when my companion's attention was arrested by a striking object, and immediately his sketch-book was out. 'Pull up a few minutes, Oliver,' said he; 'look at that gibbet—did you ever see any thing so picturesque! A raven, too—the very type, the *beau-idéal* of "der Rabenstein," which is introduced with such powerful effect in the German drama. There is only a subject wanting to render the coup d'œil complete.'

"Upon looking in the direction pointed out by my friend, there certainly did appear something like a gibbet at a short distance across the moor, with a jackdaw or a crow cutting a few odd capers on the cross-beam. 'Did you ever see any thing like it, Oliver?' continued my friend, '*a real gibbet*, and on that lonely spot! I *suppose some* poor traveller has lost his *life there*, and that is the gibbet of his *murderer*. I have a capital thought! we put up; I shall try to persuade the hostler to come out with me to-morrow, and just hang himself up by the arms for half an hour, till I complete a sketch from the living model. My friend Hatchwell will engrave the *thing*—the particulars of the murder I can pick up at the inn, and "whip them up in my own style," as Yorick says, and, presto, there is a tale of the "fashionably terrible" at once. The whole subject is as plainly before me as if, like Coleridge, I had been dreaming about it. Describe the murderer as a fine, strapping, hawk-nosed, black-whiskered fellow, the very *beau idéal* of one of Eastlake's banditti; make a whey-faced, sentimental girl in love with him, and let her be found one morning dead at the gibbet foot. I shall send it with the illustration to the ——, that Phœnix of Annuals, where it may serve as a pendant to one of my Lord Bombast's pieces of sentimental horror, or as a foil to bring out the refined beauties that are so ingeniously concealed in the fascinating productions of Lady Lyrick.'

"'My dear Burrell, not a word more of this nonsense; say nothing to the hostler, unless you wish to make us a standing jest to every angler that visits the place. Get done with your sketch, raven and all; write your tale where you like, only tell no more of it here.' The sketch-book was now closed, and in the course of a few minutes we were at the door of the Black Bull's Head, where the landlord was standing ready to receive us.

"*Landlord.* Good day, sir, good day,—you are welcome back to this part of the country. The guard of the Wellington told us that you would be here at one, and you are very punctual to your time. I hope you have been well since you were last in Coquetdale—I am glad to see you again at the Black Bull's Head.

"*Oliver.* Thank you, Mr Burn, thank you; how are all my old fishing acquaintances in this part of the country,—how is my friend the Vicar?

"*Landlord.* O, he's bravely, sir; still fishing away, and talking about it as much as ever, but just catching as few trout as before. He called with Mr Bell only half an hour since, to enquire if you had arrived,—but he was rather out of humour. He had been out at the water early this morning—thinking to surprise you with what he had taken, I suspect—and the de'il a thing did he catch, but half a dozen bits o' trouts not bigger than my thumb.

"*Oliver.* Do you know whereabouts he was?—I should have thought, from the rain we had yesterday, that this would have been a most favourable morning for

"*Landlord.* He was almost as high up as Rothbury, and he fished down to Weldon—but never could mortal man, except himself, expect to catch fish with such a flee as he had on.

"*Oliver.* What sort of fly did he use?

"*Landlord.* You beat me there. The old gentleman is very fanciful about his flees, and thinks there is not a man in the countryside that can dress one like him. But sic a flee as he had on this morning! —it was eneugh to fley all the fish in Coquet. A great bunch of feathers, that would hardly go into this pint pot here, and more like a pee-wit than aught else. There were trouts to be taken too, by folk that could go handier about it; for Jamie Hall, the tailor, who was out at the same time, brought home about two dozen of as fine trouts as I would wish to catch. But Jamie is a capital flee-fisher, and seldom returns with a toom creel.

"*Burrell.* Pray, what gibbet is that upon the moor, landlord?

"*Landlord.* Gibbet, sir?—I know of no gibbet in this county but that at Elsdon, which is twenty long miles off.

"*Burrell.* Surely you cannot but know of the gibbet on the left on crossing the moor, and scarcely a mile from your own door?

"*Landlord.* O, I understand what you mean now. That is the starting post for our races, and the cross-piece which made you take it for a gibbet, is to hang a pair of butcher's scales on to weigh the jockeys in. Did you see a corby or a jackdaw fluttering about the top as you passed?

"*Burrell.* We did observe a large black bird flapping his wings upon the cross-piece, but I took it to be a raven.

"*Landlord.* It will be nothing better than a corby-crow.—Hostler, tell the lad there is another crow down at the starting-post.—One of our lads made a few springes out of an old cow-tail, and set them, with a dead rabbit, on the top of the starting-post, and he has catched five crows to-day already.

"*Oliver.* Shall I bespeak the hostler for you, Burrell, that you may complete your sketch from the living model? Do start after dinner, and 'whip up' those particulars in your own style. Do introduce your 'fine, strapping, hawk-nosed, black-whiskered fellow,' *hanging* in a butcher's scale, previous to starting for a leather plate.

"*Burrell.* Bespeak the dinner if you please; but no more of the hostler 'an thou lovest me.' In future, I shall close my sketch-book against all 'striking' objects.

"*Oliver.* Is dinner preparing, Mr Burn?

"*Landlord.* It is, sir, and will be ready to a minute at the time ordered by the guard—two o'clock. Your old fishing fare, he said; and there will be just a dish of hotch-potch, a piece of salmon, and a saddle of Cheviot mutton.

"*Oliver.* The very thing.—Is Mrs Burn attending to the hotch-potch herself?

"*Landlord.* That she is. Ever since you praised it so much, she will scarcely let the girls shell the peas, or pare the turnips.

"*Oliver.* We intend going out in the afternoon; and I expect we shall have some sport, as there is a gentle breeze of wind from the south-west, and the sky is rather cloudy. We will look over our tackle while dinner is preparing.—What kind of fly would you advise, Mr Burn? You are an old angler in Coquet, and should know something of the tastes of its trouts.

"*Landlord.* I think you had best try the black hackle and the midge-flee first; and, towards evening, if you have not sport to your liking with these, put on a red hackle; and if you can catch fish with none of them, I can, for this time of the year, recommend nothing better. The red hackle is a great favourite, and not without reason, with our Coquetdale anglers. One of the best of them thus sings of it:

> 'The black-flee is guid when it's airly;
> The May-flee is deadly in spring;
> The midge-flee may do in fair weather;
> For foul sawmon roe is the king;—
> But let it be late or be airly,
> The water be drumly or sma',
> Still up wi' the bonny red-heckle,
> The heckle that tackled them a'.'

You must get well up the stream, as far as Piperhaugh, and fish down to Weldon.

"*Oliver.* We shall set out after dinner, and reach Piperhaugh about four o'clock. We shall be back in the evening, and sup at ten. I shall just write a note to the Vicar and Mr Bell, inviting them to join us at supper-time. Do you think we shall be favoured with their company?

"*Landlord.* I think I may venture to assure you of that. They are both at home, and know that you are expected."

We call that very pretty, simple, natural writing; and Stephen hath a pleasant vein of humour that would enliven a Noctes. Only this moment have we happened to observe that,

his volume is dedicated to Us! Now, this is gratifying—for never to our knowledge have we seen Stephen in the flesh.

CLARISSIMO VIRO
DOMINO CHRISTOPHERO NORTH,
PISCATORI, POETÆ, CRITICO;
CALAMO, TAM PISCATORIO QUAM SCRIPTORIO,
APPRIME PERITO,
FUSTE (HIBERNICE SHILLELAH) FORMIDABILI,
SCIPIONE (ANGLICE CRUTCH) TREMENDO,
HOC QUALECUNQUE OPUSCULUM
D. D. D.
STEPHANUS OLIVERUS.

Ah! Stephen, your English shews you to be a scholar—but did not you submit your Latinity for correction—or at least approval—to the Rev. James Todburn? Clerk Todburn is quite a Dominie Sampson in his way—yet hath he a character of his own; and though kindred to Old Prodigious—yet is the Curate an original—and he must shake hands some day with Christopher North.

"*Evening. Parlour of the Black Bull's Head. Decanters and Glasses on the Table. Present, the Rev.* James Todburn, Andrew Bell, Richard Burrell, *and* Stephen Oliver, *Esqrs.*

"*Oliver.* Now that we have drank the King, the Royal Family, and other standard toasts, I shall give you the Lord-lieutenant of the county,—the Duke of Northumberland.

"*All.* The Duke of Northumberland!

"*Burrell.* He is a pleasant-looking man the Duke, but, I should think, rather too pale-faced to be an angler. Does he ever amuse himself with the rod, Mr Todburn?

"*Rev. J. T.* Not now, I believe, though he was once rather fond of the sport. But he was always better with the gun than the rod, and could walk better than he could either shoot or fish.

"*Burrell.* Indeed! I should never have taken his Grace to have been much of a pedestrian.

"*Rev. J. T.* Then you are mistaken. About twenty years ago, I durst have matched him against the whole body of the aristocracy, and thrown the House of Commons into the bargain, either for an hour's breathing, or a long day's walk. From Alnwick to Alnmouth and back is *ten miles*; and, when Earl Percy, he *often* performed this distance in two *hours*, *merely* as a walk before breakfast. The distance from Alnwick to Keilder of bad road, and over a hilly country; and he has frequently walked it, on the 11th of August, with his gun over his shoulder, and his shot-belts about him, and reached Keilder before dinner, and started next morning with the lark for the moors.

"*Burrell.* He must have been a second Captain Barclay in those days. He should walk a little more now; he is growing too fat and listless. The Duchess is of pious and domestic habits, I understand; conducts a ladies' penny-a-week tract society in Alnwick; and has the finest breed of pigs in the kingdom.

"*Bell.* You are out there. There may be some truth about the pigs; but as to the penny-a-week concern, some one has been hoaxing you, or perhaps you are treating us with a 'slice of your own gammon.'—Allow me now to give a toast; it needs no long preface, but when the thing is in my mind I must notice it. You have observed the Black Bull's Head that swings so bravely at our landlord's door? That is the crest of the Widdringtons, whose pennon has been unfurled in a hundred Border forays. I shall give you their descendant, the Lord of the Manor—Riddell of Felton.

"*All.* Riddell of Felton!

"*Oliver.* Thank you for your toast, and its introduction, Mr Bell. I knew not that the owner of Felton Hall, within whose ground I have so often fished, 'tracked his parent stream' to so noble a source. Who has not heard of Widdrington, 'that gallant squire?'

'For Wetharynton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis were hewyne in to,
Yet he kneled and fought on his knee.'

"*Bell.* One might suppose that you had been born in Coquetdale, you are so ready with the 'Hyntynge of the Chyviot.'—But I should like now to hear a little of your fishing. I suspect that you have returned with an empty creel, or we should have heard something of your ex-

should like to see your take—a couple of thorney-backs, perch *par courtesie;* half a dozen minnows, and an eel; but not a single trout, except the dozen which you would buy in coming home, to save yourselves from being laughed at.

"*Oliver.* Thorney-backs and minnows! —I should like much to catch a few of your *trouts.* But you shall see. Waiter, let the hostler bring up that hamper of trouts and the pike which we caught this afternoon. A pike—it is a halberd of a fish—a very weaver's beam!

Enter HOSTLER, *with a tolerably well-filled basket of trouts and a pike.*

"*Bell.* Well done! These are something better than thorney-backs, after all. I dare say you have nearly a stone and a half of trouts here, and some of them really prime ones. You have been lucky in hooking the skeggers to-day; if you continue as you have begun, you will rouse the jealousy of your brother anglers.

"*Oliver.* Skeggers! Why surely you do not call those fine trouts, of from two to three pounds weight, skeggers? I do not think there is a single skegger amongst them.

"*Bell.* There you are wrong—and prove that you are better acquainted with Izaak Walton than with the trouts of the Coquet, notwithstanding the numerous visits you have paid to this part of the country. The trout which Walton describes as the samlet, or skegger, is the small brandling trout of the Coquet: but the trout which we here call the skegger is a large one, almost like a bull trout, and the name is derived from an old word, 'to skug'—to seek covert or shelter; for these trouts are mostly found under the shadow of a bank or projecting rock, and they are by some called alder or alter trouts, in consequence of their haunting the roots of alder-trees, that grow by the side of the stream. Since I have alluded to etymologies, I must go one step further to notice, that 'skug' is most probably derived from the Mœso-Gothic 'Skydga,' to shadow or cover; and that the mountain Skiddaw, in Cumberland, probably owes its name to the same source. Skygddha—the dark shadow—is admirably expressive of its character when seen from the foot of Withop, before the sun has illumined the south-western side, and when its dark shade is extended over the vale of Derwent.—But what a famous pike you have caught; I have seldom seen such a one taken in this part of the country. What weight is he?

"*Oliver.* Ten pounds three ounces; *length from* eye to fork, two feet seven inches and three sixteenths, by the excise-man's rod.

"*Rev. J. T.* That is not a Coquet-bred fish; he must have escaped from some pond or loch during the late rains. Pray where did you take him?

"*Oliver.* In the deep pool a little above Brinkburn. I observed him lying at his ease near the surface of the water, and tried him first with a small trout, which he would not look at. I then put on an artificial frog with a double snap, which I had among my baits, and he seized it in a moment. I struck as soon as he turned, and luckily hooked him; and directly that he felt himself pricked, swoop! he was off like a whale. I let him have about forty yards of line, though not too gently, before I attempted to check him. I then was obliged to put my tackle to the test, as he was likely to gain, had I allowed him more line, a rocky part of the stream. When I found that my tackle would hold him, I began to wind him gently back, and had got him, after a good deal of manœuvring, within twenty yards of the end of the rod, when off he went again. He repeated this three or four times, growing weaker every sweep he took, till at last I got so far master of him as to draw him to the shore, where Burrell landed him with a gaff.

"*Rev. J. T.* But how did you come by the trouts? I was out myself this morning, and only caught half-a-dozen which were scarcely worth bringing home; and yet I ought to know something of Coquet, and I am persuaded that you could not have more suitable flies, for I always make my own.

"*Oliver.* We began at Piperhaugh, and fished down to Weldon Bridge. At first we had only indifferent success till we tried a fly recommended by our landlord, the red-hackle, and afterwards we had no reason to complain. We got the greatest number between Brinkburn and Weldon. At the commencement I was inclined to blame my friend Burrell for our want of success; for the trout is a *sly fish,* that appears to be instinctively aware of the danger that awaits him when a *scientific* angler is in company, and carefully keeps himself out of harm's way.

"*Burrell.* You *practical* anglers always claim the privilege of laughing at the novice, until he perceives that your pretended mystery is a mere bag of smoke, and becomes as wise as one of yourselves. You have been winding a long reel about that pike, Oliver, but you do not relate the most interesting part of the tale, that the fish at one period of the contest had the better of the angler. I was a short distance up the stream, attending to my

own sport, when I heard a loud splash, and on running towards the place, there was this simple fisherman floundering about in the water, holding his rod with both hands, and the pike making off with him, when I luckily dragged him out. In strict justice, the merit of taking the pike belongs to me.

"*Oliver.* I do not deny it. I only wish that you had made a little more haste, and not laughed quite so loudly.

"*Burrell.* Who could help laughing?—And then the hubbub and the loud ha! ha! brought out the miller's wife to see if any of her live stock had fallen into the water; and when she found that it was neither calf nor pig, she sent down—kind, motherly old dame—to offer the poor gentleman who had got such a ducking a change of her husband's clothes. Had you only accepted the offer, you had made me your bondman for ever. I think I see you in the honest miller's corduroy small-clothes, rig-and-furrow stockings, and grey coat, of the cut of the last century, with white metal buttons about the size of a crown piece. Dominie Sampson in all his glory!

"*Oliver.* You are really excellent at a sketch, Burrell. You are 'whipping it up' in your own style. Put the bottle about, Mr Bell, and favour us with a song, if you please.

"*Bell.* Willingly—I am too bad a singer to require much inviting. Singers, whether good or bad, should only annoy a company once; either by their obstinacy in refusing to sing, or by their miserable performance. My subject must be about fishing, I suppose; and though my 'Piscatory Eclogues' are neither choice nor numerous, you shall have one such as it is.

THE FISHER'S CALL.

"The moor-cock is crowing o'er mountain and fell,
And the sun drinks the dew from the blue heather-bell—
Her song of the morning the lark sings on high,
And hark, 'tis the milk-maid a-carolling by.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

"O what can the joys of the angler excel,
As he follows the stream in its course through the dell
Where ev'ry wild flower is blooming in pride,
And the blackbird sings sweet, with his mate by his side.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

"'Tis pleasant to walk at the first blush of morn,
In Spring when the blossom is white on the thorn,
By the clear mountain stream that rolls sparkling and free,
O'er crag and through vale, its glad course to the sea.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

"In the pools deep and still, where the yellow trouts lie
Like the fall of a rose-leaf we'll throw the light fly
Where the waters flow gently, or rapidly foam,
We'll load well our creels and be merrily home.
Then up, fishers, up! to the waters away!
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey."

Stephen justly remarks, that there is not a single angler to be found in the Newgate Calendar. A more harmless amusement cannot be imagined this side of heaven. The man whom you hear accusing anglers of cruelty in their practice, in all probability murdered his mother. Fishes (*you know* a whale is not a fish) have *no natural* affection. How can you *expect it in* spawn? Fry, half an

out parental eyes to look after them, so they are fortunately incapable of filial ingratitude. You do not reduce a whole family to starvation by clapping an odd old fish into your creel. Nor can you break the heart of an odd old fish by wheedling before his eyes all the younkers out of a pool who owe their existence to him and to the old lady you captivated and se-

Quakers. During the honey-moon it would be indeed cruel to disturb what cannot, without some violence done to language, be called a *tête-à-tête*, nor yet a *dos-à-dos;* but no angler ever does so, and walking rodless along the banks, delights to hear the Naiads singing their hymeneal. The silent people of the flood are gregarious—they can hardly help being so—but not social—they are strangers to sympathy—to them the sensibilities of the heart are unknown—and never were they seen to shed a tear. Look down into a lucid pool on a hot day, and there they lie, of all sizes, panting with open mouths and gills, but taking no notice of one another; so that you may drop a noose over the heads of ever so many in succession, and the seely things never miss the scales that a moment before were sparkling by their side. Far be it from us to blame them for their apathy—such is their nature—but we not only blame you, but are tempted to break your head, for bothering us with your preachments about cruelty, when you might perhaps be more useful, and certainly much safer at home, at a blanket-hunt. Stephen Oliver is severe on Byron, and a lackadaisical anonymous commentator on his lordship, for some silly lines in Don Juan abusive of old Izaak. Hear Wordsworth on Walton:—

" Sage benign,
Whose pen the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverent watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine."

" I fancy," says Stephen, " that in many of his poems may be traced images which have reference to, or have been suggested by, the delightful art of angling. When I think of his description, in the Excursion, of the trouts which a boy has caught, laid on a blue slate stone, I almost fancy that I see them in reality, as I have seen them so often. The colours of a newly-caught trout are never seen to such advantage as when the fish is displayed on a smooth wet slate. Cooper, the next time he paints trout, may take a hint from Wordsworth."

Do you remember the passage? It occurs near the close of the eighth book of the Excursion. The Poet, the Recluse, and the Pedlar, after their mountain-walk, accompany the Rector in the afternoon to his mansion,—

" a reverend pile,
With bold projections and recesses deep;
Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
Fronting the noon-tide sun."

They are met first by the rector's daughter—

" Light as the silver fawn, a radiant girl;"

and entering, they behold her mother,

" graceful her port;
A lofty stature undepress'd by time,
Whose visitation had not spared to touch
The finer lineaments of frame and face;
To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in,
And wisdom loves!"

What a picture!—The sad recluse is soothed and gladdened by the spirit of the scene—and here is the entire passage, the exquisite beauty of which you must feel if you have a human heart. But let no barbarian who thinks angling cruel dare to enter the rectory.

" He gazed with admiration unsuppressed
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,
Seen, from the shady room in which we sate,
In softened perspective; and more than once
Praised the consummate harmony serene
Of gravity and elegance—diffused
Around the Mansion and its whole domain;
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
And female care.—'A blessed lot is yours!'
He said, and with that exclamation breathed
A tender sigh;—but, suddenly the door
Opening, with eager haste two lusty Boys
Appeared,—confusion checking their delight.
—Not Brothers they in feature or attire,

But fond companions, so I guessed, in field,
And by the river-side—from which they come,
A pair of Anglers, laden with their spoils.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
The Boy of plainer garb, and more abashed
In countenance,—more distant and retired.
Twin might the Other be to that fair Girl
Who bounded tow'rds us from the garden mount.
Triumphant entry this to him!—for see,
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,
On whose capacious surface is outspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trouts;
Ranged side by side, in regular accord,
One after one, still lessening by degrees
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
Upon the Board he lays the sky-blue stone
With its rich spoil;—their numbers he proclaims;
Tells from what pool the noblest had been dragged;
And where the very monarch of the brook,
After long struggle, had escaped at last—
Stealing alternately at them and us
(As doth his Comrade too) a look of pride.
And, verily, the silent Creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
Dead—but not sullied or defaced by death,
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

"But oh! the animation in the mien
Of those two Boys! Yea in the very words
With which the young Narrator was inspired,
When, as our questions led, he told at large
Of that day's prowess! Him might I compare,
His looks, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold Brook which spilts for better speed,
And, at the self-same moment, works its way
Through many channels, ever and anon
Parted and reunited; his Composer
To the still Lake, whose stillness is to the eye
As beautiful, as grateful to the mind.
—But to what object shall the lovely Girl
Be likened? She whose countenance and air
Unite the graceful qualities of both,
Even as she shares the pride and joy of both?

"My grey-haired Friend was moved; his vivid eye
Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I knew,
Was full; and had, I doubted not, returned,
Upon this impulse, to the theme—erewhile
Abruptly broken off. The ruddy Boys
Did not withdraw to take their well-earned meal;
And He—(to whom all tongues resigned their rights
With willingness, to whom the general ear
Listened with readier patience than to strain
Of music, lute or harp,—a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased)—as one
Who from truth's central point serenely views
The compass of his argument,—began
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone."

Strange how a man of Mr Jeffrey's *fine feelings* and faculties should *have laughed*—publicly—at that very *picture*—as something childish, and *beneath* the dignity of poetry! In itself the picture is perfectly beautiful; but they alone who know the whole poem can feel the pathos of the sympathizing contemplation of

If the distemper in his heart and brain could have been cured by any sight on this earth, here he would have been made whole. Cured it could not be—but like a current of air and light passing through a dim and vapoury place, a pure delight breathed itself through his unresisting spirit—so pure and so sweet that it awakened no painful remembrances—no desponding anticipations—but possessing him wholly with the present, made him for the time almost as happy a man as the friends around him — though he knew that their happiness was enduring — his but a soon-departing dream!

"Gleanings in Glendale" are as good as a Day in Coquetdale. It always gives us pleasure to hear of a Christian having been pursued by a bull. Such we feel to be the chief charm of the following extract. A painter on a portable three-legged stool is more than that animal can stand. A mineralogist is a monster he can on no account tolerate. A poet he may let pass—but not if he be in recitation, and belong to the Lake school. Then he is furious with him, as at sight of an old woman in a red cloak. Do you trust to intimidate him by your eye? Then must you indeed have a squint. Instantly—at the first low growl—don't wait till you see him tearing up the turf with his hoof, and aloft in the sky the tuft of his tail—fly. Recollect a quagmire—and into it—should you sink to the chin. Or—"Opossum up a gum tree." Oh! Heaven pity you if you take to the plain!

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum!"

Pursued by thunder, lightning, and an earthquake! Tost! tost! tost!

"Should matrimonial, or any other business or pleasure lead the angler,

'In spring's sweet prime, or summer weather,'

to the neighbourhood of Wooler, which, as a certain legal luminary well knows, is on the direct road to Coldstream, let him by all means, if not too much hurried, stay a few days at the Tankerville *Arms; one of* the best inns, with the best *of landlords*, in the north of England. *The Till*, the Glen, and Wooler Burn, which are in the immediate neighbourhood, are all good trout streams, and seldom fail to afford the angler who is skilful in his art, excellent sport. That no one, however, may give himself unnecessary trouble, the regular water-thrasher is respectfully warned off, as his active labours will be only thrown away. The trouts in those streams are not to be had by knocking them on the head with a cod-hook, feathered like an arrow to give greater certainty to the blow. If an angler of this stamp is, notwithstanding, determined on fishing, let him amuse himself in bobbing for eels at the mill-tail above Wooler Bridge, where his labour will be less, and his reward greater.

"A visit to Chillingham Castle, to see the wild cattle, ought not to be omitted when in the neighbourhood, as the distance from Wooler is only six miles. It is unnecessary to describe the form of those beautiful animals here, for a single glance at Bewick's admirable engraving of the Chillingham bull will give a more perfect idea of it than a dozen pages of dull description. Though they are generally shy, and retreat on the appearance of strangers, running off to a considerable distance, and then facing suddenly about, yet they ought never to be approached but in company with the keeper, otherwise the curious observer may happen to be put in great bodily fear, even though he should escape without bodily harm. Mr ——, an *active* member of the Wernerian Society of Natural History, nearly fell a martyr to his love of science in September last. He had advanced near the herd for the purpose of making some particular observations, when a gruff, grisly-footed, sharp-horned bull, offended at the intrusion, turned upon the inquisitive naturalist, and coursed him over the park 'in gallant style,' as they say at Melton-Mowbray, and was gaining ground, when the chase ran to earth in a conduit adjoining the park wall. It may be as well to add here, by way of a caution, that the ford over the Till above Chatton is at all times not very good, and when the water is high, dangerous; therefore no '*jolly* anglers,' when they

'Have dined off a haunch, and drank deep of old wine,'

should attempt it, unless they are prepared for either fate:—to land safe, at the expense of merely a good ducking; or to be fished up in a salmon net, somewhere about Tillmouth, a fortnight after. The dangerous character of the Till as a 'deadly water,' is expressed in the following old lines, which every gentleman should call to mind before he puts his horse in the ford in a flood:

Tweed says to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
'Sae still as I rin, and sae fast as ye gae,
Where ye drown ae man, I drown twae.'

"Should the angler be fond of antiquarian researches, let him, some clear sunshiny day, when the fish will not bite, ascend the curious hill near Wooler, called the Yevering Bell, and make his own observations on the ancient remains still existing on its summit, and form his own conjectures as to their former design, and the people by whom they were erected. When fishing up Wooler Burn, it will also be worth his while to walk across the country from Langley ford to the Druidical remains a few miles west of Ilderton.

"Glendale is a part of the country to which I am exceedingly partial, and where I delight to spend a week or two in the summer season. Here have I often arose to follow the windings of the stream, ere the sun's morning rays had dispersed the mist which hung round the brow of Cheviot, and often lingered at eve till his last beams had ceased to gild its top, walking homeward in solitude,

'When night had wrapt the world in spectred gloom,
And silence listened to the beetle's horn.'

Many a pleasant hour have I passed in this neighbourhood, winding up the amusements of the day with a friendly 'crack' over a bottle of wine or a tumbler of toddy, with a few brethren of the angle at the 'Cottage' at night."

A lively scene follows in the "parlour of the Tankerville Arms looking into the garden—present, Mr WILLIAM REED and Mr RICHARD RODDAM, Northumbrians, and S. O. Waiter clearing away and preparing to draw the window curtains." The conversation is exceedingly animated—and we only miss the Rev. Mr Todburn, who pleased by instructing us in much gentle lore in the first chapter—"a Day in Coquetdale." Will Reed is a fellow of fun and fancy, and makes a remark we do not remember to have heard made before, though it is so natural and just that it must meet ready-made conviction in the mind of every man. "Anglers should never have long noses—they are liable to get a dip in the cold water when their owners are looking for cad-bait."

The party then discuss the subject of "scents," and we agree with *them in thinking*, that if a man *cannot* catch fish without using all. The nostrils of fish are in general large, and we suspect their sense of smell is acute. Dumeril, indeed, thinks, that from the structure of the nostril, fishes cannot smell at all, and that their nostrils perform a function similar to taste—just, by the by, as some do for us Thomson speaks of "tasting the smell of dairy," so may any body who chooses speak of "smelling the taste of haggis." But we hold with Professor Rennie in his Alphabet of Scientific Angling, (which we not borrow but buy,) that Dumeril's supposition is gratuitous and impossible—if he mean that fishes *must* taste with their noses—in which case, to act with any moderate degree of consistency—they assuredly should squeak (*squeak* they sometimes do) through their ears, and hear with their mouths. Be that as it may, we are inclined to believe that fishes may be attracted to dinner by the scent of the dishes, as we have seen them in a pond come wambling along to that meal at the sound of a bell. But we never relish to ensnare them by "a pleasing titillation of their olfactory nerves." Stephen thinks it likely that fish are partial to certain scents, but is sceptical of their use in angling. "Is Ross Nasty," says Stephen, "who rubs himself with musk or civet before he goes to a party, would not relish either of those odoriferous substances with his sandwiches or his wine. Cats are fond of the smell of mint, yet they do not, like some of their elderly owners, prefer it infusion for breakfast; and a lady's dainty fed lap-dog delights to roll himself on the putrid carrion which he will not eat. "Speaking of scents," says Roddam, "puts me in mind of a gentleman that was staying here on a visit about a twelvemonth ago. He was a great angler in his way, and had a large book of flies, as finely bound as Lady ——'s prayerbook, and half-a-dozen little bottles, containing different kinds of scent, to tempt the trouts with. He was eager to get the marrow of a heron's thigh-bone, and Jemmy the waiter, who supplied him with half-a-pound of goose-grease, under the name of his favourite ointment, received half-a-sovereign in return for the valuable present." This must have been our

saved from the goat and the gander. For does not the following description hit him to a T? "He was certainly one of the strangest anglers I ever met with, and one of the easiest pleased. If he happened to catch three or four small trouts, that would hardly serve for supper to a cat, he was the happiest man alive, and kept running about like a hen with egg, [say rather a hen with one chicken, C. N.] shewing them to every one that he knew. The first time I saw him at work was one burning hot day, just about noon, when there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of air stirring. He had his hat off, and was making his line sweep across the water as if he was thrashing for a wager. He had on his line a large salmon hook, dressed with silk, peacock's feathers, and tinsel, and about the size of a kingfisher, to imitate, as he said, the large dragonfly. He had seen somewhere that such was a likely fly for large fish, and he was trying to hook a few whitlings—he was about as likely to catch cod."

What is a whitling? Not a young salmon—that is poz. Stephen Oliver tells us that it is not taken in any other river in Northumberland besides the Till. The Whitadder, which runs into the Tweed a few miles below Tillmouth, is often full of them —"experto crede Christophero,"— so is the Liddel, the Esk, the Annan, and the Nith, and the Eden below Carlisle. In the rivers of Aberdeen, and some of those of Perth, they are called finnocks. Mr Oliver, in his Appendix, has a notice of the genus Salmo; but we are almost disposed to think, that in so small a volume, less about the natural history of our fishy friends might have sufficed; and we value the Appendix more for its list of trout streams in the north of England. The following judicious dialogue shews the artist:—

"*Oliver.* Whitlings are indeed fine fish, but they are rather more dainty in their tastes, and do not bite so freely as the common burn trout.

"*Reed.* That may be because they are neither so plentiful, nor at all times in the river; for they certainly visit the sea, as is proved by their sometimes having the sea-louse on them, like the salmon, on their return to fresh water. I was out yesterday morning below Ford, and out of seven that I caught, there were only two that were less than fourteen inches, and each of these measured a foot.

"*Oliver.* What sort of fly did you use, and at what time were you out?

"*Reed.* I cannot very well tell you the name of the fly, though south country anglers would most probably call it the grey drake. I shall, however, inform you how it was made. The hook was one of the smallest of the sort which we here call gilse-hooks; I made the body of a kind of silk trimming, called floss, of a dull, willow-green colour, mixed with a little brown crulling; it was ribbed with bright brown silk, and the wings were formed of dappled feather of a silver pheasant; the whisk consisted of three black hairs from the tail of a shepherd's dog. When the water is rather discoloured, as it was yesterday, I never find any fly do more execution. I reached the water side a little before six in the morning, and I fished till nine o'clock.

"*Oliver.* What sort of fly do you prefer when the water is clear?

"*Reed.* I then form the body of brown floss, mixed with a little bear's fur of a darker shade, and wrap it with dark purple, or lake-coloured silk; the wings are formed of the yellowish-brown feathers of a dotterel, with the whisk as in the other, and sometimes none. Those two flies, with a trifling alteration in the size of the hook and in the dubbing, will serve for most other trouts as well as the whitling—indeed with them and the red hackle, I kill more fish than with all my other flies put together."

But, Mr Oliver—if you please—another song. By the way, why does our good friend Charlton of Newcastle not send us the Fisherman's Garland? Doubleday has been fishing lately in troubled waters—but he throws a long, straight, fine line; and we would not give a single stanza of the simplest of his small poems, sung in a shady place among the woods remote, faintly wakening the echoes, for the best of his hour-long philippics spouted from the hustings, between Fife and Larkins, to peals of laudatory laughter, and shouts of hear! hear! hear!

"THE ANGLER'S INVITATION.

(Stephen Oliver sings.)

"The wild bull his covert in Chillingham wood
Has left, and now browses the daisy-strewed plain;
The May-fly and swallow are skimming the flood,
And sweet in the hedge blooms the hawthorn again;
The young lambs are skipping on Cheviot's broad mountain,
The heather springs green upon Whitsun-bank side;
The streams are as clear as the limestone-rock fountain,
And sweet is the palm blossom's scent where they glide.

"O leave for a while the dull smoke of the city;
Sons of gain, quit your desks, and your ledgers lay by,
Seek health in the fields while each bird sings its ditty,
And breathe the pure air underneath the broad sky.
Sons of pleasure, come view the sweet primroses springing,
Leave the scene where the light figurante whirls round;
Come, list to the lark in the blue ether singing,
Come, see how the deer in the green forest bound.

"The glad trout is roaming in every clear stream,
And the grise and the salmon now drink the May flood;
Then, anglers, be up with the sun's early beam,
Let your flies be in trim and your tackle be good;
In Till there's good store of fat trouts to be won,—
Let your skill load your creels as you wander along,—
And at night, as you tell of the feats you have done,
Cheer your talk with a cup of good wine and a song."

The third and last division of his bookie Stephen calls "an Angling Tour among the Hills." "In the height of summer," quoth he, "when the shade-fishers fall asleep as they dape for trout by the side of the streams in the level country, let the angler betake himself to the hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland," &c., "with a few spare shirts, and Wordsworth's poems." We have some pretty descriptions of Wensleydale, the country about Sedbergh, and Kirkby Lonsdale, Shap Fells, Shap itself, (a pleasanter place far to us than it seems to be to Stephen Oliver,) Shap Abbey, Askham, and Pooley Bridge. But now that we are at the Lakes, it is our turn to speak, and as "the summer's a coming, the wunter's awa'," a few hints from us may be serviceable to Lakers who are anglers. Pooley Bridge affords agreeable quarters, though the excellent inn there can never be to us what it was in the jolly days of our fat friend Russel. The Eamont—to look at its many flowing waters—you *would say* was the angler's heart's *delight; and* there is not a more *beautiful* stream in the world than

Yet we never found it fulfil our expectations, except once with the salmon roe, when we killed a creelful of herring-sized trouts. But of all the lakes there is none comparable to Ullswater—we mean to the angler—and perhaps we may add, to the painter. Some dozen years ago, an annual party of gentlemen from Manchester—and eke from Liverpool—used to make bloody work with the May-fly—with the green and the grey drakes. That was, of course, pretty early in the season; but we have slain our scores all the summer through, on all sorts of days, with all sorts of flies—sometimes from the shore—up to the arm-pits—for there is beautiful wading—sometimes in a boat, with mine host himself at the oars—and skilfully did he let us drift by deep and shallow. Did ever man so corpulent handle a landing-net with such nicety and precision? Ah! what is become of that broad brown face, with its beaming smile, to which we have known a shy trout rise, supposing it to be the sun coming out of a cloud!

Patterdale, on the proper day, is perhaps the most beautiful place in the whole world. What the

day is we may not now tell—but besides some dozen other delightful attributes, it is dewy and droppy, and mild and misty, and calm and cloudy, and sunny and showery, and balmy and breezy, and wherever you go—even among herbless rocks —so sweet is the air that you cannot help thinking of flowers. And flowers no doubt there are—if not immediately beneath your feet—yet sprinkled profusely round your path —be it in the region of the raven; but that delightful breath is from the open bosom of nature. What a day for angling! You have breakfasted —and are standing—three of you—in front of the inn—conversing with the landlord — William Wilson — once champion of Westmoreland—and in the ring at Keswick, second to the celebrated Wightman, whom, but for that fatal inner lock of the stalwart Cumbrian, he had that day most assuredly thrown—a mild and modest man — and, under his auspices, the inn at Patterdale, always good, in the old people's time, and in that of their unmarried daughters, is still better now, for William took to wife the flower of the family, and hung up his hat on a peg in her hereditary hall. Will you try the lake, in a boat, along the shelvy shores that wind away, with a hundred little breaks and bays, in and out among the woods that every year are more and more beautifying the always beautiful Glenridden? Or will you away to Broader-water, and its three feeders, that keep fondly nursing it in all weathers, one from either Hartsop, and the other from Kirkstone? And should you incline to pay a visit to Wordsworth, why you have but to cross Dove-crag—(not above two thousand feet high)—over and down into Rydale-Cove — past a sheep-fold and a hog-house, (a hog, you know, is a sheep,) and, embosomed in its holy bowers, lo! the dwelling of the Poet whom all the Muses love! For the worm, not a beck in all the North better than the Deeble—but you must use a stiffish rod, and a short stout line, for you have to lift the pounders and the half-pounders perpendicularly out of pools that go plumb-down into a *darksome* depth—over your head *alder or birch*-trees, and you often crash your way through the hazels starting from her nest the soon-returning linnet—for we call every bird a linnet that has more than two notes in its song. Then you are within an hour's walk of Hayswater, and may find there before you some of our good friends from Ambleside —for 'tis their favourite Tarn, and with reason; for, though we know not how it happens, the trout there are all of a size—that of herrings—and not herrings themselves—no, not even our own Lochfine herrings—do melt in the mouth more deliciously than do they—yea, one and all of them without a single defaulter found insipid—and at this moment, though "absent long, and distant far," we hear them pabbling in the pan, as the landlady turns them lightly over with her knife in the buttered meal, on the pure kitchen-fire of that private Public at the foot of Kirkstone, a leetle way off the road, and a leetle way down the lane, at whose mounded green and grey-walled entrance hangs a hieroglyphic sign, which we leave, now that Champollion is dead, to be interpreted by that ingenious Egyptian, our erudite and excellent friend, Dr Brown.

A walk of two hours or so carries you across the green hills from Pooley Bridge—or across the green mountains from Patterdale—by Bampton or not, as you choose—or by Martindale—to Hawes water—whence issues the Lowther. We have heard huge stories of the angling as well in lake as in river—and the first and last time we ever probed either to the quick, we remember that we walked from Bowness with William Garnet—who is good at whatever he tries — over Nanbield to Mardale-Green, where we made a breakfast that will be handed down to future times, like any other memorable event in nature, such as an earthquake, a tornado, or a waterspout. Neither of us stirred a fin! Yet was the sky cloudy, sunny, and showery—mild as a mealy moth did the west wind salute our chins—the water was perpetually shifting to lights and shadows, neither too bright nor too black—and ever and anon there fell "a calm sugh"—such calm as the finished angler loves; for then and there letteth he drop his insect into the mouth of the round-bowl

dered monarch of the mere, who by gifted eyes has for some time past been seen, at no long intervals, above the eddy his bright bulk has created —popping up his snout. We then tried the Lowther. On comparing creels, after an hour's employment, we found William Garnet and Christopher North bracketted—equal; we had each killed exactly—none. We had mistaken the day. It was a general fast. Every angler knows that such days are not unfrequent—yet never before nor since did we *burn the water*. On our way back to the inn we chanced to take a look over the ledge of a bridge, and observed one no insignificant gentleman lolling at his ease in his own parlour, with his mouth open, as if sucking in animalculæ—and putting a snood over his snout, we whisked him into the upper air like winking, and then "we popped un in a bag, ma boys—and yoited off to town." The Captain of the Liverpoolian would not believe his eyes when we laid the fourteen-incher on the table—and wondered what thief had stole it *into* our creel. Hill-hidden Hawsewater—so pastoral—so silvan—and so unpiscatory—thou art a most beautiful insect! For thou art nearly cut in two, and we know not whether lovelier be thy head or thy tail. Thy green tail tapers away gracefully down to a point—and thy head, green, red, yellow, and purple, smites the sky. Such mountains and such mutton! We have embraced the Jungfrau—but her kisses are not so sweet as those of Nanbield.

The truth is, that there is what we, Christopher and a Scotchman, call first-rate angling in few, if any, of the dear English lakes. But a first-rate angler may have a first-rate day's amusement in almost any one of them, if chance, fortune, fate, and all the elements happen, at some felicitous conjuncture, all to favour him; and, as Billy Balmer used to say, "gin our measter hae on the reet flea." In Crummock water we have killed fine trout, and the innkeeper at Scalehill, twenty years ago, was the best angler in Cumberland. But he has long ceased to have any *thing to do* even with the worms and *maggots*. There is a large inn there *now, and a good one*, and the sta- like a prebend in his golden stall. Fishing-rods stand upright against the gables—for what else can they be but fishing-rods? If you have any other conjecture—give it to the public. Yet with your own tackle—and it is of the best—you may angle in Crummock water, "with auncome dittles all a summer's day," and never get a rise. 'Tis never so in the lochs of Scotland. But all living creatures are in a constant state of hunger in this favoured country; so bait your hook with any thing edible—it matters not what—snail, spider, fly—and angle for what you may, you are sure to catch it—almost as certainly as the accent or the itch. "We would not hear your enemy say so, Horatio." Stephen Oliver says, that the village of Buttermere is one of the best fishing stations in the lake district. We shall not say no; and if the inn be still kept by the Paleys, not a better in England. After a flood, we have killed fine trout in the Cocker, between its source and the head of Buttermere—a short gallop—first down rocks and then along a pretty plain—but, except on such occasions, no sport worth the name is to be found there—though you may pick a pounder out of any black pool at any time. Between the lakes its flow is slow and clear; but some good trouts usually lie there, and when red with rain, we have killed some noble Crummockers with minnow and with worm. Between Crummock and the village of Lorton the angling is good but difficult, and farther down the vale we know the Cocker but by the eye—and he begins to look like a river for some time before he joins the Derwent. Sour-milk Force, of which Stephen speaks, comes down like a white thread from Red Tarn; and the trouts in Red Tarn are curiosities—soft as butter, black as tar, weak as water, and apparently, in spite of their names, descended from an original cross—mules in this instance breeding—between an eel and a frog.

Walk over by Scaleforce to Ennerdale, and you may light on some prime angling. A man lives, or used to live, in a cottage on the lake side —about half-way down the lake—

keeps a boat, rods, and gear—knows the water well, and is himself a dab. The Liza flowing from the lake is good for nothing; nor is the stream from Blacksale, warbling in its lucidity down Ennerdale-dale—except after floods, and then—*once*—we astonished the natives—for there are natives even in that magnificent wild—with a display that overspread a long and not narrow kitchen-dresser—a FIVE-POUNDER being illustrious over all—the whole shew reminding us of that image in Milton—

"Hesperus, who led
The starry host, shone brightest."

Of the angling on Derwent-water we cannot speak from experience; but our admirable friend Bunbury (the amateur caricaturist) used to fish it successfully along with his wife. The river Derwent looks well, but there is no trusting to appearances; in Borrowdale the stream Derwent is—in places—full of fry—half-a-dozen to the pound—that may do for pike-bait or the bull-heads.

Perhaps a better station than any yet mentioned is at Wastdalehead. From the Stye runs one stream, and down Moresdale another—which may be both angled in a day. And in a day—the longest of the year—we once killed in the two twenty-seven dozen—none of them above a pound—but the *tout-ensemble* in a ring would have astonished the Fairies. Stye-head Tarn and Sprinkling are within reach—in which there are some pretty pets—and in an hour from Mr Tyson's hospitable door you are at Barnmoor-town, the Palace of the Pikes. Then Devock-water lies but a brace of miles beyond Eskdale, and Eskdale is not half a league from Barnmoor Tarn. From time immemorial Devock-water has borne the bell from all the North. You may kill but few—perhaps none—but then those few! But pardon our silence. For we feel the tears coming into our eyes—and our mouth—and this weakness would shame a woman. Wast-water itself—especially all along the Screes, is fine fishing ground—and you may—though we never did—make something of it down the river to Irton-hall. A party of three or four friends (with ponies) located for a week at Wastdalehead—with the Tysons, Fletchers, Ritsons, or Braithwaites—might commit much murder. Ah! THE TENT!

So might they, on perhaps a smaller and less sanguinary scale—if stationed at Ambleside. During the Drakes there is noble sport to be had on Windermere—which none knows better than our excellent friend Mr Braithwaite of Oresthead. The trouts are magnificent. What say you to a three, four, five, or seven pounder, all bedropt with stars? Blellum tarn has its pike—but they are shy as shadows on a windy day. In Rydal-mere they are like sharks, or crocodiles, or alligators—but you must have permission from the gracious Lady of the Hall; and in that boat-house the boat is chained to the stone by an inexorable lock. The Rothay, the Brathay, Stock-gill, and Troutbeck, were of yore all good, each in its own favourite weather—and so was Scandlebeck, the beck of the fairy waterfalls, and above them, affording pretty pastime all the way up to the source of the almost invisible grain among the mists of Rydal-cove. Of late years we know not what has come over them—but it seems to us as if the trouts had all sickened and died, or retired into the meres, since Bobby Partridge, and Ned Hurd, and Jonathan Inman, cut their sticks, and left old Christopher to wander—on his rare visits to those regions now—wide and woful over the mountains, with only his own shadow for a guide!

THE CORN LAW QUESTION.

THE Corn Laws have so long formed the standing dish of discussion with the Political Economists, who have served it up to us in all the variety of *cuisinerie* of which it seemed susceptible, that it was thought impossible for *artistes*, of the most consummate *goût*, to compound another novelty piquant enough to tempt the palate of a *gourmand* even in his noviciate. They who should so calculate upon the rationality or the resignation of the Utilitarian tribe, reckon, however, without their host. These legitimate descendants of the family of Lackland—a family, by the by, which derive in a direct line from our freebooting Norman progenitors—are very gluttons of sound beating and long-suffering in their way. Repulsed one day, they re-appear the next, chanting songs of forthcoming triumph. Flying in inextricable confusion at one moment, they return at another; and, on the outward wall, "the cry is still, They come!" they have broken no ground from which they have not been driven, nor taken any position from which they have not been expelled; yet we find them again and again daring the combat, from which they never escape but as fugitives, and crest-fallen. True it is, that in each successive fight they wax fainter, and the ranks are thinned of their men of renown; until the unabashed stolidity of Hume, and the cuckoo note of the solemn blockhead of the Board of Trade, are all that remain in the Legislature, to echo the false arithmetic, the fallacies, and the follies of the Westminster. In a House of Commons fresh from the farce, deepened with a tragic dash, of "Who is the Traitor?" Joseph, and his man Friday, actually got up a Corn Law debate; endured, for some two or three days, with exemplary patience, only, we presume, as contrast and relief to the rich chivalry of Althorp, and the grotesque obsequiousness of Hill. Let us not, however, be ungrateful; the magnificent speech of Sir James Graham was almost sufficient to redeem in itself a whole session misspent. That speech we nor should we be tempted to disturb the sayings of Thomson and Hume from their eternal repose in the "tomb of all the Capulets," but that some of our southern contemporaries, and notably of the Quarterly and the Westminster, have not scrupled to rake up the ashes of the dead. In fact, also, there is a slipperiness about your philosophers of the new school, which makes it difficult to grapple fairly with them. Joseph Hume stands alone, *sui generis*; for with him unflinching stupidity and chaotic ignorance render "confusion worse confounded," and defy all unriddling. More volatile of genius, and with more frequent lucid intervals, his compeer emits at times the meaning and the dicta of his *clique*, from which we have been enabled to gather, on the present occasion, as well as from a former *extra-muros* Parliamentary exhibition, the new position which the quarter-master has traced out for the actual headquarters. The stronger points of this we shall now proceed to examine; and, for the fiftieth time, earth the fox, although we may not bag him. Moreover, we are especially moved to re-open the subject, by the first appearance in open field, armed cap-a-pee for the fray, of the redoubted Anti-Corn Law Champion himself, although not within the walls of St Stephen's, but in that exhibition-room of demagogical notoriety, the Crown and Anchor Tavern. The display, on that occasion, of Colonel Perronet Thompson in the rostrum, although less imposing than his labours of the closet, was still sufficiently promising to add to the regret of the Manchester liberals, whose invitation to represent them in the Reform Parliament, and to a grand preparatory banquet, he declined, from the avowed impossibility of conquering the natural diffidence, or the *mauvaise honte*, which incapacitated him from delivering even a complimentary address to an assembly flushed with all the good-humour of a plenteous repast, and exhilarated with champagne. Whilst we tender our congratulations to the gallant officer on the victorious

also no small source of gratification to behold him, at length, publicly assuming that leading position which, among the Anti-Corn-Law conspirators, is his by birthright; and assuredly the dicta feebly delivered by his more humble followers from the ministerial tribune, become invested with a more real importance when sanctioned or repeated by the oracle himself.

One of the charges against the Corn Laws most insisted upon at the present moment, is their tendency to cause great fluctuations in prices. In his after-dinner speech to his Manchester constituents, Mr Poulett Thomson gravely stated his opinion, that their abolition would not lower, but only steady prices, as in other less or unprotected commodities. Colonel Thompson, after reiterating the same fallacy, chose to select the article of coffee as an illustration happily in point. The undoubting and dogmatical tone of the assertion from the Board of Trade would have passed muster with us for as much as it was worth, and no more; but the Colonel is not usually so unscrupulous in the statement of facts, and it became, therefore, an object of something more than curiosity to investigate an assumption which, if correct, must, it will not be denied, exercise a certain influence upon the bearings of the main question. How far the Colonel has been happy in the choice of his point of departure or in his premises, will be verified by the following comparative table, extracted from a "Statement of the prices of British staple articles and Colonial produce for the last eight years," compiled by a respectable London merchant, from the Mercantile Price Current, and since its transmission to us, presented to, and appended by, the Committee on Trade, Manufactures, and Commerce, to their Report. The rough estimated amount of fluctuations from the highest to the lowest price which we have added to the table are, it must be understood, merely approximative calculations, sufficiently accurate perhaps for the object we have in view. In order to anticipate frivolous objections, we may state that our reasons for not taking the corn averages of the whole of each year are, that they have been published in and out of Parliament, on such countless occasions, that it is unnecessary to recopy them here; that they could not more clearly or impartially illustrate the argument than the "statement" we have adopted; and, lastly, that it would have imposed upon us the additional labour of compiling an equivalent number of yearly and weekly coffee averages, for no practical advantage.

In wheat, it will be seen, that, during the eight years, the most extensive fluctuation from the highest to the lowest price—from 86s. to 58s.—is 32½ per cent; in oats, from 32s. to 21s., 34 per cent; in barley, from 42s. to 30s., 28½ per cent; and malt, from 70s. to 56s., 20 per cent. The variations of coffee are as follow :—

Prices of wheat, &c. for eight consecutive years on the 1st of January in each year, up to the 1st of January, 1833, inclusive, compiled from the London Mercantile Price Current.

	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.	1832.	1833.	Fluctuations, from highest to lowest point, about
	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	
Wheat, Kent and Sussex, per quarter,	3 5	3 2	3 2	4 6	3 10	3 18	3 10	2 18	32½ per cent.
Oats, Feeding, per do.	1 7	1 1½	1 5	1 8	1 4	1 7	1 4	1 1	34 per cent.
Barley, per do.	1 15	1 18	1 13	2 2	1 15	1 18	1 10	1 12	28½ per cent.
Malt, per do.	3 10	3 2	2 18	3 6	2 18	3 6	3 6	2 16	20 per cent.
						Average fluctuation,			29 per cent.

COFFEE.

Coffee, per cwt.	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.	1832.	1833.	Fluctuations, from highest to lowest point, about
	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	L. s.	
Ordinary Dom. and St. Lucia,	3 2	2 12	2 7	1 19	1 17	1 18	4 1	3 10	51 per cent
Good and fine, middling,	4 15	4 8	3 18	—	—	2 18	4 11	4 2	136 per cent.
Jamaica, ordinary,	2 15	2 9	1 17	1 16	1 13	1 16	4 2	3 5	161 per cent.
Good, fine, & middling,	4 18	4 14	4 6	2 18	3 17	—	4 16	4 13	141 per cent.
						Average fluctuation,			48½ per cent.

The fluctuations of corn, therefore, for a period of eight years, averaged 29, and those of coffee 48½ per cent, or nearly 20 per cent beyond the former; and this, be it remembered, in the one special article challenged for the comparison by the economists themselves. Although we are satisfied the assertion has been hazarded in utter ignorance, or the slightest examination of data, and maintained with all the arrogance of men too long accustomed to find their wildest propositions pass unquestioned, and without dissection, yet we doubt not that, as coffee was clearly selected at random, they will return to the charge, and attempt to mend their plea. Let them—there is scope enough for all their skill in figures and disfigurations of arithmetic; but in iron, lead, sugar, cottons, and other commodities of great consumption, they will scarcely fare as well as in coffee, whilst that first article of their creed, the violent fluctuations and unsteadiness of corn prices, cannot fail to be appreciated as a most impudent pretence, and a daring imposition upon public credulity.

With this part of the question we shall not, however, yet cry quits with them; the imposture must be laid bare beyond the possibility of redemption. The Lacklanders must be reduced to an avowal of their spoliation scheme in all its naked deformity. It may be argued, and it would be, that the experience of eight years travels beyond the necessity or the justice of the case; that in fact it embraces a period antecedent to the existence of the present system of Corn Laws. To meet them fairly, then, the comparison between corn and coffee shall be confined to a space of five years, from 1829 to 1833 inclusive. Without causelessly recopying the table, the highest and lowest quotations will stand thus:

On the 1st January, 1829,	
Wheat, per quarter, .	86s.
On the 1st January, 1833,	
Wheat, ...	58s.
On the 1st January, 1830,	
Coffee, per cwt. . .	37s.
On the 1st January, 1832,	
Coffee, ...	81s.

These are the extreme points o[f] [the] [com]modities, and taking the first line of each as they are placed in the "Statement" from which we quote. Bread corn has, therefore, been agitated to the extent of 28s. a-quarter, or about 32½ per cent; coffee has ranged with a difference of 44s. per cwt, or 55 per cent. So that the revolutions of corn values were, by 22½ per cent, less violent than those of coffee, the *beau idéal* of steadiness with our philosophic economists. We recommend them, as a climax of shame, to calculate the relative fluctuations of corn, cotton, and wool, for the year 1833.

We proceed next to ascertain the operation of the Corn Laws upon the manufacturing, mercantile, and shipping interests of the country. It has been too much the fashion, on our side of the question, to consider it as one exclusively agricultural; an error, of which our foes of the property-destroying class have not been tardy in availing themselves. Nothing, accordingly, can be more fulsome or more preposterously magnificent than the predictions, to those great national concerns, of measureless prosperity in the abolition of the Corn Laws; the fictions of the Thousand and One Nights have nothing of hyperbole or of splendour to compare with them. British fabrics, by tens of sterling millions, and tonnage counted by nothing less than hundreds of thousands, are to be despatched here and wafted there—cottons against timber, and woollens against wheat—for the paltry equivalent of ruining all the landholders of Great Britain, and consigning some one million of operative agriculturists to starvation or the Poor Laws, as reformed by the Poor Law Commission, upon the principle, that the able-bodied who cannot find work have no concern with eating. The promises are indeed of Oriental grandeur; they are as the ponderous wheels of Juggernaut, under which the unpitied rural victims are required to prostrate themselves, on the promise of a future paradise, but with the certainty of present annihilation. However important the subject may be to the country side, not less vitally is it so to the mass of city popula-

Graham, in the debate on the Corn Laws, which ought to be, if it is not, in every counting-house and farm-house in the three kingdoms, we should feel ourselves guilty of all the presumption, conceit, and arrogance, so justly charged as a monopoly of the Economists, if, for one moment, we should be found interfering, except incidentally, with a part of the question which he has almost so exclusively made his own. The new doctrines have, we are aware, their proselytes among the trading classes; but we have good faith that their roots have struck neither wide nor deep. They are yet, in the main, confined to bodies professing, or approximating to, the peculiar tenets of religious belief or unbelief advocated by their leaders of the Utilitarian school, whose principles of political and trading economy may be briefly summed up in the rogue's advice and blessing to his son—"Get money—honestly if you can—but if not, get money." As honesty, in the main, is the safest and best policy even to get money, we shall see what the industrious classes of the trading community are likely to gain by a change in the Corn Laws. A notice of imports and exports to the corn-producing countries, which, it is said, but for the Corn Laws, would consume so many countless millions of British manufactures, will simplify our labours for the present, and assist our researches for the future. The countries from which we now receive supplies of Corn, and which, in the event of changes in the laws regulating importation, are likely to monopolize a large portion of the supply, are Russia, Prussia, and the United States. As, therefore, they, according to the Economists, are destined to become the future consumers for the chief portion of the manufacturing products of the empire, it will be well to enquire how they have hitherto, and do now, balance accounts with us. The progress of our trading relations with Prussia, (excluding the re-exportation of foreign and colonial produce to the extent of some half million sterling; and excluding, also, our indirect intercourse through Hamburgh and Antwerp, some portion of which is probably returned to us in our imports from those places,) may be thus exemplified:—

Declared value of British produce and manufactures exported to Prussia in

1814,	L.1,229,756
1820,	492,409
1830,	177,928

This decline of values, astonishing and rapid as it is, has been, notwithstanding, a gradual consummation, for the exports of

1815 were	L.853,579
1817	518,539

Our imports from Prussia have progressed in the inverse ratio; for their official value stands thus recorded:—

IMPORTS.	
1814,	L.501,783
1820,	729,683
1830,	1,537,201

Thus in the space of seventeen years, whilst the exportations of manufactured and other native wares have declined to one-seventh, the importations have tripled in amount.

The returns of our commerce with Russia are of the same significant character, although the differences are not so marked and startling. The declared value of exports, British produce and manufactures, was as follows:

1814,	L.1,705,954
1820,	2,672,214
1830,	1,489,536

And the official value of the Imports from Russia:—

1814,	L.2,450,421
1820,	2,542,533
1830,	4,024,769

Shewing a decrease of nearly one-eighth in the exportations, against an increase of about three-eighths in the importations.

Whilst a positive balance of trade is thus yearly accumulating against us in the corn-growing countries of the north of Europe, an equal revolution has been in gradual progress against us on the other side of the Atlantic. Our exportations to the United States appear to have remained stationary in quantity for upwards of thirty years; having been more than seven millions sterling in official amount in 1799, and in 1830 about the same. In the meantime, since the year 1815, the imports have been regularly on the advance, from two millions three hundred and

eighty thousand pounds in that year and 1816, to nearly eight millions in 1830. The comparison, dating from 1816, which we date from, because the year 1814 was a time of war, and the exports of 1815, from the long interruption of intercourse, were greatly in excess, amounting to twelve millions of official, and upwards of thirteen millions of declared value, stands thus:

Declared value of British produce and manufactures exported to the United States,—

1816,	L.9,556,577
1820,	3,875,286
1830,	6,132,346

From accidental causes, or from over exportation in preceding years, the exports of 1820 were depressed beyond the level of other preceding and succeeding years; but in 1821 the balance was re-established at six millions and a fifth, about which it remained fixed till 1830.

Official value of Imports from the United States:—

1816,	L.2,386,224
1820,	3,860,878
1830,	7,064,093

It must be borne in mind that the relative proportions between official and declared values have, from various causes, but principally, no doubt, from the revolutions of our currency system operating upon prices, been gradually reversed. Mr Marshall, in his valuable work of Statistics, calculates that in 1814 the declared was to the official as L.150 to L.100, whereas, in 1830, L.57 declared was equal to L.100 official return for Europe; for Africa, America, and the West Indies, L.115 to L.100 in 1814, and in 1830, L.69 to L.100 were the proportions. Of the declared values of exportations from foreign countries, we are in possession of few reports.

It will be seen by these statements, that as our importations from these corn-producing lands have advanced, our exportations have diminished, or remained stationary. The excess of imports over the whole of the exports in our trade with Russia alone is estimated, on a fair allowance for the difference in the money over the *official value*, at three millions sterling, and that of our dealings with *Prussia* and the United States at probably two millions more—making a total of about five millions; so that here is an evil which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be counteracted. The Economists would, however, open the breach still wider; they would destroy the first and legitimate principle of all trade, which is barter, where the means of it exist; they would overflow us with millions' worth additional of foreign corn, which could and would only be paid for in money, but not in labour, until the fund drawn upon should be exhausted; whilst the infatuated manufacturer, for whose behoof this paradise for fools—this unparalleled return market in foreign parts—had been created, would turn his longing eyes homeward in vain, for there he would meet only lands out of tillage, proprietors ruined, the race of farmers extinct,—rural labourers by the hundred thousand besieging the parish board, located in the workhouse, or disputing the pittance of wages with the miner, the hodman, or the scavenger; and the home market, which had once rewarded and enriched his industry, gone without return. If the foreign corn-grower thus close his door on us we throw open our portals, and prohibit our wares in proportion as we enfranchise his produce, on what ground can the Economists rest their preposterous fallacy and magnificent promises to the manufacturers? Will their debtors be better disposed to acquit an obligation for twenty, than they shew themselves to be for five millions?

Such, then, is the untoward state of our manufacturing and shipping relations with countries upon which it is soberly proposed to cast ourselves for our supply of food; and on this experience of the past, sages, full of wise saws, are found to run up their Babel structures for the future. Hitherto, the more of their cereal and other products we have consumed, the less of our fabrics we have been allowed to furnish them with; upon which the Economists bid us feed still more upon foreign wheat, by way of vanquishing their obstinacy. The logic is on a par with the policy of such reasoning, and its patriotism with its humanity. They who squander so lavishly abroad, breed famine and [illegible]

is revelling amid the carnivals of Naples, or enriching the gamblers of the Palais Royal, his tenant, the corn producer, may be seen upon his estate at home, sharing his meal of potatoes and wretched hovel with wife, children, pigs, or cow. And this is the fate to which the visionary theorist would consign the rural classes of England, for the aggrandizement of the foreigner!

We are told—and the tale has been the more often repeated, because the want of contradiction swells the presumption of ignorance—that our own trade restrictions and corn prohibitions were the origin, and are the justification, of the fiscal warfare against us. The people who preach this are, perchance, not aware of tariffs, constructed, as the late Emperor Alexander says, in his ukase in 1816, upon "liberal" principles, by which, in Russia, cotton and woollen manufactures (cotton yarns excepted) were struck with duties of 25 per cent; cottons, dyed or printed, entirely prohibited in Russian Poland; cotton yarn, by the Prussian tariff, in force about the same period, is taxed seventeen per cent, and other manufactured goods about thirty per cent; and even in the tariff of 1815, in the United States, woollens and cottons subjected to a tax of 25 per cent, with a minimum of value upon the latter. Woollen cloths are now entirely prohibited in Russia, with some slight exceptions, and cotton piece goods virtually so; whilst almost equally prohibitive is the last tariff of the United States. Such is the position of our manufacturing interests with states in whose favour already exists an annual balance of trade, to the extent of five millions sterling. The chimerical scheme of the Economists for reducing this balance, is to increase the debt; a proposition about as sane as would be that of lending an insolvent customer fifty thousand pounds, in order that he might repay the five thousand standing against him in the ledger of the lender.

Another and a more monstrous fallacy of these philosophers represents the shipping interest as deeply concerned in the abrogation of the Corn Laws, and certain of most prosperous employment and most splendid gains thereby. We entertain no apprehension of that great national branch of our industry becoming again the dupe or the victim of delusions, which, in the name of a shallow philosophy, and a fictitious reciprocity, have already been perpetrated upon, and brought them to the very verge of destruction. Our answer shall be brief. The following is the mode in which British and foreign shipping have already fulfilled the predictions of closet dreamers of the Utilitarian *régime*:—

Number and Tonnage of Shipping, British and Prussian, entered inwards in the years

	1820.		1830.		1832.	
	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
British,	526	87,451	666	102,759	401	62,079
Prussian,	300	60,450	720	139,646	428	89,187

We now approach—we approach it with feelings of unfeigned apprehension and reluctance—the most solemn and the most perilous part of the question. There is no blinking it; encumber it as you will with verbiage — exhibit the cup and balls, the sleight-of-hand tricks of the most practised Indian—the equivocations of the most dishonest casuist—the manufacturer inoculated with the venom of the economic doctrine, who bawls for the abolition of the Corn Laws, really means neither more nor less *than a reduction of wages*. The great body of the manufacturers are, we repeat, too enlightened to become the dupes of a fallacious creed, and too honest to shroud themselves under an *arrière pensée*, or a mental reservation. Indeed, to do him justice, a trading Economist has, though somewhat obscurely, thrown off disguise and hinted the truth. Disguise, indeed, is no longer possible; the operative classes, with all the instinct of self-interest, and the sagacity of a calculating body, have, for some time past, made the discovery. No cry is now heard; no skins of parchment petitions, crowded with

signatures, and daubed with hieroglyphics, emanate from them for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Neither, however, are they passive spectators; for the struggle once over between the money-changers and the rural interest—untaxed corn once admitted—their turn comes next, and the battle approaches the factory and the loom-shop. For this direful struggle they are buckling on their armour, banding themselves in unions, nominating delegates, and convoking deliberative assemblies. Come when it may, and come it must, upon the prostration of agricultural property, the strife will be a fearful and a mortal one, a *guerra a cuchillo*, of which, indeed, the result may be calculated, but the moral consequences will be felt for generations yet unborn. With half a million of rural population thrown upon the high-roads, the trading operatives are not slow to comprehend that no gradually descending scale in the reduction of the prices of labour is practicable; that the conclusion must be come to at one leap, and that if bread stuff values are to be equalized with the current rates of continental Europe, so *also must the rates of wages be.* The proposition is a simple rule-of-three affair, whose solution is easy to the meanest capacity.

This is the truth, and awful as it is, we are bound to follow it out in all its bearings. Assuming, then, that the Corn Law restrictions are swept away, we are to enquire to what extent the Economists seek to depress wages. A better witness on the point need not be desired than Mr Rathbone Greg, a seemingly warm member of the Utilitarian conclave, and one of the most extensive cotton-manufacturers of England, who was examined before the Committee on Trade and Agriculture in the last year. This gentleman winds up his evidence with the decisive declaration of an orthodox believer, that "to the repeal of the Corn Laws we must come at last," or words to that effect. Every syllable uttered by him breathes of low prices of labour; these, in the course of his travels, appear to have been the darling, and almost the sole object of his enquiries; the condition, the fireside comforts, the state of social progression or degradation of the poor, seem to have little called forth his observant faculties. He appears not to have entered their hovels, chewed their black bread, or tasted their sour wine. From his surveys we may discover, perhaps, the limit at which starvation-wages begin; as scientific enquirers define, from barometrical observations on the sides of the Himalaya or the Andes, the point at which commence the boundaries of eternal snow. The following are some of the results of Mr Greg's discoveries concerning the operative branches of the cotton manufacture abroad. The highest rate of wages he found in France, which, with those of other countries, are here stated; there being no lack of work.

		s.	d.
France	per week	5	0
Switzerland	—	4	8
Austria	—	4	0
The Tyrol	—	3	3
Saxony	—	3	0
Bonne, in Prussia	—	2	6

As he offered no opinion, nor indicated any preference for any one of the scale over the other—although upon the theory of low prices, the Economists will, doubtless, prefer the lowest—we shall do them no injustice by assuming that the average rate of the whole would be satisfactory, which makes a fraction less than four shillings per week, the present dream of the millennium of manufacturing philosophers of the new school. The average rate for a similar quality of labour in Manchester is, according to Mr Greg, ten shillings at the present moment, so that the blessed equality can only be realized by a depreciation in the value of British workmanship equal to *three-fifths* or 60 *per cent.* Assuming the circulation of corn free and untaxed as the air we breathe, and labour thus ground down to competition terms, it behoves us to examine how far the situation of the operative population would be benefited by the so ardently wished for change. Mr Crawford, the late candidate for Paisley, has, in one of those speeches *ad captandum vulgus*, with which the Crown and Anchor has so often rung, furnished us with the outlines of a calculation, which we shall

more readily, inasmuch as, from its extravagant valuation of the bread tax, nobody will doubt, so far as hyperbole could be useful, the qualifications of the author for his mission to the golden-footed Chief of the Burman empire.

Mr Crawford's estimate of the inequality of the bread tax :—

Wife and Four Children.	Income. L.	Bread. L.	Tax. L.	Tax. Per Cent.	Left for other necessaries.
Labourer,	40	20	9	20	20

Corn and wages equally reduced, Mr Crawford's estimate will stand thus:—

Labourer—Income	L.40	
Reduction of wages 60 per cent, . .	24	
		16
Bread	20	
Bread tax abolished	9	
		11
Left	L 5	

For all other necessaries of clothing, fire, light, rent, &c. &c, balance against the working man of a free trade in corn, fifteen pounds sterling. We recommend these additional items to Mr Crawford's notice against a second edition of his table, for the edification of the electors of Paisley.

The argument has been raised and re-echoed in a variety of shapes, that the abolition of corn restrictions would enhance the value of labour. If wages and the supply of labour both remain stationary, the assertion is trite enough. But if half a million of rural workmen—a low calculation—were ejected from land upon the manufacturing market for labour, how long would that hold good? Nine-tenths of them, indeed, would be utterly incompetent to other toil than that to which they were born. A man may wield a flail, or follow a plough, whom no instruction could qualify for the simple operations of tenting a power-loom or making a scythe. Wherever employment of a less complicated nature could be had, thither they would crowd, and as inexperienced hands, would only be able to procure it by underselling the practised workmen in the labour market. Thus, the starving agriculturists of Glamorgan and Monmouth would displace, at half price, the full paid miner in the iron and coal levels of Merthyr Tydvil, although to displace the seasoned hands about the blast furnaces of Dowlais would be beyond his ability. The four hundred and fifty thousand *of the rural* tribe remaining, who *could neither* turn nor spin, will still *have to be* provided for. How, God only knows, when the new code of poor laws come into operation, which are to recognise no right to relief in the able-bodied labourer. We are assured, however, with as much levity as if the matter at issue were no more than a change of quarters for a regiment of hussars, that this immense body of cast-off workmen will speedily be absorbed in the masses of other avocations, as if there were anywhere a dearth, and nowhere a redundancy of hands. The lessons of experience are vain to the hardened of heart. How have the hand-loom calico-weavers been absorbed? It is now nearly twenty years since upwards of one hundred thousand of them were displaced by machinery; more than one half are still eking out a miserable existence at the rate of some twopence or threepence a-day; the greater portion of the remainder, it may readily be guessed, have been gathered to an untimely grave. This, perchance, is the method of absorption really anticipated by the Economists.

But if the money rate of wages remain the same with a cheap as a taxed loaf, how is the manufacturer and merchant benefited against the foreign competition, which is the gravamen of his charge against the Corn Laws? The imports of corn may be quintupled, but not for that will the corn countries buy his wares; if dear, they can buy cheaper at home; if cheap, ukases and tariffs of higher duties will restore the differential distance. Some philosophers in the clouds, however, have one other Protean version of their theory; they tell us that

money rates of wages will rise as the prices of bread fall, and that such has been, and is the case in France. Even as we write this article, this absurdity has been gravely insisted upon in a laboured and anonymous essay in the *Times* of the 11th ultimo. As an opinion, this could be met only with a sneer; as an asserted fact, we state without hesitation that it is false. Those who know any thing of France cannot be ignorant, that the rate of money wages has declined since the Revolution of July, both in the manufacturing and agricultural departments—in Rouen, in Mulhausen, in Lyons, and in the Gironde. The Government, with all its fears and exertions, has not in all cases been able to sustain them in Paris, although the *artistes* in *horlogerie* and *bijouterie* may not have suffered like the rest. The money wages of labour in Canada and the United States are somewhat high, not because corn is cheap, but because labourers—more especially in the former—are scarce; the rates are, and have been on the decline in the latter. Why do not the money wages of labour rise at Bonne in Prussia, where bread, (Qy. black,) Mr Greg tells us, is one halfpenny per lb. and wages 2s. 6d. per week? The physical condition of the working classes in those countries, and how far it would be desirable to assimilate that of English labourers to it, may be judged of by what Mr Jacob tells us, who "travelled in every direction, and never saw a loaf of wheaten bread to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of Northern Germany, Poland, or Denmark." The state of the peasantry in Poland is thus described by the same gentleman, in his "Report to the Board of Trade" in 1826. "These people live in wooden huts covered with thatch or shingles, consisting of one room, with a stove, around which the inhabitants and their cattle crowd together, and where the most disgusting kinds of filthiness are to be seen. Their common food is cabbage, potatoes sometimes, but not generally, peas, black bread, and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat. Their *chief drink* is water, or the cheap *whisky* of the country." And yet this *is in a land* where labourers are scarce *and labour dear*, being at the rate of

We recommend the study of these facts to the manufacturers, for they all tend to the firmer establishment of the great truths, that home is the one great and most valuable mart for industry; that low prices of corn and low prices of labour are not, so far as we find them exemplified around us, typical of wealth, but of poverty; not of happiness, but misery; not of social progression, but of social degradation. The lesson is the same, in Poland as in Pomerania—on the banks of the Ganges as on those of the Vistula. Manufactures cannot long exist except based on a substratum of agriculture. Land and labour are the only real values, and one cannot prosper when the other languishes or is destroyed. Capital, an artificial creation of value, cannot and ought not to supersede its creators. The time is arrived when nothing but union and harmony can save all interests; whilst, in the strife of selfishness and jealousy, capital is the only one which finally must be irrecoverably lost. The circle is closing around us in Europe, and the storm is gathering; we may throw overboard to our rivals the landed interest, as the Russian mother did her babe to the wolves who beset her sledge, but no sacrifice can appease it; for, superadded to commercial jealousy, political hatred, engendered by the false policy of the Government, has estranged every ancient ally, whilst our only new one wages even a more deadly commercial warfare with us. Corn Laws can be no cause of complaint in France, and no valid objection against the admission of our produce and manufactures in return for her silks and wines, seeing that, according to Chaptal, she grows not much more than England, with double the number of inhabitants to feed; whilst prices are often higher there than here, as in 1829, when, according to Mr Jacob and Mr Baring, wheat was 85s. the quarter, whilst here it was 70s. only.

We shall not enter here upon the equitable claim of the landed and farming interest to a fair compensation, in the case of the abrogation of the Corn Laws, because the satisfaction of the demand is beyond the national capacity. The currency revolution, prolific of ruin as it was,

one, as "the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets" to a tornado. When the land has passed into the hands of the mortgagee, and tithes, poor's rate, land-tax, county and other rates, are transferred upon the funds and the capital of trade, we shall have a chance to reach the glorious goal at which the Economists pant to arrive, and find ourselves, like the similarly hypothecated soil of Poland and Pomerania, with land at two shillings an acre, and labour at the rate of from one shilling and eightpence to two and sixpence per week.

Let the manufacturers ponder these things well, for to them they are matters of deep concernment. Let them measure the present splendid prognostications with the past performances of the philosophical prophets; when the currency change was dogmatically limited by them beforehand to a four per cent depreciation of values, whilst its practical consequences are now acknowledged to be much nearer forty. Let them estimate at their just proportions the comparative importance of home and foreign trade, as exhibited in the maritime and mercantile tables of Mr Richmond, bearing in mind that agricultural and its dependent interests enter for probably not a less amount than three-fourths into the whole home consumption.

Table, shewing the Comparative Value of the Home Consumption, joined with that of the Colonies, contrasted with the Export of British Goods to Foreign States.

(*Taken from Estimate of Population Returns.*)	(*Taken from Parliamentary Document.*)	
Estimated amount of consumption of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom of the manufactures and produce of the country, independent of their food, taken at seven pounds a-head, for 25,000,000.	Declared value of the exports of manufactures and produce of the United Kingdom to the British colonies in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.	Declared value of the produce of the United Kingdom exported to all the foreign nations in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.
L. 175,000,000	L. 10,581,329	L. 27,690,267

Value of the whole British consumption, - - - - -	L. 175,000,000
——————Colonial do. - - - - -	10,581,329
Aggregate value of English trade, - - - - -	L. 185,581,329
——————Foreign do. - - - - -	27,690,267
Excess of the Home over the Foreign trade, - - -	L. 157,891,062

Making the Foreign equal to one-seventh only of the Home consumption.

In the 27½ millions of foreign trade, Russia and Prussia, from whence we derive a principal portion of our supplies of corn, with a population of seventy millions, figure, in declared values of British produce and manufactures, for—

Prussia, ...	177,923
Russia, ...	1,489,538
Total,	L. 1,667,461

Whilst Brazil, with a population of four millions only, enters alone for L. 2,452,103.

Four-fifths of the exports to Russia, or thereabouts, consist of cotton yarn, which leaves perhaps not much more than 50 per cent of the value in the country, for labour and profit upon capital; whilst those to Brazil, consisting chiefly of products—as cotton piece goods—in more advanced stages of manufacture, yield probably, upon the average, 250 per cent, for labour and profit upon the raw material. To this must be superadded, in favour of Brazil, that a considerable proportion of the exports is made up of articles,—such as hardware, woollens, earthenware, &c.—the raw material of which is the produce of the soil.

With all these facts before them, need we address another word to the sagacity of our manufacturing brethren?

THE MORAL OF FLOWERS.*

FLOWERS may be safely said to be the sole universal favourites of the human race. Stars seem sometimes too far off—too high up—and, let them shine as sweetly on us as they will, they are felt not to be looking to our world. Our sympathies are surely not separated indeed from their smiles—Heaven forbid! But our hearts need the wings of imagination to bear them through the ether; and, even from that flight, how glad are they to return to earth! The sinking is happier than the soaring; and a small still voice says, "Child of the dust! be contented yet a little while with thine humbler home!"

Forgive us, we implore you, ye bright or dim eyes of Heaven! Not from lack of love spake we so of your blissful beauty! From very gratitude to Him who sprinkled you over infinitude—not unmindful of us—are we often afraid to gaze on the night skies, in unaccepted worship. With them, in holiest moods, our hearts burn to claim kindred; but a sense profound of alienating sinfulness shuts our sight, and the gates of eternity seem closed against us. Then, to the lowliness of our spirits, is comfort given from the fair things of this our natal earth; and the solitude grows cheerful again around us, as the moonlight shews us a constellation of primroses at our feet.

And now it is once more Spring. Flowers, indeed, there are that come and go with Winter. Each season has its own; but, though all the varied year be lovely, sweetest to beings who live to die, and die to live, is the Thought and the Feeling of the Prime. To "budding, fading, faded flowers," there belongs, in every heart, a peculiar world of emotions; yet are they all allied by one common spirit. Sadness we call it—or joy—or peace—or trouble; but it springs still from one and the same source—a source welling far within the soul, and by some innate power embittering or sweetening for itself its own waters. How they overflow the earth with beauty and happiness! or deaden it into a blank, heaven-like the grave!

What hands placed on our table that glorious FLOWER? We think we can guess; but as we muse on one name, three young faces, each sweeter than the other, pass smiling before us—and yet not one of them all is the right one—for the face of her, who did in truth bring the many-coloured fragrance here, is somewhat touched by time—though still unfaded—and Sorrow, Time's chance companion—not surely her constant attendant—hath somewhat dimmed on her brow the lustre of that once bright black braided hair! And beside the flowers a book—a beautifully bound book—in green and gold—flower and book harmonious—and in both is there the same inspiration of the creative breath of Spring.

We fear to open it. How often is such a book like a bubble! But touch it and the brightness is gone. Poetry and coloured illustrations! *They*, at least, are "beautiful exceedingly"—no withered spectres these—as in the sad cemetery of a *Hortus Siccus*. Stalk, leaf, bud, blossom, all alive—and belonging to this bright and breathing world. There are the pictures—there are the originals; and, but that no faint fine fragrance embalms the many-coloured page, the shadow might be supposed the substance—such the power of art in the hand of genius, when that genius has been inspired by love. Drawn and engraved—as the preface says—by Mr William Clark, formerly draughtsman and engraver to the London Horticultural Society; and they are worthy to meet the eye even of a Hooker.

If the poetry be such as may be expected from such a Preface—it will do; but many a lady—and we see here lucid manifestations of a female heart and hand—"wanting the accomplishment of verse," disappoints the hopes awakened by her

* *The Moral of Flowers*; illustrated by Coloured Engravings. London: [illegible]

prose, which glides on with a natural music, without effort, and as if it could not help being clear and melodious, just like a careless stream breaking into many rills, all of them flowing over verdure which they brighten, and all meeting, after no wide separation, in a silvan lake. Pity should this Lady—all unknown to us—belong to that class whose feelings and fancies, how delightful soever, fail to embody themselves "in strains that will not die." Even genius itself often lacks the skill to give immortal expression to divine conceptions; as if nature alone were insufficient to kindle into fresh life the Promethean fire, and science had to aid the power, in its productive energy, that comes from heaven.

Poetry there is in her prose—and even if her verses should be failures—her prose proves her to be a poetess. But as our eyes glide over the stanzas, they see a glimmer of lights and shadows, such as, when lying in a forest-glade, we see, nor know whether or not we be dreaming, coming and going through openings among trees, till the shadows disappear, and the lights settle down into a stationary spot of lustre, through which, inveated with new beauty, seem to approach nearer to our gaze the grass and the flowers.

The preface has done better than keep the word of promise to our ear—for it made no promise—but meekly gave us hopes, by its pure expression of religious sentiments, which every subsequent page has more than fulfilled—for the truth is, that the volume is full of exquisite poetry—and that there is not a single stanza in it all without either a thought, a feeling, or an image coloured by that dewy light which comes breathing fresh and fair from the font that flows but for the chosen children of sensibility and genius.

Dearest! *read aloud with a low voice*—second paragraph of the Preface. "Flowers are a delight to every one, to some, perhaps, merely for their beauty and fragrance—to others, independently of these acknowledged charms, for the varied pleasurable associations and thoughts they suggest—and foremost of these is the assurance they afford of the *exuberant goodness* of God." "The *provision which* is made of a variety of objects not necessary to life, and ministering only to our pleasures, shews," says an eloquent and learned author, "a farther design than that of giving existence." And who does not feel this when he looks on the Hedgerow and the Mead,

> "Full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers,
> The negligence of nature."

Nor is this the only lesson they impart; they remind us also of the superintending Providence of the Almighty. After contemplating the more stupendous features of creation, "the heavens, the work of His fingers, the moon and the stars, which He has ordained," till overwhelmed with a sense of littleness, we exclaim, almost with feelings of despondency, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him!" Has not the sight of a flower, so carefully provided for, so exquisitely wrought, and so lavishly endowed with fragrance, recalled the mind to its proper tone, and given emphasis to the question, "Are ye not much better than they?"

A wise little homily that wins the reader's heart. Her object, the Lady tells us, which it has been her aim to accomplish, is to pursue such a train of reflection, or draw such a moral from each flower that is introduced, as its appearance, habits, or properties might be supposed to suggest. The first piece, however, is intended as introductory; and the specimens which are illustrated in the plate, are only to be considered as the representatives of field-flowers in general. Especial favourites one and all must have among flowers—after the Lily, the Rose, and the Violet—for surely these three surpass all others; but during a continued perusal of this delightful volume from beginning to end, we have often felt sorry and ashamed of our favouritism, as if it were a sin. Each flower, as it comes before us, arrayed in a religious light, seems lovely as the last, and we regard all the families of the field with one affection. Who would exclude the meanest of them all from his love? Meanest! Coleridge says, "in nature there is nothing melancholy;" and we know "the old man eloquent," will re

ward us with a smile of gracious assent, when speaking in the spirit of the same creed, we say, "in nature there is nothing mean." A dewdrop trembling in a happy little floweret's golden eye—is it not "a work magnificent?" There might an atheist—if he hardened not his heart—clearly see God.

The introductory stanzas are very beautiful.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem,
Man's frailty to pourtray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away;
Teach this, and oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay
Have ye no word of cheer?
Oh yes, ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say that He, who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

We blame not the poets who have breathed into flowers the breath of earthly passion; but why have not poets loved more to make them holier emblems—to steep bud, leaf, cup, and blossom, in "the beauty still more beauteous," "the consecration of the dream" that is visited *by celestial light*? Some have done *so—but not* the many; while others, "*ashamed* of life's most solemn [illegible] were images merely of our lighter fancies, and fit, before they faded, but to adorn "the tangles of Neæra's hair." Yet are there often touches of natural religion, in a few words, from the lips of the great poets, mentioning, with some soul-felt epithet, the names of flowers appropriately placed on shrine, altar, or tomb. The names themselves, indeed, always truly, and often plotsely, express their characters. In these is involved an idea or an emotion, and poetry evolves the sad or gay humanities, till they bedim or brighten the ground round their stalks with showers of tender or gladsome leaves all of light. Thus the Pansy—the flower of many names. To Shakspeare—as Wordsworth has pathetically said of himself—it gave "thoughts that did often lie too deep for tears"—else had he not made poor Ophelia say—

"there is pansies,
That's for thought."

'Pansy *freaked with jet*," is also one of the flowers which Milton culls for the bier of Lycidas. Yet, in another mood, sweet Willy immortalised it by the name of "Love in idleness," in his Midsummer Night's Dream. It was held sacred to St Valentine—and he is the saint of the soft-billed birds, and not of the vultures. "Heart-Ease" is a familiar household word—and we know not—we wish we did—and certainly ought to have known—who says—

"And thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
To hearts that own our nature's common lot;
Thou, styled by sportive Fancy's better feelings,
'A thought,' the Heart-ease."

Perhaps 'tis in the Lyrical Ballads—yet we thought no leaf there could hold a dewdrop to us unknown. With all these thoughts and feelings associated with it and represented by it, it required the sweet assurance of the consciousness of a loving heart to embolden this lady to sing the praises of a flower, dear alike to humblest and highest spirits.

THE HEART-EASE, OR PANSY VIOLET.

This morn a fairy bower I past'd,
Where sheltered from the [illegible]

More lovely sure not Eden graced,
Ere yet the primal curse had traced
Ruin and blight on all, and placed
Thorns on the rose's stem.

But nearer viewed, methought the bloom,
Ev'n of this group partook the doom,
Which all things earthly share;
In one, the gayest of the gay,
A hidden worm insidious lay,
Whilst others borne far, far away,
Pined for their native air.

Onward I sped in musing mood,
Till near my path, now wild and rude,
A flow'ret met my view;
Unlike to those I left, it chose
A lowly bed, "yet blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows,"
It slpt the morning dew.

I paused, the sky became o'ercast,
And the chill rain fell thick and fast—
How fared that blossom now?
With head on its light stem inclin'd,
Smiling it met both rain and wind,
As if to teach me it design'd
'Neath sorrow's storm to bow.

Its name I knew, and deemed full well,
From its low home in rugged dell,
It might this hint afford,
That whilst exotics only flower
In cultured soil, and sheltered bower,
Heart-ease may be alike the dower
Of peasant and of lord.

Yea, brows may ache which wear a crown,
And palace walls give back the groan
Of breaking hearts, I ween,
Whilst in the peasant's lowly nest,
That, which fair Eden's shades once blest,
Oft lingers still a cherished guest,
Cheering life's varied scene.

Then let the storm beat o'er my head,
If, while the rugged path I tread,
That "ease of heart" be mine.
Which, when the darkling cloud doth rise,
Not with the passing sunbeam dies,
But all unchanged by frowning skies,
Throughout the storm doth shine.

Aye! 'tis a pleasant coincidence. Here is a small packet sent us by one of our American friends—and we are happy to think we have many—from across the Atlantic—and what should it contain, among other welcome *volumes*, but in binding yellow as a *crocus*—"Flora's Interpreter, or the American Book of Flowers and Sentiments." The collection and selection has been made—and tastefully—by Mrs S. J. Hale, a lady who is an honour to Boston. We know not who may be the writer of the following lines to "a Night-blowing Cereus"—we hope the fair Editress herself—but we cannot give them better praise than by gracing our pages with them, among pearls as pure as themselves—here are two of the first water in the same setting—which do you love best, the American or the English?

NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

Strange flower! Oh, beautifully strange!
Why in the lonely night,
And to the quiet watching stars,
Spread'st thou thy petals white?

There's sleep among the breathing flowers,
The folded leaves all rest—
Child, butterfly, and bee are hush'd—
The wood-bird's in its nest;—

Thou wakest alone of earth's bright things,
A silent watch is thine,
Offering thy intense, votive gift!
Unto night's starry shrine.

Morn glows, and thou art gone for aye,
As bow of summer cloud;
Like thy sister flower of Araby,
Thou unto death hast bow'd!

Once flowering, wilt thou never more
Give thy pale beauty back?
O, canst thou not thy fragrance pour
Upon the sunbeam's track?

Thou flower of summer's starlit night,
When whispering farewell,
Bear'st thou a hope, from this dim world,
Mid brighter things to dwell?

Thou hast unseal'd my thoughts' deep fount,
My hope as thine shall be,
And my heart's incense I will breathe
To Heaven, bright flower, with thee.

EVENING PRIMROSE.

"The sun his latest ray has shed,
The wild bird to its nest has sped,
And buds, which to the day-beam spread
Their brightest glow,
Incline their dew-besprinkled head
In slumber now.

" Then why art thou lone vigils keeping,
Pale flower, when all beside are sleeping?,
Are not the same soft zephyrs sweeping
Each slender stem,
And the same opiate dewdrops steeping
Both thee and them?"

" Eve is my noon. At this still hour,
When softly sleeps each sister flower,
Sole watcher of the dusky bower
I joy to be;
And, conscious, feel the pale moon shower
Her light on me.

" Soon as meek evening veils the sky,
And wildly fresh her breeze flits by,
And on my breast the dewdrops lie,
I feel to live;
And what of mine is fragrancy,
I freely give.

" Say thou, who thus dost question me,
Wouldst thou from earth's dull cares be free,
O listen, and I'll counsel thee
Wisely to shun
Tumult, and glare, and vanity,
As I have done.

" Enter thy closet, shut the door,
And heavenward let thy spirit soar;
Then softer dews than bathe the flower
On thee shall rest,
And beams which sun nor moon can pour
Illume thy breast."

In "Flora's Interpreter," the lines to the Night-blowing Cereus are marked "From the Ladies' Magazine," of which Mrs S. J. Hale is editress. Are they really American? There is a something about them—may we say it without offence—a tone of fine simplicity tempering their earnestness—that almost makes us doubt their being so—and they bring, though dim, yet not unfamiliar recollections to our mind, as if we had heard them before, somewhere or other, years ago. Yet we daresay that we are mistaken, and that the Cereus they celebrate was a Boston flower. Certain we are that the Evening Primrose, so delightfully sung by our fair countrywoman, sprang from English soil—we know not whether in garden—waste ground—or on the dreary sands of the Lancashire coast, where it grows wild in profusion. Equally beautiful are her lines on the "Dark-flowered Stock Gilliflower." Melancholy Gilliflower it is often called, because of the sombre hue of its blossoms, and their exhaling fragrance only in the night. Many of the double varieties are very lovely, and give out their rich odours so freely in the daytime, as fully to deserve the notice of Thomson, who, in his enumeration of flowers, passes his encomium on the whole tribe—

" And lavish stock, which scents the garden round."

"There seems," adds the lady, "a peculiar fragrancy in the scent of night-blowing flowers; it is something akin to night-music."

THE DARK-FLOWERED STOCK-GILLIFLOWER.

" Long hath the lily closed her silver bells,
And the rose droop'd 'neath evening's dewy spells;
But thou, still sleepless, to the gale dost spread
Sweets which might seem from fairy's censer shed.
What holds thee waking?—not the guilt, or woes,
That oft from human bosoms scare repose.

" Let care and sorrow watch the night-hours through;
Let misers wake to count their hoards anew;
But flowers, sweet flowers, 'which neither spin nor toil,'
Whose little lives are one perpetual smile,
Children of sunshine—ye, with day's last gleam,
Should sink to sleep till roused by morning's beam."

" The sun has cheer'd me through the livelong day,
The breeze has fann'd me in its gentle play,
The dews have fed me, and the summer shower
Temper'd the fervour of the noontide hour;
Then is't not meet, ere yet I close my eye,

" Reverse the scene—should threat'ning clouds prevail,
And loud and louder blow the angry gale,
Still, if it spare me on my slender stem,
While round me strewn is many a fairer gem,
Should I not then, in meek thanksgiving, shed
My choicest odours when the danger's fled?"

Mortal, bethink thee!—If, at close of day,
Both bird and flower their grateful homage pay,
This in sweet odour, that in tuneful song,
What thankful strains should flow from human tongue?
Oh, think what nobler mercies crown thy days;—
Then be thy life one ceaseless act of praise!

The White Water Lily, again, one of the most magnificent of our native flowers, as Sir James Smith truly says, expands its blossoms in the sunshine and the middle of the day only, closing towards evening, when they recline on the surface of the water, or sink beneath it. The sinking of the flowers under water at night, he says, has been denied, or doubted, and therefore he was careful to verify it. The same circumstance is recorded of the Egyptian N. Lotus, from the most remote antiquity. What exquisite lines Mrs Hemans has written on water-lilies! Was it in Loughing-Tarn she eyed them?—for there in such profusion do they float, that were they not to sink down below the water at night, they would perplex the images of the soft-reflected stars. Here are lines which Mrs Hemans will admire and love.

THE WATER-LILY.

Yes, thou art day's own flower—for, when he's fled,
Sorrowing thou droop'st beneath the wave thy head;
And watching, weeping, through the livelong night,
Look'st forth impatient for the dawning light;
And, as it brightens into perfect day,
Dost from the inmost fold thy breast display.

Oh would that I, from earth's defilement free,
Could bare my bosom to the light like thee!
But, ah! I feel within a blighting power
Marring each grace, like hidden worm the flower;
And trembling, shrinking, gladly would I fly
That "light of light," Jehovah's piercing eye.

Yet whither can I go?—Oh, there's a wave,
Where he who weeps for sin his soul may lave;
There would I plunge—and sad, not hopeless, lie
Waiting the first fair day-spring from on high;
Then, glad emerging from the healing stream,
Welcome like thee, sweet flower, the dawning beam.

Mrs Sigourney has been called by the affectionate admiration of her countrymen, "the American Hemans," and she is rightly so called, inasmuch as she is the best of all their Poetesses. We find in Flora's Interpreter some very striking lines of hers, which we have great pleasure in placing by the side of some stanzas inspired by the same sight—or idea of the same light—in the imagination of her English sister—(not Mrs Hemans—but this Lady)—and may they, through all life long, though sundered by a wide world of waves, be united in love as they are in genius—and may that union be known wherever Maga wins her way.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS. MRS SIGOURNEY.

Meek dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-wing'd messenger,
On Mercy's missions, trust your timid germ

To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?
Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom, unblanch'd, amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Into eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencill'd beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing to the sky,
And, chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

RHODODENDRON.

" Gem of the Alps! 'tis strange to trace
Aught beautiful as thou,
Glad'ning the 'solitary place'
With unexpected glow.
Yet, bright one! cold thy bed must be,
And harsh thy evening-lullaby;
Would thou wert planted in the bower
Which summer weaves for bird and flower!
And rock'd to slumber by the gale
She breathes in yonder sunny vale!"

" Deem'st thou these snows cannot fledge a bower
For aught so fair as I?
O know that One whose will is power,
Has shaped my destiny.
He spake me into being; shed
His sunshine on my Alpine bed;
Bade the strong blast, which shook the pine,
Pass harmless o'er this head of mine;
And gently rear'd my early bloom
'Mid snows, which else had been my tomb.

" Oh tell me not of valley fair,
Where sweeter flow'rets bloom;
I too have sun and healthful air
In this my mountain-home.
Yet, stranger, doth thy sympathy
Demand some poor return from me;
And what if I, frail lowly thing,
Such lesson to thine heart might bring,
That thou, in after hour, shouldst bless
The flow'ret of the wilderness.

" View in this mountain's frozen breast
An emblem true of thine,
So cold, so hard, till on it rest
A beam of light divine.
Feel'st thou this life-inspiring ray?
If not—then upward look, and pray,
That He, who made these mountain snows
A cradle for the opening rose,
Would deep within thine heart embower
A brighter far than earthly flower."

In Britain, and in America, religion lives pure and strong as light in the hearts of all virtuous women. They are all Christians. Intellect does not with them kill Feeling; and the more enlightened they are in all the wisdom of this world, the more free-winged are their soaring flights heavenward to the source of all Love, and all Pity. Genius with them is uniformly inspired by Faith. *As it is* with the high, so is it with *the humble;* and who ever heard—*not we*—of any female denying her Saviour in our mother-tongue? The wives of Deists may be mute in grief or despair; unless, indeed, these lords of creation encourage them to believe in Christianity, as a delusion useful to preserve the weak from the danger of vanity and the passions. By the religious virtue of our women has hitherto been saved the sanctity of our household laws. Let them be freethinkers, like too many of their husbands and fathers, and they will soon become free-actors too, and a horrid light will gleam ghastly round the hearth. But of such an event there is no danger. Fanaticism [illegible]

is, too much—and too much superstition—yet their power is confined within very limited ranges, and is seen extending itself in folly not altogether harmless indeed, for there are few harmless follies, and that which regards our duties to the Deity cannot but be always disastrous, and finally escaping in hysterics and the vapours. But how beautiful is female piety—pure and simple as that of children—in the female character—in the maids and matrons of the country of Milton and Washington! Laughable—if it were not loathsome—to hear men of no knowledge—no talents—no thought—mere men of ill-chosen, or rather unchosen words—vaunting themselves on their incredulity or disbelief of all sacred truths, who, if they could but use their eyes and their ears, would see and hear reproof and admonition, and the holy arguments of innocence and peace, in the faces and voices of them dearest to God and his Son. Such a persuasive believer is the enlightened lady who has here so beautifully explained the moral and the religion silently spoken by Flowers. Well has she illustrated her text—"Consider the Lilies of the Field." Surely in the following lines there is profound pathos.

THE ASPEN.

Daylight is closing, but the west
  Still with the pomp of sunset glows,
And crimson cloud on mountain's breast,
  And tower, and spire, its radiance throws,
While one by one in eastern skies
"The stars which usher evening rise."

How deep, how holy is the calm!
  Each sound seems hush'd by magic spell,
As if sweet peace her honied balm
  Blent with each dewdrop as it fell.
Would that the cares which man pursue
A pause like this of nature knew.

Yet in this deep tranquillity,
  When e'en the thistle's down is still,
Trembles yon towering aspen-tree,
  Like one whose by-gone deeds of ill,
At hush of night, before him sweep
To scare his dreams and 'murder sleep.'

Far [illegible] in Highland wilds, 'tis said,
[illegible]t truth now laughs at fancy's lore,)
That of this tree the cross was made,
Which erst the Lord of Glory bore,
And of that deed its leaves confess
E'er since a troubled consciousness.

We boast of clearer light, but say—
  Hath science, in her lofty pride,
For every legend swept away,
  Some better, holier truth supplied?
What hath she to the wanderer given
To help him on his road to heaven?

Say who hath gazed upon this tree
  With that strange legend in his mind,
But inward turned his eye to see
  If answering feeling he could find,
A trembling for that guilt which gave
His Saviour to the cross and grave?

And who such glance did inward bend,
  But scorn'd the apathy and pride
Which makes him slight that more than friend
  For him who bled, for him who died;
Nor pray'd his callous heart might prove
What 'tis to tremble, weep, and love?

How easily can the heart change its mood from the awful to the solemn—from the solemn to the sweet—and from the sweet to the gay—while the mirth of this careless moment is unconsciously tempered by the influence of that holy hour that has subsided but not died, and continues to colour the most ordinary emotion, as the common things of earth look all lovelier in imbibed light, even after the serene moon that had yielded it is no more visible in her place! Most gentle are such transitions in the calm of nature and of the heart; all true poetry is full of them; and in music how pleasant are they, or how affecting! Those alternations of tears and smiles, of fervent aspirations and of quiet thoughts! The organ and the Æolian harp! As the one has ceased pealing praise, we can list the other whispering it—nor feels the soul any loss of emotion in the change—still true to itself and its wondrous nature—just as it is so when from the sunset clouds it turns its eyes to admire the beauty of a dewdrop or an insect's wing. In the poems now before us there is nothing that can be called mirth; but, compared with the preceding strains, the following, as they are lowlier far, so may they be said to be cheerful, and the one little simple set of stanzas reads well after the other, like the Broom o' the Cowden-knowes sung after [illegible] Langsyne:

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

Up and abroad—the earth puts on
  Her beautiful array,
The heavens their glory, for the sun
  Rejoiceth on his way.
Not vainly shall he shed his ray;
  Yon mountain's height I'll brave,
Or trim my skiff so light and gay,
  And wake the slumbering wave.
Hark! how the fresh breeze bears along
To heaven wide nature's matin song.

But what is here? The pimpernel
  Drooping with close-shut eye—
True sign, so village sages tell,
  Of storm and tempest nigh—
But sure such bright and glorious sky
  Shall know no cloud to-day;
O, then, thy darkling prophecy
  Give to the winds away,
And own, whilst thou yon heavens dost view,
  For once thou hast not read them true.

Despite my taunt, the prescient flower
  Still clos'd its petals bright,
And soon the storm, with voice of power
  Shew'd its forebodings right.
'Tis ever thus—some sudden blight,
  When most we dream of joy,
Does on the shining prospect light
  To mar it and destroy.
Oh! when like this poor flower shall I
Discern aright life's changing sky?

THE COMMON BRAMBLE.

What dost thou here, pale flower?
  Thou that afore wert never seen to shine
In gay parterre, or gentle lady's bower,
  In lover's wreath or poet's gifted line.

Why from thy lowly haunts
  Art thou now call'd, to have a place and name
'Mid buds whose beauty fancy's eye enchants,
  Whose fragrance puts thy scentless leaves to shame?

'Tis that though suffering ill,
  Yea, spurn'd and trodden by each passer by,
Blossom and berry dost thou proffer still,
  As all unmindful of the injury.

Hardest of lessons this,
  To suffer wrong with meekness—few, how few,
The hand which smites unjustly stoop to kiss,
  Or blessings on their foeman's pathway strew.

Then welcome, lowly flower!
  Welcome amid the fragrant and the gay;
For which of all the birds in summer bower
Can fitter lesson to proud man convey?

The Scarlet Pimpernel (Anagallis Arvensis) perhaps has that name from the Greek verb *anagelao*—I smile—from the conspicuous beauty of its flowers—says either Smith or Miller; and truly, adds our Poetess, does it merit any title indicative of simple yet brilliant beauty, for none of our wild flowers can exceed it in loveliness. The Anagallis closes its petals at the approach of rain, as farmers and shepherds, in general, very well know; and its blooming during those months, when the state of the atmosphere is of the most consequence to agricultural pursuits, may make it more consulted by the peasant, and have thus obtained for it the name of the "poor man's weather-glass." But we love her the more for the kind things she has sweetly said of the Common Bramble—"that despised and maltreated shrub."—Who does not remember "the time when, on a 'sunshine holiday,' a blackberry gathering was the highest treat, and when its insipid fruit was eaten with a relish far beyond that which the rarest hothouse novelty can afford in riper years? Who does not remember also the shrinking awe with which he passed the tempting branch after Michaelmas-day, believing with a credulity that would not have disgraced the days of Popery, the vulgar superstition, that on that day the devil casts his club over the fruit? It is amusing to see how gravely Threlkeld rebuts the tradition. 'I look upon this as a vulgar error, that the devil on that day doth cast his club over these, after Michaelmas, for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' Before we take leave of this plant, we must not forget to notice its connexion with the well-known popular nursery ballad, 'The Babes in the Wood.' However successfully the rising emotion had been combated in the preceding stanzas, the following lines, even at the hundredth repetition, were sure to open the floodgates of childish sorrow."

'Their little hands and pretty lips
With blackberries were dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.'"

Bless the bramble and its berries—nor can we conjecture why it should be "a maltreated shrub," any more than why the "Yellow Yeldrin" should in Scotland—and we believe in England too—be a maltreated bird. That he and she are so, all schoolboys must recollect with remorse—and John Nevay, weaver in Forfar, (to whose little forthcoming volume of Poems we ask you to subscribe, for his sake, ours, and your own—for such of them as we have seen are very natural and touching,) has some pretty lines on the persecution they have so long endured,—lines which we have by heart, but disorderly, else had we quoted them now, to give you a painful pleasure. There is a drop of the devil's blood in the Yellow Yeldrin's head, believes the whole rural Scottish Infantry, and parish schools assail him with all manner of missiles, as soon as they see him sitting on the low hedge-row, and not far from his mate, who is couched coweringly in her black-hair-lined nest among the ditch-grass, concealed not without the common cunning of her kind; yet, alas! by some fatality, always discovered even by urchins not seeking for them, for the pretty creatures (and are they not pretty, and do not they pipe sweetly, and somewhat sadly and wildly too?) are fond of building by roadsides and footpaths, and everywhere "the *least* remote and inaccessible by shepherds trod." They know not—not they—not the remotest suspicion have they that they are more disliked by schoolboys and girls than any other bird,—the hedgesparrow, for instance, or the linty; but these are general favourites—more especially the linty—and no wonder, for how gentle are all its habits—it is not so shy as the bird with the "lo! five blue eggs are gleaming there"—and then not the laverock's ownself excels the linty in singing—though the laverock sings best near the gates of heaven, and the linty on a pearled broom-spray, little higher than the heads of the staring lambs. And what, pray, *can the devil* possibly have to do with so harmless a creature as the Yellow Yeldrin—with so harmless a shrub as the common Bramble? For he too is harmless, if you but let him alone, and even then your leg suffers less from his teeth than his body suffers from your clumsy heels, as, leaping before you look, you descend upon him anticipating no evil, and crush him down behind his own old mossy wall. Happy Bird, and happy Plant, in spite of all the rational animosity of man! And ye have both at last found your poets, and a place, denied to many upstarts who have misused you, in Blackwood's Magazine.

But there is another American lady whom we must not forget to remember, now that we are reviewing a book on Flowers, for she has addressed several very pretty poems to pink, and crocus, and hyacinth, and other darlings; and here is one to a crocus, at once natural and ingenious—— Miss H. F. Gould. She, too, we believe, is a fair Bostonian, and her name has a Scottish look and a Scottish sound to our eye and ear, which do not make its owner less pleasant to our fancy, though we have never seen, and may never see her face—but we have heard it is a very pretty one, and that she has, as every poetess should have, very beautiful eyes.

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Lock'd in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young buds diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus.
I from the darkness of earth will emerge
A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Gaily array'd in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

Miss Gould will be pleased, we are sure, to see Lines to the Crocus as good as her own, placed beside those from the volume that has given a charm to this Article, which will be felt across the Atlantic—a volume which we promise to send to her, if she will be so kind as to accept it, but first to let us know how to direct it. Virgil loved the crocus as well as did his own bees; and Milton gives it a place in Paradise.

" ' Rock'd by the chilly blast,
And 'mid the cold snow peeping,
Why do ye deck the waste
When other buds are sleeping?
Did ye, as they,
A while delay
Till softer gales were sighing,
Perchance no flower
In summer bower
With ye in charms were vying!'

" ' No fervid beam, 'tis true,
Lady, our slumber breaketh,
From our light cups the dew
No sportive zephyr shaketh;
Heralds of spring,
The wind's rude wing
We cope with at her calling,
And calmly eye
Through darkling sky
The snow-flake thickly falling.

" ' From ' lilies of the field,'
Lady, thou'rt taught to borrow
Lessons which well may yield
Assurance for the morrow;
And might we dare
Their task to share,
We'd say, may duty find thee
Prompt at her call
What e'er befall,
To act the part assign'd thee.' "

We cannot help believing that it is greatly for the good of the minds of the rising generation, that no poems are published now-a-days that have what is called a run. There was something illusory in the passion that burned for "the last new poem." As soon as it was gratified —*and* it sometimes was so by a *single* perusal—the "last new poem" was *flung* like a weed away, and the *fickle* reader began to long for another [illegible]

indelicate for young ladies to read, and their whole hearts [illegible] Childe Harold, then to the Giaour, then to the Corsair, then to Selim, then to Alp, and then to Manfred—all within a year or two—not to count intermediate numbers of less fervent *liaisons* with obscurer heroes. It is a sad thing for poetry when a particular sort becomes the fashion—the rage. A sure sign, when fashion succeeds fashion, and rage succeeds rage, either that the divine art is in danger of deterioration, or that there is little true love for it in people's hearts. See how it is now. The great poets are mute—but think not that they are idle; they disdain to offer their inspirations to an age that has weakened its capacity of high admiration by foolish, because inordinate worship at idolatrous shrines, from which it has turned away, for no other reason than because its weakness wearied of an excitement which it could not support, even when perpetually varied; and now the age cries out that the poets are *effete*, poetry is voted a bore, and young ladies study chemistry, and are skilful in retorts, and erudite in acids;—a harmless folly, soon to die away, for the fair chemists will never discover the philosopher's-stone. Meanwhile, the love of science does not occupy all gentle bosoms; and we believe the love of poetry—out of the world of fashion—and hardly in those circles which modestly and rationally call themselves "good society,"—flourishes quietly and unobtrusively—as all real loves do—and finds in poetry a pure and increasing delight. It is loved now by those who do love it for its own sake; they go back upon the immortal strains with which the glorious English library has been filled by native genius working for its own divine enjoyment, and pity the pother made by the once glib-tongued Blues about their pet poets, while familiarising their spirits with "many a lovely lay," unheard of, or scorned in the Reviews, and conscious of

" A presence that disturbs them with the joy
Of elevated thoughts."

A few years more of this exemption from the baleful influence of fluctuating fashion—[illegible]

spirit, or perverts it in the more mature—and we shall have among us again not only a genuine and enlightened love of poetry, but new poets will appear, heralds "of a mighty band ensuing;" and human life, restudied by creative genius, will shew itself inexhaustible, and bright with fresh-kindled beauty at every touch of fire.

But how can we or any one know the true state of poetical feeling in people's hearts during such a talkative age as this? "Stillest streams oft water richest meadows," and how still over all our land must be now flowing thousands of clear currents of fertilizing feelings, that impress a green beauty on all their banks, as they smile with their own spots of private sunshine! Books that the loud, eager, witless world never hears of, what delight may they not afford to hundreds of simple hearts! That the world—engrossed as it is with its own too often vain, and worse than vain concerns—do hear of the "Moral of Flowers," we have now taken care; and our recommendation will not be neglected by not a few happy families, whom our heart visits oftener than they may think—often when the whole household is hushed in sleep, and then we look into the moonlit windows, breathing a blessing and a prayer. Is not "The Myrtle" a pious poem? And thou, Eleanora! who carriest out thine own home-tended myrtle—given thee by old Christopher North, that queer old bald-headed man with the crutch, whom thou refusedst for a whole day to like, and now sayest thou dost love—into the sunny showers of May, and leavest it to rustle at its leisure to the fitful breezes—wilt not thou read them to thyself with a sweet sensation at thy sinless heart,—lines that might have been written on that very brightest of all myrtles, which, after thou hast got them by heart, will seem to thee even brighter than before, and whiten all its multitude of flowers, though last year thou remembered them how they were whiter than snow. Thou mayst not know—but it is true—that tender as it looks, in countries where it grows wild it is sometimes found blooming among rocks; and its delicate beauty, when contrasted with the ruggedness of its abode, seems to acquire an additional charm—just as thou thyself might do—though hardly might that be—wert thou to be taken away from thy mother's side, but unremoved from the mercy of thy Maker, and planted like a flower in a desert.

THE MYRTLE.

Yes, take thy station here,
Thou flower so pale and fair!
That I from thee may sweetest lessons borrow;
For thou hast that to tell,
Methinks, which suits thee well—
The lingering hours of languishment and sorrow.

The cleft rock is thy home;
Yet sweetly dost thou bloom,
E'en while the threatening winds are round thee swelling;
And where's the pamper'd flower,
Can richer fragrance shower,
Than thou, fair blossom, from thy storm-wrought dwelling

Say, then, though pale decay
Wear youth and health away,
Shall sighs alone this troubled breast be heaving?
Oh, no! I'll bless the chain,
Which to this couch of pain
Has bound me long, for 'tis of mercy's weaving.

What though I tread no more
The temple's hallowed floor,
Whence to our God the full-voiced hymn ascendeth
Yet may this chamber be
A blessed sanctuary,
Where to my whisper'd praise His ear He bendeth.

But chiefly, gentle flower,
Remind me in the hour,
When 'gainst the tempter's might my soul engages,
A rock is cleft for me,
More sure than shelters thee,
Where I may safely hide—" the Rock of Ages."

All arguments, or rather objections to, sacred poetry, dissolve as you internally look at them, like unabiding mist-shapes, or rather, like imagined mirage, where no mirage is, but the mind itself makes ocular deceptions for its own amusement. By sacred poetry, is mostly meant Scriptural; but there are, and always have been, conceited and callous critics, who would exclude all religious feelings from poetry, and, indeed, from prose too, compendiously calling them all cant. Had such criticasters been right, all great nations would not have so gloried in their great bards. Poetry, it is clear, embraces all we can experience; and every high, impassioned, imaginative, intellectual, and moral state of being becomes religious before it passes away, provided it be left free to seek the empyrean, and not adstricted to the glebe by some severe slavery of condition, which destroys the desire of ascent by the same inexorable laws that palsy the power, and reconcile the toilers to the doom of the dust. If all the states of being that poetry illustrates do thus tend, of their own accord, towards religious elevation, all high poetry must be religious; and so it is, for its whole language is breathing of a life "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth;" and the feelings, impulses, motives, aspirations, obligations, duties, privileges, which it shadows forth or embodies, enveloping them in solemn shade or attractive light, are all, directly or indirectly, manifestly or secretly, allied with the sense of the immortality of the soul, and the belief of a future state of reward and retribution. Extinguish that sense and that belief in a poet's soul, and he may hang up his harp.

Nor are these sentiments of ours not universal, though often denied when thus explicitly stated; they are confessed by all human beings when "ruefully seized and shedding bitter tears," or when in some great joy they seem walking side by side, and hand in hand, with an angel, without aid or need of wings, along the cerulean vault of heaven.

We never are disposed not to enjoy a religious spirit in metrical composition, except when induced to suspect that it is not sincere, and then we turn away from the hypocrite, just as we do from a pious pretender in the intercourse of life. Shocking it is, indeed, to see fools rushing in where angels fear to tread; nor have we words to express our disgust and horror at the sight of fools, not indeed rushing in among those awful sanctities before which angels veiled their faces with their wings, but mincing in, on red slippers and flowered dressing-gowns, would-be fashionable puppies, with crow-quills in hands like those of milliners, and rings on their fingers, and afterwards extending their notes into sacred poems for the use of the public,—penny-a-liners, reporting the judgments of Providence as they would the proceedings in a Police Court.

Women never do this—in their religion, as in every thing else, they are all sincere; therefore, in their poetry, we see themselves—we love them for its sake, and it for theirs. Caroline Bowles is a Christian poetess in her "Solitary Hours," as she is a Christian lady in her life, not solitary, but retired; and Felicia Hemans could not so charm all hearts by her pictures of purity and devotion, did we not know that her own beautiful children beside her knees look up to her face,

"And lisp with holy look their evening prayer."

POETRY OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.*

All poets are poets of the poor. For, is not the whole human race a poor race, subject to sin, sorrow, and death? Princes are paupers, autocrats, almsmen—and they know they are, in spite of their subjects or slaves. The world is a work-house, and its rulers overseers. Their high mightinesses, the magistrates, are all accountable to the cholic; and, even in this life, obedient to the diet of worms. Who but a fool dare lift up his voice and say, "I am rich," when palsy at the very moment may wring his mouth awry, or apoplexy smite him into a breathing clod? Strip the rich man of his purple and fine linen—and what an exposure of shrivelled skin — marrowless bones — flesh not like grass, but straw! Beauty, thought, intellect, genius, virtue —what, in this mysterious life of ours—what even are they? Shut your eyes and open them, and what a ghastly transfiguration! In their room, loathsomeness, imbecility, idiocy, insanity, vice, wretchedness, and woe; and is it not enough of itself to convince us in our worst pride, that we are all most miserably poor, to think that the round earth is not merely trenched all over with our graves, but composed of our very dust?

This is one light in which humanity may be truly viewed, if there be truth in the Two Testaments. And in no other light could it be truly viewed, if we do not believe in a Future State. Now, the ancient—the heathen world, did not believe in a Future State—though it did all it could—strove with all its mind, heart, and soul, so to believe—deified heroes—and changed them into stars. Imagination created its own mythologies, fluctuating between heaven and earth, and there was something of a saving spirit even in that superstition. How fair, and how foul were those creations of genius! Their worst sins, and their most pitiable weaknesses, did his worshippers attribute to Almighty Jove. The character of his court — however veiled in beauty and in grandeur by a people as sensual as imaginative—partook of that assigned to the Ruler of Olympus. And Nature's self was outraged by the anthropomorphism that covered earth's most beautiful and illustrious regions with shrines dedicated to idols and oracles that sanctioned sin, while, in ambiguous responses, they shadowed forth Fate.

Such, then, was religion. And how fared Philosophy? Till Socrates arose, what an assemblage of pestilential clouds! Sometimes the edges shewed fringed with light—but the Sun of Truth had there no abiding tabernacle in the sky—the luminary was not eclipsed, but withdrawn—and all life below lay in shadow. Their Poetry? It was in much divine. But oh! those dismal Tragedies—elevating but to cast down—kindling the torch of Hope but that it might be extinguished by Despair —glorifying the history of man's mortal life by ancestral splendours made more lustrous in the light of the lyre, and then shewing us in dreary Hades, thin, objectless, wailing, wretched, and, in their shadowy miseries, unintelligible ghosts!

Christianity came—and what a change was wrought on man's knowledge of heaven and of earth! Wretches as we all are—it told us we are all brethren in wretchedness —and the load was at a few words lightened by Sympathy and Love. But it told us far more—that there is but one God—a truth which philosophy never of itself discovered, though it might suspect—that he cared for his creatures—"that the blue sky bends over all," and that the sun is a type of that eye that sees the sparrow fall to the ground, to the ground go temple and tower, and the citied ground itself turned topsy-turvy by earthquake.

To man was now given a new—that is, a regenerated spirit. And wicked as the world yet is—it is peopled now with Thoughts and Feelings that were not before the Advent, because inconceivable by mere human reason and by the mere

* *London*: Benjamin Steel, Paternoster-Row; J. Pearce, Sheffield.

human heart. Compared with his condition before that Era, man is already even here in a superior state of Being—for what some philosophers yet foolishly call Intuitions are Revelations; the Celestial Future is felt to be as sure as the Terrestrial Present; and the wide Soul of the Christian world prostrates itself in Faith before the Judgment-Seat, seen by that spiritual sense not subject to ocular deception, as the iris may be looking at the iris. Religion—Philosophy—Poetry—now all are—and may be, truly called Divine.

The theme we have touched upon is too high to be fitly treated by us—but as it is of poetry that we wish now chiefly to speak—in relation to the great change wrought by religion on the revealed duties and destinies of man—we ask you to reflect for yourselves on the spirit by which all true poetry is now pervaded and imbued—that you may feel the mighty difference between it and that which characterised the best poetry of the civilized world of old. What had that poetry to do with the mass of mankind? Homer was the most humane of all the bards. And in the Odyssey we see sweet glimpses of lowly life. In Euripides, too, there is much love and wisdom, satisfied to feel and think, even on the high tragic stage, of humble duties and common cares, and to speak of them in language that, though it may awaken the disdain of Schlegel and Mitchell, was pleasant music to the ears of Socrates and Milton. But the great Greek poets, like the great Greek philosophers, it may be truly said, sang but of kings and heroes; and the audiences that listened to their lays—strange to say—seem never to have wondered why the Muses cared but for personages conspicuous in the broad daylight of fame, and almost wholly forgot the persons obscurely toiling in the shade of obscurity. Pastoral life, indeed, had its poetry, and we are not ignorant of Theocritus. But the Sicilian rather dallied with his subject, in fond flirtation, than enjoyed it with a passionate love. His genius beautified rusticity, without in aught doing violence to the *truth of* nature. But either his own *heart* was not sufficiently stirred of *itself,* or the beings and their conversant—and that we believe was the truth—had not that in them—for, after all, they were slaves—which must be outwardly shewn in the ongoings of rural life, before its character and concerns can at once justify, demand, and inspire the poet's song. His pastorals, except in the art of composition, may not for a moment be compared with those of the Italian poets after the revival of literature; far less, surely, with those of Ramsay and Burns. The Gentle Shepherd of the Pentlands belongs to quite another race of beings; and the sire in the Cotter's Saturday Night, with the Bible on his knees—that was a vision familiar to all Scottish eyes—but such a one as Greek eyes never saw, nor was ever revealed by Apollo to his Muses.

Poetry, which ought to be "wide and general as the casing air," has not even yet, perhaps, been inspired by its own full and perfect spirit. Christian poets have not always carried with them their Christianity into their works; they have unawares retained too much of the Druidical worship—and sought for inspiration in the woods—even setting up idols there—or making themselves the gods of their own religion. Yet all the great poems in our language are coloured by Christianity, and the claims of all human beings to the same rights and privileges before God, are not only admitted, but illustrated; the Book of Nature is read by the light of the Bible; in the Fairy Queen, Una is Heavenly Truth; and the poet of the Excursion sits reverently by the lowliest grave, and draws from the green turf his highest inspirations, remembering the Cross.

And here we are reminded of the words with which we began—all poets are the poets of the Poor. Perhaps we expressed ourselves, in our opening paragraph, less solemnly than was fitting, and, if so, you will pardon us. But now you at least know our meaning; and will, we hope, go along with us while we say yet a few words more about that one word—the Poor. Leaving, but not forgetting, that other view of humanity, that we are all poor creatures—take the word "Poor" in its ordinary sense, and let us think together of them—as we believe we

by sweat. They exemplify the curse pronounced on our first parents—do they not likewise exemplify the blessing promised to their seed? All are equal in the sight of God—to save all sinners God died—and has God, among his other gifts, given genius to his creatures, which shall not be used by its possessors for his glory, and for the good of all whom he has created in his own image?

This is the Catholic faith; and it is held now by all the priesthood. Their creed is not now expounded and settled for them by a committee of critics. Laymen—all men who are not poets—dare not now speak of low subjects—vulgar characters—mean incidents—including therein, with the exception of a few millions, all the human race, and almost all that concerns them on this side of the grave—and, therefore, on the other; for genius has so dealt with such themes, that in the light gathering round them, as if from Heaven, have "perished the roses and the palms of kings."

It would be a pleasant office to trace the manifestations of this spirit through our poetry, especially since the dawn of the Reformation. Political causes had little or nothing to do with it, except in as far as they were themselves brought into operation by this spirit. And, at the present time, we believe, in our heart and in our conscience, that its triumph would be more complete, but for the thwarting, and distorting, and corrupting influence of political causes, to which Modern Philosophy would fain attribute an enlightenment which it does not understand, and of a character diametrically opposite to what it thinks the true virtue and happiness of man.

But we must content ourselves with a few hints—and ask you to think of Cowper. Dr Memes, in his interesting memoir, calls him, rightly, the Poet of the Cross. Had his health of mind and body—frail, and awfully uncertain—suffered him to mingle more with the poor, he had been not their greatest poet in power, but their best in spirit. As it was, all his tenderest, deepest, holiest sympathies were theirs. Of them, and their condition, he was thinking at all those times when he drew his sad but faithful pictures of the imperfection and worthlessness of all human virtue, without the infusion of grace from on high—and hence it is that his poetry, though its subjects lie for the most part somewhat or considerably above what are justly called the lower orders, may be understood and felt by them, and we do not doubt that in good time it will be familiar to the inmates of humble households, as Young's Night Thoughts—for many strong reasons, partly the same and partly different—long were, and we trust still are—and in Scotland Thomson's Seasons. Cowper, in spite of his rueful sorrows—had a large heart to the last—for at the last it was not contracted, but crushed—not narrowed, but darkened; and till reason's self was sunk in ineffable horror, he felt, during all his own agonies, for all his sinful brethren of mankind. And that surely was no selfish compassion, though more profoundly pitiful because of his sense of his own unworthiness, and his conviction that of all who shared with him the same lot, he was for ever the most utterly lost.

The great French revolution, many say, made all our great English poets. It did not make Cowper, and it could not make Crabbe. England was at all times able to produce her own great poets by her own plastic power—as she did Shakspeare. Crabbe one day found himself a child on the sea-beach, playing under a boat, that lay high and dry on her gunwale a few fathoms from his father's door. The old familiar faces were to him the faces of seafaring men, or of shore-farers, their brethren; and the lad, from a brat, was a gnostic in nautical characters and concerns, as high up as skippers of merchantmen, and boatswains of men-of-war. His acquaintance with and knowledge of life widened gradually away inland, and for many years he heard but in fancy's ear the hollow sound that was ever with his boyhood and youth; and it was still pleasant to his old age. He had an out-and-out look of a parson, and he was a parson; but he had the heart—the simple heart—and the mind—acute mind—of a tar. From first to last he loved all poor men—but most ardently the men in blue; from them he carried over—true

ferred his affection to people in other colours—even as far as Quakers, though he was no great admirer of drab; and comprehended in his affection all ranks up to a Duke—but his heart to the last found itself most at home among men of high soul but low degree, who people our stormy shores in crowds. But he heeded not, in his kindliest moods, whether their souls were high or low, provided they had some strength—some character; and whatever that character was, he saw it as if by intuition, and saw, too, how it came to be what it was from circumstances acting on nature, so as to produce infinite varieties of the same class—the classes being numerous of that strange creature—Man. So attentive was he to circumstances, that every tale of his is a picture of a life. No two tales, and he has written hundreds—but are as different as may be; and every one of them is at once so true to nature that you believe it all happened, and a novel or romance. We know not what is, if that be not genius. It is a mistake to think that he dealt only with the darker passions. He was conversant with passions of all hues; well he loved emotions tender and bright; and of the virtues, none so dearly as fidelity and truth—witness many a maid, and wife, and widow, living and dying for lover's or husband's sake, perfectly resigned with breaking or broken hearts. And we know not what is, if that be not religion. He pitied many sins—but some he abhorred; yet he pursued with his hate the crime, not the criminal—and him he left to remorse, the executioner who occasionally inflicts capital punishment—but who in most cases uses the rack. And we know not what is, if that be not Moral Philosophy. He knew all kinds of misery with a learned spirit—but not an inhumane; and he has mapped them out in mysterious empiries—in lines of blood and of fire. From the turbulence, and the trouble, and the terror he had so profoundly studied, his own spirit was free, though they must have visited it, *passing through* without finding any *abiding* place even in an abyss. So *he could* calmly, not coldly, sing of desperate and fearful things, a looker-on of the agonies, and a partaker but of the nature out of which they grow. He read few books writ by man—but they were among the best—the works of the great native poets. His library was the Bible and the Book of Nature. We could prove that—but must not now. Moreover, in the art of poetry he is a consummate master. Teniers, Hogarth, Wilkie—each of them in his own art is a great master too—but in conception, in comprehension, and in breadth and depth of colouring, Crabbe was greater than them all three—could you conceive them all three in one;—and then, what is painting compared with poetry! So much by way of a short imperfect notice of the greatest poet of the Poor.

The admirers of Crabbe used to be the scorners of Wordsworth. Yet the Poets regarded one another with admiration—nor, do we doubt, with reverence. And do we call Wordsworth—the philosophic poet—a poet of the Poor? Aye—but not a poet *for* the poor. He is their benefactor by beautifying their character and their condition as they lie in "the light of common day," tinging that light with colours unborrowed from the sun that shines before our sensuous eyes, and seemingly drawn from some spiritual font flowing from the depth of his own moral being—more tranquil than night. The huts where poor men lie become holier even to our human hearts, because of that wondrous beauty in which, by his meditative genius, they are enveloped. We believe, that what is so harmonious must be true—and we carry away with us in our conscience that belief, even in among all the perplexing and humbling realities with which this world is disturbed and lowered. One short sentence and no more—now—upon the poetry of Wordsworth. Soaring at his highest, he never separates himself in spirit from the humblest of his brethren of mankind. They cannot follow his flight—to their eyes he is then lost in the empyrean. But he forgets not them—when "worshipping at the temple's inner shrine," he hears "the still sad music of humanity!" The mystery of life to him is awful, from his [illegible]

God's humblest children—and inviolable in their equality all the rights given by God to immortal spirits. In the Old Beggar going from door to door he sees one of God's ministers. And a low-born man, of highest wisdom, is with the great poet among the sunsets—an instructor and a monitor, who belonged of old to "a virtuous household, though exceeding poor."

England allows that there never was in time a country possessing such a peasantry as, during the life of Burns, belonged to Scotland.

> "The ancient spirit was not dead;
> Old times, she says, were breathing there;"

and yet a modern spirit was alive too, and new times had a breath of their own. Manners were simple, yet not rude, and had a hallowing hereditary influence; customs of an imaginative kind were not outworn; popular traditions gave poetry to patriotism; superstitious feelings were not extinct, but they were almost all nearly harmless, and some of them even allied themselves with religion, which had better, if it must be imperfect, be too fearful than too cold; the faith of the people in Christianity was rock-firm; the national character, earnest as well as ardent; the parish schools had widely diffused education; habits were peaceful; morals in principle rigorous—and piety guarded the virtue of domestic life. If all this be true, with such deductions and limitations as must always be made for the frailties and delinquencies of our corrupt and fallen nature, surely no great native poet had ever a nobler field for his genius than Burns. None deny now that his genius was of a high order. Imagination was not the chief faculty of his mind—but intellect. His sensibility was exquisite — he had a heart of passion, a soul of fire—his love of his native land was one with the love of life—and he gloried in having been born a peasant. No poet perhaps ever was so popular as Burns with the poor. He is endeared to them by their pity for his fate, and their forgiveness of his transgressions, as well as by his own fine, free, bold, gladsome, generous, and independent nature; but his poetry is not only the people's delight, but *their pride*—for they know that all the nations of the world regard it as picturing the character of the poor of Scotland.

That we speak of Ebenezer Elliott along with Cowper, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth, and Burns, tells how highly we rate the power of his genius. He is the sole and great poet of his own order, the mechanics and artisans of England. "I am called," says he, proudly and finely, "as I expected to be, an unsuccessful imitator of the pauper poetry of Wordsworth; although, with the exception of his great work, I never read his writings until long after this poem (The Village Patriarch) was first printed. I might be truly called an unfortunate imitator of Crabbe, that most British of poets, for he has long been bosomed with me; and if he had never lived, it is quite possible that I might never have written pauper poetry. However, my imitation fails, if it fail, not because it is servile, nor because I have failed to stamp my own individuality upon it, but because my pencil wants force, though it be dipped in sadness and familiar with sorrow. The clerical artist works with a wire brush; but he has been unjustly blamed for the stern colours in which he paints the sublimity of British wretchedness." Elliott is an imitator of Crabbe, but not an "unfortunate" one;—of Wordsworth, he is no imitator at all. But what may imitation mean in the case of so original-minded a man as Elliott? Why, no more than that the soul within him was early stirred by the varied pictures "of the sublimity of British wretchedness," painted by him whom Byron calls "Nature's sternest painter, and her best." Crabbe's poetry was felt by him to be truth—"impassioned truth"—of the weal and woe of his own life. Inspired by it, he looked about him, and saw that the character and condition of the men of the workshop were capable of poetry too, because surcharged with suffering, nor yet undignified with virtue, nor unelevated by religion. Crabbe let him see that he, Ebenezer Elliott, though a slave living among slaves, might yet, by sending through that slavery a searching spirit, become a poet among poets. For endurance and for enjoyment he had to trust to his heart—invigorated by his con-

science; but, to describe them worthily, he had to call upon his genius, and that genius answered the call, and recorded both in words of force and fire. "If my composition smell of the workshop and the dingy warehouse, I cannot help it: soot is soot; and he who lives in a chimney will do well to take the air when he can, and ruralize now and then, even in imagination."

And Ebenezer Elliott does—not only now and then—but often—ruralize; with the intense passionateness of a fine spirit escaping from smoke and slavery into the fresh air of freedom—with the tenderness of a gentle spirit communing with Nature in Sabbath-rest. Greedily he gulps the dewy breath of morn, like a man who has been long suffering from thirst drinking at a wayside well. He feasts upon the flowers—with his eyes with his lips; he walks along the grass as if it were cooling to his feet. The slow typhus fever perpetual with townsmen is changed into a quick gladsome glow like the life of life. A strong animal pleasure possesses the limbs and frame of the strong man released from labour, yet finding no leisure to loiter in the lanes—and away with him to the woods and rocks and heaven-kissing hills. But that is not all his pleasure—though it might suffice—one would think—for a slave. Through all his senses it penetrates into his soul—and his soul gets wings and soars. Yes—it has the wings of a dove, and flees away—and is at rest! Where are the heaven-kissing hills in Hallamshire? Here, and there, and everywhere—for the sky stoops down to kiss them—and the presence of a poet scares not away, but consecrates their embraces

> "Under the opening eyelids of the morn."

Of such kind is the love of nature that breaks out in all the compositions of this town-bred poet. Nature to him is a mistress whom he cannot visit when he will, and whom he wooes, not stealthily, but by snatches—snatches torn from time, and shortened by joy that "thinks down hours to moments." Even in her sweet companionship he seems sca

from which he made his escape to rush into her arms, and clasp her to his breast. He knows that his bliss must be brief, and that an iron voice, like a knell, is ringing him back to dust and ashes. So he smothers her with kisses—and tearing himself away—again with bare arms he is beating at the anvil—and feels that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. For Ebenezer Elliott—gentle reader—is a worker in iron—that is—to use his own words—"a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally *labouring* with his head and hands, and, alas, with my heart too! If you think the steel-trade, in these profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break a ton."

We have worked at manual labour for our amusement, but, it was so ordered, never for bread—for reefing and reeving can hardly be called manual labour—it comes to be as facile to the fingers as the brandishing of this present pen. We have ploughed, sowed, reaped, mowed, pitchforked, threshed; and put heart and knee to the gavelock hoisting rocks. But not for a day's darg, and not for bread. Now here lies the effectual and vital distinction between the condition of our poet and his critic—between the condition of Ebenezer Elliott and that of all our other poets, except Robert Burns. They have all had to imagine the miseries of the hard-working poor. For though submitted in shoals to the senses, the heart has still to imagine them, ere it can comprehend them all within its sympathies—while it yearneth towards the sufferers themselves—even as if it were the heart of a parent—weeping over what it cannot cure—for evils there are to which comes but small though sacred relief, from the sight of the shedding of kindred tears. Walking, riding, or rolling along the highroad, a man called a gentleman has but a faint and imperfect idea of the fever and fatigue of an old labourer, from morning to night every day but Sunday, perpetually breaking stones. Four fine-looking married men, in middle-life, mowing in a meadow, their wives sitting under

—make a beautiful, a gallant show—and we say not that their hearts do not imbibe through their nostrils refreshment from the swathe, that falls away aside from their regularly advancing feet, sweet-smelling as if there thyme mingled with violets. But at night, after each man has shaven smooth an old Scotch acre, to the sad affliction of a partridge's nest, and many a byke o' the brown bees—his back, broad though it be as a door, and straight as an ash-sapling, aches till the slightest motion is a twist, and every twist a twinge, and many a twinge like a knife-point piercing the sinews. For 'twas the first day of the hay-harvest—and the day before he had been but thrashing out a few thrieves of corn, something having gone wrong with the machine. "And the mower whets his scythe," is a sweet image in L'Allegro. Fortunate that his scythe gets blunt; for were its edge ever fine, swinkt Labour would have no rest, and would first faint, and then die. So much by way of illustration—or you may think of Ebenezer Elliott "breaking a ton."

Now, Ebenezer Elliott will not suffer you to judge and feel for him, and people like him engaged in the same or a similar trade. He undertakes to instruct you and people like you—not in his craft—for you are not bound apprentice to him by seven-years-indentures — but in his condition—its vices, its virtues, its trials and temptations, its joys and its sorrows, both perhaps at present beyond your comprehension — and in more than all that—in the causes that, as he opines, oppress it with afflictions not inevitable to such lot, and cheat him when he has "broken a ton," out of half his own and his children's rightful claim to bread. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—big hot tears of wrath.

The Poet of the Town-poor is a philosopher, and attributes all their miseries to a single cause—taxation on the prime necessary of life. If that be too scanty, conveniences, comforts, luxuries, there can be none for them; and ought such to be the portion of his noble order—of the mechanics, artisans, and artificers of England?—Forbid it Heaven! *And Heaven* does forbid it—but *man thwarts* Providence, and starvation does not thin, but with ghastly faces thickens the streets.

Now we need not say that Ebenezer Elliott and Christopher North are opposed—fixed and firm as two granite pillars—on the question of the Corn Laws. But rough pillars as we both are—and even grim to look on when in shadow—we shine when the sun touches us "with his golden finger." Then we frown on one another no longer—but we smile with a strong smile, and on each pediment you can read in the light a memorable inscription. No—we shall not *now* quarrel on this question—"Oh! 'tis the cause—my soul! it is the cause!"

Elliott worships Crabbe, because "Crabbe takes his hideous mistress in his arms, and she rewards him with her confidence, by telling him all her dreadful secrets. The severity of his style is an accident belonging not to him, but to the majesty of his unparalleled subject. Hence it is that the unhappy people of the United States of America cannot bear to read Crabbe. They think him unnatural, and he is so to them, for in their wretched country cottagers are not paupers—marriage is not synonymous with misery." There you have his whole creed. But you must hear him preach—yet unless your faith be firm in the doctrines of your own Church—stop your ears with cotton—soon as Miles Gordon the ranter 'gins blow his trumpet, or you may become a dissenter and a heretic. Eben is true as steel to his creed and faith—you may bend but not break him—and the critic who throws cold water on him, only hears a hissing of red-hot iron, that loses none of its heat, though it grey-blues its colour.

His poetry is polluted and perverted—some not unfriendly critics have said—by politics. No. It is polluted by nothing—for in it there is no pollution. Perverted it may be, and is; but what mind of mortal man is free from perversion? And who has not seen an apple-tree with distorted branches all awry, nevertheless laden with blossoms—and better, bowed down with fruit? We are willing to take such men as Ebenezer Elliott as we find them; and just now—nor do we know that it is any duty of ours to do so at any

time—we shall not assume the office of moral censor, but leave it to some other Cato—feeling that "true knowledge leads to love."

Why—all the secular concerns of this life are inextricably bound up with Politics and Political Economy—and we devoutly wish they were all of the right sort—that we knew assuredly what are the right sort—and that we had power to bring them and keep them into everlasting play. Would you have a man like this to heat forge and furnace, and hammer with his own hands, and begrime his face with soot till it is almost as black as his hair, and the sweat runs from his brow like ink—and to work on short commons too—and to refuse with no grudging but a grieved heart playthings to his pretty children, because too expensive for his means, and smile sadly to see on his wife's head too plain a cap, when his conjugal soul would have rejoiced to see top-knots and side-knots too of iris-like ribands, which even a sober matron may not ungracefully wear, when a friend or two, that forenoon invited, sit down to a frugal but hospitable board—would you have, we ask, such a man as this, and thus acting and behaving, abjure all thought of the causes affecting his condition, and that of his millions of brethren, and keep perpetually prattling of flowers, and "babbling o' green fields," or missyfying misery till it looks like a gaudy doll staring with bead-eyes and purple cheeks upon the critic pausing before the window of a hairdresser's shop, to admire how most abominably art imitateth nature in her happiest efforts to make women of wood? Shame! Let the Sheffielder speak for himself—and his verse against your prose—pounds to shillings—for a thousand.

> "But hark! what accents, of what slave, enquire
> Why rude mechanics dare to wield the quill?
> He bids me from the scribbler's desk retire,
> Rehoof my fingers, and forget my skill
> In railing foully, and in writing ill.
> Oh, that my poesy were like the child
> That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
> With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild!
> It then might teach poor wisdom to be gay
> As flowers, and birds, and rivers all at play,
> And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn
> Harmonious. But distemper'd, if not mad,
> I feed on Nature's bane, and mess with scorn.
> I would not, could not, if I would, be glad,
> But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.
> My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is gnarl'd
> With gloating on the ills I cannot cure.
> Like Arno's exiled bard, whose music snarl'd,
> I gird my loins to suffer and endure,
> And woo contention, for her dower is sure.
> Tear not thy gauze, thou garden-seeking fly,
> On thorny flowers that love the dangerous storm,
> And flourish most beneath the coldest sky!
> But ye who honour truth's enduring form,
> Come! there are heath-flowers, and the fanged worm,
> Clouds, gorse, and whirlwind, on the gorgeous moor!"

The country, from time immemorial, has had its bands of poets—and they have had it all their own way—too much so, perhaps—till at last one of the most pious among them all—and the most Christian too—*exclaimed* as a clencher—"God made *the country*, and man made the town." *God made* all things—red ho*well as green trees, and the* towers and spires of a crowded city surely meet from heaven's free smiles as gracious welcome as any of God's houses in the solitude of the mountains. Clouds, whether of coal-smoke or vapours flower-exhaled, intercept not the glad beams of the Sun of Righteousness. There is more in-

but in city or suburban more virtue. Force is estimated by resistance overcome—and how hard to keep—how high to have kept religion—that is, all that is good and best in man's being—among all the hideous hubbub of Sin-Alley—the doors of two adjacent houses—leading—the one into a quiet heaven—the other into a noisy hell!

Sheffield has been long famous for its cutlery and hardware—but shew us another *town* in England that has produced—or at least educated—two such poets as James Montgomery and Ebenezer Elliott. Away floats the mild Moravian—Moravian at least in spirit, if not in profession—to the pure World before the Flood, or the coral Pelican Island, where all is peace. The stern Covenanter—Covenanter at least in spirit if not in profession—forsakes not far the dancing din on anvil, the forge's blast, and the roar of the furnace. For that fervent heat is crowded with human and with christian life; and when he sings of them, "his thoughts are passions that rush burning from my mind like white-hot bolts of steel." Yet, though often too stern—too fierce the strain—there are wanting not "gleams of redeeming tenderness"—music like the singing of birds in the storm-pause—whisperings like the prattle of children that cannot be kept silent in the house of mourning—nay, from smiling—from laughing in the very room where the body of their father or their mother is laid out;—in a darksome lane, from some holy nook, the sound of Psalms!

"The Splendid Village" is, perhaps, as a whole, Mr Elliott's best poem; but "The Village Patriarch"—imperfect in plan, and unequal in execution—desultory and rambling—is more original, more impressive, and far more pleasing—though we could have wished that much were away—and have missed still more that should have been there, and might easily have been, had it so pleased the wayward poet. The whole poem hangs upon, about, and around one character—Enoch Wray—once a powerful and skilful man with his hands at many a manner of work—but now a man of a hundred years—who has been ever so long blind—ever so long a widower—ever *so long childless*—but one daughter, a wife and mother, survives—and her hand finally shuts his eyes. We need not say that he is poor. Yet old, blind, poor, he is a majestic being—a seer rather than a prophet—for he re-lives the past—and in his anger with the present—scorns to look—but with now and then a glance—into the future. His cottage is not located anywhere—and we hardly know whether it be in town, suburb, village, or country; but we see him issuing from a door on a clear frosty morning, and are told that he takes the townward road.

> "Our poor blind father grasps his staff again
> Oh! heaven protect him on his way alone!
> Of things familiar to him, what remain?
> The very road is changed; his friend, the stone,
> On which he went to sit and rest, is gone!"

But with all the old roads of the country that yet remain he is familiar; his perplexity begins in the town—with its numerous new streets—some of them having rural names that awaken sad recollections in the old man's heart. Unreasonable but not unnatural sorrow—not unmixed with very anger—that the town—during his blindness—should have unfeelingly and unlawfully protruded itself into the country, and encamped with its hovels on the green fields, so beautiful long ago, before it pleased God to make him blind! He pays a visit to a country-born widow and her consumptive boy—a touching scene—leaving her garden, he hears, in passing by, female artisans singing hymns at their labour—and then steps in upon a brother in misfortune—an old and sightless sawyer, once a workman of his own—and "though aged but eighty years, bedrid and blind." That *but* covers Enoch all over with hoariest time. He prays fervently by his bed—and implores high heaven to let them two humble friends, when their dust shall be divorced from sin, pain, and fear, remain in blessed communion with powers that know not death, "warbling to heavenly airs the grateful soul." And so ends Book I., containing the simple history of one winter's day.

The opening of Book II. shews us Enoch seated in the sunshine at his

cottage-door, his neglected garden exhibiting saddest symptoms of poverty.

" Yet here, even yet, the florist's eye may view,
Sad heirs of noble sires, once dear to thee;
And soon faint odours, o'er the vernal dew,
Shall tempt the wanderings of the earliest bee
Hither, with music sweet as poetry."

The Poet takes occasion to mourn over the condition of the poor, changed so much for the worse since the Patriarch was young, and alludes to great events of his time—invasion of England by the Pretender—American war—French Revolution—Napoleon. Fine lines are interspersed through to us a somewhat heavy narrative. But the Third Book makes ample amends, and on a fine Sabbath morning we see Enoch going to church.

" Why then is Enoch absent from my side?
I miss the rustle of his silver hair;
A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,
While Enoch journeys to the house of prayer!
Ah! ne'er came Sabbath-day, but he was there!
Lo! how like him, erect and strong, though grey,
Yon village-tower, time-touch'd, to God appeals!
But hark! the chimes of morning die away!
Hark! to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is love, that man is living dust;
Unfelt by none, whom ties of brotherhood
Link to his kind; by none who puts his trust
In nought of earth that hath survived the flood,
Save those mute charities, by which the good
Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best."

Some very affecting incidental touches occur here and there, and there is power in the passages descriptive of the desecration of the Sabbath. After them how pleasant the picture of an old English hall!

" Behold his home that sternly could withstand
The storm of more than twice a hundred years!
In such a home was Shakspeare's Hamlet plann'd,
And Raleigh's boyhood shed ambition's tears
O'er Colin's wrongs. How proudly it uprears
Its tower of cluster'd chimneys, tufted o'er
With ivy, ever green amid the grey!"

But we are not long allowed to lose sight of Enoch Wray, and he comes again most impressively before us, seized suddenly in his blindness with some grief of mind.

" Why, Enoch, dost thou start, as if in pain?
The sound thou hear'st the blind alone could hear:
Alas! Miles Gordon ne'er will walk again;
But his poor grandson's footstep wakes thy tear,
As if indeed thy long lost friend were near.
Here oft, with fading cheek, and thoughtful brow,
Wanders the youth—town-bred, but desert-born.
Too early taught life's deepening woes to know,
He wakes in sorrow with the weeping morn,
And gives much labour for a little corn.
In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,
He sweats, to bloat the harpies of the soil,
Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay.
Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil;
They make the labour of his hands their spoil,
And grind him fiercely; but he still can get
A crust of *wheaten* bread, despite their frowns;
They have not sent him like a pauper wet
For workhouse wage
Such tearing do not

Nor have they gorged his soul. Thrall though he be
Of brutes who bite him while he feeds them, still
He feels his intellectual dignity,
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill
Writes, and can reason well of good and ill.
He hoards his weekly groat. His tear is shed
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves,)
How gratefully his growing mind receives
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!
Though hourly ills his every sense invade
Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is roll'd,
He yet respects the power which *man* hath made,
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.
But, when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,
He seeks the cottage, bordering on the moor,
Where his forefathers pass'd their lowly lives,
Where still his mother dwells, content, though poor,
And ever glad to meet him at the door.
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly
From streets and courts, with crime and sorrow strew'd,
And bids the mountain lift him to the sky!
How proud, to feel his heart not all subdued!
How happy to shake hands with Solitude!
Still, Nature, still he loves thy uplands brown,
The rock, that o'er his father's freehold towers!
And strangers, hurrying through the dingy town,
May know his workshop by its sweet wild-flowers.
Cropp'd on the Sabbath from the hedge-side bowers,
The hawthorn blossom in his window droops;
Far from the headlong stream and lucid air
The pallid alpine rose to meet him stoops,
As if to soothe a brother in despair,
Exiled from Nature and her pictures fair.
E'en winter sends a posy to his jail,
Wreathed of the sunny celandine—the brief
Courageous wind-flower, loveliest of the frail—
The hazel-crimson star—the woodbine's leaf—
The daisy with its half-closed eye of grief—
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song!"

Spring is just about to venture among the melting snow, and in Book Fourth we find Enoch listening to the recitation of poetry from the works of some of our greatest living bards. He had always loved poetry—and the first poem that stirred his soul from all its depths, was Schiller's Robbers. He had read it about the time of the French Revolution—and, just after, lost his eyes. His wife died during his darkness; and here is a passionate picture, that, of itself, stamps Elliott a poet.

"Then hither, Pride, with tearless eyes, repair!—
Come, and learn wisdom from unmurmuring woe,
That reft of early hope, yet scorns despair.
Still in his bosom light and beauty glow,
Though darkness took him captive long ago.
Nor is the man of five score years alone:
A heavenly form, in pity, hovers near;
He listens to a voice of tenderest tone,
Whose accents sweet the happy cannot hear;
And, lo! he dashes from his cheek a tear,
Caught by an angel shape, with tresses pale.
He sees her, in his soul. How fix'd he stands!—
But, oh! can angels weep? Can grief prevail
O'er spirits pure?—She waves her thin white hands,
And, while her form recedes, her eye expands,
Gazing on joys which he who seeks shall find.

There is an eye that watches o'er the blind;
He *hath* a friend—' not lost, but gone before'—
Who left her image in his heart behind.
But when his hands, in darkness, trembled o'er
Her lifeless features, and he heard no more
The voice whose last tone bless'd him, frenzy came!—
Blindness on blindness! Midnight thick and deep,
Too heavy to be felt!—Then pangs, like flame,
That scar'd the brain—sorrow, that could not weep—
Fever, that would have barter'd worlds for sleep!—
He had no tears, but those that inly pour,
And scald the heart—no slumbers, but the doze
That stuns the mourner, who can hope no more!—
But he had shudderings—stupor—nameless woes!—
Horror, which only he that suffers knows.
But frenzy did not kill. His iron frame,
Though shaken, stood. The mind's night faded slow.
Then would he call upon his daughter's name,
Because it was her mother's!—And his woe
Waned into resignation, pleased to show
A face of peace, without the smile it wore.—
Nor did the widower learn again to smile,
Until his daughter to her Albert bore
Another Mary; and on yonder stile
He nursed the babe, that sweetly could beguile,
With looks unseen, ' all sadness but despair.' "

Ebenezer Elliott is a Radical. Would that all Radicals would take from him their religion! We know not—nor care—to what church he belongs; sufficient for us to know that it is the church of Christ. He elsewhere says—

" Spirits should make the desert their abode.
The meekest, purest, mightiest, that e'er wore
Dust as a garment, stole from crowds unblest
To sea-like forests, or the sea-beat shore,
And utter'd, on the star-sought mountain's breast,
The holiest precepts e'er to dust address'd."

Throughout all his poetry, grief, in its agony, seeks succour from God. He never appeals lightly—for that would be irreverently—to religion. But the whole course of the Village Patriarch bears testimony to its efficacy in all affliction—nor is its gentle spirit inapparent through the still air of joy. Would that at all times it tempered his feelings when they are too vehemently excited by the things that are temporal—but another hour may come for reproof—if not from us—perhaps from a wiser man, "the master who taught him the art of poetry," and whom all good men love and reverence.

Enoch, as he stands in the churchyard, thinking of her who is in heaven, is a melancholy image. But his companion, the poet, says to him,

" Nay, Enoch, do not weep. The day is fair,
And flings bright lightnings from his helm abroad:
Let us drink deep the pure and lucid air,
Ere darkness call thee to her damp abode.
Hark, how the titling whistles o'er the road!
Holm, plume thy palms! and toss thy purple torse,
Elm! but, Wood Rose, be not a bride too soon!
Snows yet may shroud alive the golden gorse;
Thou, early green, deem not thy bane a boon;
Distrust the day that changeth like the moon.
But still our father weeps. Ah! though all hues
Are dead to him, the floral hours shall yet
Shed o'er his heart their fragrance-loving dews!
E'en now, the daisy, like a gem, is set
Though faint and ra
Thy sisters sleep, ad

And thy meek blush affronts the celandine,
The starry herald of that gentlest gale
Whose plumes are sunbeams, dipp'd in odours fine:
Well mayst thou blush; but sad blight will be thine,
If glowing day shut frore in stormy night.
" Still dost thou weep, Old Man? The day is bright,
And spring is near: come, take a youngster's arm;
Come, let us wander where the flocks delight
At noon to sun them, when the sun is warm;
And visit them, beyond thy uncle's farm,
The one-arch'd bridge—thy glory, and thy pride,
Thy Parthenon, the triumph of thy skill;
Which still bestrides, and long it shall bestride,
The discontented stream from hill to hill,
Laughing to scorn the moorland torrent still.
How many years hath he slept in the tomb
Who swore thy bridge would yield to one year's rain!
E'en London folks, to see and praise it, come;
And envious masons pray, with shame and pain,
For skill like Enoch Wray's, but pray in vain.
For he could do, what others could not learn,
First having learn'd what Heaven alone can teach:
The parish idiot might his skill discern;
And younglings, with the shell upon their breech,
Left top and taw, to listen to his speech.
The barber, proudest of mankind, confest
His equal worth—' or so the story ran'—
Whate'er he did, all own'd, he did it best;
And e'en the bricklayer, his sworn foe, began
To say, that Enoch *was* no common man.
Had he carved beauty in the cold white stone,
(Like Law, the unknown Phidias of our day,)
The village Angelo had quail'd to none
Whom critics eulogize, or princes pay;
And ne'er had Chantrey equall'd Enoch Wray!—
Forgotten relic of a world that was!
But thou art not forgotten, though, alas!
Thou art become a stranger, sunny nook,
On which the changeful seasons, as they pass,
Wait ever kindly! He no more will look
On thee, warm bank! will see thy hermit brook
No more, no more. But kindled at the blaze
Of day, thy fragrance makes thy presence known.
Behold! he counts his footsteps as he strays!
He *feels* that he is near thy verdure lone;
And his heart whispers, that thy flowers are blown.
Pale primrose, know'st thou Enoch? Long ago
Thy fathers knew him; and their child is dear,
Because he loved them. See, he bends him low,
With reverend grace, to thee—and drops a tear.
' I see thee not,' he sighs, ' but thou art here;
Speak to a poor blind man!' And thou *canst* speak
To the lone blind. Still, still thy tones can reach
His listening heart, and soothe, or bid it break.
Oh, memory hears again the thrilling speech
Of thy meek beauty! Fain his hand would reach
And pluck thee—No! that would be sacrilege."

At the opening of Book Fifth it may be said to be the spring. The description of her coming is exquisite—and fain would we go with you along with Enoch Wray and Ebenezer Elliott on an Excursion to *the Mountains on a* beautiful morning—(of winter it is still called—but who can now tell winter from spring?)—whence are seen

" Five rivers like the fingers of a hand,"

the " silvan Don," the "infant Yewden," the " raving Locksley," the

"darkening Rivilin," the "azure Sheaf brightening into gold," the "complaining Porter, Nature's thwarted child," the "headlong Wiming!" Why, there are seven—but the Yewden, and another—which we know not—are mere children. Our poet well describes moors. The bee enlivens his verse, and the snake embitters it—"coloured like a stone," "*with cruel and atrocious Tory eye!!!*" and saddens it, though he be himself merry and reckless, the "short-lived Grinder," "the Dey of Straps," "there coughing at his deadly trade!" But not even Christopher North can look "with cruel and atrocious Tory eye," on the story of the "Lost Lad"—Whiggish his eye never can look, so long as he retains his senses—rather far would he that it had a cast of the Radical; but without its seeking at present to express any particular political opinions—dim and grey it haply looketh through a mist that might be mistaken for tears.

Mr Elliott was pleased, a good while ago, in a letter—the reverse of flattering—addressed to us, and written with his own hard hoof of a hand, to call us "a big blue-bottle;"—but we bear no resemblance to that insect, and fear not to image ourselves a dragonfly, fierce-looking as he whirrs dartingly in all directions, but harmless as any creature that wings the air, and after careering in storm and sunshine over ferny banks, and braes, and heather-mountains, dropping down at last upon the bosom of a Highland loch, into easy death.

THE LOST LAD.

"Far to the left, where streams disparted flow,
Rude as his home of granite, dark and cold,
In ancient days, beneath the mountain's brow,
Dwelt with his son, a widower poor and old.
Two steeds he had, whose manes and forelocks bold
Comb ne'er had touch'd; and daily to the town
They dragg'd the rock, from moorland quarries torn.
Years roll'd away. The son, to manhood grown,
Married his equal; and a boy was born,
Dear to the grandsire's heart. But pride and scorn,
And avarice, fang'd the mother's small grey eyes,
That dully shone, like studs of tarnish'd lead.
She poison'd soon her husband's mind with lies;
Soon nought remain'd to cheer the old man's shed,
Save the sweet boy, that nightly shared his bed.
And worse days were at hand. The son defied
The father—seized his goods, his steeds, his cart:
The old man saw, and, unresisting, sigh'd:
But when the child, unwilling to depart,
Clung to his knees, then spoke the old man's heart
In gushing tears. 'The floor,' he said, 'is dry:
Let the poor boy sleep with me this one night.'—
'Nay,' said the mother; and she twitch'd awry
Her rabid lip; and dreadful was the sight,
When the dwarf'd vixen dash'd, with fiendish spite,
Her tiny fist into the old man's face,
While he, soft-hearted giant, sobb'd and wept.
But the child triumph'd! Rooted to the place,
Clasping the aged knees, his hold he kept,
And once more in his grandsire's bosom slept.
And nightly still, and every night, the boy
Slept with his grandsire, on the rush-strewn floor,
Till the old man forgot his wrongs, and joy
Revisited the cottage of the moor.
But a sad night was darkening round his door.
The snow had melted silently away,
And, at the gloaming, ceased the all-day rain;
But the child came not [illegible]
The old man rose, r[illegible]

And screams were mingled with its sullen roar!
'The boy is in the burn!' said he, dismay'd,
And rush'd forth, wild with anguish. From the shore
He plung'd; then, staggering, with both hands display'd,
Caught, screaming, at the boy, who shriek'd for aid,
And sank, and rais'd his hands, and rose, and scream'd!
He leap'd; he struck o'er eddying foam; he cast
His wilder'd glance o'er waves that yelp'd and gleam'd;
And wrestled with the stream, that grasp'd him fast,
Like a bird struggling with a serpent vast.
Still, as he miss'd his aim, more faintly tried
The boy to scream; still down the torrent went
The lessening cries; and seen far off, they died;
While o'er the waves, that still their boom forth sent,
Descended, coffin-black, the firmament.
Morn came: the boy return'd not: noon was nigh;
And then the mother sought the hut in haste:
There sat the wretched man, with glaring eye;
And in his arms the lifeless child, embraced,
Lay like a darkening snow-wreath on the waste.
'God curse thee, dog, what hast thou done?' she cried,
And fiercely on his horrid eyeballs gazed:
Nor hand, nor voice, nor dreadful eyes replied;
Still on the corpse he stared with head unraised;
But in his fix'd eyes light unnatural blazed,
For *Mind* had left them, to return no more.
Man of the wither'd heart-strings! is it well?—
Long in the grave hath slept the maniac hoar;
But of the 'Lost Lad' still the mountains tell,
When shriek the spirits of the hooded fell,
And, many-voiced, comes down the foaming snow."

From none of the next three Books can we quote; there is abundance of good things in them, but taken together, they are not unlike one of the Poet's moors. Here a flat, black if not barren—there a pretty green patch of pasture—and there a quagmire, pretty and green too—with a pure spring in its bosom, and fringed with cresses—in Scotland called aptly *souracks*. There you see a small old house—whether inhabited or not, it is hard to say—for it has an uncertain look of life, and yet no smoke issues from the chimney—and that, there, is not a house at all, though it is like one, but only a grey stone, and on its top a hawk. Lo! there is snow on the ground—and what brings here Enoch Wray? Why, to visit Dame Alice Green, who has been five times a buxom widow, and though now on the wrong side of fourscore—

"Still she hath eyes—one red and blind, one green;
And in her upper jaw is yet a tooth,
Which, when she laughs and yawns, may well be seen,
With two below, and bluish stumps be*tween.*"

She makes an attempt—not exactly, perhaps, on the chastity—but on the widowerhood of the Centenarian—But rather boldly than skilfully he effects a retreat,

"And hears her laugh of rage behind him burst."

Through the whole of the succeeding Book Enoch dreams a dream. And the one again after it consists entirely of a dismal but terrible tale of murder, execution, and insanity—a tragedy too nearly affecting Enoch Wray—the murderess—as she is called—though no murderess at all—having been his own daughter-in-law. His son, Joseph, a poacher, had previously died in jail.

But of the ludicrous and the terrible we get rid, towards the close of this extraordinary poem; its pervading spirit—with flashes of scorn, and indignation, and grief between—then becomes that of a profound melancholy—nor are there wanting touches, and more than touches, of the true moral sublime. It is April—and the Man of a Hundred years is never to see May. Secret sorrow oppresses him—he sickens—

knows that he is—at last—about to die. Whence secret sorrow to one so conditioned—one for whom has been so long waiting the grave?

" Why is our father's look so full of pain?
What silent malady, what secret woe,
Weighs on his gloomy heart, and dizzy brain?
An evil, which he seeks, yet dreads, to know,
Not yet assured, suspected long ago.
Hath the dark angel of the night, that still
Delights in human agony and tears,
Appall'd his slumbers with predicted ill,
And confirmation of his worst of fears?
The cause I tell not; but th' effect appears
In sudden alteration, such as oft
Comes on the unailing aged, when they seem
Strong as old eagles on the wing aloft."

He prepares to bid the world farewell—and it is wonderful the pathos which the Poet breathes into the parting of this shadow with all the other shadows, that will continue for a while passing to and fro along the earth's surface, after it is gone. As Enoch Wray is about to shut his eyes on time, temporal things all look touchingly beautiful, and he gives them his last, his few remaining drops of tears. Flowers had been his earliest loves—and he is sad to bid them all farewell. But there is one flower—a blessed and a holy flower—bearing the name of the mother of our Saviour! It touches his lips. Yet more for the sake of another Mary whom he hopes soon now to see in heaven! This passage is exquisite:

" The meanest thing to which we bid adieu,
Loses its meanness in the parting hour,
When, long-neglected, worth seems born anew,
The heart, that scorns earth's pageantry and power,
May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower.
Thus, Enoch—like a wretch prepar'd to fly,
And doom'd to journey far, and come no more—
Seeks old acquaintance with a boding sigh.
Lo, how he weeps for all he loved of yore,
Telling to weeds and stones quaint stories o'er!
How heavily he climbs the ancient stile,
Whence, on the hill which he no more shall climb,
Not with a brief, albeit a mournful, smile,
He seems to gaze, in reverie sublime,
Till, heard afar, and saddening all the clime,
Slow swings from yonder tower the passing bell!
" There is a flower—the housewife knows it well—
A flower, which long hath graced the warm hedge side
Of Enoch's dying neighbour, Andrew Gell;
Whose spleeny sire he pummell'd for his pride,
Ere beauteous Mary Gold became a bride.
It is the flower which (pious rustics say)
The virgin-mother on her bosom wore.
It hoards no dewdrop, like the cups of May,
But, rich as sunset, when the rain is o'er,
Spreads flamy petals from a burning core;
Which, if morn weep, their sorrowing beams upfold,
To wake, and brighten, when bright noon is near.
And Enoch bends him o'er the marygold;
He loves the plant, because its name is dear.
But on the pale green stalks no flowers appear,
Albeit the future disk is growing fast.
He feels each little bud, with pleasing pain,
And sighs, in sweet communion with the past;
But never to his lip, or burning brain,
The flower's cold softness shall he press again,
Murmuring his long-lost Mary's virgin name."

He now goes on to say good-by to friends and acquaintances living in the neighbourhood, within an

" A kind, good man, who knows our father's worth,

—such as this—does Elliott relieve the mournful thoughts crowding heavily upon the old man's heart—and he scatters, too, gleams of earth's transitory beauty all round his parting feet. The Blind feels they are there.

"But *thou* deny'st not beauty, colour, light;
Full well thou know'st, that, all unseen by thee,
The Vernal Spirit, in the valleys bright,
Is scattering diamonds over blossoms white.
She, though she deign to walk, hath wings of gold,
And plumes all beauteous; while, in leafing bower,
The Chrysalis, that ne'er did wing behold,
Though born to glide in air o'er fruit and flower,
Disproves the plume, the beauty and the power,
And deems it quite impossible to fly."

Enoch, ere he shake hands for the last time with Nature, must visit his daughter Mary—at the Mill. For her sake it was that the secret sorrow troubled him, which he feared to mention even to his own heart into which it crept. Intimations had come to him in his darkness that all was not right in her husband's house—and he feared that Albert was a bankrupt. Was she—Mary Gould, the daughter of Mary Gould—to become an inmate of the workhouse? Over his grave—were there indeed after all—at last—to be shed by the chief mourner—a pauper's tears!

"Farewell, ye mountains, neighbours of the sky!
Enoch will tread your silky moss no more;
But here he breathes your freshness. Art thou nigh
Grey moth of April? On the reedy shore,
For the last time he hears thee, circling o'er
The starry flower. Broad poplar, soon in bloom!
He listens to thy blossomy voice again,
And feels that it is vernal! but the tomb
Awaits him, and thy next year's flowers, in vain,
Will hearken for his footsteps. Shady lane,
Where Fearn, the bloody, felt his deadly arm!
Gate, which he climb'd to cut his bow of yew
From the dark tree of ages! Upland farm,
His uncle's once! thou furzy bank, whose hue
Is of the quenchless fire! adieu, adieu,
For ever. Thy soft answer to the breeze,
Storm-strengthen'd sycamore! is music yet
To his tired spirit: here, thou king of trees,
His own hand did thine infant weakness set;
But thou shalt wear thy palmy coronet
Long, long, when he is clay. Lake of the Mill,
That murmurest of the days when vigour strung
His eary feet, farewell! he hears thee still,
And in his heart beholds thy banks, o'erhung
By every tree thou knew'st when he was young!
Forge!—built by him, against the ash-crown'd rock,
And now with ivy grown, a tussock'd mound—
Where oft himself, beneath the hammer's shock,
Drew forth the welded steel, bright, blue, and sound!
Vale of the stream-loved abbey, woodland-bound!
Thou forest of the druids! Oh, thou stone,
That once wast worshipp'd!—pillar of the past,
On which he lean'd amid the waste alone!
Scorner of change! thou listenest to the blast
Unmoved as death! but Enoch travels fast.
Thatch'd alehouse, still yclept the Sickles cross'd;
Where died his club of poverty and age,
Worst blow of all! where oft the blacksmith toss'd
His truth-deciding coin; and, red with rage,
The never-silenced barber went engage
In argument with Enoch! Fountain dim,
In which his boyhood quench'd the sultry beam!

School, where crown'd monarchs might have learn'd of him
Who sway'd it, how to reign! Cloud-cradled stream,
That in his soul are eloquent as a dream!
Path-pencill'd hill, now clad in broomy light!
Where oft in youth he waked the violets cold,
When you, love-listening stars, confess'd the might
Of earthly beauty, and o'er Mary Gould
Redden'd with passion, while his tale he told!
Rose, yet unblown! thou future woodbine flower!
Majestic foxglove, still to summer true!
Blush of the hawthorn! glad May's sunny shower!
Scenes long beloved, and objects dear, adieu!
From you, from earth, grey Enoch turns his view;
He longs to pass away, and soon will pass.
But not with him will toil and sorrow go.
Men drop, like leaves—they wither, and, alas,
Are seen no more; but human toil and woe
Are lasting as the hills, or ocean's flow,
Older than Death, and but with Death shall die!
"Ye sister trees, with branches old and dry!
Tower'd ye not huge as now, when Enoch Wray,
A happy lad, pursued the butterfly
O'er broomy banks, above the torrent's spray,
Whence still ye cast the shadow of your sway?
Lo,—grey-hair'd Oaks, that sternly execrate
The poor man's foes, albeit in murmurs low;
Or, with a stormy voice, like that of fate,
Smiting your wrinkled hands, in wrath and woe,
Say to th' avenging lightnings, 'Why so slow?'
Lo, that glad boy is now a man of pain!
Once more, he totters through the vernal fields;
Once more he hears the corncrake on the plain;
The vale invites him, where the goldring builds,
And the wild bank that primrose fragrance yields;
He cannot die, without a sad adieu
To one sweet scene that to his heart is dear;
Yet—would he dream his fears may not be true,
And miss a draught of bitterest sorrow here—
His feet will shun the mill-dam, and the wier
O'er which the stream its idle brawling sends.
"But, lo, tow'rds Albert's mill the Patriarch wends!
(His own hands rear'd the pile: the very wheels
Were made by him; and where the archway bends,
His name, in letters of hard stone, appeals
To time and memory.) With mute step, he steals
Along the vale, but does not hear the mill!
'Tis long since he was there. Alas, the wave
Runs all to waste, the mighty wheel is still!
Poor Enoch feels as if become a slave;
And o'er his heart the long grass of the grave
Already trembles! To his stealthy foot,
Around the door thick springs the chance-sown oat.
While prene their plumes the water hen and coot;
Fearless and fierce, the rat and otter float,
Catching the trout in Albert's half-sunk boat;
And, pendent from each bucket fat weeds dip
Their slimy verdure in the listless stream.
'Albert is ruin'd, then!' his quivering lip
Mutters in anguish, while with paler beam
His sad eye glistens; ''tis, alas, no dream!
Heav'n, save the blood of Enoch Wray from shame,
Shame undeserved, the treadmill of the soul!'"

Stunned by this blow,

frugal, just;" but all over the land,

" in April's fickle sky,
The wretched rich and not less wretched poor
Changed places miserably; and the bad
Throve, while the righteous begg'd from door to door!"

The shame of having an unprincipled or profligate son has not fallen on Enoch Wray, and there is on earth to comfort him still a Mary Gould. Therefore he yet walks erect before men's eyes, in spite of this blow falling on the burthen of a hundred years. But behold him on his knees! In the churchyard "reading with his fingers"

" Pages with silent admonition fraught."

Many of the inscriptions there his own chisel had wrought! Nay, some of them had been even the effusions of his own fervid and pious heart—for the Village Patriarch had been one of Nature's elegiac poets, unknown but within the narrow neighbourhood of its tombstones. He crawls from slab to slab—and his memory touches many an affecting record. To such a visitant they must be all affecting—

" John Stot, Charles Lamb, Giles Humble, Simon Flea,
And Richard Green, here wait for Alice — me!"

Enoch thinks perhaps for a moment of the escape he made from Alice's clutches a few weeks ago—but his fine finger—nor shall poetry ever blind it—travels over a very different memorial—more pathetic than any that was ever writ in Greek.

" A broken mast, a bursting wave, a child
Weeping, a woman frantic on the shore;
Rude stone! Thou tell'st a story sad and wild.
' Pain, want, unkindness, all afflictions sore,
Disease, suspense, with constancy I bore;
My heart was broken—Letty lies with me;
And now we know that Matthew died at sea.' "

The churchyard belongs to the church in which Enoch Wray was married—married to Mary Gould—and doubtless she was buried here—yet Enoch is busying himself with other matters, and has forgotten where she lies. For had he remembered Mary Gould, would he not have gone, first of all, up to her grave, and nowhere else have knelt? Not so thought Ebenezer Elliott, and he knew Enoch Wray far better than either you or I—he had known him all his—that is all Eben's—life, and in the poem you will find it writ.

" But to one grave the blind man's eyes are turn'd,
Move where he may—and yet he seeks it not.
He communes with the poor, the lost, the mourn'd,
The buried long, by all, but him, forgot:
The hated?—no; his bosom never burn'd
With fire so base: the dreaded? No, he spurn'd
Fear, as unworthy of the human breast.
Why does he pause on his dark pilgrimage?
Hath he forgot what love remembers best?
Oh, stoop and find, in this familiar page,
The mournful story, dearest to his age!
' Here Lucy rests, who in this vale of tears
Dwelt thirty weeks:—Here waits the judgment-day
Her brother James, who died, aged fifty years:
Here slumbers sinless Anne, who lived a day:
Children of Mary, and of Enoch Wray.'
His finger pauses, like a trembling wand,
Held o'er desponding hope by mercy. Lo!
Another line, cut by another hand,
On the cold stone, from which he riseth slow;
But it is written on his heart of woe;
' Mary! thou art not lost, but gone before.'
" Oh, no!—not lost. The hour that shall restore
Thy faithful husband, Mary, is at hand;
Ye soon shall meet again, to part no more;
By angels welcomed to their blissful land,
And wander there, like children, hand in hand,
To pluck the daisy of eternal May."

Enoch leaves the churchyard in trouble, to be brought back in a few days in peace; for now

> "It is the evening of an April day.
> Lo, for the last time, in the cheerful sun
> Our father sits, stooping his tresses grey,
> To hear the stream, his ancient neighbour, run,
> Young as if time had yesterday begun.
> Heav'n's gates are like an Angel's wing, with plumes
> Of glorious green, and purply gold, on fire:
> Through rifts of mountainous clouds, the light illumes
> Hill-tops, and woods, that pilgrim-like retire;
> And, like a giant's torch, burns Morthern spire.
> Primrosy odours, violet-mingled, float
> O'er blue-bells and ground ivy, on their wings
> Bearing the music of the blackbird's note;
> Beneath the dewy cloud, the woodlark sings,
> But on our father's heart no gladness flings.
> Mary bends o'er him, mute. Her youngest lad
> Grasps, with small hand, his grandsire's finger fast;
> Well knows the old man that the boy is sad;
> And the third Mary, as she hurries past,
> Trembles, and looks towards the town aghast.
> Enoch hears footsteps of unwelcome sound,
> While at his feet the sightless mastiff lies;
> And, lo, the blind dog, growling, spurns the ground!
> 'Two strangers are approaching,' Enoch cries;
> But Mary's throbbing heart alone replies.
> A stern, 'Good day, sir!' smites his cheek more pale;
> A rude collision shakes him in his chair;
> The Bible of his sires is mark'd for sale!
> But degradation is to him despair;
> The hour is come which Enoch cannot bear!
> But he can *die!*—and in his humble grave,
> Sweet shall his long rest be, by Mary's side;
> And o'er his coffin uninscribed shall wave
> The willow-tree, beneath the dark tower's pride
> Set by his own sad hand, when Mary died."

Enoch Wray *is* dead; and we are left to think on the Village Patriarch, his character, his life, and his death. Do not we always do so—kindly or cruelly—whenever we chance to hear that any Christian man or woman of our acquaintance has died? "Ah! is *he* dead!" "Can it be that *she* is cut off?" And a hundred characters of the deceased are drawn extempore, which, it is as well to know, find no lasting record—that obituary being all traced in letters of air. But we are not disposed to write Enoch Wray's epitaph, on the very day of his death—nor yet on the very day of his burial. Some time, shorter or longer, elapses—after the disappearance of the deceased—before you see a man like a schoolmaster earnestly *engaged* with suitable tools in *engraving* an imperishable record of *filial*, or parental, or conjugal

stone, that looks as if there were none other besides itself in the churchyard—though the uprights are absolutely jostling one another till they are in danger of being upset on the flats—slabs once horizontal, but now sunk, with one side invisible, into a soil which, if not originally rich, has been excellently well manured, yet is suffered to produce but dockens, nettles, and worse than weeds (can it be fiorin?) the rank grass of wretchedness, that never fades, because it never flourishes, thatching the narrow house, but unable—though the inmates never utter a complaint—even in the driest weather, to keep out damp. That is rather a disagreeable image—and of the earth earthy; but here are some delightful images—of the heavens heavenly; and in the midst of them

" He hears, in heav'n, his swooning daughter shriek.
And when the woodbine's cluster'd trumpet blows;
And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,
In unison of sweetness with the rose,
Joining the song of every bird, that knows
How sweet it is of wedded love to sing;
And when the fells, fresh bathed in azure air,
Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
Shall blush to heav'n, that Nature is so fair,
And man condemn'd to labour in despair;—
Then, the gay gnat, that sports its little hour;
The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood;
The red-breast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower;
The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood;
And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood
Of crimson, fringed with lucid shadows grand—
Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
Mourning the last of England's high-soul'd poor,
And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray!
And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
Unalter'd most; for they shall pass away
Like Enoch, though their iron roof seem fast
Bound to the eternal future, as the past!
The Patriarch died; and they shall be no more.
Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore,
Will lose their starry splendour, soon or late,
Like tapers, quench'd by Him whose will is fate!
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
Ere long, oh, earth, will look in vain for thee,
And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
And, with his wings of sorrow and affright—
Veil his impassion'd brow, and heav'nly tears!"

COMBINATIONS.

It was lately well remarked in the *Sun*, that the Trades' Unions were undermining the very foundations of the social structure, and that unless they can be disarmed, it must sink into ruins. Were we asked, says the excellent author of "Character, Object, and Effects of Trades' Unions," to give a definition of a Trades' Union, we should say, that it was "a Society whose constitution is the worst of democracies, whose power is based on outrage, whose practice is tyranny, and whose end is self-destruction." How have such societies—in an age distinguished above all other ages—in spite of the strong and steady march of intellect, crushing all ignorance and all wickedness under foot—overspread the kingdom—not slowly springing up, as it might seem, from the seed—but as if an Upas-Tree had been planted, at its full growth, in every town and city, distilling poison, starvation, and death? The education of the people has been conducted by the people's press. Useful knowledge has been administered to them, and greedily swallowed, with condiments of the Entertaining; and thus have their minds been filled with power and pleasure far beyond the wisdom and happiness of their ancestors, and their champions have proudly and loudly exclaimed, in the light and liberty of the emancipated spirit, Lo! "a peculiar people, zealous of good works!" Yet, in the midst of all this illumination, the same millions, mole or bat-blind, as if they were working their way under ground, or flitting through the twilight, while pride and folly were declaring, that Britons were now walking erect, for the first time, like freemen, in the blaze of a new-risen day!

To explain such a contradiction in the nature of things and of man, would baffle a more searching philanthropy than ours; but no such contradiction exists—for much of their boasted virtue is a dream, and the people are wickeder than they *know*—their conscience is in the *dark*—and their intellect, so far *from having* been invigorated by what *they have* been taught, has been of those feelings which supported it of old, and reconciled the children of labour to their condition by the peace and beauty they brought with them to bless the poor man's lot. But we shall not be unjust to the character of the working orders. Heavy distress has come upon them—much of it not brought by themselves on their own heads; and there has been "grinding of the faces of the poor." Their rulers—Tories and Whigs—have often failed in their duties to the people—and much of the guilt that caused that distress lies at the door of many misgovernments. Nor have the rich, as Christian men, always done their duty to the poor, but have often, in the pride of wealth, been greatly neglectful of their duty; nor have the higher orders acted as if they felt for the lower those sympathies which nature prompts, but which too often are palsied and benumbed in the breasts of the great, by that very rank which, in noble natures, keeps them freshly a-flow; for surely 'tis of the very nature of gentle blood to inspire benevolence, and how so well can they in whose veins it flows prove its purity, than by shewing that by their very birth they are beneficent?

Upon an enquiry into the manifold causes of the present wide distress and disturbance, fearfully reacting on each other, we shall not now enter; but we shall continue as heretofore to touch frequently upon them, while discussing to the best of our talent, and we boldly say with good intention, the political, social, and domestic condition of the people of our beloved land. Labour has now declared war against capital —*plusquam civilia bella* are raging—and to whichever side is given the victory, disastrous must be the other's defeat—not to themselves alone, but to their conquerors too—so that in either event the whole country must suffer by the prolongation of a contest, which, if not terminated amicably, can be terminated but in blood. Heaven forbid the latter! Peace once proclaimed, them must law ratify it by its wis-

from violation. Legislation is a more difficult science now than ever; but let us hope that a Reformed Parliament may be Conservative, and that the representatives of the people, chosen by the people, will consult, affectionately, firmly, and fearlessly, for the people's good. By many awful considerations are they called on so to do; for they have themselves—too many of them at least—helped all they could—and that too in part from the most selfish motives—the motives of a base ambition—to exasperate in the breasts of the people that restless and turbulent discontent which, not occasionally, and during bad seasons, as it once was, but at all times, now rankles there, and within these few years, all too many, has been fed and inflamed by the promulgation of the most pernicious principles by lay-preachers, who, while they have said they abhorred anarchy or misrule, denounced the throne and the altar, and hope eventually to overthrow them in a still more radical revolution than the state has lately undergone, till not one stone is left on another, and the very names become obsolete in the English language of priest, noble, and king.

The time is not so far by-gone as that it may not be remembered by people not yet old, when the relation between master and servant was strengthened by feelings of mutual kindness — and was in very truth literally an attachment. It was not so only in private households; but much of the same spirit belonged to the same relation throughout the whole system of affairs—making employers of labour labourers' friends—and preserving their common interests by mutual good-will and interchange of amicable affection. Then, that spirit, it was believed, so far from being injured by the care of law, was preserved by it—not by fear, which is a bad guardian—but by submission, which is often the very best. Law undertook—as far as law ever can — to protect the rights of labour by preventing labour from committing wrongs; in the opinion of men not deficient in wisdom and generosity, a law against Combinations of workmen to interfere with wages, might *so be constructed* as not to be unjust; and judging from experience, they believed it was salutary—from the gradually enlightening experience of a length of years. We know better than not to say that at the same time men of the highest wisdom and humanity looked with suspicion or disfavour on all such enactments —and among them the illustrious and immortal author of the Wealth of Nations. But that Adam Smith would have counselled their repeal at the crisis of affairs when their repeal was passed, we see no reason to believe; far less that, supposing he would have done so, he would have dreamt for a moment of recommending to be substituted in their place the wretchedly impotent law against assaults by workmen on one another so frequent *in strikes*, which the wisdom of the repealers foolishly supposed would suffice to curb the violence and keep the rage of the "multiform beast" within the bounds of justice. It is with respect to the spirit of the arguments by which the repeal of all combination laws was effected, that we desire now to make some observations; for we have every year seen stronger and stronger reasons for believing, that to those arguments, spread with the spirit in which they were conceived and uttered, over all the kingdom by a powerful press, must be mainly attributed the present state of the popular mind, allowed on all hands to be most formidable—full of peril, not to our national prosperity only, but our national existence, and therefore on all hands condemned as wicked, by all, at least, who are unwilling to believe the people—the whole labouring people of Britain—to be simply fools. Fools would they be who should call them so—but miserably misguided they must have been—and the question is, by whom? We answer,—leaving the base crew of their enemies out of sight,—by many who, we shall admit, were, after a fashion, their well-wishers; by not a few who, beguiled by their own enthusiasm into most dangerous doctrines, were nevertheless their honest, sincere, and ardent friends. Among the number of the former we mention, as one of the most eminent, Mr M'Culloch; and among the number of the latter, the most distinguished by far, Dr Chalmers.

has ever zealously sought to promote the temporal and eternal interests of his fellow-men in all conditions, from the throne to the hovel. We cannot introduce our remarks better, than by a clear statement of their subject, from the admirable Charge lately delivered to the Grand Jury at Exeter on the case of the Unionists, whose trial, we observe, after the Grand Jury had found a true bill, was removed by a *certiorari* to the Court of King's Bench.

"From a very early period of history, as far back as the reign of Edward I., the laws against combination had commenced, and had continued down in nearly an unbroken series to the reign of Geo. IV. It appeared that from a very early period the law on these combinations was educed from the circumstances of the times. Our ancestors found it necessary to interfere—and interfere they did with a strong hand—to put down all combinations of citizens and handicraftsmen, who, so far back as the reign of that king, had been in the habit of combining to raise the rate of wages above the fair market value; to restrict the hours of labour, and to impose restrictions upon the masters who employed them. He was not competent, nor had he any wish, to enter into the political economy of the question. He would not enquire as to the policy or impolicy of the law. He thought that it was the business of those who filled either the judicial situation, or that of the Grand Jury, not to enter into considerations whether the law was wise or unwise, merciful or cruel—but to see what it really was, and then merely to consider themselves as the persons bound to administer it. Our Statute-book, as he had said, formerly contained a great number of laws on the subject of combination which came down to the reign of Geo. IV., when at length it was thought wise to reconsider the whole subject; and in the fifth year of that reign a statute passed of so comprehensive a nature, that it repealed nearly the whole of the laws on the subject of combination. They were repealed *by a statute* which was made on the *ground that* all interference was *impolitic and mischievous*; and in plain terms it was made no longer an offence for artisans or mechanics of any description to enter into any consultation for the obtaining of an advance of wages, for lessening or altering the duration of the time of working, decreasing the quantity of work to be done in a given time, inducing others to quit the work of their masters, or to return it to him, or to regulate the mode of carrying on any business or manufacture, so that persons entering into any combination of this sort were no longer held liable to any penalty whatever, either by the statute or common law of the land. This statute for repealing the whole of the previous acts, was made for the purpose of leaving the whole principle of contract between the master and workmen entirely free; it was passed in 1824. But the effects of it were found to be such that in the following year a state of things had occurred which, it was thought, made it imperative to reconsider the whole subject, and a very intelligent and influential member of parliament (Mr Huskisson), who had taken a very active part in effecting the repeal of the combination laws, once more introduced the subject to the legislature for their reconsideration. Accordingly, in the following year, the 6th George IV., a modified law, was passed, which repealed the statute of the preceding year, and laid down the law as it at present stands. This act, after imposing certain punishments on certain acts done by reason, or for the purpose, of interfering either with the rate of wages or the hours of labour, made this declaration on the subject:—that the act should not extend to subject any persons to punishment who should meet together for the sole purpose of determining the rate of wages or the hours of labour which they should work in any manufacture, trade, or business. This was the existing law upon the subject. The principle upon which it was grounded was this, that there should be perfect freedom on both sides—on the part of the master as well as the workman—that as the master could employ any workman he pleased, so the latter should be at liberty to get the best price he could for his labour, just as he would if he had any other commodity to dispose of. It

went even farther than this, to shew that it would be lawful for two or more, or any number of persons, so to meet and consult together as to what price such persons so met together would sell their labour for, and what period of time they would work. This was the present law upon the subject, and the question was, whether what were called conspiracies, or combinations of a secret description, where the parties were bound together by oaths, meeting in private, and levying subscriptions, being bound by solemn and unauthorized engagements—whether under this law such meetings could be considered legal? If illegal, then such combination would assume the character of a conspiracy."

We shall not expose the miserable attempts at reasoning which may be found in the reports of the debates in Parliament on the motion for the repeal of the old Combination Laws—nor shew them up in the ludicrous light in which they reappeared, when the new enactments consequent on their repeal were themselves repealed within one year's experience of their utter impotence, and a second set enacted as worthy of all contempt. But, as we said, we shall confine ourselves to two publications, widely circulated in 1826, and highly applauded—Mr M'Culloch's "Essay on the Circumstances which determine the rate of Wages and the condition of the Labouring Classes," reprinted, with additions, from several of his other works, in which it had appeared in various shapes and sizes and prices —then sold for the first time at two shillings, or one—and circulated by the friends of the people widely over all the manufacturing districts, as an epitome of all that was "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;" and two chapters on Combinations in the third volume of Dr Chalmers's Civic Economy—a volume which, by its bulk and weight, could not have had either a rapid or wide circulation, but which was almost reprinted, piecemeal, in hundreds of publications that went among the poor, and was likewise cried up to the skies as a revelation of saving truth on the secular concerns and temporal *interests of the million.*

The consequences of the Repeal of the Combination Laws, so far from having been such as the supporters of that measure anticipated, had within the year been diametrically the reverse; and to account for the flagrant enormities perpetrated by too many of the Combinations that sprung up on the repeal, they were forced to form a somewhat unsatisfactory theory, which would have done more credit to their wisdom and foresight, had they suggested it at the time of the repeal, or before it, in order to warn the nation of the first disastrous consequences likely to result from carrying the measure into effect. They endeavoured to attribute all those enormities to the sudden feeling of freedom from the tyranny of galling and unjust restraints. The Combination Laws had long been supposed by workmen to weigh heavily upon them—to subject them to the will of their masters—to keep down forcibly and unjustly the poor man's earnings throughout all trades —to make them, in short, slaves—and their employers tyrants. On being—argued Dr Chalmers—suddenly emancipated from unjust control, giddy with the intoxication of freedom, and thereby prevented from calmly consulting their own judgment and experience, they not only grossly exaggerated to themselves the evils which the former state of things had so long inflicted on them, but as grossly mistook the means of curing the real evils they might have endured. And thence all the guilty excesses of which combined workmen were guilty all over the country on the repeal; excesses never again to be committed, after that great teacher of Political Economy, Time, shall have taught them the folly of attempting to alter by force or intimidation that order of things founded in the very constitution of society.

Now, whatever truth there may be in this—and there is truth—why, it may be asked, were such effects, lamentable and disastrous indeed, not foreseen and predicted by the advocates for the repeal? Not only were they not foreseen, and not predicted, by the advocates for the repeal, but all those persons who did foresee, and did predict them, ourselves among the number, and, on the certainty of

such effects flowing from a repeal of the existing laws, opposed that measure, were scouted as timid and prejudiced adherents to a system of slavery and restriction. Goodwill towards the masters, unanimity and moderation among the workmen themselves, order, regularity, and industry in all trades, and, above all, gratitude to their rulers and legislators, were the effects, and the sole effects, that any enlightened thinker was to expect from the repeal: Not a word of riots, and robberies, and assaults, and homicides, and murders. Every thing was to go smoothly, and all the different interests of capitalists, labourers, and consumers, to adjust themselves without any violent outbreakings, by means of a great law constantly operating for the good of the whole.

As far, therefore, as regarded the immediate consequences of the repeal of the Combination Laws, the supporters of the measure were in the wrong, and the opposers of the measure were in the right. Had the theory proposed to account for the evils that followed the repeal been proposed to prepare the public mind for them before the measure was past, more credit would certainly have been due to the sagacity of its propounders. Their blindness, therefore, or ignorance or error, ought greatly to have detracted from the weight of their authority on the whole question; and put us on our guard against yielding too entire and unqualified assent to any of their other reasonings built upon a reference to active principles in the human mind, which, in this case, they appear either not to have understood, or, from undue zeal in support of a favourite measure, to have given a very false account of its probable operation.

"The effervescence which has followed on that repeal," said Dr Chalmers, "is the natural, and, we believe, the temporary effect of the anterior state of things. There was nothing more likely than that the people, when put in possession of a power that they felt to be altogether new, would take a delight in the exercise of it, and break forth into *misplaced* and most extravagant *manifestations*. But if the conduct of *one party* have been extravagant, the alarm of the other party we conceive to have been equally extravagant." Here we cannot help thinking, with all respect for Dr Chalmers, that he ought to have used more definite language in speaking of such a subject. Effervescence—is not exactly the word that may best express the desperate and murderous character of many of the proceedings of the combined workmen all over England —and many parts of Ireland. In another part of his disquisition, Dr Chalmers calls things by their right names—because it was necessary to do so to make good his masterly argument in favour of the enactment of the severest laws against actual outrages of the workmen against each other. But here he is anxious to account for the immediate effects of the repeal—and therefore unconsciously has adopted such terms as may render his notion the more plausible. The same strong objection ought to be made to the expression, "if the conduct of the one party have been extravagant." Extravagance is a somewhat too mild word for days, weeks, and months, and years' continued and systematic outrage and violence, not unfrequently accompanied with bloodshed and murder. Nor can we think, however mistaken they might be in some things, "that the other party were equally extravagant," seeing that their extravagance consisted in an alarm for the safety, property, and person, excited by the crimes of combinations, that, whatever might be the causes of the delusion under which they committed them, proved by their words and their deeds that they were determined to respect neither property nor person, in their wanton and violent efforts to disturb the order and shake the structure of the commercial world.

Dr Chalmers makes use of a singularly unhappy illustration of the theory by which he would account for the "effervescence and extravagance" of the workmen in their combinations. "The repeal," says he, "of the Combination Laws in England, has been attended with consequences which strongly remind us of the consequences that ensued, after the Revolution, from the repeal of the game laws in France. The whole population, thrown wide by their new privileges, poured [illegible]

upon the country, and variously accoutred, made war, in grotesque and unpractised style, upon the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. In a few months, however, the extravagance subsided, and the people returned to their old quiescent habits and natural occupations. We feel assured, that, in like manner, this delirium of a newly awakened faculty among our British workmen will speedily pass away. They will at length become wise and temperate in the use of it." The two cases had no earthly connexion; and how has the Doctor's prophecy been verified by events? *Circumspice!*

Mr M'Culloch, in his Essay on Wages, says, that "Those who were fully aware of the practical operation and real effect of the late act, and of the feelings it had generated in the minds of the workmen, must have been prepared for most of what has lately occurred. The violence it did to the right feelings of the labouring classes, and the oppression to which it sometimes gave rise, led them to ascribe to it infinitely more powerful influence than it really possessed." Here, too, we should have expected some more definite proof, that previously to the repeal of the Combination Laws, the workmen throughout Great Britain and Ireland groaned under them—either under real evils which the law produced, or imaginary evils which it was supposed by them to produce. It is perfectly true that the former law could not be popular among the workmen—but where is the proof that it was, and had long been so execrated by them—so utterly detested—and, that it had in many cases been made the instrument of great oppression? Nothing short of utter detestation of any law, founded on real and gross grievances, will serve the purposes of this apologetical hypothesis. Now, it is granted, not only in the above passage but throughout the Essay, that the power given by the Combination Law to masters to depress wages had always been a bugbear—although in the above passage it is also somewhat invidiously as well as inconsistently said, that sometimes that power had been most oppressive. It does not therefore seem, on the whole, satisfactorily made out, that the many enormities perpetrated by the members of the various combinations were to be attributed entirely either to "effervescence or extravagance," or to delight in exercising a new faculty, or sudden escape from a degrading and galling thraldom. To ascribe such enormities, either wholly or in chief part, to such a cause, even if that cause had existed in all the force ascribed to it, would not have been philosophical; but still less so was it to ascribe them to a cause taken for granted—and taken for granted too, not only without evidence, but in the face of all evidence.

For while we are far from saying that the Combination Laws were not in some respects objectionable, and, like most other laws, occasionally mingling injury with benefit, this is certain, and allowed on all hands to be certain, that they had not operated to sink below the proper point the wages of the labourers. The history of the country, and the experience of every one, replied in the negative. In good times, many of the working men of manufacturing and trading places could earn as much in five of the working-days of the week, as would both support their families, and enable them to spend the sixth perhaps in idleness and dissipation, although we are far from saying that they generally did so. If in bad times wages were too low, this was in general evidently owing to the inability of the masters to pay more, and not to the Combination Laws. Wages had, upon the whole, advanced, and the working classes at the time were enjoying a greater share of the necessaries and comforts of life than had been enjoyed by those of former generations. Now, although all this may not have prevented workmen from actually believing that they suffered some grievance from the Combination Laws, we think that, allowing them to have that degree of intelligence which is commonly and rightly attributed to them, they could not possibly have regarded those laws with such bitterness of hatred, and detestation, and anger, as to account for the crimes subsequent to the repeal, on the ground which Dr Chalmers, Mr M'Culloch, and many others then took. Injuries and grievances must be real, galling

grinding, oppressive, and of long establishment, before they can account for such effects following a repeal by which they were suddenly removed or redressed. The argument was a weak one, and pushed to an absurd extent; and we cannot help thinking that some of those who then used it so strenuously, felt, from the sophistical shape in which they occasionally put it, that its strength was not so great as in their zeal they wished it to be thought. Had they felt that it was conclusive and unanswerable, they would have used plainer words, and despised the feeble and suspicious aid of so many delicate circumlocutions.

We mention *those facts*, that they may be set against those vague and indefinite expressions—effervescence—extravagance—delight in the exercise of a new faculty, and so forth; not that they are to be considered as arguments conclusive against the repeal. Those excesses were thus written about by writers, who had the credit, with many, of having treated the subject most liberally, most philosophically, and most like Political Economists. Let those excesses then be, without exaggeration, stated; let them be attributed to their right causes; and then, if such experience could indeed be kept out of sight, and all the feelings repressed, to which it naturally and properly gave rise, —let the question be decided by abstract reasoning, and such principles as the science of Political Economy does in its present state supply.

All the world will agree with Mr M'Culloch's dictum, "that wages, like every thing else, should be always left to be regulated by the *fair and free competition* [attend to these words —*fair and free*] of the parties in the market, and ought never to be controlled by the interference of the Legislature." All the world will agree with Adam Smith, from whom that dictum is adopted—"The property," says Adam Smith, in a passage quoted by Mr M'Culloch for the hundredth time—"which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and *inviolable*. The patrimony of the *poor* man lies in the strength and *dexterity* of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, *without injury* to his neighbours, is a plain violation of this most sacred property." Now, although it is well known to all who have read the Wealth of Nations, that Dr Smith regarded Combination Laws with an inimical eye, it is equally well known to them, that this passage, constantly quoted as it has been, on this argument, has no reference whatever to the Combination Laws — but to Corporation Laws. It is the law of apprenticeship that he is reasoning against; and he goes on to say, "that it is a manifest encroachment upon the just liberty both of the workman and of those who might be disposed to employ him. As it hinders the one from working at what he thinks proper —so it hinders the others from employing whom they may think proper. To judge whether he is fit to be employed, may surely be trusted to the discretion of the employers, whose interest it so much concerns. The affected anxiety of the legislature, lest they should employ an improper person, is evidently as partial as it is oppressive."

It is, therefore, neither doing justice to the subject under discussion, nor to the person himself who may be discussing it, nor to his reader, nor to the illustrious author of the Wealth of Nations, to take a sentence from one of that great man's arguments on one subject, and transfer it, without saying so, to another —in many—indeed in all essential respects—different.

Thus taking their ground upon the authority of Smith—that is to say, upon the authority of an aphorism applied by him to the decision of a different question—some of the most eager, and, perhaps, not the least unprejudiced of the reasoners against the principle of the Combination Laws, —taking their ground, we say, on the admission that workmen should be allowed to dispose of their labour in any way they please, and that there should be no laws of apprenticeship —asked how that could be, so long as workmen were prevented from concerting with each other the terms on which they were to sell it, and so long as there were laws against Combinations? Adam Smith's observation applies to the case

without any exception or qualification. For whatever other arguments may be advanced in defence of the laws of apprenticeship, or of corporate bodies — and there are many — still, certainly they do, in some sense, interfere with the property which every man has in his own labour, and prevent, under certain circumstances, its employment. But Adam Smith would not have used the same argument against the Combination Laws. He *has not* used the same argument; and for this manifest reason, that the combinations among workmen do as often interfere with the property which every man has in his own labour, as the laws against them.

"To shew," continued Mr M'Culloch, adopting the disjunctive form of reasoning, "that laws against combination of workmen are unnecessary, it has been stated, that the wages of any set of workmen who enter into a combination for the purpose of raising them, must be either, 1st, below the natural and proper rate of wages in the particular branch of industry to which they belong; or, 2d, that they must be coincident with that rate, or above it; and that in either case alike, such laws are of no avail.

"In the first place, if wages have been depressed below their natural level, it is affirmed that the claim of the workmen is fair and reasonable; and it would obviously be unjust and oppressive to prevent them from adopting any measures, not injurious to the just rights of others, which they might think best fitted to render the claim effectual. But a voluntary combination among workmen is certainly in no respect injurious to any of the rights of their masters."

Now, two remarks may be made on this passage; and the first is, that if there be any truth in Economical Science, it is true, that there are causes in continual operation, tending to equalize wages in all employments, and to keep wages from remaining permanently, or for any considerable time, below the natural level. How, then, can it be said that the claim of the workman for an advance of wages is fair and reasonable, since the depression or elevation of wages is no more in the power of the em*ployers than of* the employed, but must depend upon circumstances affecting the trade of the country? Have the masters the fixing of the rate of wages in their own hands? Certainly not. And, should wages therefore for a time be very low—that is, so low as to reduce the labourer to distress—does it follow that they can, without injury and injustice to the employers of labour, be raised by combination? If the labourer thinks that his wages are too low, he can go into any other employment; but will he find wages higher there? He will not. Much stress is laid in the above paragraph on the words, "not injurious to the just rights of others," and on the word, "voluntary." But are all combinations, that call themselves and pretend to be voluntary, really so? Much intimidation—much compulsion—much deception—many arts and artifices, have ever been employed in most combinations—over many of their members; and although every body must agree with M'Culloch, when he says "that it is a contradiction and an absurdity to pretend that masters have any right or title whatever to the services of free workmen, in the event of the latter not choosing to accept the price offered them for their labour," yet there is no contradiction or absurdity in telling those free workmen to carry their labour to another market—each man being left free to judge and act for himself, which he is perhaps more likely to be when left to himself, than when he has become a member of a combination, and inspired with the *esprit de corps*.

"No master ever willingly consents to raise wages," says Mr M'Culloch, "and the claim of either one or of a few individuals for an advance of wages, is likely to be disregarded, so long as their fellows continue to work at the old rates. It is only when the whole, or the greater part of the workmen belonging to a particular master, or department of industry, combine together, that it becomes the immediate interest of the master to comply with their demands."

This pernicious assertion, we maintain, is in direct contradiction to every established principle of Political Economy. And Mr M'Culloch himself overthrows his own reasoning in the

very next paragraph. For he says truly, "that the competition on the part of the masters will always raise wages that have been unduly depressed, and that it is from not adverting to this fact, that the influence of the Combination Laws, in depressing wages, has been so very greatly exaggerated. If the wages paid to the labourers engaged in any particular employment, are improperly reduced, the capitalists who carry it on must obviously gain the whole amount of this reduction, over and above the common and ordinary rate of profit obtained by the capitalists engaged in other businesses. But a discrepancy of this kind could not possibly continue. Additional capital would immediately begin to be attracted to the department where wages were low and profits high, and its owners would be obliged, in order to obtain labourers, to offer them higher wages. It is certain, therefore, that whenever wages are unduly reduced in any branch of industry, they will be raised to their proper level, without any effort on the part of the workmen, by the mere competition of the capitalists. Looking, therefore, to the whole of the employments carried on in the country, we do not believe that the Combination Laws had the slightest effect on the average and usual rate of profits. In some very confined businesses, it is not improbable that they may have kept wages at a lower rate than they would otherwise have sunk to; but if so, then, for that very reason, they must have tended equally to elevate them in others."

All this is perfectly sound doctrine—and by many had it been preached long before M'Culloch's day,—but we do not think that Mr M'Culloch deduces from it the soundest conclusions. According to his own views here, and they are the views of all good Economists, one does not see why workmen should combine to produce that effect which, without their combination, will flow from causes already at work! He says, "that their combination may raise their wages *sooner*"—but if so, they will be doing injury to others—they will manifestly be interfering with the operation of those general principles, which it the great object of all the advoc

of Free Trade to preserve unviolated,—because, in themselves, they do necessarily guard the interests of the workmen in all different employments.

But Mr M'Culloch should have stated distinctly what he meant by wages being "depressed below the natural and proper rate"—"improperly reduced"—"unduly depressed"—for these are the terms he uses—without any farther explanation. No doubt, if all the masters in any one trade were to combine to reduce the wages of their workmen, in order to raise unduly—*i. e.* above the rate of profits in other trades—their own profits, any counter combination to resist it could not be considered unjust: but such a case does not seem to have been in the writer's contemplation; neither is it conceivable that any one master could ever hope to succeed in such an attempt. If the trade itself were depressed, then both profits and wages having fallen, the master would carry his capital elsewhere, and the workmen would do the same with their labour.

It is admitted, that the *object* of the second class of combinations, those which take place when the wages of the combining workmen are already equal to, or above their natural and proper rate, is *improper and unreasonable;* but it is denied that this impropriety and unreasonableness furnish any ground for their prohibition by law. For, supposing that this mass of workmen should occasionally combine together, still it appears "*improbable in the last degree,*" that their combinations should ever enable them to obtain from their masters more than a due share of the produce of their labour. That the masters would resist a demand for any greater portion is certain; and the slightest glance at the relative condition of the parties must satisfy every one that they cannot fail, in all ordinary cases, to succeed in defeating it. The workmen always suffer more from a strike than the masters. It is, indeed, true, as Dr Smith has observed, "that in the long run they are as necessary to their masters, as their masters are to them: but this neces-

the master is, in almost every instance, infinitely greater than the stock and credit of his labourer; and he is therefore able to maintain himself for a much longer time without their labour, than they can maintain themselves without his wages. In all old settled and fully peopled countries, wages are seldom or never so high as to enable labourers to accumulate any considerable stock; and the moment their scanty funds are exhausted, there is necessarily an end of the combination, and instead of dictating terms, they must accept those that are offered to them."

Now, granting, for the present, all this reasoning to be correct, (but that when thus generally put it is incorrect—nay, wholly false —events, of which none can be ignorant, have now indisputably proved) to what does it amount? That in a pernicious and unjust struggle for higher wages, the workmen will ultimately be defeated by the masters. It is granted that their object was improper and unreasonable; and it is shewn that in their attempts to attain it by combination they will be impoverished, baffled, and forced, perhaps, at last, to accept terms that are too severe. Now, might it not be better for all parties, particularly the workmen themselves, to prevent, by law, all such improper, unreasonable, unavailing, and ruinous combinations?

We cannot, therefore, agree with this very dogmatical writer, that, when workmen enter into a combination to enforce an unreasonable demand, or to raise wages that are already up to the common level, "they must lose, and can gain nothing, by entering into an employment to which they have not been bred; while it is equally evident that a small extra sum will be sufficient to entice a large supply of other labourers to the business they have left. All the great departments of industry have so many closely allied branches, that a workman who is instructed in any of them, can, without much training, readily, and without difficulty, apply himself to the others; and thus the workmen who had entered into the combination, would not only fail of their object, and be obliged to return to their work, but, owing to the *influx of other* labourers into their business during the period of the strike, they would be compelled to accept a lower rate of wages than they had previously enjoyed."

Throughout all this passage it is assumed, by far too generally, that there is such a close connexion between trades, that men can turn effectively from one to the other at a few days' notice, or with a few days' preparation. It may be so with a few of the clumsier trades; but, with nine of ten, the very opposite is the truth. Nor, in the case of a general strike, is it, except rarely, in the power of the master to employ hands from another trade. Indeed, Mr M'Culloch himself was well aware of that; and the knowledge of the fact led him into a most ludicrous blunder in logic. For he says, that, in the case of a strike, the workmen who enter into a new employment must necessarily lose; and yet he maintains, that, without loss to the employer or the consumer, their place may be supplied by workmen to whom this business is equally new. So that, to make out the argument, it is assumed, that workmen can turn themselves without loss to a new trade, and also that they cannot. "The Duke of Hamilton, and the proprietor of the Calder Iron Works, have, by acting on that principle, effectually suppressed a combination among their colliers, by bringing other labourers into their mines; and though they may perhaps lose a little in the first instance by the change, there can be no doubt that it will, in the end, be as advantageous to them, as it is sure to be ruinous to the miners who are turned out of employment."

This is but an indifferent argument against Combination Laws. In the case of collieries, that seems to be possible which in most, certainly in many, manufactories is impossible; but it is scarcely conceivable that it can be advantageous to the owners of extensive coal-pits to work them with new hands—that is, workmen who never had been in a shaft during their lives. And what security is there against these workmen combining too, when they have learnt all the facile mysteries of the trade? Meanwhile, the consumers of coals have been suffering from the combination, and the

miners themselves, it is allowed, are ruined. Now if the question simply were, Which party suffered most by combination, when resisted? Perhaps the answer is given, The combiners, who are all ruined. But this is not the question. The question is—Would it not have been better to have had a law, of which the operation would have been to hinder the miners from bringing ruin on themselves by themselves?

Mr M'Culloch therefore concludes, "For these reasons, we think it impossible that any one who seriously considers the subject can resist coming to the conclusion, that a combination for an improper object, or to raise wages above the proper level, must cure itself—that it must necessarily and surely bring its own destruction along with it." Now, the short and simple answer to that is—that in numerous instances the evil did not cure itself—and that when it does, it is only by the substitution of one evil for another—the "chastisement"—that is, the ruin and beggary of the infatuated workmen who have combined. That they may have deserved to be ruined and beggared may be very true; but the discussion is not ethical, but economical, and we are enquiring into the nature and extent of evils which, when there are no Combination Laws to control them, ignorant men may bring upon themselves, and which, by combination laws, many persons are strongly inclined to think might have been prevented.

Mr M'Culloch then goes on to say, that "a strike must, under all ordinary circumstances, be a subject of the most serious concern to workmen; and the privations to which it unavoidably exposes them form a strong presumption, that they are honestly impressed with a conviction that the advance of wages claimed by them is moderate and reasonable, and that the strike has been forced upon them by the improper resistance of their masters. Even in those instances in which wages are notoriously depressed, workmen will, in general, if they consult their own interests, be shy about striking, and will resort to *it only* as a last resource."

This passage contains many direct *contradictions*—both to Mr M'Culloch's own doctrines and to notorious facts. He has himself allowed that it is only by competition of masters that wages can be raised—and he has also admitted that workmen are unfortunately ignorant of the principles of Political Economy, and ought to be instructed in the elements of that science. Then how inconsistent to expect from men ignorant of their interest that they should nevertheless judiciously consult it! "If they consult their own interest!" Did the colliers at the Calder Iron Works consult their own interest—when they combined to raise wages already high, and by combining, brought chastisement upon themselves—and got the evil to cure itself by reducing them all to ruin? Did the Bradford wool-combers consult their own interest, when they stood out so long, first in insolence of funds, and finally in starvation of poverty, against their masters, and when on the sound of the machinery within the deserted mills, they broke up their combination, and afraid lest their services might be wholly dispensed with, accepted, with sullen gratitude, the wages they had spurned, and continued to work in fear lest the multitude of wheels should reduce their wages to a pittance? People have a strong passion, from nature, to consult their own interest; but they often do not know how to set about it—and it is poor philosophy to think of settling a question in Political Economy by a common-place moral maxim, indifferently understood, and worse applied.

A man of Mr M'Culloch's talents and knowledge would scarcely have written in this way, but from some strong prepossession in favour of that side of the question which he adopted, blinding his better judgment—for he admits the existence of many formidable and pernicious combinations. But then he adds, with that extraordinary inconsistency that runs throughout his whole Essay, "that though we lament the bad use they have made of this newly-acquired freedom, yet when the universal ignorance of the working classes with respect to the circumstances which determine the rate of wages are taken into account, we do not think there is much reason for wonder at

nation Laws were a safeguard; and while it exists—what better, what other safeguard has society against the recurrence of such evils? Would it not have been wiser to wait till that ignorance was enlightened or dispelled? And what reason have we to believe that that period will soon arrive? The artisans of England are not an uneducated set of men. On the contrary, it is the creed of almost all the eminent writers of the day, that they are better informed by far than the agricultural labourers. Still they do not know, it too often appears, their own interest, and it would be presumption in any writer to expect that, after all that has been written on the principles regulating the rate of wages since the days of Adam Smith, and after all the lessons of experience which have been read to them, that his lucubrations, however excellent, should very soon direct their understandings to such a clear and steady perception of the abstract truths of the science as shall stand in the room of law, and at once teach and induce them to square their conduct, under all temptation, to the rule of justice and right reason.

Mr M'Culloch then asks how Government can interfere in any question respecting the rate of wages that may arise between master and workman? "Shall Government," he asks, "apply for information to the masters or to the workmen?" He says they may as well apply to the workmen, for "that their opinion is just as deserving of attention as the other;" and he says so, immediately after having told us that the workmen are in a state of total and universal ignorance with respect to the circumstances that determine the rate of wages!

It was remarked some years ago, in a paper on this very subject, that "whatever may be the case with an individual, a corporate body has no rights except what the laws may please to give it. Now the workmen of a trade form themselves into an actual corporation,—obtain the complete control of labour in that trade —fix its price—prohibit all persons from being employed who are obnoxious to them—render the capital of their former employers useless—subject the poor to severe privations" —and *finally, bring on themselves, as it is on all hands allowed,* frequent ruin. It could not be said that the colliers at the Iron Calder Works—the shipwrights of London—and the seamen of Sunderland had a right to act as they did act; but it is about such conduct as theirs that the question is—and it is not to be settled by any general maxim about the right of property, which, in itself a truism, may, in its application, be a falsehood. "A criminal act can never be generated by the mere multiplication of acts that are perfectly innocent," says Mr M'Culloch — meaning thereby to shew, that if one man may, without blame, decline working at wages he thinks unsatisfactory, a hundred may combine to do the same. But this is not sound Philosophy. For there are many actions that change their very nature, under varying accompanying circumstances—and which, when performed by one person, are blameless, or even praiseworthy—become, when performed in concert, very much the reverse. Thus it may be very proper for the most pious man to take an evening walk after divine service, on a Sabbath, for the purposes of relaxation or meditation. But were he to collect together all his friends and acquaintances in the parish for the same purpose, the cavalcade would be indecorous, and contrary to the observance of the sacred day. It would be so—even if the whole party marched along the high-road with due regularity and subordination—but how much would the spirit of each man be necessarily by the very aggregation of numbers changed, so that, without any overt act, the whole party would be violating the spirit of the Sabbath. But is it not more than probable—that, although each individual came, or thought he came, to meditate or enjoy the calm of the day of rest, the entire tone of his feelings would be altered—and that the conduct—that is, the act of the whole—would be the very opposite of the conduct or act of any one individual who had been taking his evening walk by himself, or with his wife and children. A workman, of himself leaving his employer and seeking higher wages elsewhere, is not performing the same act, as when in league or combination with five hundred others. The aim and object of the combination is different—

means which it employs to effect its object are different—the spirit in which it acts is different—and Mr M'Culloch's maxim or apophthegm falls to the ground.

In our opinion, Mr M'Culloch has grossly exaggerated the bad effect of the Combination Laws on the spirit of the workmen towards their employers—and of the employers towards their workmen. "They taught them," he says, "to believe that there was one measure of justice for the rich, and another for the poor. They consequently set the interests and the feelings of those two great classes in direct and hostile opposition to each other; and did more to engender hatred between the different orders of society—to render the masters despotic and capricious, and the workmen idle and turbulent, than can be easily conceived or imagined by those who are not pretty intimately acquainted with the state of society in the manufacturing districts. Instead of putting down combinations, they had the effect of rendering them universal, and to give them a dangerous character. For the fair and open, though frequently foolish and extravagant proceedings of men honestly endeavouring to advance themselves in society, and to sell their labour at the highest price, the Combination Laws gave us nocturnal meetings, secret cabals, and oaths of privacy." The statement is in part by much too highly coloured. That the workmen occasionally were irritated by laws which they did not understand, and generally disliked, is certainly true; that their whole tempers, dispositions, and state of mind, were thus disturbed, agitated, incensed, and rendered fierce and savage, is what cannot be granted by any one intimately acquainted with the character of the working classes in Britain. It is all along admitted by Mr M'Culloch, that the Combination Laws were in truth harmless—or nearly harmless, in as far as the rise and fall of wages depended upon causes altogether out of the power either of workmen or their employ*ers long* to control. Now, igno*rant of* political economy as the *working* classes are, and lon-

ries of years, and without any abatement of their feelings, to be exasperated by any law, that is not in itself both theoretically unjust, and practically pernicious? A law *must bear* upon them and their comforts, and pursuits, and pleasures, before we can admit that its influence on the whole temper and character can be such as Mr M'Culloch has described. There are few such laws in this country, but perhaps the Game Laws were of that kind; and they produced such effects. Many—in our opinion, most of the nocturnal meetings alluded to—the oaths of privacy—and secret conjurations, among the idle, the profligate, and the disaffected—were meetings of a very different character—for different objects, and for the concert of very different means. They were meetings of a political character—such meetings as will often take place, whether there be Combination Laws or not, in such a country as ours, where, from the very nature of our prosperity, there must be severe fluctuations in the condition of the people—where, from the very nature of that people, licentious as well as free, there never will be wanting dark spirits to aggravate distress by disaffection—and where, from the nature of our civil polity, incendiaries and demagogues are long suffered to plan their nefarious machinations against the peace of the poor, rather than that Government should, in its anxiety to guard the social blessings we enjoy, do in any danger aught to violate that liberty which is our safeguard while we are good citizens, and a shield even between the agitators of the public peace, and the infliction of punishment on political crime.

It is true, that unjust and pernicious legislation produces the very crimes it cruelly and inexorably punishes. But the Combination Laws, however objectionable, cannot be spoken of by any judicious person, as partaking of that character. The enormities alluded to must have proceeded from causes altogether unconnected with Combination Laws. Sober, honest, industrious workmen

***be, is it* not plain, that they**

masters, by laws leaning too much in favour of those masters. Such persons may be dissatisfied, and may act, under the impulse of occasional irritation, more violently than otherwise they would have done—but the evils we talk of were not the sins and crimes of such classes of workmen, but they were chiefly the work of the thoroughly bad, whom the opportunities of the times brought forth into warfare, secret and savage, against the interests and welfare of those whom they pretended to befriend.

But, is any man entitled to say, from his acquaintance with the character and conduct of the working classes, that before the repeal of the Combination Laws, they were possessed with this sullen or ferocious spirit towards their employers? Quite the reverse.

Dr Chalmers, in his Civic Economy, argues, that masters have little or nothing to apprehend from any combinations among workmen. He speaks of a system of prevention, namely, "to engage their labourers for a service of months, instead of weeks or days, and then to put forth a legitimate strength to compel their fulfilment of the stipulated period. To make the security more effectual, they could hire their workmen in separate classes at all separate periods, so that, at the worst, it could only be a partial, and never a universal strike at any one time." This suggestion is not original; neither could the plan proposed be carried into effect without great difficulty and inconvenience, and frequent dissatisfaction on the part either of master or workmen, when, owing to the alternations in trade, the one or the other might be paying or receiving more or less than the state of the trade would, but for the long bargain, have of itself caused. The plan would be a bad one, and could only be resorted to to prevent the greater evils of combination. But better surely to prevent an evil by law, than to attempt it by circuitous, clumsy, and, we must say, impracticable modes of hiring and paying labourers.

But the Doctor maintains, that besides this system of prevention, "such *is the plenitude of the master's means for the counteraction* of his associated workmen, that he can afterwards find compensation for any losses which he may have sustained by the suspension of his works. Masters and manufacturers can lay an assessment on the wages of the readmitted workmen, or, which is the same thing, can take them in again upon reduced wages, till they have received, by the difference, a complete indemnification for all that they have suffered by the interruption of the manufacture." Nothing more easy than to make such an assertion with all possible seriousness and gravity. But is it not surprising that Dr Chalmers did not suspect that this indemnification was not of such easy accomplishment, when he himself adds, in the very next sentence, that "this has often been held out as a threat, although we are not aware of any instance in which it has been put into execution!"

But Dr Chalmers is determined that masters shall not suffer by any imaginable combinations, and advances the somewhat startling doctrine, "that in the mere working of such a transaction, as a strike among workmen—there does naturally and at length cast up a most liberal compensation, I will not say to each individual master, but certainly to the general body; so that their interest, viewed as a whole, does not suffer by it. The master, in truth, is only the ostensible, or at most the temporary sufferer by this conspiracy of his workmen; and if there be any sufferer at all in the long run, it is not he, but the customer. He loses profit for a season; but it is all made up to him by the eventual rise of profit that ensues on the production of his commodity being suspended. This is the well-known effect of a general strike among operatives; it relieves the overladen market of the glut under which it labours, and by the time that workmen at length give in, the manufacturer enters upon what to him is the most enriching of all harvests, the harvest of a brisk demand upon empty warehouses. These cessations are the very calms that not only precede, but ensure the gales of prosperity that come in between them."

Now, suppose this doctrine to be sound—it follows, that the loss which is generally and universally,

supposed to fall on the employers of workmen from a strike, *falls on the consumer.* What the better is society at large of that? The loss is incurred—and the main question is, not who bears it, but what is its amount? But Dr Chalmers has not shewn that the additional profits of the manufacturer, when the men return to work, will more than compensate for the loss he sustained by the non-employment of his capital during the strike. He has merely said that profits will rise, because there will be a brisk demand on empty warehouses—and because the cessation of the workmen from labour had relieved the overladen market of the glut under which it had laboured. But what right has Dr Chalmers to assume that the overladen market had laboured under a glut? It had done no such thing; for in most cases, and certainly in the cases to which he alludes, the strike had taken place when there was a great demand, and an inadequate supply, and therefore when the workmen were making high wages. The very reason why the workmen struck was their knowledge of that fact; the knowledge that their work was wanted—and therefore they would not give it except its price was considerably augmented. Had there been a glut in the market, the masters would not have complained of a strike among their workmen surely, but they would of themselves have diminished their number.

But it is altogether a mistake to think that the profits of the masters would be greater in consequence of the strike. The demand had not been supplied—but after the supply again answered the demand, the demand would not be greater because of its former disappointment of supply. I do not burn more coals in my family this month, because I had been obliged to burn fewer the month before. I do not wear two pair of shoes this month because I did not wear out one the month before. The consumers are not increased in number—and their wants are the same as before—therefore *the demand* cannot be greater—*and the master's profits* cannot be *greater than before the strike. Therefore there is no compensation* provided for him for the loss sustained during the strike.

Dr Chalmers confines himself solely to what the combiners may suffer—and is of opinion with Mr M'Culloch, that great as that suffering may be, it is better that they should be taught by experience than fettered by law. "It is," he thinks, "altogether misplaced and unnecessary for Government to meddle with the steps of a process that will so surely terminate in the very result which it can be the only object of Government to effectuate." That is to say, that it is and ought to be indifferent to Government whether the people suffer frequent and severe distress, since things are so sure to come right again, or whether the natural course of trade and manufactures, agriculture and commerce, be undisturbed, and permitted to proceed by the direct laws by which the interests of all classes are regulated and guarded. So confident is Dr Chalmers in the soundness of all his doctrine on this subject—that he treats it almost in a style of jocularity—and talks of all the distress, misery, and vice and wickedness, that attended the combinations, as mere exercises and discipline, and schooling which it was advantageous to the community that the working classes should endure. "We are aware," says he, "of the spirit which is going forth in succession through the manufacturing districts of the land. But truly, we contemplate the progress of these outbreakings with no other feelings, and no other anticipations, than we should regard the progress of an ambulatory school, whose office it is to spread the lessons of a practical wisdom over the face of the country, and the peace and meekness of wisdom will be the inevitable result. In some places they have acquired the lesson, while in others they are only learning it. The country is still at school upon this subject, and it were a pity she was not permitted to finish her education." ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

It is admitted by all, that every kind of violence used to force workmen into combinations is unlawful—and by the new act enacted after the repeal of the old law—it is punishable—as it is at com-

truth is, "that the workmen require the strongest protection from a still more odious and oppressive tyranny than that which they so often denominated the tyranny of their masters, which is apt to spring up among themselves. We can confidently appeal to the experience of many workmen, whether they ever felt so grievously thwarted and overborne out of their own free choice, as by the terrors of their own association, whose secret and mysterious power wielded a far more despotic sway over their imaginations than ever did the old law in the plenitude of all its enforcements. We venture to affirm that the dread of ruin to their families, and of injury to their persons, has been far more frequently inspired by their new despotism, within these few months, than has been done by the statutes against combinations among all the working classes put together for a whole century. An act for the further protection of workmen from this regime of terror, so far from even the most distant approach to a re-enactment of the Combination Laws, would in fact be tantamount to a grant of additional liberty; and notwithstanding all the clamour and jealousy of the obstinately disaffected among them, would be substantially felt as such by the body at large."

Nothing can be more justly and forcibly said than this; but if such conduct be so deserving of the severest inflictions of the law, so destructive of all freedom, all comfort, and consequently so destructive of the interests of society, what would Dr Chalmers, or any other enlightened man, say of the crime of driving others, against their will, into combinations by another kind of despotism as dreadful as this—and of which the quiet, the simple, the sober, the sensitive, the timid, the home-loving, and the respectable, are in general the victims? That kind of despotism the law, as it now stands, cannot punish or prevent; it works precisely the same evil that Dr Chalmers so indignantly denounces as a fit object of severest punishment. But the combinations are still called voluntary—and every man, forsooth, has a right to the disposal of his own property—his labour—and under the *brutal power of* such a tyranny he does dispose of it, often to his own ruin. The old Combination Law guarded workmen against this sort of evil, just as the new law for the protection of workmen affects to guard them against open and direct violence; and if the latter be worthy of Dr Chalmers' most eloquent panegyric, or rather, if in his panegyric he point out the necessity of imbuing the law with a still sterner and more unsparing spirit, on what principle must we withhold our approbation from the old law that had the same object in view, and guarded against both classes of the evil at once?

Not once during the whole of our argument, have we mentioned the Trades' Unions. They have refuted the speculations and assertions of Mr M'Culloch and Dr Chalmers, with other weapons than ours; and have made worse than ridiculous the predictions alike of lay and of clerical prophet. They have smashed all that pseudo-science which was sold to them at a penny a-pound, or given gratis; their "effervescence and extravagance," eight years and more after the recovery of their rights, of which the Combination Laws had deprived them, has got hotter and wilder, and more "grotesque;" the "ambulatory schools" are in more active motion than ever; the country is still attending them, even by night; and does Dr Chalmers continue to think that "it would be a pity she were not permitted to finish her education?" Some of the aptest scholars—and who had made the greatest proficiency—though not long ago simple clod-hoppers, and still given to the singing of psalms—have most tyrannically been hindered by a Whig Government from finishing their education in this country, and shipped for Botany Bay; though guiltless, says Mr Roebuck, who bounds over an impediment in the way of an argument, as his namesake would a paling in the season of love—though guiltless of either moral or legal offence. The punishment does, indeed, seem a sorry and savage substitution for that of the mild and merciful old Combination Law. But a fearful field lies before us—and we must contemplate it steadily to understand and describe it.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΑΚΩ ΔΕΗΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days;
Meaning, "'Tis RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*Tent in the Fairy's Cleugh*—NORTH *and the* REGISTRAR *lying on the brae.* (*In attendance,* AMBROSE *and his Tail.*)

REGISTRAR.

"The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering stillness bound;
Like a river in its flowing—
Can there be a softer sound?"

What, my dear North! Can't I waken you from your reverie even by a stanza of your own bard—Wordsworth? Hollo! are you asleep, you old somnolent sinner? (*Shouting through the hollow of his hands into North's ear.*) Nay, you must be dead. That posture grows every hour more alarming, and if this be not death, why then I pronounce it an admirable imitation. Laid out! Limb and body stiff and stark as a winter clod—mouth open—eyes ditto, and glazed like a window-pane in frost. How white his lips! And is there no breath? (*Puts his pocket mirror to North's mouth.*) Thank heaven it dims—he lives! North, I say again, you old somnolent sinner, "awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

NORTH (*motionlessly soliloquizing in a dream*).

Never in this well-wooded world, not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another Tree! It would be easier to suppose two Shakspeares.

REGISTRAR.

Sleeping or waking—always original. I must let the bald-headed bard enjoy a little while longer his delusion. (*Pats North on the forehead.*) What a pile!

NORTH.

Yet have I heard people say it is far from being a large Tree. A small one it cannot be with a house in its shadow. An unawakened house that looks as if it were dreaming! True, 'tis but a cottage—a Westmoreland cottage——

REGISTRAR.

The buck is at the Lakes.

NORTH.

But then it has several roofs shelving away there in the lustre of loveliest lichens——

REGISTRAR.

"And apt alliteration's artful a[illegible] &

NORTH.

Each roof with its own assortment of doves and pigeons pruning their plumage in the morning pleasance.

REGISTRAR.

Again? Poo—poo—on such prettinesses, North.

NORTH.

The sun is not only a great genius, but what is far better, a good Christian.

REGISTRAR.

That's not so much amiss by way of an obs.

NORTH.

Now is he rising to illuminate all nature; yet in his universal mission, so far from despising this our little humble dwelling, God bless his gracious countenance! he looks as if for it and for us he were bringing back the beautiful day from the sea.

REGISTRAR.

The habits and customs of our waking life we carry along with us into dream-land. The Unit calls himself Us.

NORTH.

O sweetest and shadiest of all Sycamores——

REGISTRAR.

Incurable.

NORTH.

——we love thee beyond all other Trees—*because thou art here!* May we be buried below thee, and our coffin clasped by thy roots—"and curst be he who stirs our bones!"

REGISTRAR.

Again—*our* bones. Indeed there is little else of him now. The *anatomie vivante* would find it difficult to be much more of a skeleton were he a corpse. Yet he is a true Scotchman—for his bones are raw. Could it be—as tradition reports—that he was once inclining to corpulency—"like two single gentlemen rolled into one!" All the fat has melted in the fire of his genius—gone "like snaw aff a dyke"—and the dyke itself "a rickle o' stanes!"

NORTH.

Yet have we lived, all our lives, in the best silvan society—we have the entrée of the soirées of the Pines, the Elms, the Ashes, and the Oaks, the oldest and highest families in Britain.

REGISTRAR.

The old Tory! Aristocratical in his dwawms!

NORTH.

Nor have they disdained to receive us with open arms, when, after having been "absent long and distant far," we have found them again on our return to park or chase, as stately as ever among the groupes of deer!

REGISTRAR.

In Mar-Forest—with the Thane.

NORTH.

But with this one single Tree—this sole sweet Sycamore—are we in love. Yet so spiritual is our passion, that we care not even if it be unreturned!

REGISTRAR.

In the Platonics.

NORTH.

Self-sufficient for its own happiness is our almost life-long affection, pure as it is profound—no jealousy ever disturbs its assured repose. She may hold dalliance with all the airs and lights and shadows of heaven—may open her bosom to the thunder-glooms—take to her inmost heart, in its delirious madness the shivering storm.

REGISTRAR.

Who could have thought there was so much imagination left within those temples

"His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare!"

NORTH.

Oh! blessed is the calm that breathes over all emotions inspired by the beauty of lifeless things! Love creates delight that dies not till *she* dies; and then, indeed, dead seems all the earth. But wherever Love journeys—aye, be it through the Great Desert—before her feet "Beauty pitches her tents." And oh! how divine their slumber—of Love in the arms of Beauty—by the Palm-tree Well!

REGISTRAR.

What a pity the creature never wrote in verse!

NORTH.

Alas! not so with Love—when Love, a male spirit——

REGISTRAR.

That's heterodox, old boy—seraphs are of no sex.

NORTH.

——is in love with the fairness of a Thing with life——

REGISTRAR.

A Thing with life!

NORTH.

——how often is the imagination alarmed, as by the tolling of a bell in the air for some unknown funeral; and while it knows not why, the whole region, even but now bathed in day, grows night-like! and the heart is troubled.

REGISTRAR.

Aye—aye—my dear friend, I too have felt that, for, gay as I am, North, to the public eye, you know, Kit, that I have had my sorrows.

NORTH.

That virgin, Heaven may have decreed, shall be the wife of your dearest foe. O! the cruel selfishness of Love's religion! That fear is worse than the thought even of her death! Rather than see her walking all in white, and with white roses in her hair, into the church, leaning on *that* arm, her fair face crimsoning with blushes at the altar, as if breathed from the shadow of a rosy cloud, Love would see her carried, all in white, with white roses in her hair then too, towards that hole in the churchyard—a hole into which distraction has crowded and heaped all that is most dismal on this side of hell—her pale face—though that he dares not dream of—yellowing within her coffin.

REGISTRAR.

Nay, that's too much—hang me if I can stand that—*ne quid nimis*, North—and for having made me blubber, you shall have your face freshened, my lad, with the Wood-burn.

(*Runs down to the Wood-burn, fills his hat to the brim, and dashes the contents into the face of the Dormant.*)

NORTH (*starting up in a splutter.*)

Whew! a water-spout! a water-spout. Sam! Sam! Sam! Where are you, First Samuel?

REGISTRAR.

What's all this?

NORTH.

A mystery, Sam. Not a cloud in the sky—yet, look here——

REGISTRAR.

A mystery indeed! Never till this day beheld I the beau-ideal of a drowned rat.

NORTH (*musing.*)

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Samuel.

REGISTRAR.

My philosophy! I make no pretensions to philosophy—but won't you walk into the Tent, and change yourself, sir.

NORTH.

A Scotticism, Sam, a palpable Scotticism. No—I will never change myself; but to the last be Christopher ... K

advantage of my sleeping innocence? "I had a dream, yet 'twas not all a dream." I thought I was at Windermere, beneath the shadow of the sycamore, and that for me, and for me alone,

"Jocund Morn
Stood tiptoe on yon rosy mountain's head."

REGISTRAR.

And here we are in the Fairy's Cleugh, among the mountains of——

NORTH.

Peebles-shire, Dumfries-shire, Lanarkshire, for here all three counties get inextricably entangled; yet in their pastoral peace they quarrel not for the dominion of this nook, central in the hill-heart, and haunted by the Silent People.

REGISTRAR.

You do not call us silent people! Why, you out-talk a spinning-jenny, and the mill-clapper stops in despair at the volubility of your speech.

NORTH.

Elves—Sam—Elves. Is it not the Fairy's Cleugh?

REGISTRAR.

And here have been "little feet that print the ground." But I took them for those of hares——

NORTH.

These, Sam, are not worm-holes—nor did Mole the miner upheave these pretty little pyramids of primroses—for these, Sam, are all Fairy palaces—and yonder edifice that towers above the Lady-Fern—therein now sleeps—let us speak low, and disturb her not—the Fairy Queen, waiting for the moonlight—and soon as the orb shews her rim rising from behind Birk-fell—away to the ring will she be gliding with all the ladies of her Court——

REGISTRAR.

And we will join the dance—Kit——

NORTH.

Remember—then—that I am engaged to——

REGISTRAR.

So am I—three-deep.

NORTH.

Do you know, Sam, that I dreamed a dream?

REGISTRAR.

You cannot keep a secret, for you blab in your sleep.

NORTH.

Aye—both talk and walk. But I dreamed that I saw a Fairy's funeral, and that I was myself a fairy.

REGISTRAR.

A warlock.

NORTH.

No—a pretty little female fairy, not a span long.

REGISTRAR.

Ha! ha! ha!

NORTH.

And they asked me to sing her dirge, and then I sang—for sorrow in sleep, Sam, is sometimes sweeter than any joy—ineffably sweet—and thus comes back wavering into my memory the elegiac strain.

THE FAIRY'S BURIAL.

Where shall our sister rest?
Where shall we bury her?
To the grave's silent breast
Soon we must hurry her!
Gone is the beauty now
From her cold bosom!
Down droops her livid brow,
Like a wan blossom!

Not to those white lips cling
Smiles or caresses!
Dull is the rainbow wing,
Dim the bright tresses!
Death now hath claimed his spoil—
Fling the pall over her!
Lap we earth's lightest soil,
Wherewith to cover her!

Where down in yonder vale
Lilies are growing,
Mourners the pure and pale,
Sweet tears bestowing!
Morning and evening dews
Will they shed o'er her;
Each night their task renews
How to deplore her!

Here let the fern grass grow,
With its green drooping!
Let the narcissus blow,
O'er the wave stooping!
Let the brook wander by,
Mournfully singing!
Let the wind murmur nigh,
Sad echoes bringing!

And when the moonbeams shower,
Tender and holy,
Light on the haunted hour
Which is ours solely,
Then will we seek the spot
Where thou art sleeping,
Holding thee unforgot
With our long weeping!

AMBROSE (*rushing out of the Tent*).

Mr Tickler, sirs, Mr Tickler! Yonder's his head and shoulders rising over the knoll—in continuation of his herald the rod.

NORTH (*savagely*).

Go to the devil, sir.

AMBROSE (*petrified*).

Ah! ha! ha! ah! si—sir—pa—pa—pard—

NORTH (*unmollified*).

Go to the devil, I say, sir. Are you deaf?

AMBROSE (*going, going, gone*).

I beseech you—Mr Registrar——

NORTH (*grimly*).

"How like a fawning publican he looks!"

REGISTRAR.

A most melancholy example of a truth I never believed before, that poetical and human sensibility are altogether distinct—nay, perhaps incompatible! North, forgive me (*North grasps the Crutch*); but you should be ashamed of yourself—nay, *strike, but hear me!*

NORTH (*smiling after a sort*).

Well—Themistocles.

REGISTRAR.

You awaken out of a dream-dirge of Faery Land—where you, by force of strong imagination, were a female fairy, not a span long—mild as a musical violet, if one might suppose one, "by a mossy stone half-hidden to the eye," inspired with speech.

NORTH.

I feel the delicacy of the compliment.

REGISTRAR.

Then you feel something very different, sir, I assure you, from what I intended, and still intend, you shall feel; for your treatment of my friend Mr Ambrose was shocking.

NORTH.

I declare on my conscience, I never saw Ambrose!

REGISTRAR.

What! aggravate your folly by falsehood! Then are you a lost man—and——

NORTH.

I thought it a stirk staggering in upon me at the close of a stanza that——

REGISTRAR.

And why did you say "sir?" Nay—nay—that won't pass. From a female fairy, not a span long, "and even the gentlest of all gentle things," *you* suffer yourself to transform you into a Fury six feet high! and wantonly insult a man who would not hurt the feelings of a worm.

NORTH (*humbly*).

REGISTRAR.

I hope not, sir; but permit me, who am not one of your youngest friends, to say to you confidentially, that you were just now very unlike a bee.

NORTH (*hiding his face with both his hands*).

All sting—and no honey. Spare me, Sam.

REGISTRAR.

I will. But the world would not have credited it, had she heard it with her own ears. Are you aware, sir, that you told Mr Ambrose "to go to the devil?"

NORTH (*agitated*).

And has he gone?

REGISTRAR (*beckoning on Ambrose, who advances*).

Well, Ambrose?

NORTH.

Ambrose! do you forgive me?

AMBROSE (*falling on one knee*).

No—no—no—my dear sir—my honoured master——

NORTH.

Alas! Ambrose—I am not even master of myself.

AMBROSE.

It was all my fault, sir. I ought to have looked first to see if you were in the poetics. Such intrusion was most unpardonable—for (*smiling and looking down*) shall mere man obtrude on the hour of inspiration—when

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, turns them to shape,
> And gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name!"

REGISTRAR.

Who suffers, Ambrose?

AMBROSE.

Shakspeare, sir. Mr Tickler! Mr Tickler! Mr Tickler! (*catching up his voice*) Mr Tick——

REGISTRAR.

Yea—verily—and 'tis no other!

TICKLER (*stalking up the brae—rod in hand—and creel on his shoulder—with his head well laid back—and his nose pretty perpendicular with earth and sky.*)

Well—boys—what's the news? And how are you off for soap? How long here? Ho! ho! The Tent.

NORTH.

Since Monday evening—and if my memory serve me right, this is either Thursday or Friday. Whence, Tim?

TICKLER.

From the West. But is there any porter?

AMBROSE (*striving to draw*).

Aye—aye—sir.

TICKLER.

You may as well try to uproot that birk. Give it *me*. (*Puts the bottle between his feet—stoops—and lays on his strength.*)

REGISTRAR (*jogging* NORTH).

Oh! for George Cruikshank!

TICKLER (*loud explosion and much smoke*).

The Jug.

AMBROSE.

Here, sir.

TICKLER (*beaming*).

Brown stout. The porter's in spate. THE QUEEN!

OMNES.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!

AMBROSE.

Hip—hip—hip—

REGISTRAR.

Hush!

TICKLER.

Hech! That draught made my lugs crack. Oh! Kit—there was a grand ploy at Paisley.

NORTH.

Since Gordon was not to be the man, I rejoice in Sandford.

TICKLER.

Dan dang the Radicals all into the dirt. The lad has spunk, Kit—is eloquent—and will do. He did not leave Crawfurd the likeness o' a dowg.

NORTH,

I hope he left Douglas the likeness of a gander.

TICKLER.

Scarcely. John waddled away, with his disconsolate dowp (Anglice, dolp) sweeping the dust from the plainstones so clean, that he left behind him no print of his splay web-feet. He could not so much as cry quack. His plight was so piteous, that the brown-duffled damsels at the mouths of closes absolutely shed tears. The *clique* accompanied him past the Abercorn Arms—I speak of what I saw—for I was leaning over some pretty dears who filled the bow-window—and he did his best to look *magnifique*, the gander at the head of his goslings—but it would not do. Once he paused before a pretty large mob of small raggamuffins, as if he would address them in his native lingo—but his opened bill gave but a gasp, as if the iron hand of adversity clutched his neck—and all he uttered was a hiss.

NORTH.

Poor payment to his supporters.

REGISTRAR.

His bill—at sight.

AMBROSE (*laughing*).

Very good, Mr Registrar—very good. The wittiest of the witty are you, sir—but, pardon me—nature gave Ambrose a quick sense of the ludicrous—

REGISTRAR.

And of the pathetic.

NORTH.

Waddled he, think ye, Tickler, all the way from Cross to Cross?

TICKLER.

The story ran that he took rest and refuge on the top of the Cheap-and-Nasty.

NORTH.

On the road are there no pools?

TICKLER.

But one; and in he went. 'Twas thick and slab—and he came out green mud.

NORTH.

After dinner I shall dedicate to him a voluntary and extemporaneous song.

TICKLER.

No. Now's the time. I shall save you the trouble, Kit—for I have an elegy in my pocket. You know Burns's fine lines, written among the ruins of Lincluden Abbey. My genius is original, and I scorn to imitate even rare Rab—but taking a solitary stroll the evening after the election, through a scene that used to be a favourite haunt of mine of old, I know not how it happened, but Rab's lines came into my mind—and sitting down on a tombstone, I saw a Vision.

AMBROSE (*pale*).

A ghost, sir?

TICKLER.

Aye, Brosey—a ghost. You are a topping elocutionist, Ambrose, and I would gladly request you to recite. But my MS. is very cat-pawish—and, besides, poets like to tip o

THE GHOST OF THE GANDER.

"Alas, poor ghost!"

Through Glasgow's fair town, in the dead of the night,
As homeward I went on my way,
Each star in the heavens shone beauteous and bright,
And the goddess in mantle of silvery light
Held her gentle and lady-like sway.

By the church of ST MUNGO I silently pass'd,
And thought on the days that are gone,
And how long *any* church might be likely to last
In the new Reformation that's coming so fast—
When the bell of the steeple toll'd ONE!

And the sound of that dismal and deafening bell
Was hardly yet out of mine ear,
When there suddenly rose a strange, ominous smell,
And 'twas fearful to think, but too easy to tell,
That THE GHOST OF THE GANDER was near!

And lo! the fat Phantom—the Spectre was there!
My nerves they are none of the best—
But I mutter'd my shortest and readiest prayer,
And, holding my nose with particular care,
I gazed on the Goose of the West.

Oh! how changed, since the day when he carried the prize,
Was his carcass, all blister'd and bare!
Yet, changed as he was, you might still recognise
Some features of more than unnatural size,
And THE BADGE he continues to wear.

'Twas a sad and a sorrowful thing to behold
The featherless spirit of woe,
As standing before me he shiver'd with cold,
Yet thought with affright of his roasting of old,
When by Ambrose he first was laid low!

And while all now was hush'd in a stillness profound,
'Twas dismal and doleful to hear
The Phantom, with voiceof a tremulous sound,
As he pour'd forth his griefs to the echoes around,
Unconscious that mortal was near.

"Oh! hard is my lot," did the Gander exclaim,
"Cut off in my prowess and pride,
While Glasgow, fair Glasgow, the scene of my fame,
Makes a jest of my fate—and my well-earned name
Is the sport both of CART and of CLYDE!

"I might have my frailties—but oh! was it meet
That my merits should thus be forgot?
And that here I should *stand*—for alas for my *seat!*—
An example of honest ambition's defeat
By a foul and unnatural plot!

"My place in our National Council of Geese
I almost had reckoned secure;
And oft did I thinkhow my fame would increase,
And inferior gabbling all suddenly cease—
When the Gander advanced on the floor!

"But, visions of grandeur and glory, farewell!
My spirit, disturb'd and distrest,
To the owls and the echoes the story must tell—
How formerly flourish'd and recently fell
The unfortunate Goose of the West."

It ceas'd; and surprised, as I surely well might,
I thought, as I went on my way,
That the very next morning to HIBBERT I'd write
How thus I had learnt from a spirit of night
That "every Goose has his day!"

OMNES.

Alas! poor ghost!

AMBROSE.

He! he! he! he!

REGISTRAR.

I wonder, sir, you do not pitch your tent—take up house—all the summer months among the hills or mountains.

NORTH.

For an old man, Sam, fondish of literature, nothing like a suburban summer residence like the Lodge. I confess I cannot be now without a glance at the new publications—and you cannot get that in rural retirement. A well-chosen library, consisting of the same everlasting books, aggravates the wretchedness of a wet day in the country—and it is desirable that the key of the room be lost, or something incurably wrong with the lock. The man who reads only all the best authors is sure to have a most unmeaning face.

REGISTRAR.

I would rather read all the worst.

TICKLER.

That you might have a countenance beaming with intelligence. Members of Parliament seem to read no books at all. I know no jabber so sickening as jabber about "the House." A puppy of a Representative conceives all human knowledge confined to "a Committee of the whole House,"—to which he believes all things under the sun have been "referred,"—or made the subject of a "motion." He loses his seat, sings small, and for the rest of his life——

REGISTRAR.

Is a sumph. For a year or two he is occasionally heard intimidating one of the Seven young men with "when I was in Parliament;" but people above the salt look incredulous or contemptuous, and the *quondam* statesman restricts himself on "Divisions" to his poor wife.

NORTH.

No politics, Sam. Pray, did either of you ever read the Solitary, a poem, in Three Parts, by Charles Whitehead?

BOTH.

No.

NORTH.

It is full of fine thoughts and feelings, and contains some noble descriptions. Some of the stanzas committed themselves to my memory—and I think I can recite three, suggested by the quiet of this scene—for they are pregnant with tempest.

"As when, of amorous night uncertain birth,
The giant of still noontide, weary grown,
Crawls sultrily along the steaming earth,
And basks him in the meadows sunbeam-strown,
Anon, his brow collapses to a frown,
Unto his feet he springs, and bellows loud,
With uncouth rage [illegible]
Shatters the wo[illegible] b[illegible]

" Nor rests, but by the heat to madness stung,
With headlong speed tramples the golden grain,
And, at a bound, over the mountains flung,
Grasps the reluctant thunder by the mane,
And drags it back, girt with a sudden chain
Of thrice-brac'd lightning; now, more fiercely dire,
Slipt from its holds, flies down the hissing rain;
The labouring welkin teems with leaping fire
That strikes the straining oak, and smites the glimmering spire.

" And yet at length appeas'd he sinks, and spent,
Gibbers far off over the misty hills,
And the stain'd sun, through a cloud's jagged rent,
Goes down, and all the west with glory fills;
A fresher bloom the odorous earth distils,
A richer green reviving nature spreads,
The water-braided rainbow melting, spills
Her liquid light into the air, and sheds
Her lovely hues upon the flowers' dejected heads."

REGISTRAR.

You have a miraculous memory, sir.

NORTH.

I have indeed. I can remember nothing that does not interest me—and months of my existence in every year now, Sam, are a blank. That faculty called Recollection, in me is weak. When I try to exert it, I seem to "hunt half a day for a forgotten dream." But the past comes upon me in sudden flashes—without active will of my own—and sometimes one flash illuminates the whole mental horizon, and lo! lying outspread below what was once a whole present world. No idea of past time distinguishes it as a dream—I am, as it were, born again—Heaven and earth re-created—and with the beautiful vision, believed to be a reality, is blended the burning spirit of youth.

REGISTRAR.

That is Imagination, sir—Genius—not Memory.

NORTH.

No, Sam, it is neither Memory, nor Imagination, nor Genius, but a mysterious re-revelation—made not *by* but *to* my soul—the same as happens to all men in sleep.

REGISTRAR.

Is it true, sir, that you have by heart all Spenser's Faëry Queen?

NORTH.

As great a lie as ever was uttered. But thousands and tens of thousands of small poems lie buried alive in my mind; and when I am in a perfectly peaceful mood, there is a resurrection of the beautiful, like flocks of flowers issuing out of the ground, at touch of Spring. I am in a perfectly peaceful mood now. And since you like to hear me recite poetry, my dear Registrar, I will murmur you a few stanzas, that must have committed themselves to my memory, for I feel assured I did not write them, yet I have no recollection of them—mind that word—and perhaps they will take their flight now, like a troop of doves that on a sudden are seen wheeling in the sunshine, and then melt away from the eye to be seen nevermore.

Come forth, come forth! it were a sin
To stay at home to-day!
Stay no more loitering within,
Come to the woods away!
The long green grass is filled with flowers,
The clover's deep dim red
Is brighten'd with the morning showers,
That on the winds have fled.
Scatter'd about the deep blue sky,
In white and flying clouds,
Some bright brief rains are all that lie
Within those snowy shrouds.

Now, look!—our weather-glass is spread—
The pimpernel, whose flower
Closes its leaves of spotted red
Against a rainy hour.

That first pale green is on the trees;
That verdure more like bloom;
Yon elm-bough hath a horde of bees,
Lured by the faint perfume.

The cherry orchard flings on high
Its branches, whence are strown
Blossoms like snow, but with an eye
Dark, maiden, as thine own!

As yet our flowers are chiefly those
Which fill the sun-touch'd bough,
Within the sleeping soil repose—
Those of the radiant brow.

But we have daisies, which, like love
Or hope, spring everywhere;
And primroses, which droop above
Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,
Born all too near the snow,
They pine for that sweet southern gale,
Which they will never know.

It is too soon for deeper shade;
But let us skirt the wood,
The blackbird there, whose nest is made,
Sits singing to her brood.

These pleasant hours will soon be flown;
Love! make no more delay—
I am too glad to be alone,
Come forth with me to-day!

AMBROSE.

Dinner on the table, sir.

NORTH.

As my old friend Crewe—the University Orator at Oxford—concludes his fine poem of Lewesdon Hill—

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To dinner, and keep festival to-day."

SCENE II.—(*Time, Four o' Clock.*)

Scene changes to the interior of the Tent. DINNER—*Salmon—Turbot—Trout—Cod—Haddocks—Whitings—Turkey—Goose—Veal-pie—Beefsteak ditto—Chicken—Ham*—THE ROUND—*Damson, Cherry, Currant, Grozet* (this year's) *Tarts, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.*

SCENE III.—(*Time, Five o' Clock.*)

Without change of place. DESSERT—*Melons—Grapes—Grozets—Pine-Apples—Golden Pippins—New-Yorkers—Filberts—Hazels.*—WINES—*Champagne—Claret—Port—Madeira—Cold Punch in the Dolphin*—GLENLIVET IN THE TOWER OF BABEL.—*Water in the Well.*

NORTH.

Ambrose, tuck up the tent-door. Fling it wide open.

[AMBROSE *lets in heaven.*

REGISTRAR.

"Beautiful exceedingly!"

NORTH.

Ne'er before was tent pitched in the Fairy's Cleugh! I selected the spot, gents, from a memory, where lie many thousand worlds—great and small—and of the tiny not one sweeter, sure, than this before our eyes!

REGISTRAR.

I wonder how—by what fine process—you chose! Yet, why, might I ask my own heart—why now do I fix on one face—one form—and see but them—haunted as my imagination might be with the images of all the loveliest in the land!

TICKLER.

Sam! you look as fresh as a daisy.

NORTH.

That is truly a vista. Those hills—for we must not call them mountains—how gently they come gliding down from the sky, on each side of the vale-like glen!——

REGISTRAR.

NORTH.

——separated but by no wide level of broomy greensward—if that be a level, broken as you see it with frequent knolls—most of them rounded softly off into pastures, some wooded, and here and there, one with but a single tree, the white-stemmed, sweet-scented birk——

REGISTRAR.

Always lady-like with her delicate tresses, however humble her birth.

NORTH.

Should we say that the "spirit of the scene" is silvan or pastoral?

REGISTRAR.

Both.

NORTH.

Sam! how is it I see no sheep?

REGISTRAR.

Sheep and lambs there must be many—latent somewhere; and I have often noticed, sir, a whole green region without a symptom of life, though I knew that it was not a store-farm, and that there must be some hundred scores of the woolly people within startling of the same low mutter of the thunder-cloud.

NORTH.

How soon a rill becomes a river!

REGISTRAR.

A boy a man!

NORTH.

That is the source of the Woodburn, Sam, that well within five yards of our tent.

REGISTRAR.

How the Naiad must be enjoying the wine-cooler! Imbibing—inhaling the aroma, yet returning more than she receives, and tinging the taste of that incomparable claret—vintage 1811—with her own sweet breath! Whose?

NORTH.

Albert Cay's.

REGISTRAR.

Listen, lads—all around, and above,

"Sounds that are silence to the ear."

I see no insects, yet the air lowly hums—that ground-breath must be that of the grass growing—of the soft unfolding of many millions of flowers—bees utter not a word at their work, but murmur as they fly, for the music is in their wings—yet coming and going, the wilderness can scarcely hear them, for 'tis only when careering round and round some strange object that the creatures make much noise. Seldom have I seen so far and high up, so soon in the season, such splendid moths. But of all life, theirs is the most entirely divested of sound. Fine-ear himself could not have heard that lovely one alight on the stone—still and steady the living speck as a weather-stain, yet shut your eyes a few moments—look, and it is gone!

NORTH.

"Oh many are the poets that are sown
By nature!"

and thou, dear Sam, art of the number; but "wanting the accomplishment of verse."

REGISTRAR.

I occasionally amuse myself with a metrical version from the Greek; and I hope to send you a trifle or two for your next Anthology. We scholars in England liked those articles very much indeed;—you should resume the series. Here is a silly thought from Eubulus.

TICKLER.

Eubulus! Give us the Greek, Sam.

REGISTRAR.

Τρεῖς γάρ μόνους κρατῆρας ἐγκεραννύω
Τοῖς σῶ φρονοῦσι· τὸν μὲν ὑγιείας ἵνα.

Ὃν πρῶτον ἐκπίουσι· τὸν δὲ δεύτερον
Ἔρωτος ἡδονῆς τε· τὸν δὲ τρίτον δ' ὕπνου,
Ὃν εἰς πίοντες οἱ σοφοὶ κεκλημένοι
Οἰκαδε βαδίζουσ'. ὁ δὲ τέταρτος οὐκέτι
Ἡμέτερός ἐστ', ἀλλ' ὕβρεως. ὁ δὲ πέμπτος, βοῆς.
Ἕκτος δὲ μανίας, ὥστε καὶ βάλλειν ποσίν.
Πολὺς γὰρ εἰς ἓν μικρὸν ἀγγεῖον χυθείς
Ὑποσκελίζει ῥᾷστα τοὺς πιπωκότας.

TICKLER (*in amazement*).

Πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης!

REGISTRAR.

Genitive case for the vocative! Oh, soul of Sir John Cheek!—Now, Tim, you smile at my scholarship; but here is old Eubulus in the English tongue.

(*Sings.*)

1.
Three goblets of wine
Alone should comprise
The extent of the tipple
Of those that are wise.

2.
The first is for health;
And the second I measure,
To be quaffed for the sake
Of love, and of pleasure.

3.
The third is for sleep;
And, while it is ending,
The prudent will homeward
Be thinking of wending.

4.
The fourth, not our own,
Makes insolence glorious;
And the fifth ends in shouting,
And clamour uproarious.

5.
And those who a sixth
Down their weasandsare pouring,
Already are bruising,
And fighting, and flooring.

6.
Oh! the tight little vessel,
If often we fill it,
How it trips up the heels
Of those who may swill it!

TICKLER.

Registrar, thou warblest well!—and Eubulus was a trump.

NORTH.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!—Yonder she goes!—see, see, Sam!—flitting along the faint blue haze on the hill-side, across the burn. In boyhood, never could I catch a glimpse of the bird any more than Wordsworth.

"For thou wert still a hope!—a joy!
Still longed for, never seen."

But so 'tis with us in our old age. All the mysteries that held our youth in wonderment, and made life poetry, dissolve—and we are sensible that they were all illusions: while other mysteries grow more awful; and what we sometimes hoped, in the hour of passion, might be illusions, are seen to be God's own truths, terrible to sinners, and wearing a ghastly aspect in the gloom of the grave!

TICKLER.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

NORTH.

She has settled again on some spray—for she is always mute, gents, as she flies! And I have stood right below her, within three yards of her anomalous ladyship, as, down head and up tail, with wings slightly opening from her sides, and her feathers shivering, she took far and wide possession of the stillness with her voice, mellow as if she lived on honey; and indeed I suspect, Sam—though the bridegroom eluded my ken—that with them two 'twas the honey-moon. Have you seen Mudie's British Birds, Tickler? 'Tis a delightful work—and I must have an article on it in a month or two—for Mr Mudie is one of the naturalists I love best—he has studied nature *in the* fields and woods, and by the banks and braes of streams, all up to *the highest* waterfall, beyond which there are neither trouts——

REG

Non minnows

NORTH.

My dear Registrar, these were charming lines you repeated to me last night. Even Tickler would be moved by them.

TICKLER.

I have a thorough contempt for all poetry; and I beg leave to say now, before going farther, that if we are to be bothered with any more lines, and absurd——

NORTH.

I fear, Mr Tickler, there has been some mistake. Pray, have you got in your pocket my card of invitation to the Tent?

TICKLER.

Um!

NORTH.

Not that Sam and I had any objections to your joining us; but as your presence was quite an unexpected pleasure, perhaps, on reconsideration, you will permit the Registrar to grant my request.

[TICKLER *scrapes caddis from his cotton jacket, and stuffs his ears.*

REGISTRAR.

Do you see our vessel riding
At her anchor in yon bay,
Like a sleeping sea-bird biding
For the morrow's onward way?
See her white wings folded round her,
Rock'd upon the lulling deep—
Hath the silent moonlight bound her
With a chain of peace and sleep?

Seems she not, as if enchanted
To that lone and lovely place,
Henceforth ever to be haunted
By that fair ship's shadowy grace?
Yet come here again to-morrow,
Not a vestige will remain;
Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow,
They will watch the waves in vain.

'Twas for this I bade thee meet me;
For one parting word and tear;
Other lands and lips may greet me,
None will ever seem so dear.
Other lands—I may say other!
Mine again I shall not see!
I have left my aged mother—
She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,
There mine own will never lie;
Where the pale wild-flowers are sighing
Sweet beneath a summer sky.
Mine will be less hallow'd ending,
Mine will be a wilder grave;
When the shriek and shout are blending,
Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

Or, perhaps, a fate more lonely,
In some sick and foreign ward,
When my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse or sullen guard.
Be it wound, or be it fever,
When my soul's death-doom is cast,
One remembrance will not leave her,
Thine will linger to the last.

Dearest maiden! thou art weeping!
Must I from those eyes remove?
Hath thy heart no soft pulse sleeping,
Which might waken into love?
No! I see thy brow is frozen,
And thy look is cold and strange;
Oh! when once the heart is chosen,
Well I know it cannot change!

And I know thy heart has spoken
That another's it must be;
Scarce I wish that pure faith broken,
Though the falsehood were for me.
No! be still that guileless creature
Who upon my boyhood shone;
Couldst thou change thy angel nature,
Half my trust in Heaven were gone.

With these parting words I sever
All my ties of youth and home,
Kindred, friends, good-by for ever!
See! my boat cuts through the foam!
Wind, tide, time, alike are pressing,
I must leave my native shore;
One first kiss, and one last blessing—
Farewell, love, we meet no more!

TICKLER (*taking the cotton from his ears*).

I wish, North, you would either fine me in a bumper, or force me to sing a song.

NORTH.

I will do both. Up with your little finger—no heel-taps, sirrah—good—now, Tim, your stave.

TICKLER. (*Tune, the Brown Jug.*)

Though I can't make a speech, yet a bumper I crave,
And I'll give you my toast in an old-fashioned stave—
It is not The King, nor our good Tory Queen,
Nor Army, nor Navy, nor Church, that I mean—

NORTH.

Why, James, it is by no means improbable that you were——

SHEPHERD.

O ye auld Autocrat! But will ye promise me—gin I promise ye——

NORTH.

Any thing, James, in the power of mortal man to perform.

SHEPHERD.

Gi'e's your haun! Noo repeat the words after me—(NORTH *keeps earnestly repeating the words*)—I swear, in this Tent pitched in the Fairy's Cleugh, in presence o' Timothy Tickler and Sam An——

NORTH.

They are not in the Tent.

SHEPHERD.

I wasna observin'. That's delicate. That I wull never breathe a whusper even to ma ain heart—at the laneliest hour o' midnight—except it be when I am sayin' my prayers—dinna sab, sir—o' ony misunderstaunin' that ever happened atween us twa—either about Mawga, or ony ither toppic—as lang's I leeve—an' am no deserted by my senses—but am left in fu' possession o' the gift o' reason—an' I noo dicht aff the tablets o' my memory ilka letter o' ony ugly record, that the enemy, takin' advantage o' the corruption o' oor fallen natur'—contreeved to scarify there, wi' the pint o' an airn pen—red-het frae yon wicked place—I noo dicht them a' aff, just as I dicht aff frae this table thae wine-draps wi' ma sleeve—and I forgie ye frae the verra bottom o' ma sowl—wi' as perfeck forgiveness—as if you ware my ain brither, deein' at hame in his father's house—shune after his return frae a lang voyage out-owre the sea!

[NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD *again embrace—their faces wax exceedingly cheerful—and they sit for a little while without saying a word.*

NORTH.

My dear James, have you dined?

SHEPHERD.

Dined? Why, man, I've had ma fowre-oors. But I maun tell ye a' about it. A bit lassie, you see, that had cum to your frien' Scottie's to pay a visit to a sister o' hers—a servant in the family—that was rather dwinin'—frae the kintra down about Annadale-wise, past by the Tent in the grey o' the morning, yesterday, afore ony ane o' you were out o' the blankets, except a cretur that, frae the description, maun hae been Tappytourie, and she learned frae him that the Tent belanged to a great lord they ca'd North—Lord North—and that he had come out on a shootin' and a fishin' ploy, and, forbye, to tak a plan o' a' the hills, in order to mak a moddle o' them in cork, wi' quicksiller for the lochs and rinnin' waters, and sheets o' beaten siller for the waterfa's, and o' beaten gold for the element at sunset—and that twa ither shinin' characters were in his reteenue—wham Tappy ca'd to her—as she threep'd—Sir Teemothy Tickleham Bart. o' Southside, and the Lord High Registrar o' Lunnon. Ma heart lap to ma mouth, and then after some flutterin' becam as heavy's a lump o' cauld lead. The wife gied me sic a smile! And then wee Jamie was a' the while, in his affectionat way, leanin' again' ma knee. I took a walk by mysell; and a' was licht. Forthwith I despatched some gillies to wauken the Forest. I never steekit an ee, and by skreigh o' day was aff on the beast. But I couldna ken how ye micht be fennin' in the Tent for fish, sae I thocht I micht as weel tak a whup at the Meggat. How they lap! I filled ma creel afore the dew-melt; and as it's out o' the poor o' ony mortal man wi' a heart to gie owre fishin' in the Meggat durin' a tak, I kent by the sun it was nine-hours, and by that time I had filled a' ma pouches, the braid o' the tail o' some o' them whappin again ma elbows. You'll no be surprised, Mr North—for though you're far frae bein' sic a gude angler as you suppose, and as you cry yoursell up in Mawga, oh! but you're mad fond o't—that I had clean *forgotten* the beast! After a lang search I found him a mile doon the *water*, and ma certes, for the next twa hours the grass did na grow aneath

his heels. I took a hantle o' short
fox. But I forgot I was na on foo

Fruid, reested wi' me on Garlet-Dod. The girth burst—aff fell the saddle, and he fairly laid himsell doon! I feard he had brak his heart, and couldna think o' leavin' him, for, in his extremity, I kent the raven o' Gameshope wad hae picked out his een. Sae I just thocht I wad try the Fruid wi' the flee, and put on a professor. The Fruid's fu' o' sma' troots, and I sune had a string. I couldna hae had about me, at this time, ae way and ither, in ma several repositories, string and a', less than thretty dizzen o' troots. I heard the yaud necherin', and kent he had gotten second wun', sae having hidden the saddle among the brackens, munted, and lettin' him tak it easy for the first half hour, as I skirted Earlshaugh holms I got him on the haun-gallop, and I needna tell you o' the Arab-like style in which I feenally brought him in, for, considering that I carried wecht, you'll alloo he wad be cheap at a hunder guineas, and for that soom, sir, the beast's your ain!—Rax me owre the jug.—But didna I see a naked man?

[*Re-enter* TICKLER *and the* REGISTRAR.

TICKLER.

O King of the Shepherds, mayst thou live for ever!

SHEPHERD (*looking inquisitively to* NORTH).

Wha's he that? (*turning to* TICKLER)—Sir! you've the advantage of me—for I really cannot say that I ever had the pleasure o' seein' you atween the een afore; but you're welcome to our Tent—sit doun, and gin ye be dry tak' a drink.

REGISTRAR.

James?

SHEPHERD.

Ma name's no Jeems. But what though it was? Folk shou'dna be sae familiar at first sight. (*To* NORTH *in an under tone.*) A man o' your renown, sir, shou'd really be mair seleck.

TICKLER.

I beg pardon, sir—but I mistook you for that half-witted body the Ettrick Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Ane can pardon ony degree o' stoopidity in a fallow that has sunk sae laigh in his ain esteem as weel's in that o' the warld, as to think o' retreevin' his character by pretendin' to pass himself aff, on the mere strength o' the length o' his legs, for sic an incorrigible ne'er-do-weel as Timothy Tickler. But let me tell you, you had better keep a gude tongue in your head, or I'll maybe tak' you by the cuff o' the neck, and turn ye out o' the Tent.

NORTH (*to the* SHEPHERD *in an under tone*).

Trot him, James—trot him—he's sensitive.

SHEPHERD.

You maybe ken him? Is't true that he's gotten intil debt, and that Southside's adverteezed?

TICKLER (*colouring*).

It's a lie.

SHEPHERD.

That pruves it to be true. Nay, it amaist, too, pruves you to be Tickler. Oh! nae mair nonsense—nae mair nonsense, sir—Southside, Southside—but I'm happier to see you, sir, than tongue can tell—but as the heart knoweth its ain bitterness, sae knoweth it its ain sweetness too; and noo that I'm sittin' again atween you twa—(*putting one arm over* CHRISTOPHER'S *shoulder, and one over* TIMOTHY'S, *starting up and rushing round the circular*)—"gude faith, I'm like to greet." Sam! Sam! Sam!

REGISTRAR.

God bless you, James.

SHEPHERD.

And hae ye cum a' the way from Lunnon to the Fairy's Cleugh? And werena ye intendin' to come out to Altrive to see the auld Shepherd? Oh! but we were a' glad, man, to hear o' your appintment, though nane o' us ken very distinctly the natur' o't, some sayin' they had made you a *Bishop only* without a seat among the Lords, some a Judge o' the Pleas

and there was a sugh for a while—but frae you're beein' here the noo, during the sittin' o' Parliament, that canna weel be true—that the King, by the recommendation o' Lord Broom and Vox, had appointed you his Premier, on the death o' Yearl Grey; but tell me, was the lassie right after a' in denominatin' ye, on the authority o' Tappytourie, Lord High Registrar o' Lunnon, and is the post a sinecure, and a free gift o' the Whigs?

REGISTRAR.

That, James, is my appintment—but 'tis no sinecure. The duties are manifold, difficult, and important.

NORTH.

I wish somebody would knock me down for a song.

SHEPHERD.

I'll do that—but recollect—nae fawsettoes—I canna thole fawsettoes—a verra tailor micht be ashamed o' fawsettoes,—for fawsettoes mak ye think o' something less than the ninety-ninth pairt o' a man—and that's ten times less than a tailor—and amaist naething ava'—sae that the man vanishes intil a pint. Nae fawsettoes.

NORTH (*sings*).

Tune, John Anderson my Joe.

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, when first I saw that face,
You then were quite a beau, Sam, a lad of life and grace,
But now you're turning grave, Sam, your speech is short and slow,
You've got a curs'd official look, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, when Blackwood first began
To try his canny hand, Sam, at each and all he ran—
And you among the rest, Sam, the world was made to know,
A burning and a shining light, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, when in the claret trade,
A customer right good, Sam, unto yourself you made,
But sober as a judge, Sam, you now to bed must go—
Aye, sober as a Chancellor, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, how sportive were the tricks
That on the "general question," Sam, beat Peter all to sticks,
But Peter now will rise, Sam, upon your overthrow—
You're all on *affidavit* now, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, in days of youthful glee,
You sported in the shade, Sam, beneath your mulberry-tree—
But strains of rural love, Sam, you must, alas! forego,
Now "kiss the calf-skin's" all your song, Sam Anderson, my Joe.

Sam Anderson, my Joe Sam, you've been in many a scrape,
But still with wit or luck, Sam, you've managed to escape—
But now your friends, the Whigs, Sam, have taken you in tow—
They've got your head in Chancery, Sam Anderson, my Joe!

TICKLER.

That must be all Greek to you, James.

REGISTRAR.

The less you say, the better, Tim, about Greek. The Shepherd was not with us when I sung a scrap of old Eubulus—but——

SHEPHERD.

I have been studyin' the Greek for twa wunters. Wunter afore last I made but sma' progress, and got but a short way ayont the roots—for the *curlin'* came in the way—but this bygane wunter there was nae ice in the *Forest*—or at Duddinstane either—and I mastered, during the lang *nichts at hame, an incalculable nu o' the kittlest compounds.*

REGISTRAR.

What grammars and lexicons do you use, Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

Nane but the maist common. I hae completed a version o' Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus—no to mention Anacreon; and gin there's nae curlin' neist wunter either—and o' that there's but sma' chance, for a change has been gradually takin' place within these few years, in the ellipse o' the earth—I suspect about the ecliptic—I purpose puttin' a' ma strength upon Pindar. His Odds are dark—but some grand, as ane o' thae remarkable simmer nichts when a' below is loun, and yet there is storm in heaven, the moon glimpsing by fits thro' cluds, and then a' at ance a blue spat fu' o' stars.

NORTH.

The Theban Swan——

SHEPHERD.

He was nae swan, but an eagle.

NORTH.

As H. N. Nelson said t'other day in that noble paper on Pindar, in the Quarterly.

REGISTRAR.

A noble paper, indeed, North.

TICKLER.

I have heard it attributed to you, Sam.

REGISTRAR.

No—you never did.

SHEPHERD.

I'm owre happy to sing this afternoon, but I'm able, I think, to receet; and here's ane o' my attempts on an Eedle o' Bion—the third Eedle—get the teetle frae Tickler.

TICKLER.

Third Idyll of Bion.

SHEPHERD (*receets*).

Great Venus once appear'd to me, still slumbering in my bed,
And Cupid in her beauteous hand, a tottering child, she led;
And thus with winning words she spake, "See, Cupid here I bring.
Oh, take him! shepherd dear to me, and teach him how to sing!"
She disappear'd, and I began, a baby in my turn,
To teach him all the shepherds' songs—as though he meant to learn,
How Pan the crooked pipe found out, Minerva made the flute,
How Hermes struck the tortoise-shell, and Phœbus form'd the lute.
All this I taught, but little heed gave Cupid to my speech;
Then he himself sweet carols sung, and me began to teach
The loves of gods and men, and all his mother did to each.
Then I forgot what I myself to Cupid taught before;
But all the songs he taught to me, I learnt them evermore!

NORTH.

Quite in the style of Trevor, who did such fine versions for my articles in the Greek Anthology. Are you sure, James, they are not Trevor's?

SHEPHERD.

Trevor's? Is he an Englisher? Then dinna let him compete—nor that callant Price o' Hereford either—wi' the Ettrick Shepherd in Theocritus, or Bion, or Moschus, or any o' the Pastorals. Yet they're twa fine lads baith—and gin they were here—they shou'd be welcome to ony geeven nummer o' glasses o' Glenleevit. Here's their healths—Mr Tremor and Mr Rice.

NORTH.

I should like, my dear Shepherd, to hear some of your Anacreon.

SHEPHERD.

Na. Wullie Hay beats me blin'. He's as gude, or better nor yourself, *sir. Gi'es some o' Hay.*

NORTH.

Come, thou best of painters,
Prince of the Rhodian art,
Paint, thou best of painters,
The mistress of my heart—
Though absent—from the picture
Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets
Of dark and glossy hue,
And fragrant odours breathing—
If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead
That crowns a perfect cheek,
And rises under ringlets
Dark-coloured, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows
Nor mingle, nor dispart,
But blend then imperceptibly
And true will be thy art.

From under black eye-fringes
Let sunny flashes play—
Cythera's swimming glances,
Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses
To paint a nose and cheeks—
A lip like bland Persuasion's—
A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious
Let all the graces fair,
Round neck of alabaster
Be ever flitting there.

And now in robes invest her
Of palest purple dyes,
Betraying fair proportions
To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me
The picture of my choice!
And quickly wilt thou give me—
The music of thy voice.

SHEPHERD.

I wunner hoo mony thoosan' times that Odd has been dune intil verse. It's beyond a' dout an extraordinar veevid pictur' in poetry—a perfect *ut pictura poesis*—and the penter had mair sense nor to attemp her in lies after ink.

REGISTRAR.

I like better his Carrier Pigeon.

SHEPHERD.

What for do ye like the ane better nor the other? It's no like you, my Lord Registrar, to hurt the character o' ae bonny poem by sinkin't aneath another as bonny, but nae bonnier nor itsell. In a case o' that kind there's nae sic thing as the comparative degree—only the positive and the superlative—which, in fack, are the same—for the twa are baith equally positively superlative—and if at ae time you dereeve mair pleasure frae the advice to the penter, and at anither mair frae the address to the Dove, the reason o' the difference is in you, and no in Anawcreon—just as your pallet prefers at this hour a golden rennet apple, and at that a jargonel peer.

REGISTRAR.

You are right, James, and I am wrong.

NORTH (*taking out his pocketbook*).

Why, here are some very pretty lines, James, by a young creature not fifteen—and I am sure you will say she is herself as innocent as any dove.

LINES ON A WHITE DOVE.

BY A GIRL.

Emblem of Innocence! spotless and pure,
Sweet bird of the snowy-white wing,
So gentle and meek, yet so lovely thou art,
Thy loveliness touches and gladdens my heart,
Like the first early blossoms of Spring.

There are birds of a sunnier land, gentle dove,
Whose plumage than thine is more bright;
The humming-bird there
But even than they

For purity rests on thy feathers of snow,
Thy dark eye is sad, gentle dove;
And e'en in the varying tones of thy coo,
There's an accent of sadness and tenderness too,
Like the soft farewell whisper of love.

The eagle is queen of the cliff and the wave,
And she flaps her wild wing in the sky;
The song of the lark will enrapture, 'tis true,
When no one would list to my white dove's soft coo,
No one—save her young ones—and I.

Farewell, then, sweet dove! if the winter is cold,
May the Spring with her blossoms appear
In sunny-clad beauty, to waken the song
Of the sweet-throated warblers the forests among,
And the nest of my fav'rite to cheer.

SHEPHERD.

She maun be a dear sweet bonnie bit lassie—and I would like to ken her name.

NORTH.

A gracious name it is, James. (*Whispers it to him.*)

SHEPHERD.

I canna mak out, Mr North, the cause o' the effect o' novelty as a source o' pleasure. Some objects aye please, however common.

TICKLER.

Don't prose, Jamie.

SHEPHERD.

Ass! There's the Daisy. Naebody cares muckle about the Daisy—till you ask them—and then they feel they hae aye liked it, and quot Burns. Noo naebody tires o' the daisy. A' the warld would be sorry gin a' daisies were dead.

TICKLER.

Puir auld silly body!

SHEPHERD.

There again are Dockens. What for are they a by-word? They're saft, and smooth, and green, and hae nae bad smell. Yet a' the warld would be indifferent were a' dockens dead.

TICKLER.

I would rather not.

SHEPHERD.

What for? Would a docken, think ye, Mr North, be "beauteous to see, a weed o' glorious feature," if it were scarce, and a hot-house plant? Would leddies and gentlemen, gin it were ony ways an unique, pay to get a look at a docken? But I fin' that I'm no thrawin ae single particle o' licht on the soobject; and the perplexing question will aye recur, "Why is the daisy, though sae common, never felt to be commonplace? and the docken aye?"

TICKLER.

The reason, undoubtedly, is——

SHEPHERD.

Haud your arrogant tongue, Southside, and never again, immediately after I hae said that ony metapheezical soobject's perplexing, hae the insolence and the silliness to say, "The reason, undoubtedly, is." If it's no coorse, it's rude—and a man had better be coorse nor rude ony day—but O, sirs, whatn' a pity that in the Tent there are nae dowgs!

TICKLER.

I hate curs.

SHEPHERD.

A man ca'in' himsell a Christian, and hatin' poetry and dowgs!

TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

There's nae sic perfeck happiness, I suspeck, sir, as that o' the brutes. No that I wuss I had been born a brute—yet aften hae I been tempted to envy a dowg. What gladness in the cretur's een, gin ye but speak a single word to him, when you and him's sittin' thegither by your twa sell's on the hill—Pat him on the head and say, "Hector, ma man!" and he whines wi' joy—snap your thoombs, and he gangs dancing round you like a whirlwind—gie a whustlin' hiss, and he lowps frantic owre your head—cry halloo, and he's aff like a shot, chasing naething, as if he were mad.

NORTH.

Alas! poor Bronte!

SHEPHERD.

Whisht, dinna think o' him, but in general o' dowgs. Love is the element a dowg leeves in, and a' that's necessary for his enjoyment o' life is the presence o' his master.

REGISTRAR.

"With thee conversing he forgets all time."

SHEPHERD.

Yet, wi' a' his sense, he has nae idea o' death. True, he will lie upon his master's grave, and even howk wi' his paws in an affeckin manner, but for a' that, believe me, he has nae idea o' death. He snokes wi' his nose into the hole his paws are howkin', just as if he were after a moudie-warp.

NORTH.

God is the soul of the brute creatures.

SHEPHERD.

Aye, sir—instinct wi' them's the same's reason wi' us—only we ken what we intend—they do not—we reflect in a mathematical problem, for example, how best to big a house; they reflect nane, but what a house they big! Sir Isaac Newton, o' himsell, without learnin' the lesson frae the bees, wud na hae contrived a hive o' hinney-combs, and biggen them up, cell by cell, hung the creation, like growing fruit, on the branch o' a tree!

NORTH.

I have read, my dearest James, "Lay Sermons, by the Ettrick Shepherd."

SHEPHERD.

And may I just ask, sir, your candid opinion?

NORTH.

The first few glances relieved my mind, James, from some painful fears; for I confess I was weak enough to lay my account with meeting, to use your own words in the Preface, "cases of unsound tenets and bad taste," though I know, my dearest Shepherd, that your whole life has borne witness to the sincerity and strength of your religion. But nothing of the sort has once offended my eye, during several continued perusals of the unpretending, but most valuable little volume.

SHEPHERD.

I'm gladder ten times over to hear you say't, sir, than gin they had been a volumm o' Poms. "A maist valuable little volumm." Comin' frae sic a quarter, that's high praise; but it's no praise I'm wanting, though a' the warld kens I'm fond o' praise—aye, to my shame be it spoken—even the worthless praise o' it's ain hollow-hearted warldly sell; it's no praise I'm wanting, and I ken, on this occasion, you'll believe me when I say it, sir; ma wush is to do good.

NORTH.

And he who takes "Lay Sermons by the Ettrick Shepherd" to bed with him, "a wiser and a better man will rise to-morrow's morn." It is a volume that may be read in bed without danger of setting fire to the curtains. Several successive houses of mine have been set on fire by sermons, and *one*, fortunately insured, was burnt to the ground.

SHEPHERD.

But did ye recover? For ' insurance ack o' every Com

NORTH.

It has always puzzled me, James, to account, not for almost any sermon's almost always setting man or woman asleep in bed, but for almost any candle's almost always setting the bed on fire as soon as he or she has been fairly set asleep. These you perceive to be two separate problems; the solution of the first easy—of the second, perhaps not within the limits of the human understanding.

SHEPHERD.

It's at least no within the leemits o' mine. But the problem itsell's an established fack.

NORTH.

I have tried to solve the problem, James, empirically.

SHEPHERD.

It's lucky you've used that word the noo, sir; for though I see't in every serious wark, I canna say I attach to it ony particular meaning.

NORTH.

Experimentally, James, have I sometimes taken to bed with me a volume of that perilous class, and after reading a few paragraphs—perhaps as far as Firstly—have put it under my pillows, and pretended to fall asleep. But every now and then I kept looking out of the tail of my eye at the candle—a stout mutton-mould of four to the pound—resolved, the instant he so much as singed a particle of nap off my curtains—always cotton—to spring out of bed—seize the incendiary, and extinguish him on the spot in the very basin in which he blazed; but in justice to one and all of the luminaries that have ever cheered my solitary midnight hours, I now publicly—that is, privately—declare, that not only did I never discover in the behaviour of any one of them a single circumstance that could justify in me the slightest suspicion of such a nefarious design, but that in most cases he visibly began to get as drowsy as myself; and with wick the length of my little finger hanging mournfully by his side, have I more than once sorrowed to see a faithful mutton light expire by my bedside—not in the socket, James—oh! no, not in the socket—for that flicker and that evanishing are in the course of nature, and the soul of the survivor is soon reconciled to the loss—but with one side of the tallow continuing unmelted from head to heel—and the tallow a tall fellow, too, James—the spirit that animated him an hour ago, now mere snuff!

SHEPHERD.

You've sae impersonated him, sir, intil a leevin' cretur, that I cou'd amaist greet—were it no for the thocht o' that intolerable stink. I can thole the stink o' a brock better than o' a caunnle that has dee'd a natural death. But I perceive I'm thinkin' o' death in the socket.

NORTH.

Nor will your sermons, my dear James, set the shepherds asleep on the hill—as they lie perusing them, wrapped up in their plaids—for you illustrate—and on the authority and example of Scripture—your doctrines by many a homely image, familiar to their eyes and hearts—and that is the way to awaken the spirit to a keen sense of their truth. Thus in your Lay Sermon on Reason and Instinct—the very mystery you were alluding to so beautifully a few moments ago—(*taking the volume from the pocket of his sporting jacket*)—you say——

SHEPHERD (*affected*).

Ma sermons in his pouch!

NORTH.

——"But the acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all braying at the same time, and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated,—and that is no joke neither. Besides, the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and them that

sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor naked shriveling, —a most deplorable-looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconcilement is fairly made up."

SHEPHERD.

That's ane o' the mair hamely and familiar passages, sir; and some folk may think it souns better in a Tent at a Noctes than it would do from a Tent at preachin', or frae a poopit. And, perhaps, they're richt. But the vera word Lax on the teetle tells they're no for the kirk, but for the study, the spence, the stream-side, or the hill. And waur religion noo-a-days may be learnet in mony a stane-and-lime chapel in Lunnon or Embro', than frae us twa Divines here in the Tent o' the Fairy's Cleugh.

NORTH.

You and I, my dearest Shepherd, must write a book or two together, in alternate chapters, or, if you please, volume about.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir, what a series o' warks in three vollumms, couldna you and me in union write, to be enteetled "STORIES O' THE WAY-SIDE WELL!" The water peeryin' out amang the loose stanes o' an auld stane-wa'—loose, that is to say, gin the ivy didna bind them a' fast thegither, bulgin' as if they were aye gaen to fa', and yet fa'en never, but firm, as the primrosy brae—the clear cauld water peeryin' out here, and oozing out there, and fillin', and aye keeping filled, in a' weathers, however sultry it may be, a free-stane trough, or haply ane o' blue slate, or granite itsell—sae that, stoopin' down, wi' your hat at your feet, you see a face comin' up, as if frae a great depth, to meet yours, and as like yours as egg is to egg; but then, sune as your lips touch the blessed element, the shadow disappearing in the wrunkle dispersed roun' the mouth o' you, a sinful, nae doubt, but at that moment surely a grateful man!

REGISTRAR.

Painting, poetry, and piety!

SHEPHERD.

Day, midsimmer—sun, meridian—nae cluds—nae trees—twenty miles travelled sin' dawn—and twenty mair to travel afore gloamin'—feet-sair—in shoon little better than bauchles—stockins that are in fack huggars—breeks tattered—nae siller in his pouch but twa or three bawbees—pity ye na the poor wayfarer—and feels na he that man indeed is but dust!

NORTH.

James, you are a truly good man—a Christian.

SHEPHERD.

But he sooks up strength frae that spring—strength, sir, believe me, that penetrates to the poor cretur's heart. I dinna mean to say, sir, that poverty directly thanks God every time it taks a drink o' water, or a mouthfu' o' bread. That's impossible; though it's a custom that should aye be countenanced among a' ranks, askin' a blessin' on every meal folk eat sittin'—if it be but shutting the een, muvin' the lips, or haudin' up a haun'. Custom's second nature, you ken, sir; and that apogthegm has mony a pathetic application in a poor man's life.

NORTH.

We shall set about the Series instanter, my dearest Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

There's a sodger wi' a wooden leg stechin' strecht out afore him, that gin he dinna tak' tent, 'll be in the way o' the wheels o' the mail cotch. I *cou'd* tell a story fu' o' strange facks about him—and as sure's I'm leevin' *there is* a female sittin' within two yards o' him, whom I didna see afore —her dusty brown claes bein'

foot, when she and her husband again rise to go their ways. That face was ance a bonnie ane—and it's no unbonnie yet—were ony justice done to it—and it wou'd na be sae waefu', had the heart not known the meesery o' buryin' an only bairn—and leevin' it far ahint her, never mair to see the grass on its grave.

NORTH.

We must.

SHEPHERD.

I see a beautifu' cretur, no saxteen; I hear her sabbin' at the Wayside Well; but she has a babby at her breist, and the thocht o't brak her mither's heart, and the sicht o't drave her father mad—or waur than mad—for the verra nicht she was delivered—(he had been out a' day at his wark—and, you see, he had been telt nathing o' what was gaun to happen by her noo in her grave—for she had died suddenly—before she could bring herself to tell her husband—a stern man, and an elder o' the kirk)—twa hours after her time was over, he stood beside her bed, where the bit lassie, his dochter, lay wi' her wee sweet bonny new-born life atween her breists—and wi' white lips, and a black face, and fiery een, commanded her to rise—some said the Evil Ane had put a knife into his haun', but if sae, something took it out, and hid it safe awa'—and she did sae a' trumlin', and hardly fit to put on her claes—but on, somehow or ither, they were put—and though unable to a' appearance to staun' by hersell, yet, to the amazement o' folk at the doors and windows, she walked awa', without daurin' ance to look back—wi' baith arms and baith hauns faulded across her breist—and whisperin' something wi' a sweet voice, no in to herself, but wi' her mouth breathing on that immortal jewel—sinfu' as she was—intrusted by the Almichty to the care o' her who last simmer used to drap a curtsy on entering the school—for said I na that, sittin' there at the Way-side Well, Helen Irvine will no be saxteen till the First Day o' May! And whare think ye she's gaun? I need na tell the reason—but the silly child—as she keeps sit sittin' there—for fear if she were to rise up that she micht fa' doon, and hurt the breathin' blessing o' God, that is drawin' life from her breist—the silly child is thinkin' o' takin' shippin' at some far-aff seaport, and sailing awa'—I need na tell the reason—sailin' awa' to the wars in Spain!

NORTH.

James, spare the Registrar's feelings——

SHEPHERD.

My Lord High Registrar, I didna think ony thing I could say would hae sae affecked you—but your heart's a' ane with the lowly Shepherd's; and, as Shakspeare says,

"Ae touch o' natur' maks the hail warld kin!"

NORTH.

Ah! James! I wish you had seen Allan's new picture before it went to Somerset-house—POLISH EXILES CONDUCTED BY BASHKIRS ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA.

SHEPHERD.

Whatn' a fine and affeckin'—aye, sooblime, soobject for an ile-pentin', by a great maister like Wullie Allan! Twunty or thretty wild Tartars on lang-maned, lang-tailed horses, galleppin' like mad in the middle distance—in the far-aff distance, a comin' storm o' Siberian thunder and lightning—in the fore-grun', disarmed troops o' Polish patriots, o' a' ages and sexes, that wad fain hae dee'd fechtin' for the laun' ance set free by John Sobewhisky—noo loaded in chains, like gangs o' slaves in the Southern States o' American Virginia.

NORTH.

No, James, no—"When bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,"—it was all by herself—and by a few simple touches you shewed her to us in her spiritual beauty, going and coming from Fairy Land.

SHEPHERD.

Sure anench I did sae.

NORTH.

Allan, James, has conceived, in the same spirit, his Polish Exiles. The

are but one family, but in their sufferings, they represent those of all sent to Siberia, and cold and base would be that heart which melted not before such a picture. Towards evening, fatigue has weighed them down—one and all—on the roadside; but there is no fainting, no hysterics. That man in fetters in Poland was a patriot—in the steppes of Siberia he is but a father!—With humble—almost humiliated earnestness, he beseeches the Bashkirs to let his wife and daughter, and other children, and himself, rest but for an hour! The Bashkirs are three; and he who refuses, does so without cruelty, but, inexorable in his sense of duty, points towards the distance, a dim dreary way along the wilderness, not unoccupied by other wretches moving towards the mines! The other two Bashkirs are sitting without any emotion on their jaded horses, and if *they* be jaded, how low must be the pulses of that lovely girl and that matron, who, with the rest, have travelled on foot the same leagues—unaccustomed—for they are noble—to be thus trailed along the dust!

SHEPHERD.

It maun, in good truth, be an affeckin' sicht.

NORTH.

To my mind 'tis Allan's best picture.

SHEPHERD.

Say rather—"to ma heart." For though the mind, dootless, has something to do wi' a' our emotions, *frae* the heart they a' spring; and on feelin', which is the only infallible way o' judgin', a picture o' emotions, whether in poetry or pentin', *tae* the heart is made the feenal appeal. The feelin' i' the heart then sanctions and ratifies the decision o' the mind; and you hae, as in the case afore us, sae beautifully, and beyond a' question sae truly touched aff by Christopher's pen, after Wullie's pencil, A JUDGMENT.

NORTH.

The poor Poles! I honour them for their patriotism and their valour. All brave men are my friends, Shepherd; and I was proud to have beneath my roof, and at my board, that old Polish patriotic poet, whom his countrymen call their Scott. Sczyrma, too, the brave and bright, thy name I love—to its sound mine ear is true—but to mine eye elusive are the letters—may happier days yet dawn on thee, and may the exile behold again the fair face that once beatified his household! France betrayed Poland, and if England were to speak at all, why was it not by the mouths of her cannon? With Thomas Campbell I would walk to death; and I admire the bold British eloquence of Cutlar Fergusson. James, he is A MAN.

REGISTRAR.

Noble sentiments, North. I always thought you were, like myself, a Whig.

NORTH.

Never. Nor are you a Whig, Sam; but to me Liberty is the air I have ever breathed, and when I have it not, I *will* die. May all men be free!

SHEPHERD.

"Wha sae base as be a slave!"

NORTH.

Some six months since, Sam, Achmet Pacha, the Intendant of the Palace, and the Sultan's especial favourite, set out from Constantinople for Odessa, in order to proceed to St Petersburgh, there to conciliate the favour of the new master of Turkey—a title the Russians eagerly arrogate for their Czar. Achmet was laden with jewels and other costly presents, but that to which the vanity of the Russians attaches most value, was an old sword, selected from the ancient Turkish collection, of which the handle and scabbard, covered with precious stones, was sent to Nicholas as the weapon of CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS, who died, as you know, in the breach, when the capital was stormed by Mahomet the Second. So far the talented correspondent of the Times. Mr Simmons of Templemore, Tipperary, (why not name a man of genius?) the writer—under the signature of Harold—of some noble lines in Maga, entitled, "Napoleon's Dream," saw the letter in the Tin

Fairy's Cleuch. I may mention, that Alp Arslan, or the Valiant Lion, was one of the most powerful monarchs of the Seljukian (Turkish) dynasty. He was buried at Maru; and, according to Gibbon, had these words inscribed over his tomb:—"*O ye, who have seen the glory of Alp Arslan exalted to the Heavens, repair to Maru, and you will behold it buried in the dust!*" His son, Malek Shah, (in the stately phraseology of the same historians), extended his astonishing conquests, until Cashgar, a Tartar kingdom on the borders of China, submitted to his sway—which swept from the mountains of Georgia to the walls of Constantinople, the holy city of Jerusalem, and the spicy groves of Arabia Felix. Soliman, Sam, one of the princes of his family, was the immediate founder of the Ottoman Empire. —Sam, you are the best reader of poetry I know, for a Scotchman. There, —out, and up with them—*ore rotundo*.

REGISTRAR.

O'er the golden-domed shrines of imperial Stamboul,
High rises the morning resplendently cool,
Till that proud double daylight is burning in smiles
On blue Marmora's waters and olive-hid isles.

All Stamboul is astir,—the Imaum's minaret
Is scarce hush'd from the Hu of his godliness yet;
When—your brows to the dust! Achmet Pasha appears
'Mid the thunder of horse and the lightning of spears!

In a tempest of splendour—with banner and tromp,
By bazaar and atmeydan is winding his pomp,
Till it sparkleth away through yon Gateway of Gold,
Like a stream in the sunset triumphantly roll'd.

He doubtless goes forth the Vicegerent of Fate,
O'er some THEME of that despot-dominion, whose state
Shot the arch of its empire's plenipotent span
From the summits of Zion to yellow Japan.

May the head of his Highness be lifted! Not so,
Achmet Pasha is boune for the Cities of Snow,
Where the glow of his grandeur will scarce be deem'd meet
To warm him a way to their Autocrat's feet.

By the God-wielded brand of Red Beder! he bears
The high Heir-loom of Empire—the Falchion that wears
The dark hues of that morning its terrors were humbled,
When the Last Sceptred Roman's last rampart was crumbled!

He transfers the free blade of unkinged Constantine—
Who died as can die but the deathless—divine—
To a son of rude Ruric, that Wasp of the Wave,
The Slavonian who lent us his epithet—Slave!

Oh thou, who, though dead, from thy tomb at Maru
Yet speaketh, till tyranny pales in its hue—
Alp Aralan! crown'd Whelp of red Valour, awaken—
The strongholds of thy dwindled puissance are shaken!

Once more for the flap of thy flag, Malek Shah,
That shook wide over terrified Asia its awe!
Ruthless Soliman,—west from the Euphrates' marge
Again let thine all-blasting cavalry charge!

For the Wolf of the North, the foul battener in blood,
Guttled hot from the marsh where a monarchy stood,
Is panting to couch in his pestilence, where
The lush grapes of Scutari are purpling the air;

And his hordes will descend like the bloom-killing gale,
And as crushingly cold as its hurricane-hail,
To thaw the dull ice from their veins in the zones
Of the breasts whose white billows are heaving on thrones.

Stern shades of the proud Paleologi, come,
And when midnight is stone through the broad Hippodrome,
There pledge to the shroudless Comneni the cup,
Which the Moon-crown'd Sultana, like ye, must drink up!

As for *thee*—the Mistitled—Frail Shadow of God—
On the Janizar's gore-dabbled turban who trod—
And who, casting thy Bigot sires' trammels behind,
Buckled round thy freed spirit the harness of MIND—

Where *now* is that spirit, Lost Mahmoud the Last?
Like the Cross, is the Crescent's supremacy past?
Then up! and let echoing Christendom tell,
That a Moslem could fall as a Constantine fell!

Ho! Leopards of Albion, and Lilies of France—
Let your flags in the breeze of the Bosphorus dance—
Or, by Allah the Awful! if late by a sun,
The Carnatic will stable the steeds of the Don!

NORTH.

You that are a Greek scholar, James, do you remember an inscription for a wayside Pan, by Alcæus?

SHEPHERD.

I remember the speerit o't, but I forget the words. Indeed, I'm no sure if ever I kent the words, but that's naething—at this moment I feel the inscription in the original Greek to be very beautiful! For sake o' Mr Tickler, perhaps you'll receet it in English?

NORTH.

Way-faring man, by heat and toil oppress'd,
Here lay thee down thy languid limbs to rest,
Upon this flowery meadow's fragrant breast.
Here the pine leaves, where whispering zephyrs stray,
Shall soothe thee listening to Cigala's lay,
And on yon mountain's brow the shepherd swain
Pipes by the gurgling fount his noon-tide strain,
Secure beneath the platane's leafy spray,
From the autumnal dog-star's sultry ray.
To-morrow thou'lt get on, way-faring man,
So listen to the good advice of Pan.

SHEPHERD.

Thae auncients, had they been moderns, would hae felt a' we feel oursells; and sometimes I'm tempted to confess, that in the matter o' expression o' a simple thocht, they rather excel us—for, however polished may be ony ane o' their maist carefu' compositions, it never looks artificial, and the verra feenish o' the execution seems to be frae the fine finger o' Nature's ain inspired sell! O how I hate the artificial!

REGISTRAR.

Not worse than I.

SHEPHERD.

Ca' a thing artificial that's no ony sic thing, and ye make me like it less and less till I absolutely dislike it; but then the sense o' injustice comes to ma relief, and I love it better than afore—as, for example, a leddy o' fine education, or a garden flower. For, I'll be shot, if either the ane or the ither be necessarily artificial,

NORTH.

We have had Pan—now for Priapus.

SHEPHERD.

Ye maun heed what you say, sir, o' Priawpus.

NORTH.

Archias is always elegant, James.

REGISTRAR.

And often more than elegant, North—poetical. He had a fine eye, too, sir, for the picturesque.

NORTH.

Near to the shore, upon this neck of land,
A poor Priapus, here I ever stand.
Carved in such guise, and forced such form to take,
As sons of toilsome fishermen could make,
My feetless legs, and cone-shaped, towering head,
Fill every cormorant with fear and dread.
But when for aid the fisher breathes a prayer,
I come more swiftly than the storms of air.
I also eye the ships that stem the flood:
'Tis deeds, not beauty, shew the real God.

[*Loud hurras heard from the glen, and repeated by all the echoes.*

NORTH.

Heavens! what's that?

SHEPHERD.

Didna I tell ye I had wauken'd the Forest? What's twenty, thretty, or fifty miles to the lads and lassies o' the South o' Scotland? Auld women and weans 'll walk that atween the twa gloamings—and hae na they gigs, and carts, and pownies for the side-saddle, and lang bare-backed yads that can carry fowr easy, and at a pinch, by haudin' on by mane and tail, five? Scores hae been paddin' the hoof since morn frae the head o' Clydesdale—Annan-banks hae been roused as by the sound o' a trumpet—and the auld Grey Mare has been a' day whusking her tail wi' pleasure to see Moffatdale croudin' to the Jubilee.

[*They all take their station outside on the brae, and hold up their hands.*

NORTH.

I am lost in amazement!

TICKLER.

A thousand souls!

REGISTRAR.

I have been accustomed to calculate the numbers of great multitudes—and I fix them at fifteen hundred, men, women, and children.

SHEPHERD.

Twa hunder collies, and asses and mules included, a hunder horse.

REGISTRAR.

Of each a Turm.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir, is na 't a bonny sicht? There's a Trades' Union for you, sir, that may weel mak your heart sing for joy—shepherds, and herdsmen, and ploughmen, and woodsmen, that wud, if need were, feght for their kintra, wi' Christopher North at their head, against either foreign or domestic enemies; but they come noo to do him homage at the unviolated altar which Nature has erected to Peace.

REGISTRAR.

A band of maidens in the van—unbonneted—silken-snooded all. And hark—they sing! Too distant for us to catch the words—but music has its own meanings—and only that it is somewhat more mirthful, we might think it was a hymn!

SHEPHERD (*to* TICKLER *and the* REGISTRAR).

Dinna look at him, he's greetin'. If that sound was sweet, in the this silence sublime?

TICKLER.

What are they after now, James?

SHEPHERD.

They hae gotten their general orders—and a' the leaders ken weel hoo to carry them intil effeck. The phalanx is no' breakin' into pieces noo, like cumstrary cluds—ae speerit inspires and directs a' its muvements, and it is deploying, Mr Tickler, round yon great hie-kirk-looking rocks, intil a wide level place that's a perfect circle, and which ye wha hae been here the best pairt o' a week, I'se warrant, ken naething aboot; for Natur', I think, maun hae made it for hersell; and such is the power o' its beauty, that sittin' there aften in youth, hae I clean forgotten that there was ony ither warld.

REGISTRAR.

"Shaded with branching palm, the sign of Peace."

SHEPHERD.

Aye, mony o' them are carrying the boughs of trees—and its wonderfu' to see how leafy they are so early in the season. But Spring, prophetic o' North's visit, has festooned the woods.

TICKLER.

Not boughs and branches only——

SHEPHERD.

But likewise furms. There's no a few mechanics amang them, sir, house-carpenters and the like, and seats 'll be sune raised a' round and round, and in an hour or less you'll see sic a congregation as you saw never afore, a' sittin' in an amphitheatre—and aneath a hanging rock a platform—and on the platform a throne wi' its regal chair—and in the chair wha but Christopher North—and on his head a crown o' Flowers—for lang as he has been King o' Scotland—this—this is his Coronation-Day. Hearken to the bawn!

REGISTRAR.

I fear it will soon be growing dark.

SHEPHERD.

Growin' dark! O you sumph. This is no the day that will grow dark—and though this bold bricht day luves owre dearly the timid dim gloaming no to welcome her to sic a scene—and though the timid dim gloaming has promised to let come stealin' in by and by her sister, the cloud-haired and star-eyed Nicht, yet the ane will gang na awa' as the ither is making her appearance—for day is in love wi' baith o' them, and baith are in love wi' day—sae 'twill be beautifu' to see them a' three thegither by the licht o' the moon "a perfect chrysolite"—and the sky abune, and the glen aneath, and the hills between them a', will be felt to be but ae Earth!

(END OF ACT FIRST.)

Printed by Ballantyne and Company, Paul's Work, Edinburgh.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXIII. JUNE, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

Contents.

Present State of Parties	883
Cruise of the Midge. Chap. IV.,	899
To our Old House Clock,	921
My Cousin Nicholas. Chaps. VII. and VIII.	926
The Sketcher. No. IX.	937
Mora Campbell. By the Ettrick Shepherd,	947
The Church and its Enemies. Letter from a Liberal Whig,	954
The Cæsars. Chap. IV. The Patriot Emperors,	961
Gregory Hipkins, Esquire, surnamed the Unlucky,	981
Aurora. A Vision. Dedicated to Charles Lamb,	992
Christopher on Colonsay. Fytte I.	1002

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

To be published by Subscription, in Three Volumes, post octavo, price One Guinea and a Half,

THE LITERARY LIFE

AND

UNPUBLISHED MISCELLANIES

OF

JOHN GALT.

This Work will contain, in the Biographical part, an account of the origin and circumstances attending the conception and publication of the Author's separate productions, with various Literary Anecdotes. The Miscellanies will consist of Tales in the Scottish, English, and American dialects, with Essays on different subjects; also, various Schemes and Suggestions for Public Improvements, and Poems composed since the indisposition of the Author; together with a History of the Seven Years' War, somewhat similar in design to Schiller's Sketch of the Thirty Years' War.

The Work will be sent to press whenever a sufficient number of Subscribers is obtained.

Subscribers' Names received by Mr BLACKWOOD, Edinburgh, and Messrs LONGMAN and Co., London.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXIII. JUNE, 1834. Vol. XXXV.

PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

Nothing can be more remarkable, or fraught with more important political instruction, than the present state of this country, and the aspect of parties in the middle of the second session of the Reformed Parliament. If any person will take the trouble to consider the temper of the public mind, and the language of the popular leaders, at that period, and compare it with what he now sees around him, he will hardly conceive it possible that he is living in the same age of the world; and still less comprehend the causes which, in so short a time, have led to so violent a transition, and converted the impassioned supporters of popular power at that period, into the violent enemies of democratic pretensions in this. If the language of public men, and the objects of party ambition, have changed, how much more has the public effervescence diminished, and how immeasurably different are the prospects of the country now, from what they were at that disastrous epoch! Much matter of consolation is to be found in the retrospect—much instruction as to the progress of political change in a free state—much light as to the quarter from which alone, in a crisis such as we are undergoing, ultimate salvation is to be obtained.

It is now just two years since the Reform Bill was virtually thrown out by the vote of the House of Lords on Lord Lyndhurst's motion, and the Whigs returned to power after a resignation of a week, on the shoulders of the revolutionary party in the three kingdoms. Let any man revert to the language, the hopes, the terrors of that moment, and he will hardly believe his own senses if he reads, or his memory if he recollects them. It is hard to say whether the Whig nobility, the public press, or the Radical orators, were foremost in revolutionary language and anarchical measures. Resistance to the payment of taxes was openly recommended by those whose rank, property, and consideration entitled them to step forward as the leaders of the people; the swamping of the Upper House by the creation of eighty new Peers was fiercely advocated, and incessantly pressed upon Ministers, by the whole popular part of the public press; treason and sedition openly spouted forth at public meetings, in every great city of the empire, amidst thunders of applause; the emblem of Revolution and anarchy, the tricolor flag, paraded amidst insulting thousands, to whom the glories of the English standard seemed unknown; the Queen of England reminded, amidst radical yells, that a fairer head than hers had rolled un-

der the scaffold; a run with infernal activity kept upon the Bank, which in three days brought society, in this vast commercial state, to the verge of dissolution; and vast assemblages of organized men convened in the great manufacturing towns, for the avowed purpose of overawing both the Crown and the hereditary branch of the Legislature. All this was done amidst tumults of applause from the public press—the Whig leaders and the popular meetings, the whole nation resounded with revolutionary projects—menacing language was in every liberal mouth—Government itself was at the head of the movement—Bristol burned for three days, as a sample of what commercial opulence had to expect from popular fury—the sack of Nottingham Castle warned the Aristocracy of the fate which awaited them—the whole foundations of society appeared to be torn up, and England about to be delivered over to the whirlwind of anarchy, which had so recently laid waste the neighbouring kingdom, and consigned the accumulations of ages, the institutions of centuries, to one common ruin.

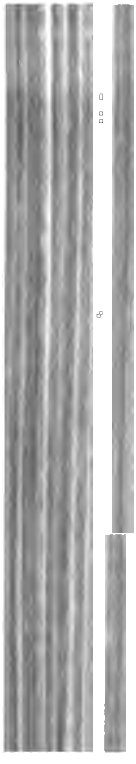
Two years have passed away, and what are the prospects of a country then, to all human foresight, on the borders of a convulsion fraught with unexampled horrors to all classes? That the danger is over, no one will assert: that the seeds of ultimate destruction are not sown, no wise man will affirm; but that the progress of dissolution has hitherto been much slower than was anticipated, or than the progress of the French Revolution gave us reason to expect, is now abundantly proved by experience. The great institutions of society, though seriously menaced, still exist; the Church is hitherto untouched, and its enemies, despairing of success in open hostility, have reverted to the insidious project of undermining it, by sowing the seeds of discord in its protecting Universities; the Funds, the Corn Laws, the right of Primogeniture, the House of Peers, are threatened indeed, but not overthrown; and the *Radical* body in the Legislature, how *formidably* soever increased by the *Reform* Bill, can as yet be kept in *subjection* by a cordial union of the

It is no small matter, that two sessions of Parliament have been nearly got over—the two sessions likely to be the most perilous, from the heated state of the public mind when it first assembled, and the extravagant expectations which were afloat as to the unlimited blessings which were to descend upon society from the Reform Bill—without any of the great institutions of society having been overthrown, or any farther important change having been made in the constitution than the immense one which that Bill effected. It is no small matter, that the fierce collision of parties has exhausted itself, without blood having been shed, or property confiscated;—those cruel and irrevocable measures, which so often render the progress of disaster irreparable, by mixing up private revenge with public passion. It is no small matter, that while the progress of conflagration in Great Britain has been so slow, the downward progress of the Revolution of the Barricades has been so rapid, that the fumes of Republican enthusiasm, by which so many of the strongest heads in Britain were then swept away, have been drowned in blood, and the downfall of the mild and constitutional sway of the Restoration followed by a military despotism so oppressive, and a prostration of freedom so complete, that even faction can allege nothing in its defence, but the necessity of extirpating the very principles on which itself is founded. All this is in the highest degree consolatory; and if it does not afford reason as yet to conclude that the seeds of ultimate ruin were not sown by the Revolution of 1832, it at least demonstrates, that the strength of the patient is resolutely grappling with the disease, and gives ground for the hope, that Great Britain may yet surmount the crisis, and evince, in a green old age, the vigour of the constitution which had so long survived so dreadful a malady.

But if the slow progress hitherto made in revolutionary measures, and the vigour of the resistance opposed by the Conservative party to their progress, affords subject for consolation, how much greater is the comfort to be derived from the altered temper of the public mind, and the

vocates of the Movement now put forth upon all the great subjects that agitate society! That is the material feature; because the influence of public opinion is now so great, and the multitude who are brought to bear on public affairs so immense, that it is in the views and feelings of the great body of the people that we must look both for the elements of power, and the shadows which coming events cast before. Now nothing is so extraordinary as the change in this particular which is observable not only in the organs of general discussion, but the opinions of private men. Open the public and once popular prints—the *Times*, the *Globe*, the *Morning Herald*, or even the *Courier*; and you will find the Whigs now coercing and chastising their former allies with far more severity than the Conservatives ever used towards themselves in the days of their revolutionary triumph. All that was then urged with such irresistible force of argument, and such total want of success, against popular orators, democratic unions, political agitation, public credulity, and republican ambition, by the Conservative organs who had the courage to face the tempest, is now poured forth with an unblushing effrontery by the sycophantic renegades who direct the Ministerial press, against the very men who raised the Whigs to power. As much as they formerly adulated the rabble, do they now reprobate them; as much as they once applauded agitation, do they now condemn it; as much as they then supported Revolutionary, do they now occasionally cling to Conservative principles. The inconsistency of such men is a matter of no sort of importance—the material thing is, that such is either the altered state of society, or the changed temper of the public mind, that they are obliged to have recourse to so disgraceful a dereliction, and feel that Government can go on on no other than Conservative principles. Can it be wondered at that the really sincere and zealous republicans, the men who use revolutionary language, not as an instrument of party, but a means, as they blindly imagine, of social amelioration, are utterly disgusted by such conduct, and openly avow their preference of the Conservatives, who have always opposed, to the Whigs, who have supported only to betray them.

But this is not all. Society is composed of individuals; public opinion, of which so much is said, is nothing but the aggregate of the thoughts of private men,—the loud reverberation of what you hear at the fireside, and discuss at the social board. Now, judging by this standard, how great is the change of general thought within the two last eventful years? We speak not of the decided republicans, the hardened Jacobins, men whom no experience will convince, no suffering reclaim; they will live and die the same, roaring out for equality alike amidst the smoke of the Barricades as the ruins of Lyons; insensible to suffering, inaccessible to reason, equally when the Bastile, in the outset of their transports, unfolded its six inmates, and St Michel, in their close, enveloped its six hundred victims. But abstracting from this insane and irreclaimable class, who fortunately are still a small minority in this country, how great is the change of opinion among the numerous body who were seduced by the flattering language and lavish promises of the Liberals, and now have had their eyes opened to the practical tendency of their measures! If you speak to them of the Whigs as compared to the Tories—of a reformed, as contrasted with an unreformed Parliament, they will probably still revert to their former delusions: but upon the necessity of resisting the Movement in the abstract, putting down O'Connell and the Irish dismemberers, resisting the Trades' Unions, and getting society back to its old and tranquil form, they are as Conservative as heart could wish. They would, therefore, be the first to condemn, in no measured terms, the principles, if uttered by others, which they themselves put forth with such vehemence two years ago. Every person must have seen numerous examples, in his own observation, of this change; men of respectable character, and even eminence in their respective professions, but who, from defect of historical information, were unable to discern the fallacy of the sophisms by which they were assailed, and



than any which have dawned upon it since the fall of the Duke of Wellington's administration.

The effect of this change has been most conspicuous in all the elections which have taken place since the general one which was determined by the Reform mania. Out of sixteen contested elections which have occurred, eleven have terminated in the triumph of the Conservatives, four in that of the Radicals, and one in that of the Whigs. The narrow majority at Leeds, the marked defeat at Dudley, the still more memorable and decisive overthrow in Perthshire, indicate the *increasing dissatisfaction* at their conduct even among the new constituencies—the men who were called into political life by the Reform Bill. The change in opinion among the clothiers of Yorkshire, the ironmongers of Staffordshire, and the ten-pounders of Perthshire, have been equally remarkable. Great must have been the disappointment, enormous the amount of previous delusion, bitter the sense of present mortification, which in so short a period as eighteen months could have produced so extraordinary a result. If a dissolution were to take place now, it is impossible to prophesy the

the dreams of enthusiasm, or the wretchedness of infidelity. If they had not been vigorously met and resisted, the repeal of the Corn Laws would have spread distress far and wide through the whole agricultural classes, through them depressed immeasurably the commercial interests, and rendered the ultimate preservation of national faith impossible from the labouring condition of all classes of the people. They would have destroyed the independence of the hereditary Legislature, by the creation of a hundred new Peers, and reduced the Crown to the disgrace of itself revoking the beneficence of past sovereigns; in other words, submitting to the last humiliation of prostrated authority. With all this we have been threatened, and are threatened; from all this we have hitherto made only a narrow escape; and if the empire has been brought to the verge of destruction by the Reforming, it has been snatched from the gulf solely by the efforts of the Conservative, party.

How then has it happened that a nation, seized as this has been with a Revolutionary fever, and that too of the most malignant kind, has hitherto been spared any violent convulsion? that, abandoned by its Government, seduced by too many of its higher orders, left to struggle alone with the malady, it has survived apparently the worst crisis, and exhibits new symptoms of amendment in public thought which the warmest patriot could hardly have hoped for two years ago? The question is of the most interesting kind, not only with reference to our own prospects, but the great cause of truth and freedom throughout the world; and without pretending either to affirm that the danger is over, or that time has sufficiently elucidated the whole causes which have been in operation, there are three circumstances which appear chiefly remarkable, as having distinguished the progress of this country under the political distemper, from that of other States in similar circumstances, and to the combined operation of which the present cheering prospects of amendment are, so far as we can yet see, to be ascribed.

I. The first of these is the *practical tendency which* the Reforming mania has taken among our people, and its consequent *early* interference with, and severe encroachment upon, the vested pecuniary interests of the most respectable members of every class of society. This is a circumstance of the very utmost importance with reference to the future progress of political change; and here, as elsewhere, we may perceive, that to be exposed to calamity is not always to be unfortunate, and that true wisdom in political, not less than private life, is often to be learned rather in the storms of adversity than the sunshine of prosperity.

That Revolution will ultimately fall with unmitigated severity upon all classes; that the greatest of all sufferers by the changes it induces will be the lowest; and that the children and children's children of the infatuated people, to the third and fourth generation, will lament with unavailing tears the sins and precipitance of their fathers, is a proposition so clearly deducible from principle, and so uniformly proved by experience, that it may be considered as one of the few axioms of political science. Never was this great truth more clearly illustrated than it now is in France, where, after forty years of revolutionary convulsions, the working classes are driven by suffering into annual revolts of frightful magnitude, and the cries of a suffering population are stifled by a military despotism, so severe, that compared to it the ancient rule of the monarchy, with all its faults, was as an age of freedom. But the great danger is, that this truth is perceived *too late* to check the progress of the evil; that before suffering has brought wisdom to the mass of the people, irreparable changes have been made—institutions, the bulwarks of freedom, overthrown in the first fervour of innovation—passions of unquenchable violence excited by the mutual infliction of irreparable injury, and interests inconsistent with the ultimate establishment, either of civil liberty or public prosperity, created by the triumph of guilty democratic ambition. Where this has been the case, as it generally is, with a people delivered over for their sins to revolutionary passions, amendment is impossible, hope is extinguished; and the nation is irre-

vocably consigned to an old age of slavery and degradation, as the natural but not undeserved punishment of the inordinate indulgence of political extravagance. This was the fate of Athens and Rome; this is the fate of regenerated France.

The great preservative, on the other hand, against this melancholy progress, and the only one which can generally be relied upon, as likely to prove efficacious with the great bulk of the people, is the occurrence of such *early* and wide-spread suffering or apprehension in consequence of the commencement of revolutionary change, as may undeceive a majority of the influential classes ere it is too late; and reclaim the prodigal by salutary suffering, before he has strayed irrevocably from his father's home. This is the only antidote at all commensurate to the virulence of the poison, this is the one which, there is a reason to hope, the providence of God has permitted to operate in this country. The fervour of innovation, instead of being all concentrated into one vast and impetuous stream to sweep away the remaining bulwarks of order and freedom, has been drawn off into an infinity of lesser rills, to remedy the real or imaginary evils of the different and highly excited classes of society. This has been a circumstance of the very utmost importance. The weight of the torrent, which presses against the general and important institutions of society, has been materially and providentially diminished by the anxiety of every class to apply an early remedy to its own peculiar grievances, or elevate itself upon the ruins of those by which it has hitherto been overshadowed; and thus the great features of the Constitution are still unchanged save by the Reform Bill, while every interest in the State finds itself assailed by some lesser, but to it most formidable antagonist. We lament the individual distress, anxiety, and suffering, which this universal threatening of private pecuniary interests necessarily produces; but we know that it is unavoidable; we foresaw and predicted *it during* the transports of the *Reform* mania, and discern in its present operation the severe school of

This separation of the mighty torrent of Revolution into a vast variety of separate streams, which are now threatening with detached prostration so many of the greatest and most important interests of the State, may be discerned in the condition and prospects of every profession and class of society. Ask the landowners in what state they now are, and to what extent they find their fortunes improved and prospects brightened by the triumph of the democratic principles, to forward which so many of themselves, both in and out of Parliament, lent their enthusiastic aid: and they will answer, that the dagger is at their throat; that their rents both for corn and grass lands are rapidly and ruinously falling; and that the threatened repeal of the Corn Laws, and reduction of wheat to forty shillings a-quarter, would at once reduce two-thirds of their number to insolvency. Ask the farmers whether they have experienced the benefit which they expected when so vast a majority of their number were swept away by the Reform mania, and they brought in ninety-eight out of the hundred-and-one county members of England and Wales in the reforming interest: and they will almost universally reply, that they have been deceived; that their condition and prospects are infinitely worse than before; that the manufacturing interest has gained a great and undue ascendency by the Reform Bill; that, in the existing state of uncertainty as to the Corn Laws, they can neither enter with spirit into new engagements, nor look forward with hope to the performance of their old ones; that the market is paralysed by the perpetual terror of approaching unlimited foreign importation; that their capital and stock is unceasingly melting away, under the continued fall of prices, and onerous money engagements; and that if they could only turn their effects into money, they would gladly leave the land of their birth, and join their happier brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. Ask the manufacturer in what respect he has experienced benefit from the change: and he will answer, that a spirit of insubordination has seized his work-

tinued, to destroy the very elements of our manufacturing prosperity; that the plague of Trades' Unions has spread universally, and renders all calculation for the answering of orders impossible; that at a time when profits are ruinously low, and foreign competition uncommonly severe, he is assailed with imperious demands for a rise of wages from his infatuated operatives, the only effect of which, if granted, would be to drive the British goods from the foreign markets, and extinguish the sales on which they themselves depend for subsistence. Enquire of the workmen, whether the Reform Bill has brought the age of gold which they were promised, and believed they were to obtain: and they will unanimously answer, that they have been grossly and shamefully deceived; that their wages are so low as to afford them barely a subsistence; and that the time has now arrived when they must take their interests into their own hands, and no longer submit to be made the tools of a party who use them for their own political advancement, and, having gained it, turn a deaf ear to their complaints. Enter the dockyards and the shipwrights' workshops, and enquire into the state of the shipping interest, and you will hear universally that they are in a state of unexampled depression; that the last Parliamentary investigation has proved that they are labouring beyond any other class of society; and that the reciprocity system first brought on them a host of evils, which are now rendered perpetual by the permanent ascendency which the Reform Bill has given to an adverse interest in the Legislature. Ask the shopkeeper whether he is thriving in the midst of the general distress, and he will answer that his profits are rapidly falling; that the diminished purchases of the landed interest and farmers are telling most powerfully on his sales; and that a continued and most vexatious competition from cheap venders struggling to rise into business, or the numerous sales of bankrupt stock which are continually going forward, have, to an extraordinary degree, dissipated the business of that *numerous class* of customers to whom *economy has now* become an object of paramount importance. Ask the lawyer whether he is an exception to the general labouring condition of society: and he will at once answer, that the Reform Bill has utterly annihilated the prospects of two-thirds of his body; that the fever of innovation has introduced, and is introducing, legal changes of the most ruinous kind; that the business on the Circuit is gone, and that of Westminster Hall not a fourth of its former amount; that the independence of the Bar is rapidly giving way under the continued decline of business, and increase of commissions, under the Whig Lord Chancellor; and that the establishment of local courts, and dissipation of the business among the provincial Bar, will effect a total revolution in the legal practice of England. Enquire of the teachers, whether of the young or the professional classes, what their prospects are since the schoolmaster has been abroad, and you will find universally that they are of the most gloomy kind; that their scholars and students are rapidly diminishing, and the pressure from below telling with serious effect upon their fortunes. Enter the parsonage-house of the rector, the hall of the college, or the palace of the Bishop, and examine into the condition and prospects of that most important class who are intrusted with the instruction of the people in the great duties of religion and morality; and you will hear everywhere the language only of gloom and despondency, and perceive a general anticipation of the time, and that, too, at no distant period, when the ecclesiastical Establishment will be destroyed, and the first of Christian duties, the religious education of the poor, left only to the zeal of the sectarian, or the indifference of the infidel. Even the fundholder, notwithstanding the regularity with which he receives his dividends, and the rise in real amount which it has received from the change in the value of money, is not without his own terrors, as well as his less fortunate brethren; visions of an equitable adjustment disturb his most pleasing reveries, and he is consoled only by the hope, that if the Funds go, every thing will go, and that no investment, in such a general ca[illegible]

mity, can be so secure as that which has the tax-gatherer for its collector.

The multitude of interests which are in this way assailed, is producing a double effect of the most important description. On the one hand, it has divided the stream which when united was irresistible; while, on the other, it has awakened multitudes to a sense of the dangers of which they never could have been made sensible by any efforts of argument or eloquence. While their eyes were all fixed on the Legislature—while every imagination was intent on the projects of social amelioration which were afloat, the respectable reformers suddenly found themselves assailed by a furious multitude in their rear; and every man in a superior class saw his prospects threatened, or his income reduced to a half, by the pressure from below in his own profession or line of life. This practical result, and experienced inconvenience of disturbing the settled relations of society, has been and is of incalculable importance. Few can discern by argument the force of objections drawn from history against theoretical innovations; but every man can perceive the inconvenience of losing five hundred a-year, or going with an old coat, from the impossibility of obtaining from the united workmen a new one. The more that apprehension, anxiety, and distrust spread through society, from the extravagant efforts of the inferior class in every line of life to better their condition by the ruin of their superiors, the more certain is the reaction against the ulterior march of Revolution, and the greater is the ground for hope that its progress may ultimately be stayed. The Trades' Unions have done immense good by bringing home the anxiety and apprehension consequent on the fever of democracy, in the first instance, to its noisy supporters in the manufacturing towns. If the whole population of the island could be deprived of a single breakfast, dinner, and supper, from the consequences of revolution in its outset, its dangers would be at an end for the lifetime of that generation.

Much, no doubt, of this practical tendency of the Reform mania be ascribed to the effects of a government long operating upo people, and the habit which conferred upon every class, of ing to their own immediate b from the effect of legislative ations. But much, also, is pro owing to the original charac the mixed race of mankind, of v fortunately for its inhabitant population of the British Isla now composed. The practic bits and methodical ideas o English people have been prov from the earliest times; they probably not so much arisen their long established freedo created it. From the infancy ciety, even in the days of E the Confessor and the Hept this invaluable feature is to served. The laws of Alfred lished in the eighth century a s of social organization far super what nations infinitely farthe vanced in civilisation have bee to produce in the nineteent may reasonably be doubted wh either the Poles or the Irish be brought, of their own fre and without external compulsi establish rational forms of co tional government in their cou even after any degree of publi provement. Certain it is, tha ring the thousand years of the litical existence, they have ma sort of advances towards the ment of it. The French, wi their talent and energy, have directed their efforts toward acquisition of practical advan and, after forty years' convu they are still subject to a pro tax of twenty *per cent*, a most o sive standing army, and vex police,—the great evils whic English would have abolishe moment the Bastile was st forty-five years ago. It is in v explain these diversities by ence in political history or sit alone; powerful as these agen they must have fallen in, in operation, with some agent stronger; and that is, probabl original, orderly, and practical c ter of the Gothic or German of mankind. The conclusion drawn from this circumstan

not that the Revolutionary fever is divested of all its dangers when it falls upon a nation of German descent, but that it is powerfully *modified* by the character of the people to whom it is applied; and it is the part of true political wisdom to observe the peculiar dangers which it threatens, in the novel circumstances under which it has now broken forth, and gather consolation from the grounds of hope which arise from the previous symptoms of the malady in former ages amongst us.

It was in the obvious and inconceivable departure from this principle, so strongly characteristic of the English people, that the enormous danger of the Reform Bill consisted. That there were perhaps some causes of complaint — some grievances which had afforded a handle to the Revolutionists to rear up the discontent which preceded that disastrous convulsion,—is self-evident; and by applying a cautious and judicious remedy to these experienced evils, the Whigs would have conferred real blessings upon their country, and probably have secured a long lease of power to themselves. But, instead of doing this, they instantly set themselves to confer a vast and unlooked-for accession of *political power* upon the lower orders, and stirred up the fiercest passions of the people, from the extravagant expectations which they set afloat as to the benefits to be derived from that prodigious change,—obliterating thus the most valuable feature of the British character, and, instead of the English love of practical improvement, stirring up the French passion for political equality. They threw about firebrands in every direction; but Old England, except in some combustible places, would not burn. The original character and sterling good sense of the people appears to be fast recovering from the delusion with which, for their own purposes, they were overspread by the Government; the ulterior progress of the Revolutionary movement has been modified by the temper and habits of the classes who found themselves elevated to power, and the chance of ultimate salvation materially increased by the early and practical lesson which all ranks have received as to the inevitable effects of democratic elevation.

II. The second great cause of the reaction in favour of Conservative principles, which has taken place during the last year, is the strength of constitution and vigorous resistance to evil, which has arisen from the long-established habits of British freedom.

That the resistance to change is always proportioned to the degree of previous freedom that has been enjoyed—that no country is so easily overturned as a despotic one—and that the habits consequent on the long enjoyment of liberty survive its temporary eclipse, and reappear on the first return of prosperous days—are propositions so uniformly supported by experience, that it was with no small astonishment that every close observer of the times beheld the general tempest in favour of the Reform Bill, which arose upon the promulgation of its provisions by Ministers. The truth is, that the friends of the Constitution and of Liberty, numerous and powerful as they are, were so utterly confounded and astonished at beholding the Ministers of the Crown take the lead in the work of Revolution—the peril which arose from the monstrous coalition of the Radicals and the Executive was so excessive, that they wellnigh resigned the contest in despair, and the work of destruction was long arrested only by a resolute band of determined patriots in both Houses of Parliament, who, undeterred by revolutionary menaces, unseduced by Ministerial influence, nobly fought the good fight, with no hope to cheer them, but that arising from the discharge of duty. The glorious struggle, however, was not made in vain; during the eighteen months that it lasted, numbers were converted by arguments, still more were subdued by suffering; and the first burst of Revolutionary passion, ever the most dangerous, was already over before the Reformed Parliament met.

The notices of motions then laid upon the table were amply sufficient, as the Whigs themselves admit, if carried, to have torn the empire in pieces; but the Conservative party

in the country, ever slow to move, and unprepared in the first onset, but persevering, tenacious, and generally victorious in the end, gradually regained their strength, and, amidst the general obloquy which their obvious incapacity brought upon the Whigs, silently resumed the ascendency over public opinion, to which their talents, their consideration, their possessions, their private virtues, and, above all, the truth of their principles, so justly entitled them. We do not say, that the Tories, as a body, have yet regained their political influence; we are quite aware that they have not as yet done so, nor have we any confident hope, that, without some modification of the Reform Bill, steady or upright principles of government ever can again come into action in this country;—what we maintain is, that Conservative *principles* have again become, or at least are becoming triumphant; that the language of moderation, good sense, and experience, is again occasionally uttered by Government, and generally put forth by their adherents throughout the country; that, though still styling themselves Whigs, they in reality have become more than half-Tories; that their infamous alliance with the mob, to beat down the education and property of the kingdom, is, for the present at least, at an end; and that they are now more terrified at the frantic allies whom they made such efforts to bring into power, than the Conservatives, who, from the very first, foresaw and denounced them. This being the case, there is yet hope for the country; there is hope, because the great but inert mass who were carried away by the Reform mania, and supported Ministers in their Revolutionary projects, under the influence of a perfect delusion, have awakened to a sense of their danger, have broken off from the peril and the disgrace of Radical alliance, and, though still professing themselves Reformers, and swearing by the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, are yet steadfast in their resistance to *those* ulterior projects of innovation *to which* they gladly looked forward *two* years ago, and unconsciously are *now* using the very language and with so much vehemence, as tyrannical and oppressive, when uttered by their opponents during that memorable struggle. What a triumph to the cause of truth! how glorious a monument to Conservative principles, to see that they have forced themselves even upon their enemies, and are regulating the thoughts of those who elevated themselves into political power by their temporary overthrow!

We know not whether it should be ranked among the subjects of congratulation, that the Whigs, as a necessary consequence of this change in public opinion, are fast sinking into obloquy and contempt, and, as a political party, will probably, after one or two general elections, be completely extinct. Every person of common observation must have anticipated this result from their success in carrying the Reform Bill; that suicidal measure, which they looked forward to, as perpetuating for a long period their political ascendency, and which is destined, to all appearance, to be the first excavation of their grave. The reason of this rapid decline is obvious, and may be observed operating, with more or less force, in every party which for selfish purposes has lent itself in any age to anarchical projects. After having achieved their first great revolutionary triumph, they must do one of two things: they must either advance, or stand still. If they do the first, they are rapidly brought into collision with all the great interests in the state; private ruin, public misery, stare them in the face; the dreadful consequence of revolutionary projects is forced upon the observation of the most inconsiderate among them. If they do the last, they are instantly denounced as changelings and deceivers by their former democratic supporters; and under the obloquy heaped on them by the classes from whom they had so long heard only the voice of flattery, they rapidly sink into contempt. The Conservatives shun them for what they have done; the Revolutionists execrate them for what they have left undone; and between the two they fall to the ground. Society is di[illegible] more clearly than ever, by the [illegible]

two great divisions of preservers and destroyers—the peril to all classes puts an end to a neutral body; those who are foremost in the work of the last, can never long maintain themselves at the head of the first. It is the charge of inconsistency which invariably proves their ruin; the practical illustration which their own conduct affords of the falsehood of their principles and the hollowness of their professions, which brings them into contempt; the necessity of facing about and persecuting their former allies, which exposes them to the worst imputation on public men, that of former deceit and present ingratitude.

How long did Neckar and the liberal Ministry who doubled the *Tiers Etat*, and convoked, on revolutionary principles, the National Assembly, continue in power after they were hailed by the unanimous transports of France, as the saviours of their country?—Not three months. How long did the Girondists maintain their ascendency, even after the period when they had 14,000 votes in Paris, and the Jacobins only 22, in the choice of a Mayor for that city? Just six months. How long did Lafitte, the author of the revolt of the Barricades, continue at the head of regenerated France? Where are now the *Doctrinaires*, the authors of that deplorable convulsion? Merged in the authority of Marshal Soult, converted into military despots, the aides-de-camp for carrying into effect the mandates of the war council of the Tuileries. The cause of the rapid fall of all these parties, so powerful and irresistible at the moment of their triumph, is the same, and being founded on principles of universal application, may be always calculated upon in similar convulsions. It is the practical danger of carrying their principles into execution which forces them to pause; the impossibility of maintaining their popularity, if they do so, which proves their ruin. The Whigs are not destined to prove an exception to the principle which drove Neckar into a contemptible exile at Coppet; which forced Lafayette to seek refuge from Jacobin vengeance in an Austrian dungeon; which put a price on the head of Dumourier, the saviour of France; which brought the Girondists to the scaffold; which destroyed Bailly and the Duke of Orleans by the guillotine; which precipitated Lafitte from the height of popularity into public ruin and private insolvency; which has degraded the modern Liberals of France into the executioners of military power. As individuals they may remain in office, for God forbid that they should ever become the victims, as their French predecessors were, of the passions which they themselves had excited: but as a party pursuing its own measures, they must rapidly sink into oblivion; they must either go on and become Revolutionists, or go back and become Conservatives. Let us hope that they have yet courage and principle enough left to adopt, and *go through with*, the latter alternative.

III. But vain would have been all the reaction which had arisen in the public thought, fruitless would have been all the efforts of the Whigs to arrest the torrent which they themselves had let loose, if the conduct of the Conservatives had been different from what it actually has, and they had been influenced, either by the passion for power which actuated the English Whigs in 1831, or the selfish alarms which mastered the French noblesse in 1789. If they had either joined in a factious opposition to throw out the political antagonists who had inflicted such desperate evils on their country, or imitated the French emigrants who abandoned it in despair to its fate, where would now have been the English empire? Revile them as they choose—calumniate them as they may, the Whigs know, at the bottom of their hearts, that it is the courageous conduct, and disinterested patriotism of the Conservatives, which have hitherto proved the salvation of the country, and delivered them from the consequences of the frantic body, whom, by Catholic Emancipation, and the Reform Bill, they have elevated into such perilous importance. Without going farther back than the 6th May, 1834, where would the Whigs and the country have been if the Tories had simply staid away on Mr Daniel

Whittle Harvey's motion on the Pension List, and the majority of 80 against Mr Strutt's amendment had been converted, by their secession, into a majority of ten or twenty in favour of it? By their own admission, they would have been destroyed; a Radical Ministry would have been installed in power; all the great interests of the State would have been overturned, and a decided Revolution established in unbridled sovereignty.* How often, during the last and present session, have they been on the verge of dissolution, and preserved from destruction only by the efforts of the Conservatives generously supporting them in despite of all former discord? How often would they have been fairly outvoted in the House of Commons, but for such support, and driven from power by the very men whom they brought into Parliament? Not once, but twenty times. It was not without reason, therefore, that Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey said in the House, that the real government of the country was to be found in the Honourable Member for Tamworth; it is the support of the Conservatives upon all questions, where Ministers are not revolutionary in their projects, which alone upholds the rickety machine of Government, and preserves the Whigs from destruction at the hands of the very men whom they brought the nation to the verge of ruin to introduce. What a glorious tribute to Sir Robert Peel, and the whole friends of the Constitution, both in and out of Parliament; and what a memorable instance of the triumph of truth and virtue, when a minority, hardly numbering a hundred members, has, in fact, acquired, on most questions, by the mere force of public talent and private worth, a preponderating influence in an assembly convened expressly for their destruction, and under the highest possible excitement against their principles!

It is this circumstance which constitutes the important and leading distinction between the situation of England after the passing Reform Bill, and France af convocation of the States-G Vain would have been all the of the friends of order in thi try in the popular party, if th servatives here had done as t of property did in France, a grated, or retired in despai public affairs, and left the m ment of the State to the Wh their Radical allies, who h vated them to power. The n that Government endeavoure rest the movement,—the insta the obvious danger of their m to all the great interests in th had displayed itself, and force to put a bridle on the march volution, that instant their was gone, and they would hav reduced to a minority in the lature which they themselv created. If the small but re able and consistent band Tories had not existed as a r on whom they could, on all sions, fall back in the Legisl if the numerous, wealthy, highl cated, and respectable Conse party, had not remained un the obloquy with which they assailed, as a rallying force friends of order in the countr reins of power must, in three m after the meeting of the Ref Parliament, have fallen int hands of the Destructive part timid majority of wavering would have gone along wit ruling power, and a complet version of all the great int of society must ere this ha sued.

There is not a Whig throughc land, who is not secretly con that this is the case; there is liberal or candid man of that who will not admit that it is tru that, but for the support of the T they and the nation must er have been destroyed. It is i sible, therefore, to over-estima benefit the Conservatives hav ferred upon their country, by s remaining at their post; disse ting, by the force of their t

* Ninety-six Members voted with Sir Robert Peel on that occasion. If th *staid* away, Ministers would have been in a minority of 16. If they had joi *other* side, in one above a hundred.

and the weight of their characters, the principles on which the welfare of society depends; and replying by deeds of public utility and private beneficence, to the load of falsehood and calumny with which they were assailed by the political adversaries whom they have since so often saved from destruction. To measure the extent of these benefits, we have only to look to France, where, from the flight of the emigrants, the leaders of the Revolution were, from the first, left to struggle in defence of order with the Revolutionists whom they had elevated to power; or conceive what this country would be, if Mr O'Connell, Mr Roebuck, and Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey, were at the head of the Government, the land was prostrated, by the abolition of the Corn Laws, the monied interest by the spoliation of the Funds, the Church by the confiscation of its possessions. If these calamities have hitherto been averted; if the Reformers can still lay their heads on their pillows in peace; if the Whig estates have been saved from spoliation, it is to no efforts of their own that they are indebted for their salvation, to no moderation of their supporters that they owe their safety, but solely to the generous conduct and courageous patriotism of their adversaries that their escape from destruction has been owing.

Every Government that does not, like that of Louis Philippe, rest upon absolute force, must depend either on the support of the property and intelligence of the nation, or on the fleeting fervour of popular favour, or the influence acquired by extensive civil patronage. Their revolutionary conduct on occasion of the Reform Bill, has lost the Whigs the first; their incipient and vacillating attempts to contradict themselves, and become Conservative, has forfeited, or is forfeiting them the support of the second; they are driven, therefore, by absolute necessity, to the last; and hence the numerous, unnecessary, and useless commissions with which they have overspread the land; and hence the real end of almost all their legislative changes. Centralization is the great object; the concentration of all official emolument and influence under their own hand in the Metropolis, and the gradual reduction of every species of local authority or power in every other part of the country. Nothing is too high for them to aim at, nothing too low for them to stoop to, in the prosecution of this design. While, on the one hand, they bring in the General Registry Bill, the object of which was to concentrate all the deeds of the kingdom, and ultimately of the empire, in London, which the good sense of Parliament has just thrown out; on the other, they condescend to grasp at the appointment of Procurators-Fiscal in the several counties of Scotland; and deem the stripping of the Sheriffs of Scotland of their trifling patronage, necessary to the maintenance of the boasted popularity of the Whig Administration. While they stoop with one hand to pick up the appointment of collectors of assessed taxes in North Britain, and take them from the Commissioners of Supply for the several counties, on the other hand, they entertain the gigantic projects of concentrating the whole roads and poor's rates of the kingdom in Government Boards, and vesting in irresponsible Commissioners of their own appointment, powers in the administration of the immense revenues and interests of the poor, greater than are enjoyed even by the Judges of Westminster Hall. The object of all these seemingly multifarious and contradictory, but really uniform and consistent attempts, is the same; viz. to vest the whole patronage of the empire in the hands of Government, and supply, by the attractions and the subservience of office, the want of support from either the Conservative or Movement parties in the kingdom. It is, in short, a design to spread a *Whig India Bill* over Great Britain, and barter away the liberties and privileges of Englishmen, for seats at Boards, and salaries in commissions.

Sensible of the obloquy to which they are exposed on the part of their Radical supporters, on account of the necessary contradiction which their present attempts to restrain the Movement afford to their former efforts to forward it, numbers of the Ministerial supporters have long resorted to the discreditable and cowardly expedient of slinking

off when a vote was approaching in which they were to abandon their former professions, and throwing upon the Conservatives the burden of rejecting, by their junction with Ministers, those anarchical measures which were generally felt to be ruinous, but few of the Movement party had the courage openly to resist. We rejoice to find that the Tories have at length put an end to this disgraceful shuffling; and by making it a condition of their support of Government upon the Pension List, and some other questions where a narrow division was expected, that the Ministerial supporters should stand by their side in the contest, fairly brought to fight the insincerity of the claptraps which they threw out to delude the people, and shewn them up in their true character, that of professors of doctrines, for selfish purposes, at one time, which they know to be so perilous, that they are compelled to resist their being carried into effect at another.

The country is every day more rapidly dividing into parties, and *two only*—the Conservatives and the Revolutionists. The *first mission* of the Whigs is destined to be as short-lived as the reign of Lafitte and the authors of the Revolution of the Barricades, on the other side of the water, has been. The pirate is everywhere hoisting his true colours; the red flag of Revolution is generally unfurled by the Movement party. The Dissenters have, by the mouth of four hundred representatives of their body in London, declared that nothing will satisfy them but a complete separation of Church and State; in other words, a complete separation of the Church from the Church property, and confiscation of the tithes to the consolidated fund. The manufacturing operatives make no secret of their designs; they consist in a forced and most unreasonable elevation of their own wages by means of Trades' Unions, and a total depression of the whole agricultural body by means of the entire abolition of the Corn Laws. How long the Funds, the House of Peers, the Monarchy, will survive such sweeping *changes*, must be obvious to the most *superficial* observer. The peril being *thus* instant and undisguised, half man must be prepared to go the whole length of the Destructives, or join with the Conservatives, whether Whigs or Tories, in resisting them. Nothing else will do; the old idea of going a certain length in Reform, and no farther, will no longer answer either the purposes of patriotism or selfishness.

As nothing can be clearer than that the country is already divided, or is rapidly dividing, into these two great parties, and as the slightest attention to what is passing in the other States of Europe must be sufficient to shew that these, and these only, are the classes into which society is permanently severed, it deserves the serious consideration of every upright and patriotic man, of whatever party, which of them he should now join. If he thinks that all which has hitherto been found to constitute the strength of nations and the safety of individuals can be dispensed with; that the Christian Church can safely be abandoned, and the precedent of spoliation be without danger established in the religious instructors of the poor; if he is satisfied that tumultuous masses of the lower orders are the proper bodies to discuss the intricate subjects of political science, and can safely be intrusted with the power of chaining down their representatives to a particular course on every important subject; if he is without apprehension as to the consequences of ruining our landed proprietors, and all the numerous classes who depend on the cultivation of the soil, by the unlimited importation of foreign grain, and the reduction of its price to forty shillings the quarter; if he can calmly contemplate a reduction of the public creditors, and spoliation of the great Savings Bank of the poor, under the name of an equitable adjustment; without doubt he will give his support in every instance to the Radical or Destructive candidate, and endeavour, by all the means in his power, to advance the march of revolution. But if the reverse of this is the view which is now forced upon his conviction by experience; if he knows that the religious instruction of the poor is the basis of the welfare not only of individuals but nations, and

Establishment, it is impossible that they can receive either adequate or gratuitous information on that momentous subject; if he is convinced that the land is the great fountain of public wealth, and that whatever cripples or paralyses its owners or cultivators, to just the same extent stops up the supplies of wealth by which the whole nation is maintained; if he is of opinion, that Reform, necessary or desirable as he may have esteemed it, when it was first introduced, or still esteems it, has gone far enough in favour of the popular branch of our mixed Constitution, and that to go farther would be to overthrow the balance altogether, and leave us only the name of a monarchy, without either its dignity, its stability, or its protecting influence; then he will give his cordial support to the Conservative candidate on every occasion, and endeavour by so doing to prove that he really desired Reform, and not Revolution; and was desirous of enlarging the basis on which the representation was rested, precisely in order that it might be more adequate to withstand the storm with which the institutions of society were obviously menaced. By so doing, he is not acting in opposition to his former principles and professions; he is, on the contrary, giving them their just and fair application, and only preventing them from being trained to those calamitous purposes with which the enemies of Reform ever charged their opponents, but which none held in such utter detestation as its sincere and enlightened friends.

Let the timid and selfish, the numerous class who look to politics as they would to their own separate estate or profession, consider well also, which class it is now most for their private interest to support. They may readily see that the Whigs cannot much longer stand; that a Government cannot continue for years to go on reeling to and fro as the present, leaning first on the one party, and then on the other, and almost weekly snatched from destruction only by the patriotic devotion of its political antagonists, and afraid of risking a contest even in the quarters where it so recently *received only* the most enthusiastic support. Let them recollect how long the Tories stood, after they adopted this shuffling and timid course of policy; and consider well, whether there are not to be seen symptoms, and that, too, of an unerring kind, of the downfall of the party which lived on agitation, and, by the course they are now constrained to adopt, daily irritate the agitators, without conciliating the Conservatives, or making them forget the dreadful peril to which they have exposed every interest of society. Let them lay this truth to their inmost hearts, that things cannot go long on as they have done for two years past; that the Government must become either decidedly Revolutionary, or decidedly Conservative; and that the dubious particoloured flag of mere Reform will soon be seen at no masthead. Let them recollect, that gratitude is unknown to public bodies of all parties of men for any length of time; that the old cry of the Reform candidate has already become stale; that the point now is, not what candidates or members have done in time past, but what they will do in time to come; and that an election between the two parties must now be made by every political man, because the Destructives everywhere require pledges from their representatives to support measures which at once trench upon many of the vital interests of society. If they are disposed to support Revolution, we have nothing to say to them; the sooner they announce such projects the better: it is always well to know who are your enemies before an encounter begins, and better an open foe than a false friend. But if they are inclined merely to go along with the current, to support the popular candidate, because he belongs to the stronger or ruling party, let them look well to the signs of the times, before they make their ulterior election, and consider whether the decided Revolutionists, or decided Conservatives, are likely to obtain the ultimate ascendency in this country.

For the same reason, the material thing now to look to in the choice of candidates to fill up occasional vacancies in the House of Commons, is not either oratorical celebrity, or

party zeal, but habits of business, and acquaintance with the practical wants and situation of the electors. Ask the electors of Edinburgh or Leith how they are satisfied with their representatives, who are unquestionably men of celebrity and talent, and you will find that dissatisfaction is general, and complaints in almost every mouth. The rapid change in Perthshire must convince even the most incredulous, that the cry of Reform will no longer do; and that it is in vain to attempt to bolster up ineffective or unbusinesslike members or candidates, by an appeal to their doctrines or language three years ago. The great thing to which electors should now look, who wish to resist the ulterior progress of Revolution, is integrity and resolution of private character, habits of activity and business, acquaintance with the local interests of the constituency they are called upon to represent, and the possession of such a stake in the country as forms the best security against acquiescence in those theoretical measures by which all the possessors of property, of whatever party, are equally threatened.

The insolence and inconsistency of the Whigs in consequence of their Reform triumph is really astonishing. They seem absolutely to think that their servile or ignorant partisans in the country will swallow any thing. Not content with trying to thrust a Lord of the Treasury, without an acre of land in the country, down the throats of the Perthshire electors; that even by the signal defeat they sustained in the attempt, they are now disposing of Edinburgh as a close seat, and endeavouring to make a Treasury borough of a city containing 140,000 inhabitants. Sir John Campbell, rejected by the new constituency at Dudley, is to be forced, against their *declared resolution*, upon the new constituency of Edinburgh, and the metropolis of Scotland converted into a decent retiring place, like Gatton or Old Sarum, for Whig placemen and beaten Attorneys-General. The audacity and effrontery of this actually exceeds belief. Can the metropolis of Scotland not find a fit representative among the numerous wealthy and able men, who, we *are told*, support the present Ministers in that country? Where are the Whig lawyers, the *soi-disant* illuminati of the age? Where the clique of the Edinburgh Review, who have been praising themselves and each other with the most laudable zeal and exemplary activity for thirty years? Sir John Campbell was actually proposed and *rejected*, at a great meeting of Edinburgh electors, and a deputation in consequence sent up to offer the seat to Sir John Hobhouse: but in the interim, unknown to them, Sir John Campbell is fixed on by Government; it is convenient for Ministers to have the Attorney-General in the House, and therefore the Edinburgh electors must retract their opposition, convert their groans into plaudits, their hisses into smiles, and bow to the beck of Earl Grey, as if they were a rotten borough, to be rolled over to a purchaser with the title-deeds of an estate. Whether the electors of Edinburgh will submit to such degradation, we know not; we prophesy nothing of a Reform constituency in any great town; but we have the greatest hopes that they will resent the insult; and of this we are well assured, that if they do not, the spirit of independence is extinct in Edinburgh, and the capital of Scotland, as the largest rotten borough in the island, should be put down at the head of the first column of schedule A in the next Reform Bill.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. IV.

"Once more upon the waters. Yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider."

Childe Harold.

We bowled along for half-an-hour, keeping a bright look-out for the frigate, but we could see nothing of her.

"I say, Sprawl, had not we better heave-to, till daylight? You see we can make nothing out as to her whereabouts; mind we do not run past her in the night."

"Indeed, Brail, I think we had better—so heave-to at once, will ye."

The word was passed; and after having given little Binnacle his instructions to call me, the instant they made out the frigate, or the weather assumed a threatening aspect, Sprawl and I went below to secure a couple of hours' sleep, troubled though they might be, before day broke. We had just commenced on our salt junk, and having each of us filled a glass of grog, I was in the very act of hobbing and nobbing with my illustrious ally, when we heard some one call down the after-hatchway. I instantly recognised the voice of Corporal Lennox.

"I say, Dogvane, do rouse out Mr De Walden—I know he is regularly done up, but it is his watch, and unless he is on deck at muster, he will be sure to catch it, and I should be sorry that he did."

"Why, Master Corporal," responded the quartermaster, "you might have put yourself to the trouble of coming down yourself, and awakening Mr De Walden, and so you would have been under no obligation to nobody—but I won't grudge the trouble, so I will do it for you."

"Hillo," we immediately heard old Dogvane sing out, "on deck, there."

"What do you want?" replied Corporal Lennox.

"Oh, nothing, but Mr De Walden is not here."

"Never mind then, old fellow," said Lennox, "he is in the cabin, I suppose."

Here little Binnacle struck in—"Why, Lennox, what are you bothering about; did I not desire you to call Mr De Walden?"

"You did, sir, but he is not below, unless he be in the cabin."

"Well, did you ask the captain's steward if he was there or not?"

"No, sir."

"Ask him now, then, and tell him to say to Mr De Walden that he is wanted."

"I'll tell you what,"—at this moment struck in old Davie,—"I am deucedly done up, so tip me the case-bottle again, and I will make another tumbler of grog, and then turn in till daylight—for even if we make the frigate out, what use is there in"——

"Hush," said I, "what is that?" There was a buz on deck, and a rattling up the ladder of the people from below, and we could hear a voice say, "Mr De Walden! he is not in the berth below,"—another responded, "The captain's steward says he is not in the cabin,"—"Is Mr De Walden forward there, boatswain?"—"No," sung out a gruff voice, sounding low, and mollified by distance,—"no Mr De Walden here."

"Is Mr De Walden aft there?" continued little Binnacle, who had spoken.

"No, sir, no."

A sudden light flashed on me—I trembled, and a chill curdled the blood at my heart, for I had not seen him since we had hove the schooner on the reef. I ran on deck, but as I ascended the ladder, "Pooh," said I to myself, "all nonsense—why put myself into a flurry?" And as I stepped off the ladder, little Binnacle called down the main-hatchway—

"I say, De Walden—Henry—Henry De Walden—come on deck, man—come on deck—this is no time for skylarking—Mr Brail is on deck."

Several gruff voices replied in

below, "Mr De Walden is *not* here, sir,"—"No Mr De Walden here."

The buz increased—"Is Mr De Walden forward there?"

"No."

"Is he below?"

"No, sir, no—no Mr De Walden here."

Old Bloody Politeful, kind-hearted soul as he always was, had now also turned out—"Why, Brail, what is all this bother about?"

"My dear Sprawl," said I, greatly excited, "young De Walden is nowhere to be seen."

"Nonsense," rejoined he; "why, he was standing close beside me the whole time we were crossing the bar, even up to the time when I was fool enough to *spair* my old hat over the masthead."

"And so he was," chimed in Pumpbolt.

"Then beat to quarters," said I—"the gallant youngster never missed muster yet—desire them to beat to quarters, Mr Marline."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the midshipman. All hands turned out promptly.

"Men," said I, "Mr De Walden is missing—have any of you seen him?"

"No, sir, none of us have seen him since the strange schooner struck."

"Have you overhauled the midshipmen's berth, Mr Marline?"

"Yes, sir."

"The whole ship has been searched," said little Binnacle, who had just returned from below, "cabletier, hold, and all. The boatswain and carpenter have been all over her. The gunner has even looked into the magazine. Mr De Walden *is not* on board, sir."

"Poo, there he is at the masthead there," said I; for as I looked up I distinctly saw a dark figure standing on the long-yard, with one hand holding on by a backstay, while with the other it pointed upwards into the pure sky. I was in a towering passion. "Come down, Mr De Walden—come down, sir—*what* is the fun of all this—why, *your* absence has put the whole *ship* in a fuss—we thought you had *fallen* overboard." The dark object remained stock-still. "What can the men. "Do you see any thing at the masthead?" said one to his neighbour—"Do *you* see any thing?" quoth another. No one saw any thing but myself. "Look there, Sprawl—there—by heaven what can this mean—*do* you really see nothing there?" The worthy fellow shaded his eyes with his hand, and kept twisting and turning and rolling his head about, as if it had been fixed on the ball and socket principle; but the object that had fascinated me was invisible to him. Gradually the figure, without changing its position, *thinned*, and anon, like a shred of dark vapour between us and the heavens, the stars were seen through it; but the outline of the form, to my distempered vision, was still as distinct as ever. Presently, however, it began to grow indistinct and misty; and whatever it was, it gradually melted away and disappeared. *De Walden was nowhere to be found.* I looked back towards the dark estuary we had left. The sky in the background was heavy, black, and surcharged, as if it had been one vast thundercloud, but the white line of breakers on the bar continued distinctly visible, over which the heavenly moonlight rainbow still hovered, although gradually fading, and even as I looked it ceased to be distinguishable. As it disappeared and melted into the surrounding blackness, even so vanished all hope from my mind of young De Walden's safety, and remembering the poor boy's last words—"A good omen!" said I, "Alas, alas, an evil one it hath been to thee, poor boy!"

"Call the watch, boatswain's mate,"—and without speaking a word more, old Davie and I descended to the cabin again.

"What saw you aloft, Benjie?" said Sprawl.

I told him.

"I know it is all downright nonsense—there was no one aloft, and I am persuaded it was all a delusion, still"——

"Oh, nonsense," said Davie—"cannot be—you are overfatigued, man—you will laugh at all this to-morrow—but poor young De Walden—he must have fallen overboard when we drove the Don on the reef—God help us—what a melancholy report we

us some grog, Brail, and I will lie down on the locker till daylight."

I was bewildered—my mind from my early youth was tinged with superstition, but, nevertheless, what *could* this have been? For four-and-twenty hours, whatever I might have drank, I had eaten little or nothing, and I began to perceive that I laboured under the oppressive effects of such a recoil, as one experiences after having had the folly and audacity to get tipsy on unaided champagne, without having stowed away a ground tier of wholesome solid food; besides, I now found that the blow on my head, hard and thick as that might be, was beginning to tell, for I was aware that my pulse was feverish, and I had had several attacks of giddiness during the evening. I puzzled myself for half-an-hour in vain, and after I raised my head from my hand, by which time the lamp was flickering in the socket, I saw my brother lieutenant sound asleep, and worn out as I was, I soon forgot every thing, and was as fast as he was.

I was called at about half-an-hour before daylight.

"We see the commodore, sir, about two miles on the lee-beam," said Mr Marline, as he stuck his head into the cabin.

"Very well—I will be on deck presently—how is her head?"

"South-west, sir—but the wind is very light."

He retired—and having rigged with an expedition unknown to all mankind, *barring* a sailor or a monkey, I went on deck.

It was now four in the morning—there were clouds in the sky, but very little wind. In the east, all was clear—the morning star had already slipt her moorings, and was several degrees above the horizon, against which the rolling swell rose and sank with startling distinctness, as black as ink, except where the glorious planet cast a tiny wake on it, and glittered in a small line of silver light;—underneath, as a background, the glow of the advancing sun gradually tinged the sky and every shred of clouds with a crimson flush.

On the other hand, when we looked down to leeward, far in the steamy west, the declining moon hung over the dark sea pale and sickly, as a lamp whose oil had failed. She looked as if she would have dropped at once into the ocean, and the feeble wake she cast through the ascending fog was dull and cheerless. There, however, in the very centre of her half quenched radiance, lay the noble frigate, rolling heavily on the long sea, under her three topsails; now rising distinct and clear against the horizon on the ridge of the dark swell, and again sinking with the liquid ridge until she disappeared, as if the ever heaving waters had swallowed her up. All overhead continued blue, and cold, and serene.

"Mr Marline, bear up, and run down to her."

"Ay, ay, sir."

And the deadening splash and gushing sound of the felucca's counter, as it came surging down on the heaving swell, was soon, but gradually, exchanged for the rushing of the water and buzzing of the foam past us, of a vessel rapidly cleaving the billows.

As we approached, all remained quiet and still on board the frigate. We stood on—not a soul seemed to notice us—we crossed her stern—still all silent, and at length we rounded to under her lee. We were so close that one might have chucked a biscuit into her gangway.

"Are you waiting for a boat, Mr Brail?" at length said the officer of the watch, the old gunner.

"No, no," I replied, "I will be on board presently."

Sprawl was roused out, and in a few seconds we were in our own tiny skiff, and approaching the frigate. All continued dark and dismal, as we looked up at her black hull, and dark sails, and tall spars. She was rolling heavily, the masts and spars groaning, and the bulkheads creaking and screaming, and the topsails fluttering and grumbling, until the noise, every now and then, ended in a sounding thump, as if the old ship, in all her parts, were giving audible indications of her impatience of the tedious calm; while her canvass appeared to be as heavy as if a wetting shower had just poured down. We approached, and as the man in the bow stuck his boat-hook into the old lady's side to fend off, the sidesman handed us the mes-

ropes, and presently we were both on the Gazzelle's quarterdeck.

All was wet and uncomfortable—the heavy dew was dripping down from the shrouds and rigging, and every lumbering flap of the topsails sent a cold shower pattering on deck. The watch had all roused out from the booms, and were clustered on the hammock cloths, looking down on us. When we got on deck, they followed us as far aft on the quarterdeck as they thought they might venture to do, while others again had hung themselves in a variety of ways over the side to get the marrow of our secret out of our boat's crew. The old gunner was arrayed in his pea jacket and blue trowsers, as if he had been in the North Sea, and the red sparkle of the light in the binnacle glanced on the face and chest of the sun-burned seaman at the wheel.

"How is Sir Oliver, and Mr Garboard, and Mr Donovan?"

Any man who has lived in such a climate will evince no wonder at the anxiety and rapidity with which I put the questions.

"Why, all pretty well," said the gunner. "Sir Oliver, indeed, has been ill, but is now better—and Mr Garboard is nearly all right again, he took the forenoon watch to-day, sir. But as for Mr Donovan, why, sir,"—

"Never mind, never mind," said Sprawl; "send down to Sir Oliver, and say that we have got on board."

The man dived, and presently brought a message that Sir Oliver desired to see us in his cabin.

We descended, a solitary lamp hung from the deck above, and lit up the large cabin any thing but brilliantly. It had the appearance of having been newly lit, and wanting oil, for when we first entered it was flaring up like a torch, but gradually declined until we could scarcely see about us. As you have not been below before, I will describe it.

The cabin was very large, even for a vessel of her class, and was not subdivided in any way. There were four guns, long twenty-fours, two of a side, but the devil a stick of furniture in it, with the exception of the table in the middle, and six or seven chairs, two black hair bin, a chest of drawers, and the crimson curtains before the stern windows. The portrait of a lady was the only ornament, a buxom-looking dame, but of the Earth earthy, nothing etherial about her.

The commodore's cot hung well aft, near the small door that opened into the quarter-gallery on the starboard side—the bed-clothes were all disarranged as if he had recently risen; and at first we thought he must have left the cabin as we came down, and walked forward on the main-deck.

"Where is the commodore?" said I to the captain's steward, who accompanied us with a light, but which had been blown out by the opening of the cabin door.

"I left him in the cabin, sir—I suppose he is there still, sir."

By this time the ruddy east was brightening, and the light that shone through the stern windows came in aid of the dim lamp, and we saw a figure, Sir Oliver as we conceived, stretched on one of the sofas that stood between the aftermost gun and the quarter-gallery door, on the larboard side. The man brought two candles and placed them on the table. Both Sprawl and myself had been rather surprised that the commodore did not instantly address us as we entered, but we now noticed that the gallant old fellow was very pale and wan, and that he spoke with difficulty, as if he had been labouring under asthma.

"Welcome, gentlemen—glad to see you back again. I am prepared to hear that you have failed in your object—quite prepared; but I have been down ever since you shoved off, and am far from well yet."

He rose and shook hands with both of us with all his usual cordiality of manner.

"Sit down, gentlemen,—there—sit down. Howard, get coffee."

It was handed.

"You have had some fighting, I suppose—indeed, we heard the firing distinctly enough."

"Yes, commodore," said Sprawl, "enough and to spare of that; but, as you have guessed, we were unable to bring out the polacre—she now lies sunk in the river."

"Well, well," rejoined Sir

by; but I hope you have not lost any, at least not *many* of the people —none killed I hope?—this horrible climate will leave few of us for gunpowder soon—none killed I hope?—a few wounded, of course, I bargain for"——

Sprawl was silent for a minute, and then handed him the return.—"Indeed, Sir Oliver," said he, "I am grieved to tell you that it has been a bad business; we have lost several excellent men, and our doctor's list is also heavy; however, all the wounded are likely to do well."

The commodore took the paper in his nervous hand, and as he read the official account of our adventure, it shook violently, and his pale lip quivered, as he exclaimed from time to time—"God bless me, how unfortunate! how miserably unfortunate! But, gentlemen, you deserve all praise—you have behaved nobly, gallantly. I have no heart, however, to read the return. You have had how many killed?" turning to me.

I mentioned the number.

"And wounded?"

I also gave him the information he desired in this respect.

"Merciful Heaven!" groaned the excellent man—"but it cannot be helped—it cannot be helped. Pray," said he, the tone of his voice changed —I noticed it quavered, and he seemed to screw his words through his clenched teeth with difficulty, all of which surprised me a good deal—"none of the boys—the young gentlemen—none of the midshipmen are hurt, or"——

He seemed afraid to pronounce the word "killed." Sprawl looked at me. He saw that I hung in the wind.

"Why, no, sir," said I, since I saw it was left to me to speak. "Why, no, none of them seriously hurt."

"Nor killed?" said the commodore, affecting to be at ease, as he lay back on his sofa. "I am glad of it—I thank heaven for it. But really I am so weak from this confounded complaint!"

"No, sir," said old Davie, "none of the midshipmen are either killed or wounded, but Mr De Walden"—

He suddenly raised himself into a sitting position, and the increasing daylight, that streamed through the stern windows, and the scuttle overhead, showed that he was paler than ever; the ague of his lip increased, and his whole frame trembled violently, as he said in a weak nervous voice—"Mr De Walden, did you say, what of him? You just now said *none* of the young gentlemen were either killed or wounded." And he looked first at Sprawl and then at me, but both of us were so taken aback by such unusual and unaccountable conduct, that for a second or two we could make no answer.

At length I rallied my wits about me. "You are right, sir, none of the midshipmen were hurt, but Mr De Walden"——

"Mr De Walden again!—what can you mean? Speak out, for the love of mercy"—and he seized my arm, and then shrunk away from me again, and held up his hand, as if he could not stand the hearing of what I might utter.

"Don't say it, Mr Brail; don't, if you regard me, say it;" and he lay back, and held both hands on his eyes, and sobbed audibly.

Sprawl and I again exchanged looks, but neither of us could find it in our hearts to speak.

At length the old man made a violent effort at composure,—"Gentlemen, you will both pardon me; disease has broken me down, and fairly unhinged me; and I could, as you see, cry like a woman. I had, indeed, a very peculiar cause for loving that poor boy. I fancy, God help me" —here the large tears streamed over his old cheeks, that had stood the washing up of many a salt spray—"that I see him now!"

"Where?" said I, somewhat startled. He did not notice the interruption.

"I believe he had not an enemy in the world; I am sure he will be lamented by every man and officer in the ship, poor young fellow. But come, gentlemen, enough and to spare of this"—and he rose up, and strode across the cabin, speaking with a forced composure, as we could easily perceive. "We must all die, in a sick bed or in action—either on shore or at sea; and those who, like him, fall while fighting gallantly, are better off than others who drag through a tedious and painful disease. This is trite talking, gentlemen; but it is true—God's will be

done! Peace to him, poor boy; peace to him."

Thinking he was mad, I several times tried to break in, and disburthen my mind of the whole story; but he always waved me down impatiently, and continued to walk backwards and forwards very impetuously.

At length he made a full stop, and looked earnestly in the first lieutenant's face—"He behaved gallantly, and died nobly—all his wounds in the front?"

I could allow this to go on no longer. "Why, Sir Oliver, young De Walden is not killed, so far as we know."

He gasped—caught my arm convulsively—and burst into a weak hysterical laugh—"Not dead?"

"No, sir; none of us can say that he is dead. He did indeed behave most gallantly through the whole affair; but"——

"But what?" said he—his eyes sparkling, his brows knit, and his features blue and pinched, as if he had seen a spectre—"But what? Mr Brail; for God Almighty's sake, tell me the worst at once."

"Sir Oliver, he is *missing*."

His hands dropped by his side, as if suddenly struck with palsy; his jaw fell, and his voice became hollow, tremulous, and indistinct, as if the muscles of his lips and tongue refused to do their office. When he spoke, it seemed as if the words had been formed in his throat—"*Missing!*"

"Yes, Sir Oliver," said Sprawl, utterly thunderstruck at his superior's conduct—"Mr De Walden is *missing*."

The old man staggered, and would have fallen, had he not caught hold of the scroll head of the sofa. I thought he had fainted, but he gradually recovered himself and stood erect. There was a long pause. At length he made a step towards us, and said, with an expression of the most bitter irony—"So, gentlemen, Mr De Walden *is missing*; the only officer *missing* is a poor young midshipman; a prisoner amongst these *savages*, forsooth; a prisoner! Oh, *God!* I could have brooked hearing *of his* death, but a prisoner, and in *the* power of such an enemy! Oh, has been spared this misery—would that I had also been in my grave before—But, but"—his tone suddenly became fierce and threatening, and he raised his hand close to my face, I thought he would have struck me—"But how came it, Mr Brail—Mr Sprawl, I see, is scathless—but *you* have been wounded, so I *will* speak to you. How came it, sir, that he is missing? He must have been deserted, sir—forsaken—left to his fate—and such a fate!—while you, my worthy lieutenants, were wisely looking out for a sound skin and safety."

We were both so utterly taken by surprise at this furious climax, to what we began to consider the commodore's insanity, that neither the first lieutenant nor myself, notwithstanding all that had passed, could speak, which gave Sir Oliver time to breathe and continue in the same tone of fiendlike acerbity—"If I live, you shall both answer for this before a court-martial. Yes; and if you escape there, you *shall not escape me*."

"Commodore—Sir Oliver," said Sprawl, deeply stung; "by Heaven, Sir Oliver, you will make me forget who I am, and where I am. You do *me*, you do Mr Brail, and the whole of the party engaged, exceeding injustice—the grossest injustice; but I will leave the cabin; I dare not trust myself any longer. I have served with you, Sir Oliver, for seven years, in three different ships, and, to my knowledge, we have never, until this moment, had an angry word together"—and here the noble fellow drew himself up proudly—"and I will yet put it to you yourself, when you *are* yourself, whether in all that time you ever knew me failing in my duty to my king and country—whether, during the whole seven years, you, sir—aye, or any man in the ships we have served in together—can now lay, or ever attempted to lay, any action or deed at my door derogatory to my character as an officer, or that in any the smallest degree sullied my reputation as a gentleman."

This unlooked-for spunk on old Davie's part, startled me, and evidently made a strong impression on the excited nerves of the old commodore; especially as Spra

the tears hopped over his iron visage—"But, if it is to be so, I will save you the trouble, Sir Oliver, of *bringing* me to a court-martial"—he paused for a good space—"Sir Oliver Oakplank, I *demand* it."

The commodore had by this lain down again on the sofa, with his head resting on the pillow, and his arms clasped on his breast, as if he had been an effigy on a tombstone. For a minute he did not utter a word—at length—"David Sprawl, man and boy, I have known you five-and-twenty years; that your promotion has not kept pace with your merits, I regret, almost as much as you yourself can do; but, in the present instance, you knew I had been ill, and at your hands I had expected more"——

"I could not help it, Sir Oliver—I had looked for other things; but mine has been a life of disappointment."

Sir Oliver rallied, and rose, ill as he was, and, stepping up to him, he laid hold of old Bloody Politeful's large bony hand—"Mr Sprawl, I—I beg pardon—illness and anxiety, as I said before, have broke me down; to you and Mr Brail I offer my apology; as brave men I know you won't refuse it; bad health is my excuse;—but neither of you can imagine the ties that bound me to that beautiful—that most excellent boy, young De Walden."

I now thought it was my turn, and made a rally—"Why, Sir Oliver, I am sure that neither Mr Sprawl nor myself would yield, even to you, in regard for him." He shook his head. "Indeed, sir, we both knew the poor boy well; and"—here I plucked up courage, and determined in my own mind that I would clap a stopper on our being ridden rough-shod over in this sort of way—but the commodore, far from showing fight, quietly allowed me to say out my say—"We both knew him well—a finer or a braver lad never stepped; and I fancy, when I say so, I answer not only for Mr Sprawl and myself, but for every man who was with us in this ill-fated expedition. Had his rescue depended on our devoting ourselves, you may rely on it, Sir Oliver, either we should not have been here to tell the story, or he *would* have been alive to tell his *own*."

The commodore once more lay back on the sofa, covering his face with his hands—"Go on, Mr Brail—go on."

"Why, sir, he was with us, safe and sound, until we crossed the bar. I heard him sing out, 'a good omen—a good omen!' just as we jammed the Spanish schooner that had waylaid us, right down on the bank, in the very middle of the bar; but from that very instant of time no man in the ship saw or heard any thing of him."

The old commodore appeared to be screwing up and gathering all his energies about him.

"Never saw him—what—did he fall overboard? Tell me—tell me—*did* he fall overboard?"

"I did not see him fall overboard, sir;" said I, "but after that moment I never saw him alive."

"Alive!" echoed the commodore—"Alive! Did you see him dead, then?"

"No, sir, but I must tell the whole story at once. I have told it before to Mr Sprawl;—but, really, I cannot take the liberty of recapitulating such nonsense."

"Tell it," said Sir Oliver, looking at me with his lack-lustre eye—"tell it."

"Why, sir, I will, although I am quite prepared to be laughed at;" I made a pause, for, to tell the truth, I was deucedly disinclined to say more on the subject. "We had just cleared the bar, sir, when, on looking up, to see how the sail drew, I saw, with his feet spread out on our long lateen yards, a figure between me and the moonlight sky, as like Mr De Walden's as one could fancy any thing."

"Pray, did any other person see it?"

"No, sir, I don't believe any one else saw it."

"Then," continued the commodore, "it must have been all fancy. How had you lived that morning?"

"Why, sir," said I, "we had had neither grog nor wine. I was fairly worn out. Yet that I did see such a figure at the masthead, there was no disputing. I was very weak, I will confess;—but the figure, Sir Oliver, what could it mean? As to poor young De Walden, he must have gone overboard just as we were rasping past the Spanish schooner. He was never seen afterwards."

"Then your simple and only

"Why, Sir Oliver, the man is exceedingly willing, as we all know, but his stamina is gone entirely, and this he is himself aware of. Indeed this morning he made a request to me, which I know is against rule altogether; still, under correction, I promised to make it known to you."

"Out with it, Mr Brail—what is it?"

"Simply this, sir—that you would allow him to act as my steward for the cruise, now since poor little Graham is gone"——

"Why, it is against all rule, as you say, Mr Brail—but I see no great harm in it, if the poor devil be really unable to keep watch—so, at all events, keep him on board in the meantime. We shall bear up, and make sail at noon, Mr Brail; and come on board to dinner, if you please, at three."

I returned with a joyous heart to the Midge—Mr Marline was the officer of the watch.

"Send all the supernumeraries on board the Gazelle, Mr Marline, bag and baggage, will ye?"

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the master's mate, now acting master of the Midge—"shall we send the wounded too, sir?"

"Yes, all hands of them." And I went down to dress for dinner. When I came on deck again, the men were all ready with their bags, in their clean trowsers and frocks, and well-shaven chins, on the starboard side, while the wounded had crept on deck, and were ranged under the awning on the other.

They had all rallied astonishingly, but poor Lennox, who was miserably weak and ill—he looked as if he were dying. Little Joe Peak came up to me, "Am I to go with them, sir?"—"Certainly." The wee mid looked disappointed—and made no answer. Presently he came up to me again, "The men ask if they may give you a cheer, sir."—"Heaven help us, no—no—we have had nothing to brag off, Master Peak—no—no."

But I twigged, on a moment's reflection, what the drift was.

"I say, steward, give the men who are going in the boat a glass of grog a-piece to drink my health." It was done, and the boat shoved off, and I happened to notice Lennox looking earnestly at me. "Bless me, Lennox, I have forgotten you entirely."

"Am I to go on board the frigate, sir?" said the poor fellow, with a weak voice.

"No, Lennox, not unless you choose—the commodore has no objection to your acting as steward, apparently to your wish, until you get strong, as you may remain if you like."

"Thank you, sir."

And I noticed the large tears roll down his cheeks, as he turned his emaciated countenance to the ship's side and wept. I was mightily surprised at all this.

"What can you mean by this, my man? No sham sentimentality with me, my fine fellow."

"Oh no, sir—no—I am unused to kindness, sir, and weak enough, God knows; but really in my present condition, I am unable to do my duty in the frigate—you don't know what a load you have taken from my heart, sir."

"What mean you, man—speak out—no humbugging, sir. If you won't answer me—by the powers"—I approached the spot where he lay—the poor wasted lad had fainted—I called the surgeon, and had him taken below, and as time and tide wait for no man, I now returned to the frigate to dinner.

Mr Garboard, who was by this well enough to be out of his cot, and old Sprawl, along with one of the midshipmen, were, with myself, Sir Oliver's guests at dinner.

The thing went on very much as usual—the cloth had been drawn, and during a pause in the conversation, I asked Sir Oliver "if he knew any thing of Lennox?"

"What—the corporal of marines? Why, no—I don't know much about him, Mr Brail—how should I?" said he, smiling.

"I did not expect that you would, Sir Oliver," replied I, taken a little aback; "but he is certainly a most odd creature." The commodore here rang his bell.

"Gascoigne, send the sergeant of marines here."

"Which, Sir Oliver?" said the man—"Sergeant Lorimer, or Price, sir?"

"Send Sergeant Lorimer"

and trowsers, black cross belts, round hat, with a white tape band round it, and white cords, or lanyards on each side, fastening the brims up to the crown, like tiny shrouds, appeared at the door, and facing us, he made his salute, and put his hand up to his hat-brim, swaying about in the narrow doorway like a statue on a ball and socket.

"Lorimer," said our superior, "what do you know of Lennox—corporal Lennox?"

"Auan!" said the sergeant, not comprehending the question; "beg pardon, sir, but what is your pleasure?"

"Why," said the choleric commodore—"what know ye of Lennox, you numbscull, the marine who is left sick on board of the Midge—where and when did you pick him up?"

"Oh, beg pardon," said the man—"why, Sir Oliver, he enlisted at the depot at Portsmouth about twelve months ago. He had come round in some Scotch steam-boat, and he was then one of the handsomest-looking young chaps I ever se'ed, Sir Oliver; but he seemed always to feel as if the country was too hot to hold him, for he volunteered three times for rather badish frigates, before we were drafted for Gazelle, when you commissioned her. In the small affairs we have had under your honour's eye, he has always, when in health, been a most desperate fellow. He seemed to value his life no more as a quid of tobacco—lately he has become a leetle more circumspect, but he is terribly fallen off in bodily health, sir."

"How came he to be made corporal so soon after joining?" said I.

"Easy, sir. He came under my hands at drill; but I found the first day, that the poor fellow, Scotchman though he was, knowed more of his trade than I did myself, sir—and as I hope I never bears malice, nor envy against nobody, I could not help advertising Lieutenant Howlett, that as he wanted a corporal, no man was more fitterer for that same than Lennox, and so he made him corporal; and if your honour wants any penmanship done, now since your clerk is laid up, ne'er a man in the ship, *always barring my* superiors," here he again touched his cap, "can write running hand like Jack, poor fellow, —and as to spelling—oh my eye."

"Well—well," said Sir Oliver—"but what is his general character?"

"The steadiest man in the ship, Sir Oliver—marine or able. He never missed muster in his life. I never saw him drunk or dirty—the only fault I ever had to him is, that sometimes when the men should have been airing themselves in their best on a Sunday forenoon, he has been known to keep them below until eight bells were fine run—extorting them out of the Bible, Sir Oliver."

"Nothing more?" said Sprawl.

"Yes, he sometimes gives all his grog to his messmates for a week at a time, whereby Bill Swig once caught it at the gangway, your honour—and he does gammon in some foreign tongues, now and then, as if he really and truly had at one time or another been somebody, Sir Oliver."

"And is this all you know of him?"

"All and whole entirely, Sir Oliver."

"Very well—here"——

The commodore had filled a very sufficing tumbler of grog, and handed it to the sergeant of marines. The man *now* unbent—took off his hat as he stept into the cabin—wiped his mouth with the back of his large brown paw, and then looking as sheepish as need be, seized the tumbler in his right hand—"Sir Oliver—and gentlemen all"—and swigging it off, he replaced his chapeau, once more raised his hand to its brim—turned round on his heels, and marched out of the cabin.

About six in the evening, I returned on board the Midge, which had hove too, so soon as she noticed the frigate do so. As soon as I got on deck, and the boat was hoisted up, I desired the gunner, who had the watch, to bear up again, in the wake of the commodore, for whom he was to keep a bright look out.

For a week we had beautiful weather, although the wind continued very light, so that I had almost daily communication with the frigate, and had the happiness of seeing even poor Donovan on deck again. While on board the Midge, as we widened our distance from the abominable coast

all hands seemed to improve astonishingly, so that by the seventh day after we had taken our departure, there was not a sick man in the ship.

The weather had during all this time been invariably fine, but on this Sunday evening, it had become very much overcast right a-head. Sir Oliver had this forenoon, at mine and the youngster's own request, spared me *Mister* Peak, the midshipman already mentioned, a very wicked Irish rascal, but a nice boy notwithstanding. He now stood beside me on the little vessel's deck.

"A very heavy bank that, sir, right a-head as we are steering," said little Joey.

"Very," said I—"but I don't think there is any wind in it, Mr Peak."

Gradually the dark clouds rose up and up, until they reached the zenith—we appeared to be entering into a gigantic black arch, under whose dark shade the frigate, about a mile on our lee bow, had already slid and become undistinguishable.

The breeze was now very light—sufficient to keep the sails sleeping, and no more. Dennis Donovan, who had that morning paid me a visit, to try whether change of *discomforts* might not benefit his health, and I were standing together, leaning our arms on the drum of the capstan, and looking out to windward, endeavouring to detect any indication in the dark sky as to the sort of weather we might expect. I was solacing myself with my cheroot, and Donovan was chewing his cud—quid I mean—when I thought I heard something in the air. "Hush! do you hear nothing?" He suspended his mastication, and I took my cigar out of my mouth, and listened all ear, Dennis all mouth—for I could see, dark as it was, that he gaped, as if he expected to catch the sound by the tail in his teeth. "Again—there!"—a faint distant strain of solemn music seemed now to float over head on the gentle night wind, in a low melancholy liquid cadence, increasing like the swell of an Æolian harp, and gradually dying away again, until nothing but the small rushing of the felucca through the water was heard. Startled as I was, still

"It came o'er my soul, like the sweet

"Benjamin Brail!" quoth the Irishman.

"Dennis Donovan!" said I.

And there we stood staring at each other as if we had seen a ghost.

"Pray, Mr Peak," said old Dogvane, the quartermaster, (in the small vessel it was a difficult thing to avoid being an eavesdropper sometimes,) "what do you think of that?"

"Poo," rejoined little Peak, "the devil, I suppose, is busy aloft."

"He don't often sing Psalms on a Sunday evening, does he, Mr Peak?" rejoined old Dogvane.

The midshipman laughed.

"Ay, you may laugh, Master Peak—you may laugh—but I don't like them kind of sounds thereaway, and, mark my words, Master Peak, we shall either have a gale of wind within eight-and-forty hours"——

"Or *no*," rejoined Joey.

"I say, Donovan, that can't be the band on board the frigate?" My senior laughed outright. "Band—band—why, they might give you a regular *rumpti tumpti*—but such a piece of sacred music as that was, is altogether out of their line—besides, it was vocal, Benjie—it was vocal."

The sky astern of us was as yet perfectly clear, and gradually the thickest of the pitchy curtain *lifted* from the horizon on our weather beam, disclosing suddenly the cold, blue star-light sky, which gradually brightening, with a greenish radiance, gave token that the moon was not far below the horizon, against which the tossings of the dark waves were seen clear and well defined.

"Hillo!—who have we here?" said I, as the black sails and lofty spars of a large vessel, diminished by distance into a child's toy, were hove up out of the darkness into the clear sky, in strong relief against the increasing light of the lovely background, rolling slowly on the bosom of the dark tumbling swell, and then disappearing, as if she had slid down the watery mountain into the abyss whereout she had emerged. Presently the object appeared again, and this time, by the aid of my glass, I made out a stately vessel, gracefully rising and falling on the ever-heaving waters.

Anon, the crystal clear planet, the halo round whose forehead

ready lit up the clearin-

the dark sea, and floated on the horizon like a crystal globe, shedding a long stream of trembling light on the sparkling and tossing waves. Mr Peak at this instant called out from forward——

"The commodore is shewing lights, sir."

"Very well—what are they?"

It was the night signal for a strange sail in the north-east.

"Answer it—but mind you keep the lanterns under the lee of the sail, so that our friend to windward may not see them."

It was done—and I again looked in the direction where we had seen the vessel, but she had suddenly become invisible—the dazzling of the dancing moonbeams on the water preventing our seeing her.

"She must be right in the wake of the moon, sir," quoth Mr Marline; "I cannot make her out now at all."

"Very well," said I—"but the *shine* that makes her invisible to us will indicate our whereabouts surely enough to her, for it is glancing directly on our white sails."

I had in my time learned a buccaniering trick or two.

"How thought you she was standing when you saw her last—when I was busy with the commodore's lights?" said I.

"Right down for us, sir."

"Then lower away the yard, and haul down the jib."

It was done, and we were soon rocking on the dark billows, with our solitary mast naked as a blasted pine.

As I expected, to any one looking at us from windward, we must have become invisible, against the heavy bank of black clouds down to leeward, and, in corroboration of this, the strange vessel gradually emerged from out the silvery dazzle, as she sailed down the glorious flow of bright moonlight towards us.

She was not steered so steadily, but that I could perceive she was a ship, coming down dead before it with all sail set to woo the faint breeze, royals, and sky-sails, and studding-sails aloft and alow. Presently it freshened a bit, and she took in her light and steering-sails—she was now about two miles from us.

The sight was beautiful, and while some of the people were keeping a bright look-out for the commodore down to leeward, the rest of the crew were gazing out to windward at the approaching vessel. I had at no time from the first thought she was a man-of-war. Her sails and yards being by no means square enough; but if I had hesitated at all in the matter, the slow and awkward way in which she shortened sail, must have left no doubt of the fact on my mind.

"There—there again—what *can* that be," said I involuntarily.

"Hillo," sung out several of the crew forward, "hear you that, messmate—hear you that?"

A low, still, most heavenly melody again floated down to us, but louder than before, and died meltingly away as the breeze fell, until it once more became inaudible. Where the sound came from, I could not at first be certain, but the ship to windward, since we had discarded the frigate from our thoughts, was of course the only quarter I could think of from whence they could have proceeded. I listened again—but all was now still—presently the dark outlines of the sails of the approaching vessel became more clear. There was again a long pause, and you might have heard a pin drop on deck, when another solemn melody gushed forth high into the pure heavens. We all listened with the most intense attention. It was the hundredth Psalm—and I could now distinguish the blending of male and female voices in the choir—presently the sound sank again, and gradually died away altogether.

Corporal Lennox was standing near me, indeed so close, that I could not help overhearing what passed between him and one of the quartermasters.

"I say, Peter," quoth the soldier, "did you ever read about the Covenanters?"

"Anan?" *quod* Peter.

"Have you never read about the Covenanters, my man?"

"Can't say as I have—what ship did they belong to? they must have been brothers, I suppose—stop—eh!—let me think—why I did know one of that name in the water-guard at"——

"Oh man, Peter, you are an unenlightened creature — amaist as much so as the brutes that perish— I hope there may not be much expected o' ye at the great muster, Peter, when the archangel shall be boatswain's mate, and all hands shall be piped to answer for their deeds done in the body—yea, when the grey moss-grown grave-stone shall no longer shield the sinner from the glance of the Almighty—I hae a regard for ye, though, notwithstanding —but ye'll forgive me if I say yeer but a puir brute."

"Why, Master Lennox," retorted Peter, "I have borne more from you, my fine fellow, than I thought I could have done from ere a messmate I have ever had, for you have done me more than one service— but"——

"*Service*, man—we yeer *sarvice!* will ye neer gie ower miscaaing his Majestie's English? But weel a weel, and it may not be the last I will render ye, so nae mair about it, man; I meant nae offence, and to say sooth, my mind was away among the hill-fock, the puir persecuted remnant whereof my great-grandfather was an unworthy member, and mony a weary nicht did he skirl up the Psalms on the wet hillside, before he was exalted, with the cauld spongy fog* for a mattrass, and a damp rash bush for a pillow."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Peter at this; "you are always gammoning about old stories, and book-learning; but I have you now, Master Lennox;— your great-grandfather was *exalted*, was he?—that is hanged, I suppose?"

I was a good deal tickled at this, and listened, in spite of myself, to hear how my Scotch friend would brook this insinuation.

Lennox replied, quite calmly— "He *was* hanged."

"Ha! ha! I have you on the hip now, my master," shouted Peter.

"Indeed, man, you are a coorse-minded animal," responded the corporal. "I spoke in yae sense metaphorically, and alluded to his reward in Heaven—where I have nae doubt he went—but, leeterally, I will no deny, in another, for he was in verity hanged by that villain Lauderdale in the Lawnmarket, and sang this very hundredth Psalm, that you have heard raised on board that vessel"——

"What, the whole of it?" interrupted honest Peter.

"Aye, the whole of it, from stem to stern, on the scaffold."

Here poor Lennox's voice fell a little, so that honest Peter, thinking that the disclosure of his great-grandfather's *exaltation*, which, in his innocence, he considered he had cleverly wrung from him, was giving him pain, stung out, in what was meant for a consolatory tone— "Never mind, Lennox, mon—don't mind; better men have been hanged than your grandfather;—but what was it for, mon?"—his curiosity combating with his kindly feelings.

"I dare say something the poor fellow had done in his drink; some unfortunate blow or thrust, that rid the world of a vagabond, or a little bit of forgetfulness in signing another man's name for his own, eh?"

"Why, freend Peter," chimed in Lennox, "since ye crack me crowns —who may *yeer* great-grandfather hae been—tell me that?"

Peter was rather caught. He twisted himself about. "My father I know—I am sure I had a father, and a grandfather too, I suppose; but, as to a great-grandfather"——

"I say, Peter, my man, 'never cudgel yeer brains aboot it,' as Shakspeare hath it; and never again disparage a man wha can authentically show you that he had a great-grandfather, even although he had the misfortune to be hanged, until ye can honestly tell whether ye ever had a grandfather or no at all. But *none* of these brought him to his end, noo since ye maun *ken*."

"Well, well, I hope it was not for stealing," said honest Peter, bearing no malice; "that's a low vice, you knows, Lennox."

"It was not," said the corporal, energetically—"No, it was because he worshipped God according to his conscience, and refused to bow down before"——

"The strange sail is keeping away, sir, and will go a-head o' us if we

don't bear up," sung out Mr Marline from forward.

She was now within a mile of us, or less, rolling heavily from side to side, on the long black swell. It was once more almost calm.

"Hoist away the sail again," said I; "and let us overhaul her."

It was done, and as the white canvass spread out high into the night air, on the long elastic yard, the clear moon shone brightly on it. We became instantly visible to those on board of the ship; for we could see there was a bustle on board, and we heard the sound of pulling and hauling, and the rattling of the cordage, the blocks and gear squeaking, and the yards cheeping against the masts, as they were being braced round. We could see they were making more sail, as if desirous of eschewing our company. We stood on, and presently fired a gun across her bows, as a hint to heave-to; but, in place of its being taken, it was promptly returned, the shot whistling over our masthead.

"Hey-day; Mr Wadding, you had better open the magazine," said I; "and beat to quarters, Mr Marline, if you please."

"Surely a craft manned by parsons, or singing men and women, don't mean to fight, Dick?" said little Joe Peak to Mr Marline.

"Hush, Joe, will ye," quoth his senior; "don't you see Mr Brail is on deck? But *entrez nous*, my lad, if this Psalm-singing don't stir up a gale of wind before four-and-twenty hours, I shall be exceedingly surprised."

"Poo, poo; you have been taking a leaf out of Dogvane's book," quoth Joey.

All seamen, it is well known, have a great repugnance to sail with a parson on board—that is, if he be a tortoise, or stray land parson. As for the regular chaplain, Lord love you, he is altogether another kind of affair—he being his Majesty's officer in one sense.

When we had again made sail, our friend Peter set to Lennox once more—"You are above them things, I knows, Lennox; but I thinks along with Mr Peak there, that these Psalm-singing folks will bring us bad weather, as *sure as a gun*."

"*Hoot, nonsense*, mony a skart has skirled, and naething followed. Peter, ye're a superstitious fule,—now why should a clergyman being on board prove a bad omen? Why should a storm arise because a priest is part of the cargo?"

"Oh!" persisted Peter, "it depends on the kind of *character* he may have. If he is no better than he should be, why I don't care if we shipped a dozen on 'em, but a real vartuous clergyman is a very dangerous subject to the barky and all on board, take Peter Quid's word for it."

"Ay, indeed?" said Lennox—"and the greater rogue the greater safety—the more excellent his character the greater danger?"

"Just so," quoth Callaghan, the Irishman whose tobacco had so plagued him when he was wounded, and who came on deck with his head tied up, "and I'll give you a sufficing reason why it should be so. You sees, ould Davie, I don't mean Mr Sprawl, is always on the look-out for betterer sowls, as it were—why, he cares no more than a frosted potato for such poor devils, such sure bargains as Jack Lennox and me, now"——

"Speak for yourself, friend Callaghan," rejoined the corporal.

"And so I do to be sure, and you being a friend, I am willing to spake for ye too, ye spalpeen; so, as I was saying, he can have bushelsful such as we, whenever he chooses, as regular as we gets our grog and grub. We are his every-day meals; but when he can catch a parson—ah—he puts himself to some trouble to catch a parson; and so, you see, if you have not a regular snifter before to-morrow night, may I"——

"Silence there," I sung out, not quite satisfied with myself at having so long played the eavesdropper. "Silence, and go to stations, will ye?"

Every thing again relapsed into its former calm, the vessel approached, and to prevent her crossing our bows, as she came down within pistol shot, we edged away, and finally bore up almost alongside of her.

"Ho—the ship a-hoy!"

"Hillo!"

"What ship is that?"

This was answered Scotch fashion —"What felucca is that?"

I did not choose to stand on

ceremony, so, to save bother, I replied, "The tender to his Britannic Majesty's ship Gazelle. So heave-to, and I will send a boat on board of you."

The strange sail, however, kept all fast, and stood steadily on his course.

"If you don't shorten sail, and round-to, I will fire into you?"

Another long pause—my patience was fast evaporating, and "all ready with the gun there?" was already on my tongue, when the stranger again hailed.

"What ship is that down to leeward there?"

"The Gazelle," was the answer.

The skipper now saw, whether we were honest or not, that he had no chance of escape, especially as he perceived that the Midge sailed nearly two feet for his one, so he immediately shortened sail and hove-to, and the next minute saw me alongside; I ascended the side; when I got on deck, we found the ship in a regular bustle—three carronades had been cast loose, round which the scanty crew, mustering some thirty hands, were clustered; but oh, the labyrinth of slack ropes, and the confusion altogether, and the ill-trimmed sails, and the danger to the shins from misplaced wadding tubs, and stray spunges, and rammers, not to forget the vagaries of three or four twelve-pound shot, that had fetched way, and were pursuing their devious courses at every roll, across and athwart, forward, and back again.

Two stout-looking young fellows, with drawn cutlasses, stood at each side of the gangway as we entered.

"Why didn't you heave-to, sir, at once?"

"Because, sir," said the master of the vessel, who received me at the gangway, "I had serious suspicions as to who or what you were. I now see I was mistaken; and the sure proof that I was so, is, that you appear not to have taken offence at my incredulity, in the first instance."

"Well—well," said I, "what ship is this?"

"The Hermes, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, with an assorted cargo. Will you please step below, and look at my papers, sir?"

finding myself in the cabin, I was somewhat startled to perceive that the two men who had done me the honour to receive me with naked weapons at the side, had followed me below. The eldest and tallest of the two was about thirty, as near as I could judge, a dark, sunburned, very powerful man, with a very determined, but not unpleasing expression. The other was nearly as tall, but slighter, and of a very pale complexion. Both were dressed in white trowsers and check shirts, without any other garment whatsoever. Who they were, I could not divine. They were not seamen, I at once made out. "Oh, passengers, I suppose."

I was much struck with the very handsome figure of the master of the vessel, who sat down directly opposite me.

There was a lamp burning brightly overhead, that hung down between us over the table, which cast a bright light on his face and figure.

He might have been fifty years of age, very bald, but what hair he had curled short and crisp over his ears, as black as jet, as were his eyebrows and whiskers, without the blemish of one single grey hair. He was dressed in white trowsers, a check-shirt, and blue jacket. His features were remarkably fine; teeth good; eye dark and sparkling; and a forehead high and broad.

The cabin appeared to be exceedingly comfortably, without being gaudily, furnished; and there were several shawls, and sundry miscellaneous gloves and bonnets, lying about the lockers, indicating that there must be lady passengers on board.

I found all the papers right, so far as the cargo went, and then glanced at the list of the passengers. There was the Reverend William This, and the Reverend James That, and the Reverend Thomas Such-a-thing, and Mrs So-and-so, and Mrs Thingamy.

"I see you are busy with the list of my passengers;—but won't you take a little wine and water, sir?"

I bowed, and the steward immediately placed wine and glasses, and some biscuit, on the table.

"They are missionaries, sir, for the back settlements at the Moravians, I believe, you

for the denomination which their peculiar tenets have acquired for them, so long as I can say this, that a more amiable set of people I never have come across, sir; and, man and boy, I have been to sea in passenger-carrying merchant craft for six-and-thirty years."

I now, at his request, gave the correct latitude; when, finding himself farther to the eastward than he expected, he asked leave to keep company with us for a couple of days, as a protection against the visits of the contraband traders. I told him the course we were steering, which, he said, would suit, although a little too westerly for him. I then rose to depart, and wished the skipper good-night.

"It is dead calm now, sir," said he; "possibly you will do me the favour to allow me to introduce you to my *family*, as I call my Moravian friends. They are all at tea, I believe, in the round-house, on deck."

As I stept off the ladder, I saw that he was right, that it was, in fact, quite calm; and there was the little Midge, close to, with her long taper yard wallopping about, and the sail giving a floundering flap every now and then, as she rolled about on the heave of the sea.

"Mr Marline," I was so near that I had no use for a speaking-trumpet, "keep close to, if you please—I will be on board presently."

"Ay, ay, sir."

I then turned to mine host, and followed him towards the round-house, which was built on deck, with a small gangway all round it, along which the tiller ropes led, the wheel being situated under the small projecting canopy of it, facing the quarterdeck.

All had been dark when I came on deck—the only light being the one in the binnacle, but now the round-house was very handsomely lit up by two lamps hung from the roof, which shone brilliantly through the open door and the two windows that looked towards the quarterdeck. The wheel, with the sailor who was steering standing by it, was right in the wake of the stream of light from the door. It was striking to see his athletic figure, and the rim and spokes of the wheel, his right hand grasping one of the lower spokes, while the left clutched the uppermost, on which his cheek rested, the jerk of the rudder in the calm twitching his head first on this side, then on t'other.

But the scene within—I will never forget it. The round-house was a room, as near as might be, sixteen feet long, and about fourteen feet broad at the end next the quarterdeck, narrowing to ten feet wide, at the aftermost part. On each side there were two sofas, and between each of the sofas two doors, that appeared to open into state-rooms, and two shorter sofas ran across the aftermost part, between which was a neat brass cabin grate, now tastefully filled with a splendid bouquet of artificial flowers. In the centre of the cabin there was a long table, on which stood a tea equipage, the grateful vapour whirling up from a massive tea-pot.

A venerable-looking old man, dressed in a large grey frieze night-gown, with a black velvet cap on his head, from beneath which long white locks escaped and spread over his shoulders, sat directly fronting the door on one of the sofas that ran athwart ships.

He had been reading apparently in a large Bible, that now lay closed before him, on which one of his elbows rested, and on which his spectacles lay. I had never seen a more benign eye, and his serene high features, whose healthy hue betokened a green old age, were now, as I looked, lit up into the most bland and beneficent expression, as with lips apart, disclosing a regular set of teeth, he smiled on a darling little half-naked cherub of a child about two years and a half old, that sat on the table beside him, playing with his white hairs.

The child was a lovely little chubby fellow, a most beautiful fair-skinned and fair-haired boy, with no clothing on but a short cambric shift, bound at the waist with a small pink silk handkerchief. His round fat little arms, and little stumpy legs, were entirely naked, even shoes he had none, and in his tumblifications, he seemed utterly to have forgotten that he had no drawers on. But the glorious little fellow's head!—his glossy short-curling fair hair, that frizzled out all round

his head as if it had been a golden halo floating over his sunny features —his noble, wide spreading forehead —his dark blue laughing eyes— his red ripe cheeks, and beautiful mouth, with the glancing ivory within!—Oh, I should weary all hands were I to dilate on the darling little fellow's appearance, for next to a monkey, or a Newfoundland dog, a sailor dotes on a beautiful child. "Shall I ever have such a magnificent little chap?" burst from my lips against my will. "I hope you may sir," said a calm, still, low pitched female voice, close to me. When I spoke I had passed behind the steersman, and entered the round-house, and stood at the bottom of the table already mentioned.

The soft musical sounds startled me, more under the circumstances than a trumpet note would have done, and I turned to the quarter from whence they proceeded, and there sat on one of the sofas along the side of the ship two young women. The eldest might have been about five-and-twenty; she was very fair, I ought rather to write pale, all mouth and eyes as it were —I mean no disparagement, because the features were good, but only to convey the impression of them on my mind at the time. Her skin seemed so transparent, that the blue veins were traceable in all directions over her bosom and neck and forehead, while her nose was a little— not red—but *fresh* looking, as if she had been weeping, which she had not been. A fine mouth, forehead, and strong well-defined dark eyebrows, overarching,—such eyes! dark jet black, and flashing through their long dark fringes.

Oh what a redeeming virtue is there in a large swimming dark eye —black, if you please for *choice*— hazle, if black cannot be had, for *effect*; but for *love!* heavens, and all the heathen gods and goddesses, give me the deep deep ethereal blue— such blue, so darkly pure, as you would cut out of the noon-day sky within the tropics, about a pistol-shot from the gaudy sun, which must be at the moment eclipsed by a stray cloud, had up from the depths of old ocean expressly for the nonce. One can look into the very soul of and tell whether or no your own beautiful miniature be painted on the retina of her heart—that's a bull, I conceive, but my mother's Kilkenny blood will peep forth in despite, now and then; but your dark fine-flashing black sparklers—oh, *Diable!* they look into *you*, my fine fellow, instead of your spying into them, which is sometimes mighty *inconvenient*, so that *you* are none the wiser, and then the humbug of "the eye of the gazelle!" His lordship's gazelle blinker, so soft and yielding, and all the rest of it—poo, I would rather that my wife, Mrs Benjie Brail, when I get her, had a glass eye, a regular pair of prisms from old Dolland's in St Paul's Churchyard, than that she should have the gazelle eye of his lordship's favourites—such an eye would not long have *glowered* out of the head of an honest woman, take my word for it.

Where have I got to? where the deuce left I off? Oh—the beautiful eyes of the fair person, whose sweet voice had startled me. Her hair, dark and shining, was shaded off her forehead Madona-like, and she wore a most becoming, but very plain white muslin cap, with two little lace straps, that hung down loose on each side of her face, like the scale defences attached to the helmets of the French *grenadiers à cheval*. Heaven help me with my similes, a beautiful demure woman, and a horse grenadier! She was dressed in a plain black silk gown, over which she wore a neatly embroidered white apron; and from the ostentatious puffing out of the white cambric handkerchief that she held in her fair clasped hands, with their blue meandering veins, I perceived, if she were the mother of the beautiful boy—and here the murder of my former description is out at last—that a second edition of him was printed off, and nearly ready for publication.

But the figure that sat next her instantly riveted my attention. She was a tall sylph-like girl of nineteen or thereabouts, with laughing features, not so perfect as the elder female, to whom she bore a striking resemblance, and long flowing ringlets, that wandered all over her snow-white neck and bos[illegible] even the control of a

some grey homespun looking stuff, but neither had she any, the smallest ornament whatever.

"Is that your child, madam?" said I, to the eldest female. It was—and the patriarchal old man, with true natural good breeding, at once broke the ice.

"The eldest of these ladies, sir, is my daughter—the youngest is my niece and daughter-in-law."

I made my respective bows.

"This gentleman is my son-in-law and nephew, and this is my son."

He here turned to the two gentlemen who had followed me into the cabin at the first go off, and who were by this time rigged in the same kind of coarse woollen frocks that their *ancient* wore—they had followed us into the round-house, but quiet and sober as they now seemed, I could not dismiss from my recollection the demonstration they had made when I first came on board. Then they seemed pugnacious enough, and by no means such men as would, when smitten on one cheek, have calmly turned the other to the smiter. They appeared sensible, strong-minded men from their conversation, not very polished, but apparently very sincere.

"You see, sir, since it has pleased the Almighty that we should be outcasts from the homes of our fathers, still, like the patriarchs of old, we have not gone solitarily forth. But tea is ready, I see; will you be seated sir? Captain Purves, can you prevail on him to be seated?"

The meal went on pretty much as usual, the contrast to me was very great. To find myself thus unexpectedly in a family circle, after more than six months of continual turmoil and excitement, bewildered me, and at the same time softened my heart; and the ancient feelings of my boyhood, and the thousand old kindly reminiscences of my own house and home, began to bud like flowers in a hot-bed. When I looked on the calm contented virtuous group around me, and reflected that one short half hour was to separate me from them for ever, I could have wept—that womanly melting of the heart came over me, to a degree that I *could scarcely speak.*

"*Will you go* with us, captain?"—said at length the beautiful boy, gradually edging across the table, until the darling little fellow slid into my lap with his little plump legs.

"No, my dear boy, I cannot go with you—but heaven bless you my beautiful child—bless you,"—and I kissed his little downy peach-like cheek.

"You are very sorry to leave me," said the urchin.

"Why, my little man," while an indescribable feeling crept over me—"how do you think so?"

"Because I see one big tear in your eye—ah, dere—him pop down, like hot water, on my hand—oh! you must either have been bad boy dis morning, or you are crying because you are to leave me."

I blushed to the eyes at this womanish weakness having been detected by the little innocent.

The calm still continued, but time wore on—and anxious to get back again, I rose—"A pleasant voyage to you, captain."

"Thank you, sir."

I looked at the old man who sat opposite—"I also wish you and yours, a good voyage, sir,"—and I held out my hand—he shook it cordially.

"May God bless you, sir—I respect your service, but I have seen some roughness among young officers too, when the ships in which I have sailed, in my several voyages, have been boarded by men-of-war's boats; therefore your gentleness has been more grateful."

Willing to protract the pleasure of being in such society as long as I decently could—I remained standing.

"The night is calm," continued the old man, "and Captain Purves says your vessel is close to us; will you not sit down, and give us the pleasure of your company a little longer? We are so recently from England, that we may be able to give you some news that may be gratifying."

I did so, and the captain ordered wine and water in—by this time the little boy, who had been playing with the handle of my sword, and looking up and prattling in my face, fell fast asleep on my knee, when his mother placed him on the sofa. The conversation went round, the young men opened, and soon convinced me that they were exceedingly well-informed persons, and quite up with the en-

lightenment of the age, while both the ladies in their calm quiet way, especially the young matronly female, evinced a fixedness of purpose, and a determination, to persevere in their desolate pilgrimage, with a perfect knowledge of its privations—indeed, I may write dangers, that I could not have believed possible in tender women. I have seldom spent a couple of hours more pleasantly; the conversation turning chiefly on recent occurrences in England. At length, the old man said—"You have been already informed by the captain, that we are missionaries bound for the Cape. My nephew there and his wife, have been backwards and forwards twice, and know from personal experience, the extent of the sacrifice they make in devoting themselves to the good work. My son-in-law, and my daughter, to whom he has lately been married, have never been to the station before, but they are fully aware of all that they may be called on to suffer—as for me, I am now going back to my tent in the wilderness, to utter banishment from all the elegances and comforts of civilized life, and with small prospect of ever revisiting the land of my fathers again. But I shall be buried beside my wife, under the same orange-tree, where she rests from her labours, after having been my helpmate, and, under God, my greatest earthly comfort, during my ministry amongst the heathen, for fifteen long years. Yes, heaven knows, my cup of sorrow, when she fell asleep, was full to overflowing—for upwards of six months, all was quiet in the settlement—upwards of fifty families had domiciled themselves within our enclosure; and having mastered the native dialects, we had great hopes of making rapid progress in not only enlightening the poor creatures by whom we were surrounded, as to the things concerning their everlasting welfare, but in inducing them to adopt many of our civilized customs; for the care they had seen us bestow on the cultivation of the soil, and the success that crowned our labours, seemed to have made a deep impression. I had left every thing quiet and peaceable, one afternoon, to look at some springes that I had set for wildfowl, when I was alarmed by a loud tion. I ran back, and found the very savages, who had, as we thought, become attached to us, and had dwelt for so long amongst us, in the act of rifling our barn, and carrying off the grain. My nephew and three other young missionaries were doing all they could to prevent it. On being joined by me, we were compelled to have recourse to our fire-arms, and eventually, after wounding one or two of our deluded assailants, succeeded in clearing the enclosure of them. But my poor wife's nerves—she had been ailing for many months—had received so severe a shock, that she never held her head up afterwards—she died within the week."

"And after all that you have suffered—do you still persist in returning?" said I. "What a sacrifice! I can scarcely conceive any case where so great a one is called for."

He cut me short—

"Young man—notwithstanding all I have told you, which yet falls short of the reality, I go on my way rejoicing—I may be *called* an enthusiast, and I may *be* an enthusiast, but I have made my election; and although I am but as the voice of one crying in the wilderness—although as yet our ministry amongst the poor benighted beings, amongst whom our lot is cast, has been as water spilt upon the barren sand, still with entire consciousness of the value of what I forego, I sacrifice all the usual objects of man's ambition, and obey what I know to be the call of the Almighty, for it is borne in on my heart, and go forth, me and mine, come what may, to preach glad tidings of great joy to the benighted heathen, in the perfect conviction that, if we miss our reward here, we shall find it hereafter."

I know that missionaries of all classes have had their sincerity called in question, and there may be hypocrites amongst them, as well as other men; but I would ask this simple question, what stronger attestation, speaking of them in the general, to the purity of their intentions can they give than devoting themselves, mind, body, and estate, to the service of their great Master, in the fearless way in which they do? N[o] stancher friend to the Ch[ristian]

a more thorough detestation of cant, in all its shades and stages, than I have; and I remember gloating over some savage articles in the Edinburgh Review, in its palmy days, when that needle of a body, wee Jeffrey, was at his best, wherein a cargo of poor missionaries were scarified most awfully; but experience and years have brought thought and reflection with them, as they often do to ancient maidens, who at forty, loup like a cock at a grosart (another bull) at the *homo* they turned up their lovely noses at, at twenty; and before I would *now* hold these self-devoted men in contempt, or disparage their zeal, or brand them as illiterate hypocrites, I shall wait until I see the wealthier, and more learned, of our divines gird themselves for their forty years' pilgrimage in the wilderness, with equal calmness and Christian courage, and go up in the glorious panoply of the apostle which is so often in their mouths, amidst their silken pulpit cushions, to grapple with the fierce passions and prejudices of the naked savage, and encounter the numberless perils of the desert, with the resolution and single-mindedness of these despised Moravians. As to hypocrisy—all hypocrites aim at the attainment of some worldly advantage, because they know they cannot deceive God; but I would ask their fiercest defamers, what temporal blessing blossoms around their dry and hardy path, or within the whole scope of their dreary horizon, that they could not have compassed in tenfold exuberance at home, even as respectable trades-people? And as to their being enthusiasts, that is easily settled; no man can thrust himself permanently forth from the surface of society, for good or for evil, without being an enthusiast of some kind or another—at least this is the creed of Benjie Brail.

"Pray, madam," said I, to the youngest female, "have you ever been to those countries—to the station, as your father calls it? I hope *you* have never yet been exposed to its privations?" I noticed her husband smile, and nod to her, as much as to say, "Tell him."

"No," said she—"it cannot, however, be worse than I have painted it to myself, from *his* description"—*looking across at the gentleman who* spoke—"But I hope I shall be strengthened, as my sister has been, to endure my privations, and whatever may befal, as becomes me as a Christian, and the wife of a sincere one."

I was told by the captain, that the greater part of his cargo consisted of implements of husbandry; and that to their heavenly calling, they had added that of a competent knowledge of all the useful arts of agriculture; so that wherever such a virtuous family was planted, the savages who surrounded them would not only have their mental darkness dispelled, but their temporal condition improved, and their wants more amply supplied. I had now no farther apology for remaining. I rose; the clash of my cutlass against the chair awoke the sleeping child. He opened his blue eyes where he lay on the sofa, and looked up—presently he stretched forth his little hands towards me. I stooped down over the blessed infant, and kissed his forehead.

"Good-night," he said, "good-night, and be good boy like me."—A stood in my eye, and for the soul of me, I could not have helped it.

I again shook hands with the old man. I have before mentioned he was very tall, and, as I was turning to take my leave of the other members of this most interesting family, he placed his hands on my head.

"Young man, we thank you for your visit, and your urbanity—our meeting has been like an oasis in the desert, like a green spot in a dry parched land—and we shall pray for thee to Him 'whose way is in the sea, and whose path is in the waters, and whose footsteps are not known.'"

I had no heart to speak—so after a long pause—

"My son," said the patriarch, "we are about concluding our Sunday evening's service—stay a few minute's longer." Seeing I hesitated—"It is no great boon to concede this to us—to us, whom in all human probability you shall never meet again."

I bowed, and immediately the whole party stepped forth into the air, and formed a circle on the quarterdeck round the capstan. Every thing was silent—and presently the old man said a low murmuring prayer of thanksgiving—there was another

solemn pause—when all at once they chanted the following magnificent lines of the cvii. Psalm, so beautifully fitted to our situation:—

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

"These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

"For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

"They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness."

I once more wished them a good voyage. I stepped to the gangway, and turned in act to descend the ship's side, with a hold of the man-rope in one hand. I found the whole group had followed me, and there they stood in a semicircle round the gangway; even my glorious little fellow was there, sound asleep in his mother's arms; and as the lantern cast its dim light on their mild countenances, and lit up their figures, and the clear pale moon shed a flood of silver light over all, I descended into the boat, and standing up in the stern sheets, I again wished them a prosperous voyage, and shoved off, with a softened heart, and fitter to have died, I hope, than I was when the sun set.

Presently the lights on board were extinguished, and I could no longer see the figures of my friends; but still the low murmur of their voices was borne towards me on the gentle breeze, until a loud "yo, heave oh," echoed amongst the sails, and drowned them; while a rattling and cheeping of the gear, and the hollow thumping of the men's feet on the deck, and the groaning of the main-yard against the mast, as it was being braced round, indicated that the tall ship had once more bore up on her moonlight course.

I was once more on board of the Midge.

"Ha, ha, Master Benjamin Brail, who would have thought there was so much sentimentality in your composition," said I to myself; that is, said *every-day Benjie* to the very ethereal, weeping and wailing, and very nonsensical Benjamin as aforesaid. "My eye, had old Bloody Politeful seen me doing the agreeable and pathetic, amongst a covey of male and female methodist clergymen and clergywomen; but *n'importe*, keep your own counsel, my lad."

"I say, steward,"—this was Lennox's first night of holding office,—the other functionary *pro tem.* having subsided into his real character of landsman—"light the lamp in the cabin, do you hear, and bring me a glass of grog. Where is Mr Donovan?"

"Below, and asleep in bed, sir."

"Very well. Mr Harding, make sail, and run down to the commodore, and keep close in his wake, if you please."

"Ay, ay, sir."

I descended.

"Fetch the salt beef also, Lennox."

It was done. Were I a king, and fool enough to patronise suppers on *shore*—at sea, it is altogether "*un autre chose*"—my sole food at that meal would be a piece of capital virgin mess beef, that had been boiled the day before, but never a knife stuck into it until served up, and a glass of cold grog after it—ay, you may turn up your nose at this, my fine fellow, but better men than you have agreed with me.

"That is very well mixed, steward, very cool," and I swigged off horn No. 1. "By the way, Lennox, have you got the new philtre, the Barbadoes dripstone, at work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, I thought so; was that the water you made that glass of grog with?" Sinner that I was, I knew as well as he, that it was not.

"No, sir, we have not used the water yet."

I was sawing away, and munching the beef and biscuit aforesaid, all this while, most resolutely. "No!" said I; "should like to tr[y] water; make me the smalles[t]

drop—very pure and cool—capital water, I declare—rather too strong, Lennox, fill up the tumbler if you please; so—ah—too much, man—it is if any thing too weak *now*;" here a little dash of spirits—"so"—and chuckling to myself that I had thus smuggled a second glass of grog in defiance of conscience, I desired the man to make down my bed, and tell Mr Marline to call me if the wind changed, or any thing occurred worth reporting, and to take the skylight off. I now began to undress, and Lennox had returned to help me. The cool water had a surprising effect; my spirits suddenly became buoyant beyond all belief, so after various *churmings*, I broke forth into involuntary song, as the poets say—

"'Estoy un hombre chico,
Mas contento soy que rico,
Y mi buque es un zapato.'

"My slippers—thank you—oh what a lovely boy—

'Con mono para patron'—

nightcap—what a glorious little man it was—

'El piloto es uno gato;
Y su rabo es el timon.'

'Estoy un hombre chico,
Mas contento soy que rico,
Tol de rol, lol di rol.'"

Little Benjamin, our ruler, having by this manœuvre gotten half-*foo*, vanisheth into his *cavey*.

Here Dennis Donovan stuck his head out of a side-berth.—"Lennox."

"Here, sir."

"What howling is that—whose pig's dead, Lennox?"

"It's Mr Brail singing, sir."

"Singing!—singing!—and is it *singing* he calls it?"

TO OUR OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

Old friend! that many a long day through,
(Dog-days and all,) in brown surtout,
Hath stood ensconced, with wintriest look,
I' th' warmest side o' the chimney-nook—
That standeth still i' the self-same place,
With that same cool composed face,—
(Few, by the way, 'mid sentient creatures,
Made up of more expressive features,)
Nor e'er in all that weary while,
Hath utter'd plaint of durance vile—
In that stiff garment all of oak,
Thy sentry-box—of heat or smoke;
Of task perpetual—worse than mighty,
Monotonous—of tædium vitæ,
Of false reflections on thy truth,
From weary age—impatient youth,
Of Time's deliver'd message, scorned
Or heeded not by those thou'st warned.

All these, and other ills in turn
"That *clocks* are heirs to," hast thou borne
With patience most exemplary—
No peevish frown, or look awry,
Marring the polished, placid grace
Of that broad, smooth, reflecting face
That shineth still (example rare
To mortal dames) as smooth and fair,
As first, some fourscore years agone,
To the admiring light it shone.

Yet I, who've known thee long and well,
Could of some prison secrets tell—
How all unseen by mortal eye,
In darkness and in mystery,

When all the house at deep midnight
Is hushed and still—like tortured sprite,
Deep hollow murmurs—long-drawn groans
Thou utterest, and unearthly tones,
Such as if heard by silly ear
Of simple Joan, she quakes for fear,
Shrinks down beneath the bed-clothes deep,
And pants and prays herself to sleep.

Old friend! I've listened many a night
To those strange murmurs with affright
Unmoved, or superstition's dread,
Yet, as to utterings from the dead—
Low mystic breathings—sounds of doom
Deep voiced, up-issuing from the tomb—
For these, methought, 'twas *Time's own* tongue,
Not thine, that solemn dirge that sung.

But Fancy from her loftier range
Descending soon—a milder change
Came o'er my spirit, that full fain
To thy familiar voice again
Gave ear, discoursing soft and low
Of things that have been long ago—

Sweet memories of that blissful time,
Life's dayspring! lovelier than its prime,
When, with the bird on summer morn
That carolled earliest from the thorn,
I was astir, and singing too,
And gathering wild-flowers wet with dew,
Till summon'd in, old friend! by thee,
(Far-sounding through our cowslip lea,)
To the dear breakfast board, I came
With scatter'd curls and cheek of flame
All glowing with the fresh wind's kiss,
One to receive of purer bliss—
What was the balmiest morn's caressing
To that best balm—a Parent's blessing?

And when the winter evening long
Closed round us, and the cricket's song
Click'd from the clean-swept hearth, where Di
Stretch'd yawning out, luxuriously—
The curtains deeper dropt—thrown on
The hoarded log—the tea things gone—
The candles trimmed and bright—and we
A silent—not *unsocial* three—
In our warm parlour snug together—
Little cared we for winter weather.

There sat my Mother—on that chair,
Intent on book or work; and there,
Just opposite, my Father sate
Poring o'er task elaborate,
All redolent—(his angler's books)—
Of summer time, green fields, and brooks—
Arrangement finically nice!
Snares of all pattern; each device—
Insects, with such ingenious art
Copied from nature—every part
So perfected with curious skill,

Proud was my Father's little maid,
His nestling neighbour, when the aid
Of her small fingers was required—
(What ministry like Love's unhired?)
And young sharp eyes, some hair so fine,
Some feathery filament to twine
In cunning knot, that, quaintly wrought,
Must be invisible as thought;
The service done, a kind lip pressed
Her up-turned brow, and she was blessed;
And soon, old friend! thy warning tone
Telling her happy day was done,
Down kneeling at the Mother's knee,
Hands clasped, and eyes raised reverently,
The simple prayer was simply said,
The kiss exchanged—and then—to bed.

Not yet to sleep—for fancies vain
Crept oft into that busy brain,
At that lone hour—Some light and gay—
Of birds and flowers—of toys and play—
Ambitious some—of bold essay
At lofty rhyme—conceptions grand
Of giants, dwarfs, and fairy land—
Or elegy on favourite bird,
Dormouse or lamb—(first griefs that stirred
The deep—deep source!)—and some of fear,
As all in darkness, on the ear
Smote strangest sounds.—Hark, hark! and then
How the heart throbbed!—and there agen!
What could it be?—a groan—a knock—
"Oh dear! 'tis only our old Clock."
Then, witless child, thy simple head,
With happy sigh, sank back in bed,
And e'er revolved the minute hand,
Thy soul was in "the dreaming land."
Oh! days, of all I ever knew
The happiest—aye, the wisest too,
In that sweet wisdom of the heart,
Our fallen nature's better part—
That lingering of primeval light,
Not yet all sunk in sin and night.

'Twill be renewed that blessed time!
'Twill be renewed that loveliest prime;
Renewed, when we again shall be
Children around the Father's knee
Of one immortal family!
Our portion each—(no more to part)—
Angelic wisdom—childlike heart.

Ah! wandering thoughts—ye've stolen away
From your dark prison-house of clay;
From earth to heaven! a pleasant track!
Too pleasant to be trodden back
Without a sigh. But, ancient friend!
Not here our colloquy must end—
Thy part therein I freely own
Subordinate; an undertone
Of modest bass—But thou art one
Too sober, serious, and sedate,
To be much given to idle prate—

So, to thy grave concerns attend,
And let me talk. Ah, honest friend!
Sparing and measured though thy speech,
What eloquent sermons dost thou preach
When the heart listens. Woe to me
If profitless such listening be.

But to my chronicles.—Full well
Was thy watch kept, old sentinel!
Full well thine endless duty done—
While fluttering on from sun to sun,
A butterfly among the flowers,
I noted not the passing hours,
Till the rain fell—the storm beat sore,
And that sweet summer dream was o'er.

Then first, old friend! thy voice to me
Sounded with sad solemnity;
The tones upon my heart that fell
Deep mingled with a passing bell.

Since then, through many a chequered scene
Of good and ill my path hath been—
The good—a gleam not long to last;
The evil—widely overcast.
But still to thee in many a mood,
By night—by day—in solitude,
Or circled round—in hope or fear,
Hath turned my care-awaken'd ear
As to an oracle—that spoke
More than the time dividing stroke.

Oh! gladsome to my soul, thy sound,
Heard, wakening first from sleep profound
(Youth's *deep light* slumber) the first morn,
After long absence, of return
To my dear home—Oh, happiness!
To lie in quiet consciousness
Of all around—The picture there—
The books—the flower-glass filled with care
By a kind hand—And then to know,
'Twas but to rise, and meet below
Such a heart's welcome!

Woe is me,
The sweet and bitter memory
Of that old time! Of those bright wakings
Hallowed by some—Ah! sore heart-breakings,
Leaving a wreck of youthful feeling
Beyond the reach of Time's own healing.
But though all powerless evermore
Life's young illusions to restore—
(Beautiful dream!) the wise one brought
In kind exchange, awakened thought,
Awakened seriousness; and Hope
That crushed below, took higher scope,
Yea heavenly—for her after-flight.
Then, in the watches of the night,
With mine own heart while communing,
Friend! 'twas an awful, pleasant thing
To hear thee tell how time went on,

The earthly hopeful little care
To heed how swift Time's pinions are—
But they attend with willing ear
Who cannot make their heart's home here.

Yet, faithful watchman! time hath been
In more than one late after scene,
That, listening to thy voice, I've said,
"Oh! would that restless tongue were staid."

I've said so—weak and selfish heart!
When time drew near that I must part
With some beloved, whose sojourn here
Might have made sunshine all the year;
Whose presence for a little day
Chased half the wintry clouds away.

I've thought so—weak and sinful heart!
When some were summoned to depart—
Called from their labours here to cease,
The full of days, faith, hope, and peace,
Who long had lingered here in pain;
My loss in them, their countless gain—
Yet with long watching, worn and low,
Too soul-oppress for tears to flow;
When the deep hush of night and death
Was in the house—and every breath
From those dear lips, the *last* might be;
A shuddering ear I've turned from thee,
Watchman! whose every minute stroke,
On fever'd nerves o'erstrained, broke
As if a leaden, pond'rous blow
Fell on some hollow vault below—
"Oh! for an hour," I could have prayed,
"Stern reckoner! that thy tongue were staid."
These things are past. Of hopes and fears,
The current now, with lengthening years
Flows narrowing in a deeper bed,
No spark of early feeling dead,
But all subdued and chastened—

Too little yet. The Christian strife
Can finish but with finished life—
The spirit may be all resigned,
Yet inly bleed—The willing mind
Too oft may faint—The hopeful eye
Sink rayless in despondency;
But one who sees the secret heart
In all its griefs can take a part—
Can pity all its weakness too—
For He who ne'er corruption knew
Nor sin, hath yet our nature borne
And hung at woman's breast—
And He hath said—O! words that calm
The troubled heart with holiest balm,—
"Come unto me, ye travel-worn!
And I will give you rest."

C.

MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

Chap. VII.

Reader! if thou art a sportsman, thou hast doubtless often seen, in some fine thick stubble of newly reaped wheat, or equally attractive covert of umbrageous turnip, the well-trained Don, or stanchest Ponto, check himself suddenly in full career, and become, on the instant, fixed, immovable; every limb and muscle stretched to its utmost tension, and scarcely exhibiting any sign of life. Or if—as I would fain flatter myself may be the case—if thou art some amiable and accomplished young lady, who, despite the warning voice of "mama," and the harsher remonstrances of "papa," art in the habit of soothing the soft sorrows of thy sentimental soul by the perusal of the last new novel, to while away the tedious moments until "the Captain" calls—then hast thou, as undoubtedly, in the course of thy studies, fallen in with that wonderful account of the Petrified City, in which men, women, children, dogs, cats, old maids, and other domestic animals, are described as standing transformed to stone, each in the precise attitude which it had assumed at the moment of the miraculous and sudden metamorphosis. —This city, by the way, certain modern travellers assure us, is still in *esse*, and to be found somewhere between Tunis and Timbuctoo, though none of them, as far as I can find, have actually made their bivouac within its precincts.—Or if thou art of the Livery, then hast thou, perchance, beheld the Alderman of thy ward at my Lord Mayor's feast, with fixed eye and dropping jawbone, sink back in his elbow-chair, after his ninth basin of callipi.—Or if thou art a Bachelor of Arts, thou hast read, it may be, (for I would speak with caution,) of the singular properties of the Gorgon's head, and the Knaresborough Well that turned an elderly gentleman's wig into stone in fifteen seconds.

If, unhappily, thou art none of all *these*, then must I despair of conveying to thy mind any thing like a correct idea of the absolute immobility of form and feature, the utter paralysed all my faculties, as sounds so unexpected and inauspicious struck thus suddenly on my sensorium; nor had I in any degree recovered myself, when the servant, a respectable-looking man, having closed the door, returned and informed me, in a hesitating tone, "His Lordship had commanded him to say, that neither at present, nor at any future period, would it be convenient for him to receive the visits of Mr Charles Stafford."

Aghast as I was, I at length recovered myself so far as to reply, that I was confident there must be some mistake in the matter, as I had come on Lord Manningham's own express invitation, and was indeed his Lordship's nephew. The man firmly, but respectfully, replied, that he was certain no mistake had been committed in the name, and that his Lord's orders were peremptory. Not choosing therefore to enter into an altercation with a servant, and, indeed, but too well convinced, by the evidence of my own ears, that the man had softened rather than aggravated the harshness of the message of which he was the bearer, I quitted the house, and regained the street, in a state of confusion, arising from mingled anger, mortification, and disappointment, as truly pitiable, and almost as ludicrous, as that of Cockney Transcendental recently chastised of *Maga*.

"So then!" I exclaimed at last, when a five minutes' perambulation of Brook Street had furnished me with breath sufficient to form into articulate sounds—"So then! this is the 'paternal reception'—this is the fulfilment of those 'generous intentions in my favour,' which my kind but deceived mother had sent me up to London to experience! A mighty courteous and 'fatherly reception,' truly!—But this business rests not here; I will probe this infamous mockery to the bottom, and, were he twenty times my uncle, Lord Manningham shall repent the unprovoked insult he has dared offer to a Stafford."

My indignation having once

degree by the use of them, but, as passion subsided, my astonishment revived and increased. What could be the meaning of the treatment I had received?—Was it possible that Lord Manningham, a nobleman of grave and dignified habits, one whose reputation for the possession of every accomplishment that adorns the gentleman, the soldier, and the scholar, stood unimpeachable, that a man who had always professed, and, I had every reason to believe, felt the strongest and most disinterested regard for his deceased brother—that *he* should wantonly, and without provocation, go out of his way, merely for the purpose of wounding the feelings and disgracing the character of that brother's only child—of one, too, who, neither in fact nor by implication, could ever have given him offence, and to whose very person he was a stranger? It was altogether unaccountable—was incredible—and the longer I reflected, the more convinced did I feel that some mystery enveloped the whole transaction, the intricacies of which I was at present completely incompetent to unravel. The more I pondered upon the circumstance of my extraordinary exclusion in Grosvenor Square, the more certain this inference appeared, when at once the question occurred, Had I been traduced?—had any villain, envious of my rising prospects, aspersed my character, and painted me, perhaps, to my rigidly correct relation, in all the sombre colours of his own malignity? But even then, was I to be condemned unheard? Were all the partial representations of a fond and anxious mother, eager to promote the success of a beloved son, to sink at once beneath the suggestions of a comparative stranger, without any room allowed for investigation or enquiry? Could my uncle be displeased at my having so long delayed to avail myself of his invitation? I could hardly think that, in such a case, he would, without leaving any opening for explanation or apology, inflict a punishment so glaringly disproportionate to the offence. On the whole, I could not but conclude that, either from some misapprehension, or the malicious interference of an enemy, Lord Manningham had been *induced to credit* some report, highly derogatory to my character, which, on every account, it behoved me to clear up. Unwilling, therefore, as I was to agitate my mother unnecessarily, I resolved to forbear at present from writing to the Hall, and to employ the interval between the present time and Sir Oliver's expected return from Oxford, in the elucidating, if possible, this strange occurrence. As a preliminary step, I took the first opportunity, on reaching the Tavistock, to despatch a porter to Grosvenor Square with the following letter:—

"*Tavistock Hotel,*
Covent Garden.

"My Lord,

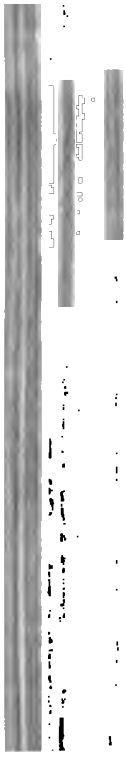
"After the very extraordinary and mortifying repulse which I experienced at your door this morning, nothing but a sense of what is due to myself, and to those with whose friendship and affection I am honoured, could have induced me to trouble your Lordship any farther. In what that very cavalier repulse, as unexpected as undeserved, could have originated, I am at a loss to imagine. I take leave, however, to remind your Lordship that I presented myself on your own express and unsolicited invitation, and that the letter of which I was the bearer, from the honoured widow of Colonel Stafford, might at least, I should conceive, have secured her son from insult or contempt.

"The only way in which I can account for such treatment, is the supposition, that malevolent and slanderous tongues have dared to misrepresent some motive or action of my life, without my being aware of it. If this be the case, from my father's brother I entreat as a favour, and from Lord Manningham I demand as a right, an opportunity of vindicating my conduct.

"In the firm belief that the unpleasant circumstance to which I allude must have had its source in mistake or calumny, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's very obedient Nephew and Servant,
"Charles Stafford."

"To the Right Hon.
Viscount Manningham,
Grosvenor Square."



my uncle's mysterious adventure at Drury Lane. Sir John had good-humouredly promised to comply with my wishes, and now assured me that there was every reason to suppose Sir Oliver had really been mistaken in the person of the gentleman with whom he had so decidedly claimed consanguinity; as, on enquiry, he had ascertained from an officer of the Coldstream, with whom he had a family connexion, not only that Captain Hanbury, of that very distinguished regiment, had been in London on the previous evening, but also that he had actually been at the Theatre, and had afterwards, at the Guards' Club-House, given to some of his friends, in the informant's hearing, an animated account of a "famous good row" he had just had at the play-house, the particulars of which Sir John's relative had not had sufficient curiosity to attend to.

In consequence of this intelligence, Allanby, decided as he now considered the matter to be, resolved on availing himself of an introduction, readily offered by his friend, when he had explained his reason for wishing for one, and on calling upon the gallant Captain, ostensibly

who disown and despise you, or you may be taught that not even the fond recollection of departed worth, nor the name which you bear and disgrace, will longer prove your protection from the chastisement you deserve, or operate as a motive to forbearance on

"MANNINGHAM."

This gentle and conciliating epistle was duly indorsed to "Charles Stafford, Esq. Tavistock Hotel." Its contents rekindled at once the smothered embers of my anger, and furnished fresh materials for my surprise. Galling and contemptuous as were the terms in which it was couched, the very natural indignation I experienced on its perusal, was quickly merged in wonder. Had then my name and person been all the while so well known to her whose address I had made so many efforts to discover? Had all my actions been so closely watched and observed, at the very time when my whole soul was occupied in watching and observing those of others, and that too without success? Had even that, as I believed, most recondite circumstance, my having tipped Sally Jennens with five guineas for her information, been open to the inspection of some latent looker on? And then the vinaigrette—the "bauble"—which I had purchased as a means of gaining access to my then unknown charmer, had, as it appeared, reached its destination, (a fact which I had more than doubted,) and had been since returned with ignominy "to my mother!" I was lost in amazement.

But admitting all this—admitting that Lord Manningham himself had, which I could hardly have supposed possible, witnessed the whole of my manœuvres to obtain access to his daughter, was there any thing so very reprehensible in my conduct as to justify the reproach and vituperation contained in his letter, and the ignominious epithets there applied to it? If, in the eagerness of my desire to get possession of the address of a young lady, I *had* bestowed a trifling douceur upon a servant girl, was there any thing in the transaction to warrant the charge of "profligacy," or of "tampering with a servant's honesty?" What if I had intruded on that young lady a paltry trinket? Of impertinence she might perhaps with justice accuse me, but surely not of "worthlessness" or "disgraceful conduct."—Surely nothing but the very spirit of puritanism itself could affix epithets so severe to actions so trifling, and, as I thought, so venial, in their nature. But so it was; and as pride alone would have prevented my making any further attempt at conciliating Lord Manningham, even had I seen the remotest chance of succeeding, which I did not, I resolved to avoid the unpleasant situation of being the herald of my own disgrace to Sir Oliver, and of being forced to reply to all the various queries with which I knew he would assail me, by leaving London immediately, and before his return. Besides, I reflected that, should I act otherwise, and await his arrival, it was by no means improbable that, on hearing my story, he would, in his anxiety to have matters simplified, insist on my accompanying him once more to Grosvenor Square, a measure every feeling of my soul revolted at, and subjecting myself perhaps to a repetition of the mortifying indignities I had already sustained; or that, in the event of my refusal, Sir Oliver himself, of whose pertinacity of opinion I had had ample experience, might take it into his head to be offended, and thus I might seriously quarrel with both my uncles, without any intention of affronting either. This determination, therefore, I failed not to put in practice as quickly as possible, and, leaving a couple of notes to be delivered after my departure, once more set out on my return to Underdown Hall. The first of these billets was addressed to Sir Oliver, to be given to him on his arrival, and ran thus:—

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"Circumstances of an awkward nature, which I feel myself unable at present either to control or explain, have rendered it impossible for me to put in execution the intention with which I came to London. A strong prejudice, whence originating I know not, appears to exist against me in the mind of Lord Manningham. Time may perhaps obliterate a feeling which seems to w

my cousin Nicholas had no hand in the unpleasant business at the theatre, but that your antagonist was indeed the gentleman he represented himself to be."

The other was directed to Lord Manningham.

Chap. VIII.

During a part of this period, and while I was the alternate prey of fear, hope, disappointment, and indignation, Sir Oliver had proceeded, as fast as four stout roadsters could carry him, towards Oxford, anathematizing my cousin Nicholas, at least ten times between every milestone and its successor, with bitter vows of taking the most complete and summary vengeance, in case he should find that his son had deceived him, and in his person actually menaced the nasal organs of a Bullwinkle with manual compression. On his arrival at the Angel, he scarcely waited to discharge the post-boys, ere, hurrying with the utmost expedition of which he was capable, to the venerable edifice of which his son was, or ought to be.

tience; then placing a chair, the invalid once more felicitated himself on the arrival of his father, and extended his hand towards him, as if in expectation of a friendly shake.

"No, sir," cried the Baronet, most unceremoniously rejecting his proffered salute, "Sit down, sir, sit down, and answer me a few questions, before I make up my mind whether I am ever to acknowledge you as son again or not."

"My dear sir, what can be the meaning of this most alarming preface? However, I am too happy to see you on any terms, to quarrel with the cause which affords me the pleasure of your company."

"I do not believe one word of it," quoth my uncle,—"you would as lieve see the devil, sir; but here I am, and here I mean to remain, till you have told me how you dared offer me such an insult as you did last night;—how you had the assurance"—my uncle's voice rose an octave—"to threaten to pull my nose!"

If anger was the predominant expression of Sir Oliver's countenance, astonishment seemed no less forcibly portrayed in that of my cousin. —"Pull your nose, my dear father! —last night!—you surprise me; what can be the meaning of all this? Has any one dared to insult you? If so, be assured I shall resent it as a son ought to do, and I cannot tell you how highly gratified I feel that you should have taken the trouble of coming thus far, to give me an opportunity of chastising the insolence of"——

"Be quiet, puppy, and answer me—nobody's insolence is to be chastised but your own—tell me, sir, how dared you deny all knowledge of me to my face, at Drury Lane, no longer ago than last night?"

"Drury La—?—my dear sir," cried the now alarmed Nicholas, "I have not been out of my room this fortnight; surely, sir, the fatigue of your journey, or something, has discomposed you—let me offer you some refreshment—Why, Jem," continued my cousin, turning once more abruptly to the window, and carefully wrapping a silk handkerchief, that lay on the sofa near him, round his throat, as he opened it.

"*Nay, sir,*" cried Sir Oliver, "do not give Mister Jem the trouble of walking up stairs, nor expose your very delicate health to the influence of the cold air. I am neither drunk nor mad; so answer me in three words, and without any prevarication, were you, or were you not in London yesterday evening?"

"Not I, upon my word, Sir Oliver; and why you should imagine such a thing, I cannot for the life of me conceive. Had I even entertained any intention of the kind, the indisposition under which I have been labouring for this fortnight past would alone have been sufficient to prevent my carrying it into effect,—to say nothing of my being engaged very busily reading for my '*Little Go*'—my dear father, I am quite a skeleton, only look at me!—feel my ribs!"

"Curse your ribs!" cried the Baronet, "I'll break every one of them; I'll"——

Here the scout entered the room.

"Jem," said my cousin Nicholas, "my father is just arrived in Oxford; go to the kitchen and buttery, and make them send up something immediately—and borrow me a bottle of wine, Jem,—it is so long since I drank any, that I am afraid my own cellar will not afford one—and, Jem, come back and help me to put these books out of the way."

Jem stared, made a short quick bow, and was retiring, when his retreat was cut off by Sir Oliver—

"Stop one moment, Mister Jem, if that is your name, I beg of you; and please to inform me, Mister Jem, at what hour did this young gentleman return from London?"

The man looked all astonishment, gazed alternately at my uncle and his son, and made no answer.

"Jem," said my cousin, "some officious blockhead or other has put it into my father's head that I was in town no longer ago than yesterday; you, I think, can satisfy him that I have not even left my room this fortnight till this very day, when I went, for the first time since my illness, to morning chapel."

"Very true, sir," returned Jem; "I called you by your orders at six o'clock."

"Indeed!" returned Sir Oliver; "I must, however, have better evidence than even that of the very respectable Mr Jem, before I believe

sin, having first taken off and leisurely wiped his spectacles, proceeded to indue, with a degree of deliberation that formed a fine contrast with the impatience manifested in every twist and turn of Sir Oliver's features. The bandana received a more careful and studied adjustment round the throat, and the usual paraphernalia of academic costume being arranged over all, Nicholas seemed prepared to accompany his father, when, before they reached the door of the apartment, he stopped suddenly, and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, Sir Oliver, may I detain you one moment?—The tincture, Jem; surely it is time I took my tincture?"

The obedient scout repaired to a closet on the other side of the room, from which he produced a half-pint bottle and a glass, into the latter of which he carefully poured two table spoonfuls of a dark-coloured fluid, bearing a most suspicious resemblance to cherry-brandy. This he extended to my cousin Nicholas, who received and swallowed it, not without a due contortion of visage; then, without any farther attempt at delay, he followed the impatient Baronet down the staircase, but *hand*

absent without leave when it was "Term Time at Oxford"—then that my cousin Nicholas was an undergraduate—after that, that my cousin Nicholas had no leave of absence, and then triumphantly drew his inference, that of course my cousin Nicholas could not be absent during "Term Time at Oxford." He changed his battery, and demonstrated that "a man who was too ill to move could never have gone from Oxford to London—that my cousin was too ill to move—*therefore*, that my cousin could not have gone from Oxford to London. He argued from cause to effect, and then reasoned back again from effect to cause; now he pressed his auditor with all the syllogistic energies of "*Major*," "*Minor*," and "*Consequence*;" then he crushed him beneath the overwhelming weight of a "*Sorites*;" and finally compelled him, by Socratic interrogation, to prove himself a blockhead.

Sir Oliver, who, in the discharge of what he called his duty as a magistrate for the county, had not unfrequently listened with admiration and conviction to the luminous statements of the counsel on one side, till the equally brilliant effusions of the counsel on the other provokingly brought the matter once more into doubt, now, when the full tide of argument took a decided and uncontradicted turn, gave way to a torrent which he found it beyond his power to stem; slowly and most reluctantly did he yield a grumbling assent to propositions which he was unable to refute, though almost equally unwilling to admit. After sifting the matter as closely as he could, the result of all his enquiries was, that Mr Bullwinkle had been "*æger*" for more than a fortnight, and his sickly appearance certainly tended much to corroborate this representation. It was also ascertained that he had been at chapel that morning at half-past six; "Jem," too, testified that he had himself summoned him from his bed half-an-hour before, while the rules of academic discipline precluded the opening the college gates till after morning prayers. My cousin would have got his acquittal in any court in Christendom, and Sir Oliver was obliged to succumb, which he did, but with a very bad grace, and as if only half-convinced. It is recorded of a right worshipful alderman, who thrice filled the civic chair of the greatest corporation in the world, and was honoured by his fellow-citizens, at his decease, with a monument erected to his memory, at the public expense, in that very Guildhall which had so often been the scene of his triumphs,—it is on record that he once overwhelmed a Prime Minister by an energetic declaration, that "*them there facts is stubborn things!*"—Sir Oliver Bullwinkle could no more invalidate the force of Mr Beckford's axiom than the Premier.

The worthy Baronet and his hopeful heir retraced their steps towards the apartments of the latter, Sir Oliver hardly knowing whether he was pleased or sorry at the conviction which had been in a manner forced upon him. That the character of his son had come out of the fiery ordeal, to which it had been subjected, pure and immaculate as a new-laid egg, was, to be sure, a subject of much self-congratulation; but then the unwelcome truth would force itself on his recollection, that in proportion as the conduct of Nicholas appeared blameless, his own must seem absurd; nor could he help feeling that, all things considered, he was cutting a tolerably ridiculous figure. In no very enviable state of mind he ascended the stairs of number 6, with much more of deliberation than had marked his progress down them an hour before, while the pace of Nicholas was accelerated in a corresponding ratio, so that they now contrived to keep tolerably well together. On entering, a small card of invitation lay on the table, giving evident proof that, during their absence, the apartment had been invaded by a visitor. The small piece of pasteboard alluded to bore, moreover, an inscription as interesting to Sir Oliver as any in the Theban catacombs, or on the sarcophagus of Cheops himself, could be to a modern traveller, possessing, besides, the incalculable advantage of being much more easily deciphered. The words it displayed were,

"Wine with Hanbury,
O. C. Friday 11th."

electrifying a maiden aunt. Every combustible particle in Sir Oliver's whole frame ignited on the instant. "Hanbury!" exclaimed he, with the look, air, and voice of a male Tisiphone.

"A friend of mine, Sir Oliver," said Nicholas with the most perfect composure, not perceiving, or not choosing to perceive, the effect which this name of bad omen had upon his father—"A friend of mine, and a very good fellow he is, only rather too much of a bookworm; he is known here by the *soubriquet* of 'Sobersides;' I should like to join his party amazingly, if my health would permit me, for it is not often he ventures upon one; but the '*mens sana in corpore sano*,' you know, sir," (Sir Oliver did *not* know,) "must be preferred to every thing else; and as it is in vain to expect intellectual without corporeal health, I must, however reluctantly, give up the idea, for I feel my nervous system is too much deranged to admit of my joining at present in any kind of gaiety, else I must confess I should like just to pop in my nose"——

"At a scoundrel's who swore he would pull your father's!" roared

away, and grasping his arm with the force and tenacity of a smith's vice, as if determined to prevent his escape. But Nicholas entertained no such intention; he kept steadily on, till, on passing the portal surmounted by the huge projection of gilt wood, which has somehow or other been, facetiously enough, designated as the Brazen Nose, an appellation as little warranted by its metallic appearance, as by its want of resemblance to the feature it is said to represent, he again, in spite of the ungracious repulses all his attempts at "lionizing" had hitherto met with, could not help directing his father's attention to the mystic emblem above him; but in his present mood, the very word "nose" sounded harshly in the ears of Sir Oliver, who again bade him "cease his chattering," in no very dulcet tones. On reaching the place of their destination, Mr Hanbury's "oak" was open. A rap with the knuckles at his door was immediately answered by a cry of "Come in!" and Nicholas, with his father close at his heels, entered the room.

"Hanbury, my good fellow, how are you?" said the former, advancing with extended hand to a young gentleman in a morning gown, who rose from a sofa to receive him. "I am sorry, Hanbury, I was not in the way this morning when you called, but I come to bring you my answer in person. In the meantime, allow me to introduce my father—Hanbury—Sir Oliver Bullwinkle."

During this exordium, Sir Oliver had been narrowly scrutinizing the person of his new acquaintance, but found himself once more baffled in his expectations, as neither in feature, voice, nor figure, did the gentleman before him bear any resemblance to the object of his resentment—the likeness was in the name alone. Still the coincidence was most remarkable, that among the more particular friends, and in the immediate society of his son, he should meet with a person of so ominous a designation, that, if the name of the one had but been united with the person of the other, no reasonable doubt could longer have remained upon his mind. He felt himself *completely puzzled*; he knew not *what to believe* or to reject, and therefore only bowed and stammered in reply to the easy and polite reception given to him by young Hanbury as the father of his friend.

"Bullwinkle," said their host to my cousin, after they had taken chairs, "I am sincerely glad to see you out again; you have had a sharp time of it; and, not to flatter you, your illness has pulled you down not a little. I called to-day, as I had heard from Jones this morning that you had been at chapel, in the hope of prevailing on you to meet a few friends here on Friday: we shall be a very quiet party."

"I never knew one otherwise at your rooms, Hanbury; and I believe, in spite of prudence, I should have joined you, but my father, as you see, is just arrived, and will not, I hope, leave Oxford for some days. My time must of course be entirely at his disposal."

"I trust I need not say," returned Hanbury, "how much I should be gratified by Sir Oliver's company also on that occasion, or that I shall feel great pleasure if any services of mine can be acceptable to him. You are but weak as yet, Bullwinkle, and, I am sure, quite unequal to the task of making the tour of the University. I shall be most happy if your father will accept me as your substitute."

Sir Oliver knew not what to make of all this. Mr Hanbury's manners and address were polished and prepossessing, and his attentions to himself flattering. Had he borne any other name in the world, his politeness would have been met with cordiality. As it was, a vague idea that he was duped still occupied the Baronet's mind, and repelled the growing inclination he felt to believe he had been indeed mistaken. By degrees, however, his suspicions gave way, especially when, in reply to one of the Baronet's questions, "Whether he had any relative in the Guards," Hanbury unhesitatingly informed him that he had an elder brother in the Coldstream, "a man, by the way, Sir Oliver, whom I could much wish to introduce to you, as I should like to see whether you would be able to discover in him that personal resemblance to my friend here, which many of our acquaintance insist is so very strong."

"Indeed, sir," asked Sir Oliver, "is the likeness so remarkable?"

"Astonishing, many of them affect to say; but, for my own part, I cannot say I see it in so strong a light as some, who go the length of asserting that the pair might be taken for twins. Nevertheless, I admit that they are a good deal alike. Indeed, I am not sure but that this resemblance to poor Tom, (a worthy fellow at bottom, Sir Oliver, though I fear the dissipated scenes his situation exposes him to have rendered him not so steady as he used to be,) has tended not a little to cement the friendship which exists between your son and myself—Poor Tom! he certainly often puts me in mind of him!"

"Very often, indeed, I should think," returned Sir Oliver. "Confound me if I should know the difference between them."

"Indeed, Sir Oliver—You have seen my brother, then?"

"Why, I rather think I have—that is—Pray, sir, where may Captain Hanbury be at this moment?"

"Upon my word I can hardly say—In London, it is most likely—at least I received a letter from him, (here it is,) about three days ago, dated from the St James's Coffee-house; but he is so very locomotive, that, for any thing I know to the contrary, he may be in the Hebrides by this time."

"I fancy, sir," replied the Baronet, "he is scarcely so far north. By what you tell me, I am induced to suppose that I must have been, for a very few moments, in his company last night; but come, sir," continued he, "if you are not otherwise engaged, and will favour my son and me with your company to a quiet dinner at my inn, you shall hear the whole history of my journey to Oxford, in which, to speak the truth, your brother cuts no inconsiderable figure."

"You raise my curiosity, Sir Oliver, and I shall feel much pleasure in attending you."

During this dialogue, my cousin Nicholas, who took no share in it, was busily employed in turning over the leaves of a parcel of books which lay on a side-table, apparently absorbed in his pursuit, and paying very little or no attention to the subject of the duetto in performance between his father and his friend; but now, seeing the former preparing to depart, he closed the volume he had been examining, and enquired with much gravity "Where Sir Oliver would go next?"

"Back again to London, to be sure," was the reply; "but come, before I start, let us see what we can have for dinner, for my journey has made me as hungry as a hunter."

Nature herself abhors not a *vacuum* more than did Sir Oliver. The fumes of anger, which had hitherto expanded his chest, and produced an artificial and fallacious plenitude, had now evaporated, and his stomach might by this time be not unaptly compared to a balloon when an unlucky rent has suffered the major part of its gas to escape. He hurried his two companions to the inn, and ordered an excellent dinner, to which he did ample justice; nor was either of his guests at all behind hand in following his example. Nicholas, in particular, made a very hearty meal for an invalid; and the brisk circulation of a few flasks of very tolerable champagne seemed to produce an effect upon him to the full as salutary as his favourite "Huxham's Tincture of Bark." It was late before the party separated; nor did they break up for the night till Sir Oliver, who had by this time perfectly recovered his good-humour, voluntarily promised to alter his determination of returning immediately, and to remain a day or two, and recreate his eyes with a sight of the "Lions" of the University.

THE SKETCHER.

No. IX.

In the very commencement of this paper, I would suggest to those liberal gentlemen who have already done so much for Lynmouth, an improvement of no very great cost or labour, the making accessible the little river of the East Valley throughout its course, from the meeting of the waters to Lynmouth bridge. Artists who scramble over rocks and descend precipitous places, not without danger, often return with sketches of beauties much more striking than those generally seen; so that the artists' portfolios, and the recollections of visitors, have little recognised similarity. Nature hides herself. I would not recommend a regular path; but much may be effected by here and there some slight removal, and by making stepping places over the ledges of rock, so that the more ardent admirers and sketchers might find their way. However beautiful all the accompaniment of hills and woods are, the chief beauty of this scenery is *the river;* which, although, as seen from the path above, it has a peculiar character, the poet and painter will love more closely to explore.

Many were the attempts I made to reach spots where, it was easy to discern, there must be some very choice subjects, but it was impossible to find a way round or over some ledges of rock; and the falls of the river being in those very parts, prevented access by its bed. A very little labour, and a very trifling expense, would effect a passage, not obtrusive, but quiet, nearly to the water's edge —and without doubt, here the very finest views and the choicest materials for the painter would be found. For even the hills, with their rocky and wooded tops, would appear more striking from the lowest points, and their intermediate and least interesting parts would be lost to the eye, and the greater space allowed for the better features of the river itself.

I would advise visitors not to hasten to the Waters'-meet—but to *loiter about* the west valley the forepart of the day; and when they make the round, to go first through the wood, crossing the river over the wooden-bridge above the weir, and to return to the other side. For the sun then gilding only the tops of the trees of the woods, which will lie in masses of shade, into whose deeper parts you can look, they will even acquire a greater variety, yet preserve their whole and matted character—whereas in the full glare of the sun they present but one bright surface, fatiguing to the eye in their bright sameness and repetition of parts. In woods the due retiring distances are not marked, unless they lie in shadow. The water gleaming in its bed through the deep foliage, and blending with it in its shade and reflected colour, will be a very striking beauty; and the ultramarine haze tints will be spread over the hills in fine contrast with the warmer tints that edge and play around them.

Phœbus is the great poet, the painter, and gives the finishing touch, and makes quite other things of his pictures ere the day be over, from what they were when he stared at them with his broad face after breakfast—when he glared with his eye over the whole, undetermined what character he should give the piece. In this humour he is wont to look too searchingly into the parts, like a connoisseur, till, having ascertained all its capabilities, he half shuts his eye and illumines more partially, letting the shadows fall broad. The beauteous rainbow shews but the outer rim of his pallette. The deeper tones all lie behind. His favourite tints are of ultramarine and gold; and his blessed pure medium extracted from the ocean, and the dew of the morning. But it is towards evening his genius begins to be subdued to the proper poetic glow. Raw and crude, yet vigorous, are his midday layings on; it is afterwards that he shews his mighty genius in his forbearance, by withdrawing, and toning down, and glazing, till there is such perfection, that the picture

beauty. So thought Victor, for immediately after breakfast he proposed taking our portfolios, and finding some green retreats on the wooded side of the east valley. On our way we could not resist the fascination of the little weir, which soon attracted us. The clear brown water and the silver lines that sparkled down its little fall over the weir, the green of the foliage blending in reflection with the blue of the sky, and the brown bed of the stream, afforded matter for our colours, and detained us some time in spite of the heat. We crossed the small wooden-bridge, and found ourselves in a narrow and not very shaded path under the low trees. This led us circuitously, having the river below us at various depths, and crossed a gulley, where the trees were larger, and in winding round which we were at somewhat greater distance from the water. At an opening here we had a good view. The opposite hill, with its rocky parts, the recesses whereof were wooded, rose bright into the blue sky, admirably set off, and broken by the foliage of the trees that rose up from the declivities of the ravine before us; at the bottom of which the clear and shallow stream

the stream, among the mossy fragments, overhung by the branches of trees from the bank above, I lay long enjoying both sight and sound. Here Pictor found me.

Pictor. Now what have been your thoughts in this enchanting spot?

Sketcher. You have signified their character by the epithet. Of the caves of the earth, of the vaulted heaven, fathoms under the salt sea, and of the viewless air—I have been a denizen of the four elements, and subject to none. This is Fancy's theatre, in which she loves to play her various and favourite parts. And what orchestra was ever like the liquid-voiced, the living waters? Listen to their overture; the falls—the running gurgling interchange of sounds in various distances do indeed discourse most excellent music—and wondrous in this, that it has the effect of the deepest silence, and makes the smallest sounds, not its own, ever audible. The golden beetles could not creep through the grass without being heard.

Pictor. Yes, because it comes to you where you lie, sheltered from its direct force by a huge stone, whose mossy base is your pillow, reflected.

Sketcher. What, this from you! shall Pictor give a reason I little thank him for? Such anti-poetical accounting for things might knock the stars out of the heavens, and make them drop as cinders at your feet. Rather say it is all enchantment, and such as keeps distinct from it, by its inherent power, all earthly sound.

Pictor. Yes, and would disturb none. Why did we not bring the guitar with us? The accompaniment would have been delightful.

Sketcher. Did you ever hear Eulenstein play his Jew's harps? What a treat would it be to have him and them in this spot!

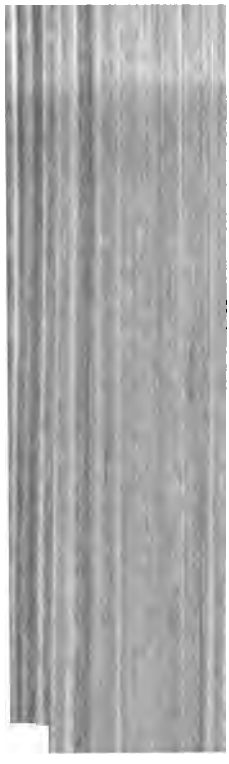
Pictor. Yes, I have heard him, and it is precisely what the imagination would conceive fairy music to be. It is delicate, you might say, to faintness, if it were not so minutely distinct in its slightest vibrations. You would, were you to hear it in this green and brown seclusion, dream you were invisibly conveyed to a fairy concert. It is the most enticing music. You might fancy every creature of the vegetable and insect world voice-gifted—delicate flower-leaf, and creeping beetle—it is wafted in the air, and responded to under ground. The winged butterfly, and the dragon-fly, have a share in it—the bee, the caterpillar, and the grasshopper, with his viol-di-gamba, and all with their several instruments in most perfect tune. Then how soon would the charm be all-powerful, impressed fully, and inspired partly, by the scenery around us! We might shut our eyes, throw ourselves on the grass, be wrapt, and borne away to the fairy-land of dreams; and as the music would float around us, and be in us, even in our very souls, awake to vivid visions, and open our charmed eyes upon some beauteous Undine rising from——

Sketcher. There you are again—your enchantment is of no black African magician's conjuration, but of the tenderness and warmth of your own affections. I am not, however, surprised that this scenery should give such direction to *your* thoughts. You must ever revel in impossibilities, whereon your refined fancy feeds. You must ever indulge in some hope of unattainable existence, neither quite celestial nor terrestrial. You have an elastic spirit, and life that will dilate itself to fill a magnificent body, that neither air nor earth shall hold; or that shall animate with fire, if so the whim suits you, one to which the smallest crack and cranny in a pebble stone shall be a palace.

Pictor. Strange—but I have been so thinking, and here is the remonstrance to one of clay, that the Invisible Lady herself may sing to Eulenstein's harps.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Mortal man of flesh and blood,
What wouldst thou with a Fairy-Love?
Where should we spread
Our bridal bed?
Under the depths of the roaring flood,
That fills thee with dread as it rolls above!



In the secret sound,
The gleam on the ground.
Thou art substance—we are pc
And what is thy love but a flee

Thou art a thing of decay and
With a form, but lent thee, awl
The narrow room
Will cover thy bloom—
But we that breathe not mortal
Can take a thousand shapes m

Water we touch and it does no
Fire we pierce and it does not
Nor earth can hold,
Nor air enfold,
For we chase the stars that are
And girthing the world with th

Thou creepest but in an earthl
We live in the clouds of the go
That shoot and fly
From the summon'd sky,
To shape us a palace wherein
When we hold our Fairy-feast.

Our banquet can eye of thine b
Thy lip can it taste our charme
The regions of light
Are but shades of night,
To the blaze of our Palace of l
That nought but our presence

Mortal man, of flesh and blood.

one less strangely gifted companion, to pass your days within the domain of such a scene of peace and quietness as this, without an atom of ambition to be whirled about the pendant world in forty minutes. Little care you for high banquets, charmed cups, and palaces of gold—it was a restless fancy, for lack of rest—the rest for which you sigh, and breathe out poetry to the wilds and woods, and beg of the very flowers to bend their heads closer and listen; and many a day have I seen the discontented fit on you, when you have been ignorant of the cause; and you may be thankful that you have a refuge from yourself in the ideal, in poetry—and that you *can* live in a world of fancy, created out of your own brain, over which your affections wander free as in their own dominion; but were they pent up within your own poor mortal bosom, working dissatisfaction, you would be consumed with the inward burnings, that thus spread do but warm the imagination into sport and play, and find you constant refreshment.

Pictor. If, then, I walk the two worlds, in spirit in the one, and bodily in the other—do they not both belong to me, or I to both? I cannot reject either self, slip from either being—and if I could, how know I but that the one life is as much Heaven's gift as the other; and it may be my duty to cherish both?

Sketcher. If the cherishing tend to the perfection of your being, and you will know by this, does it make you better? There are who would have you put woeful check upon your imagination, and live in perpetual chain and trammel, harden your heart, and regulate its very motion by a metal pendulum. Were an angel on earth, they would clip his wings, and send him to a house of industry. People, for lack of character, fly into a few classes, and when there, would drag in all that come near them; they would have all the world like themselves, and as pea to pea. No, Pictor; with the help of conscience, and the Ten Commandments, and some better aid that you know well how to ask for, I trust you may indulge your genius, not only with safety, but with benefit—and evil the day when I should see you other than you are. Are we fools and madmen, that we are at this moment extracting every pleasure, nay, delight, from beautiful quiet nature, because there be very few that do; whereas we learn, and practise gratitude hourly, in and by the very enjoyment—and are we not better for that?

Pictor. Yes. Now look at this scene—here is shelter under green boughs, moss cushions that would be costly were they only to be purchased, for they are cool and soft, beyond the power of art to manufacture the like. How refreshing is the shade in the day's heat, which here we only know in the golden gleams, that lighten up for beauty only! Then look at the quiet glassy water, for within some space of us it is still, and reflecting the deep greens, yet living and moving, as if it would loiter among the bowery trees and deep banks—and see there the plash of that happy fish, that has shewn us his silver sides in the pool—and there is the gentle music of the water above us—and there is not a green leaf that does not seem to be sensitive, and to enjoy "the air it breathes," and that it fans—and every bough and branch seems to hold lovely communion, and not a stone but seems to listen. This is perfect peace; we become gentle in our freedom, and we would not check a beetle in its enjoyment, and are better for the belief that the poor reptiles are sensible of the same blessed security, and alive to the beauty of the repose. Nature gave them not eyes to see only the stems and grass blades, whereon they crawl—I will venture, in my poetical creed, to affirm that they are all thankful—There is more folly and more ingratitude to Heaven in a country full of houses, than under green boughs—and so here will I sing you my experience.

There is folly in all the world,
Or go we East or West,
A folly that vexes the old,
And keeps the young from rest.

But of all the follies, the worst
For it stings with constant
The scorpion of the mind—
Is that of a thankless heart.

For the thankless heart is curs
And with blessings encompa
For it cannot rejoice with the
That gives nor yet receives.

To be thankful makes better th
And if Heaven should send
There is kindness in Him that
So let us be thankful still.

O let us be thankful in youth,
And let us be thankful in ag
Let us be thankful through life
For there's pleasure in every

Youth has its own sweet joys,
And he must be blind as a b
Who cannot see Love's sweet
And will not be thankful for

There are friends the dearest t
Ere half our sand is run—
And affection makes wintry da
As bright as the summer's su

And when from the dearest on
We part, let us hope 'tis give
A boon to the thankful still

derness. We love the waters, the trees, and every living thing creeping out from or under the little leaves—the peering flowers; we believe them all to have life and affection—and all bound together in one beauty by a heaven-gifted harmony—delighting in their sound, then silence, and in picture."

O ye are fools that love to stand
Above your fellow men;
To scatter by the wave of hand,
And kill by stroke of pen.
The sunshine and the greenwood shade
For Peace and Innocence were made.

Ye are not happier than your slaves,
And better may not be;
For ye contemn what virtue craves,
Sweet love and sympathy.
Better to rule one wayward mind,
Than lord it over half mankind.

By banks of river soft and clear,
'Mid greenwood boughs to lie—
To hear sweet sounds with thankful ear,
And see with thankful eye—
To feel my heart is link'd with all
I see and hear—or great or small—

This Nature's peace—proclaim'd around,
In all her bounty given—
'Tis writ in sunshine on the ground,
And breathed in airs from Heaven;
Before all power and high degree
Is love beneath the greenwood tree.

Pictor rose with the last lines—and after some moments of unexpressed thought, I turned, and saw him a short way down the stream, making himself a path among the moss-covered stones that lay at the water's edge. I know not what his thoughts were, but he stopped suddenly, leaned against a fragment of rock, and sang—

"Per valli, per boschi—
Cercando di Nice
Sol l'echo mi dice
Che Nice non v'è—
Domando di lei
A ogn' aura piangendo—
Ogn' aura tacendo,
Sen passa da me."

My tranquillity was somewhat more practical than my friend Pictor's. I left him to his vagaries, and turned to the quiet study of the scene before me. I will make it, thought I, the subject of a picture. Like the knight, therefore, in Ariosto, I remained, reclined against a large mossy stone, alternately looking about me, and reflecting—

"Pensoso più dun' ora, a capo basso."

I was rising to depart, when I saw Pictor hastening towards me. He was then in the broad sun, crossing some deep fern, out of the sheltering range of the high rocks that formed the enclosed scene. The view here was from shade into sunshine, and beautiful it was; but Pictor would not let me enjoy it, telling me, that lower down, he had clambered over some rocks, and come upon a scene that must require all the power of the pencils and colours of both.

Sketcher. Yes, I know where you would take me. There is a large shelf of rock, and the water thunders down into a deep pool, that, but a little way on, is as still as silence itself; and there too are high banks, and trees shooting across, and stones in the water, like things that once had life.

Pictor. A peace, a tranquillity, gifted by enchantment. The precincts of an Undine's bower—every leaf is oracular, and sings as it moves, "Let there be nothing to disturb the peace that reigns here." You should be so impressed with the entire security of the scene, that were you to see a lion turning that corner, and imagine him as large a monster as you please, and awfully dimly seen, with his tawny form amid the sombre rocks —I say, were you to see a lion, you ought in your faith to be undisturbed.

Sketcher. If he were to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." But as you are not a gentle Una, with innocence to tame the menagerie of the forest, I will not answer for myself, and in truth you have somewhat disturbed the repose; and yet it is a good idea, if one could represent in a picture the perfect security in the presence of such an animal, and yet remove all fear and all necessity for it—the lion literally lying down with the lamb.

Pictor. The repose would become a holy repose—the trunks of the trees would enlarge themselves, and over all there would be a sublime peace.

Pictor being impatient, without

of great simplicity. We were long very busy with our sketching materials; and, as is usual on such occasions when deeply interested, very silent. I observed the leaves of the trees on the other side to be strongly illuminated, or rather relieved off a purple sky, and watery clouds were gathering in front. The water behind us assumed a more decided hammering and pounding noise, that to me, who have a fear in the noise of water, was terrifying. It was grand, and therefore I thought of Homer and Neptune, sea-gods and river-gods upsetting islands with their tridents, and tossing them over as you would mounds in a minnow pond. But I was soon convinced that there was more growling than the waters would account for. The sunshine in the middle of the picture had gradually withdrawn—at least I suppose so—for it was gone, and I did not see it depart. There we were caught; and in spite of reason and reasoning, and all that sort of thing now taught in every hedge-school at one farthing per day, did I feel as if I were caught, entrapped, by some *genius loci*, that had me at his mercy; and, I confess, with haste I did pack up my portfolio, and get under shelter of a ledge of the rock not far from our seat, and there finding something very like a cavernous parlour, invited Pictor, who joined me here from an opposite direction, so I concluded he had his fears too, and feared the fate of Hylas.

We had scarcely ensconced ourselves in our cavern of refuge, when down came the rain in torrents. The roaring of the waters—the pounding of its wrath among the huge stones—the growling of the thunder—and the still undisturbed bleak pool close to us, that seemed, like Erebus, to receive all, yet never to be full, altogether excited us greatly. I have no doubt we were in most perfect security, unless an earthquake had put an extinguisher upon us, shining lights of the sketching world, and that might have happened anywhere; but whether we were safe or not, it was not possible to divest the mind of a sense of danger, and I confess that I wished myself fairly out of the scene.

More than once the possibility suggested itself to my idle fancy, that the waters might rise, and cut off our retreat. Long, therefore, did I mark a few stones on my left, for I was now directly facing the opposite bank—and to my satisfaction, observed not the slightest perceptible alteration in the height of the water. Pictor said a great many sublime things, but I was too uneasy to note them on memory's tablet; and I took the first opportunity of a cessation of the pelting of the storm, to make my way back over the rocks, the way I had entered, and only recollect making one piece of criticism, which, as it is a sketch from nature, may be of some value to any future author of an epic poem, namely, that Virgil was a great fool, or very insensible to the sublime effects of nature, or he would have had a better contrivance than that of love-making in a cave in a thunder-storm, or his hero was not of my mind. We had remained in our cave of enchantment perhaps an hour; and by the time we had reached the deep fern bank I have before mentioned, the storm had entirely ceased. The sun was shining again, and the Cloud Demon had passed far from moor and fell, and gone to mingle with his burly fellows in the broad deep. Peace was restored, and Nature looked fresh and green, yet meek and gentle after the rebuke—beautiful because innocent, and interesting because a sufferer. A bird or two began to pipe a few notes, as to proclaim that the Sessions for the Peace were over, and the stern Justices departed, and creeping things peeped in and out, from the shrew-mouse to the beetle, without fear of the "great Assize." Pictor looked up to the path on the right, much above us, and remarked a drenched party returning from the Waters'-meet. He laughed, and said that they were Oxford scholars, whom he had heard, ere we set out, discussing what they should do with themselves after a few hours of intended hard study of Aristotle, but that the sudden arrival of three fair companions had soon decided them; and having studied the το φιλειν and το φιλεισθαι they thought it high time to show themselves practically masters of the lesson, and so they w— with the party to Waters'-meet.

I was very much tickled with

tion of their fine studies, and thought of "the Lay of Aristotle," quoth Pictor, and made a glee on the subject, which, if our party meet us with the guitar as they promised, I will make interest to have performed. We proceeded to our old ground, and not finding our party arrived, thought it as well to prepare for them; we therefore piled together a heap of dry wood, made a tolerable fire, dried our shoes and stockings, and aired our portfolios. The rest of the evening was very beautiful, and it was not long after we were refreshed that we welcomed the ladi party, who were engaged t at the rustic seat; they guitars and refreshments— we determined to pass an two very delightfully. Su minations are not always fu this instance they were. friends that Pictor had a them to practise, on the in the Oxford scholars. The assented, and some little spent in the rehearsal. T soon rang with voices.

GLEE.

There were three students sat on a hill
Over the pleasant Lynn—
Their books were closed, yet they held them still,
Each one beneath his chin.
And they vow'd no more o'er the leaves to pore,
Or even to look therein.

All. Where shall we pass the rest of the day?
1 *Stud.* With me, with me, with me—
And we will quaff, and we will laugh,
The merry, merry hours away.

All. Where shall we pass the rest of the day?
2 *Stud.* With me, with me, with me—
For the joyous boat it is afloat,
And we will away to sea.

All. Where shall we pass the rest of the day?
3 *Stud.* With me, with me, with me—
Our lines we'll throw in the Lynn below,
And busy, busy anglers be.

Now there came and sat at each one's side,
Margery, Kate, and Jean,
And they look'd, and look'd, and softly cried,
With me, with me, with me—
For why should we pass it all alone
Under the greenwood tree.

All. Where shall we pass the rest of the day?
Each Stud. to his lady. With thee, with thee, with thee.
And so it was sweet holiday
Under the greenwood tree.

MORA CAMPBELL.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

When that dire year had come and gone,
That laid the pride of Caledon,
At one infuriate venture, low,
Beneath the foot of cruel foe—
That cursed year, whose memory brands
With burning flame her northern lands,
And deep on mountain, fell, and flood,
Is graved in characters of blood—
It was, when last was heard the jar,
The tempest and the clang of war
Within our isle; when April's sun
Saw red Culloden lost and won,
And the bold lineage of the Gael
Trodden like dust o'er moor and dale;
When the bright star of Stuart's race
Was dashed from its resplendent place,
That ruddy star which through the spheres
Had shone sublime a thousand years,
That rose through blood in times of yore,
A light ensanguined always bore,
Then set in blood for evermore;—
'Twas then and there, where England's bands
Lay mid Lochaber's ruined lands,
And held loud revels of delight,
Feasting and dancing day and night,
With every freak, and whim, and game,
That conquerors in despite could frame.
The chiefs of Diarmid all were there,
Noted for heroes tall and fair,
Of manly mete and noble mien,
All blazing in their tartans sheen;
A name of majesty and power,
Whose might, in Scotia's darkest hour,
Had oft been roused and starkly tried,
But always on the strongest side;
For why, they say, with power avail?
'Tis they who always turn the scale;
For where they join their potent name,
The side of power must be with them.
Howe'er that be, or false or true,
A tale of love hath nought to do;
Suffice it, that the Campbells were
The chief great name of Scotland there;
And hence, their dames and maidens fair
Came to the camp their joys to share,
And sooth such dancing and deray,
Such galliardise and gambols gay,
Ne'er sounded over shore and vale
On dark Lochaber's dusky gale.
Among the rest, there came a maid
From green Glen-Lyon's mountain glade,
Hight Mora Campbell, one whose mien
Excell'd all beauty ever seen
In Scotia's stern and stormy reign,
Where beauty strove to bloom in vain.
But though the maidens of Argyle,
Gathered from continent and isle,
From Mull of Morven to Loch-Orn,
From gray Glen-Orchy and from Lorn,
Breadalbane's maidens, bronzed and tall,
And the blue eyes of Fortingall;
Yet Mora of Glen-Lyon shone
O'er all, unequall'd, and alone,
Like the young moon on summer even,
Walking amid the stars of heaven.
Great was the friendly strife among
The courtly warriors of the throng,
To gain this peerless maiden's hand
At serenade or saraband;
For where a maiden shews her face,
Whate'er her nation or her race,
Man still will love, and still will woo,
The best—of thousands—or of two,
Be she a savage, serf, or slave,
Or maiden of the emerald wave;
Nay, be she sable, brown, or fair,
She's loved, if better be not there.
So was it here; the southern host
Were feasted at their foemen's cost,
And there, in reckless riot, lay,
Watching the north, for many a day;
But, O, what stir, and joy, and ramp,
When these young maidens sought the camp!
Then all was compliment and cooing,
With toying, teasing, love, and wooing.
But short their stay. A visit sped
More to the living than the dead,
Though some had sighs and tears to feign
Above the graves of kinsmen slain;
And now warm vows of love were cast
On ladies' ears, as thick and fast
As leaves fall from Lochaber trees,
Or snow-flakes from her northern breeze.
Among the rest, an English knight,
Sir Hugh de Vane of Barnard hight,
Made love to Mora in such way,
That her young mind was moved to stay,
And take her lot, for ill or good,
With a young knight of noble blood.
Her brother, too, seemed to approve,
Vouching Sir Hugh's unblemished love,
But urged her not to stay or go,
Or answer him with yes or no.
The sequel scarcely need I tell—
They had no heart to say farewell;
The maid was won, you may foresee,
As all maids are, or wish to be;
For what fair maiden can refuse,
When gallant youthful warrior sues?
Their hands in holy bond were tied,
Sir Hugh was happy with his bride,
As youth could with such beauty be,
And drank of pleasure to the lee;

Up came young champion of the glen,
Fierce as a lion from his den,
In mood provoking stern reply,
And fierce defiance in his eye:
"My lord," said he, "I may not bear
Such court'sy to my sister dear.
Think'st thou her birth and lineage good,
The best of Albyn's noble blood,
No better than that motley race
Brought by thy kinsmen to disgrace?
I tell thee, lord, unto thy brow,
My sister's higher born than thou;
And more, she is thy nephew's spouse,
By all the holy marriage vows—
Wed with a ring—his lawful wife,—
I the maintainer with my life."—
"Hence to thy post, thou saucy Scot,
Thy high descent I question not;
Nay, doubt not that thy sires renown'd
Were mighty kings, revered and crown'd,
O'er some poor glen of shaggy wood,
Before the universal flood;
But this I know, that blood of thine
Commingle never shall with mine,
To taint it with rebellion's ban,
Thy nation's curse since time began.
The charge is false—I know Sir Hugh
Not for his soul this thing durst do
Without my knowledge and consent;
He would not stoop to circumvent
A beauteous maiden to disgrace—
I'll question him before her face."
Up came Sir Hugh, and took his stand
Hard by his General's trembling hand;
He heard his [illegible]

But when affection all and whole
The very pillars of the soul,
Are placed on one sole being here,
For whom alone this life is dear,
To find *that one* our trust betray,
And all our hopes in ruin lay—
Then 'reayed, astonish'd, and forsaken,
The structure of the soul is shaken,
Without one prop whereon to rest,
That will not pierce the stooping breast,
Or thought of one beloved so well,
Unshaded by a tinge of hell;
This is a grief without remede—
This, this is wretchedness indeed!
In this dire state of dumb dismay
And hopeless grief, for many a day,
Of every cheering ray bereft,
Was Mora of Glen-Lyon left.
She never waked one morn to cumber,
On which she wish'd not still to slumber;
She never sunk that night to rest,
On which she wish'd not to be blest
With dreamless sleep that break should never,
Unknown, unknowing ought for ever.
In that fond heart where love had reigned,
A vacancy alone remain'd,
A dreary void, which to supply
Nothing remain'd beneath the sky;
For with the husband of her youth,
His sacred honour and his truth,
Vanish'd her hope, her fear, her all.
But yet, at pity's gentle call,
Some kind emotions woke anew;
She to her suffering brother flew,
Yielded to nature's kindred sway,
And nursed and soothed him night and day;
Nor once produced unwelcome theme,
By mention of her husband's name.
Home to Glen-Lyon's lonely glade,
The wounded warrior was convey'd,
And after tedious illness borne,
Dejected, wearied, and outworn,
He yielded up his spirit brave,
And sunk to an untimely grave.
And just before his life's last close,
Glen-Lyon's flower, her faded rose,
Wept o'er a young and helpless guest,
And nursed him on her youthful breast—
A lovely babe; he throve and grew,
Prattled, and smiled, and nothing knew
Of all his mother's yearnings strong,
And all her deep and deadly wrong.
Sir Hugh, with feelings rack'd and torn,
And spirit wounded and forlorn,
At all the ills his hand had wrought,
And conduct with dishonour fraught,
Was hurried by his General far,
To combat in a foreign war,
And hold command in that campaign
That ravaged Alsace and the Rhine.
But from that day he first denied
His youthful wife in warrior pride,
And left her guardian and her shield
A-bleeding on Boleskine field,
From thence, in fortune ill or good,
He was a man of alter'd mood—
A man who only seem'd to take
A thought of life for sorrow's sake,
Fought but to mitigate his wo,
And gloried not in friend or foe.
Three years of fierce and bloody feud
Produced a transient quietude,
And brave Sir Hugh's diminish'd corps
Returned to England's welcome shore.
Meanwhile his son on Highland brae,
By one more relative's decay,
Succeeded had, by birth allied,
To fair Glen-Lyon far and wide,
To castle, peel, and barbican,
The greatest laird of all his clan.
Why does fair Mora of the wild
Thus deck herself and comely child,
Not in Clan-Campbell's tartans sheen,
The red, the yellow, and the green,
But in new robes of southern hue,
Pale garments of cerulean blue;
And daily take a stand sublime,
Like meteors of a foreign clime?
Ask not again—thou know'st full well,
Nought of this world in which we dwell,
No fault nor failing, time nor space,
Can woman's maiden love efface.
It blossoms, still a virgin gem,
And offspring strengthens still the stem.
Sooner may maiden fresh and fair
Forget her locks of flowing hair,
That, heaving with her balmy breath,
To lover's heart throwe shaft of death;
Sooner neglect its crescent bow
And shed oblique above the brow,
And all her charms aright to set,
Than once an early love forget;
Nay, sooner may maternal love
A truant to her nature prove,
And her betrothed affections flee
The infant smiling on her knee,
Than she can from her heart dethrone
The father of that lovely one.
Even when poor Mora's heart was reft
Of all—still sovereign love was left.
And now she thought—what could she do
But ween her husband still was true;
And, when in freedom, would not fail
To seek Glen-Lyon's Highland dale,
Where counts would soon have been made even,
And all forgotten and forgiven.
He sent not—came not once that way;
Though many a weary hour and day,
She and the boy of her delight
Stood robed in southern garments bright,
With anxious eyes straining intent
South from the highest battlement.
Then every night she dreamed anew,
Of meeting with her own Sir Hugh;

And every day she took her stand,
And look'd unto the southern land;
While every time she kissed her boy,
A mother's pride, a mother's joy,
Waked ardent longings to attain
Sight of his father once again.
  Her heart could brook no more delay,
And southward on a dubious way,
She with her boy disguised is gone—
By land, by sea, they journey'd on,
And soon arrived with purpose shrewd,
Mid London's mingled multitude,
Where straight she went in courtly style,
To Lady Ella of Argyle,*
And there did secretly impart
Each wish and purpose of her heart.
That lady welcomed her the more
As all her wrongs she knew before,
And oft had wish'd most fervently,
A mediatrix there to be,
Though, certes, little did she ween
Her friend was beauty's peerless queen.
  What scope for matron's subtle aid!
Their potent measures soon were laid;
And forth came Mora of the glen,
Amid a wilderness of men
All gazing—all entranced outright,
At her resplendent beauty bright;
For no such loveliness or worth,
As this fair vision of the North,
Had e'er been seen by mortal man,
Or heard of since the world began.
The lady took her friend so fair,
To balls, assemblies, everywhere;
And sooth she was a comely sight,
In silken tartans blazing bright,
A comet of bedazzling ray,
A rainbow in a winter day—
A meteor of the frozen zone,
As bright in course as quickly gone.
For purpose justified and plain,
The lady surnamed her M'Vane,
Her husband's name, though unperceived,
Through Scottish breviat interweaved.
Then every day the clamour spread,
Of this unrivall'd Highland maid,
And every day brought wooers store,
In splendour to Duke Archibald's door;
But all advances soon were check'd
By distant coldness and respect,
And lords and courtiers sued in vain
To the unparagon'd M'Vane.
Sir Hugh, so dull and saturnine,
Chanced to behold, without design,
In all her elegance unfurl'd,
This streamer of the northern world;
For there were many movements sly,
To bring her to his languid eye,
Which no inducement could invite
To look on lady with delight.
  The effect was instant, powerful, strong,
Without the force of right or wrong
To rectify or countervail;
Once more was heaved the loaded scale,
And all the world unto a shred,
Love—sovereign love—preponderated.
O there was something in her air,
So comely, so divinely fair,
So fraught with beauty's genial glow,
Like angel dream'd of long ago,
That all his energies of mind
To this dear object were confined!
He durst not think of former spouse,
Nor dream of former broken vows,
Because, without this lady, he
Found life was utter misery.
Unto Argyle all was unknown;
The lady Ella knew alone.
But he, good man, was to his end,
A Campbell's best and firmest friend:
And judging this a proffer fit,
He urged the beauty to submit.
No—she had reasons indirect
A southron always to suspect;
And unto one should never yield,
Till bonds and contracts, sign'd and seal'd,
Were all made firm in liege and land,
And lodged in good Duke Archibald's hand;
Then lothly did she yield consent
To vows of love so vehement,
And they were wed in princely style,
Within the palace of Argyle.
  If brave Sir Hugh loved well before,
This time was added ten times more;
'Twas as if love had raised its head
In resurrection from the dead,
And fix'd on being all-supreme,
Like something in a long-lost dream,
And with an energy intense,
As far surpassing mortal sense,
He loved, as blessed spirits prove,
When meeting in the realms above.
  The joy that lighten'd in her eye,
Was watched by his with ecstasy;
On every accent of her tongue
His ravished ear enraptured hung;
And sometimes as its Highland twang
Out through his vitals thrilling rang,
It seem'd to bring a pang of woe,
And tears would all unbidden flow,
As linked, in some mysterious way,
With visions of a former day.
  But faithless lover never pass'd
Without due chastening at the last;
And grievous penalties in store
Were lurking now Sir Hugh before.

---

* This was not the Duchess of Argyle, who had died previously to this adventure; but the Lady Elizabeth Campbell, or Ella, as the Duke called her familiarly, who then

One eve, when rung the dinner bell,
His lady was announced unwell;
And worse, on some mysterious plea,
Firmly refused his face to see.
The warrior was astonish'd quite,
His senses seem'd involved in night,
As if he struggled, conscience-check'd,
Some dire offence to recollect,
But could not all its weight perpend,
Nor its dimensions comprehend;
His spirit shrunk within his frame,
He watch'd the eye of noble dame,
And saw with dreadour and with doubt,
A flame enkindling him about,
That would his heart or honour sear;
But yet he wist not what to fear;
He moved about like troubled sprite,
And rested neither day nor night;
For still his darling, his espoused,
All access to her lord refused;
At length he sought, in rueful style,
The stately Ella of Argyle.
"Madam, by all the holy ties,
Which none knew more than thou to prize,
By those endearments prized the most,
Which thou hast sigh'd for, gain'd, and lost,*
Tell me my doom. What is my crime?
And why this painful pantomime?
To know the worst will be relief
From this exuberance of grief."—
"Sir Hugh, it grieves me much to be
The herald of perplexity,
But letters have arrived of late,
That of injurious matters treat;
This lovely dame, whom you have wed,
Hath our kind guardianship misled;
And is not seemingly the dame,
Neither in lineage nor in name,
Which she assumed. They hold it true,
That she's a wife and mother too;
That this is truth, I do not know,
But reasons have to dread it so."
Sir Hugh shed some salt tears of grief,
Which brought more anguish than relief,
And thought, as naturally he must,
"I am a sinner! God is just!"
Then blazed he forth with storm and threat,
To blame the lady of deceit.
"Madam," said he, "the lady came
Forth under your auspicious name;
And who could deem deceitful wile,
Used by the house of great Argyle?
I to the Duke make my appeal;
From all his princely honest zeal,
I know he'll rid me of this shame,
So derogating to his name;
If she's a wife, I her forego,
To censures fitting thereunto;
And if a mistress, must disclaim
All union with her bloated name;
For though I love her more than life,
She ne'er can be my lady wife:
Unto the Duke's awards I bow,
I know this deed he'll disallow."
Unto Duke Archibald straight he went,
His grievous injuries to vent;
Who heard him with his known degree
Of calm respect and dignity:
Then said, "I take no blame in ought,
The comely dame my sister brought
Unto my halls, as courtly guest,
And she's incapable of jest.
If this fair dame you have espoused,
Hath our high name, and you, abused,
I give her up without defence,
To suffer for her fraudulence.
Let officers attend, and bear
Her to a jail, till she appear
In court, and this sad blame remove;
I hope her innocence she'll prove."
The officers arrived in haste;
Argyle went to his lovely guest,
To learn if she was not belied;
But no one knew what she replied;
For back he came in sullen mood,
Without remark, evil or good,
And seem'd resolved to consign
Mora to punishment condign.
Ere her commitment was made out,
Sir Hugh, in choler and in doubt,
Pleaded to hear from her own mouth,
Whate'er it was, the honest truth;
Then he, impassioned and uproosed,
Made rank confusion more confused,
By raging on with stormy din,
Threatening Argyle and all his kin—
When lo! in manifest concern,
The Lady Ella, flush'd and stern,
Came in, and with reproving look,
Accosted the astonished Duke.
"My Lord, your writ you may affere,
'Tis well the officers are here—
For such an injury propense,
Such dark degrading delinquence,
Ne'er proffer'd was by mortal man
To lady of our kin and clan.
Let the offence have judgment due!"—
"'Tis my request," replied Sir Hugh.
"Yes, warrior! vengeance shall be had—
And for thy sake, we'll superadd,
As said the prophet to the king,
Thou art the man hath done the thing.
My lord, the criminal malign,
Is this high favourite of thine,
Who hath us proffer'd that disgrace,
Which no effrontery can outface.

* *This lady* was then the widow of her cousin, the Right Hon. Lord M'Kenzie, of Rosehaugh

"All false! All false, my lord, in faith,"
Sir Hugh replied, with stifled breath.
"A hoax, a flam your Grace to gall;
To prove it I defy them all."—
"The proof, Sir Knight, shall soon be brought
Home to your heart, with vengeance fraught.
Your former spouse, from Highland wood,
Is here in blooming lustihood;
And as appropriate garniture,
And a kind welcome to secure,
A sweet young family hath brought,
Wild as young cubs in forest caught—
Whose thews and features are no shams,
Whose carrot locks and kilted hams
The darkest secrets might betray,
Were there no other 'mergent way.
She has call'd here in deep distress—
Our fair friend's anguish you may guess;
From this, what marvel can there be,
That she denies your face to see?"
Hast thou not seen the morning ray
Ascend the east with springing day,
Now red, now purple, and now pale,
The herald of the stormy gale?
Thou hast. Yet thou can'st never view
The dead blank look of brave Sir Hugh.
Two wives at once to deprehend him—
And Highland wives—The Lord defend him!
Argyle was wroth, it might be seen,
Yet still preserved his look serene.
He saw the guilty deed confess'd.

Glen-Lyon's verdant hills I claim,
And Mora Campbell is my name;
His sister, who commission bore
Under young Campbell of Mamore,
Who led your Grace's clansmen bold,
On dark Culloden's bloody wold.
" That summer when the English host
Lay on Lochaber's ruined coast,
Some dames and maidens of your line
Went to the camp to intertwine
With laurel every hero's plume
Who fought rebellion to consume.
Too much elated there and then,
This gallant knight, Sir Hugh de Vane,
Made love to me by suit and boon,
And won my youthful heart too soon.
We married were by chaplain vile
In old Boleskine's holy isle,—
My brother present; here's the ring;
The registers, the entering—
As safe and solemn to my mind,
As man alive could couple bind.
Sir Hugh dares not the truth deny,
Nor in one point give me the lie.
" But when the order questionless
Came for the host to march express,
His tongue, to truth and honour dead,
Denied me at the army's head;
While the base chaplain stood as glum
As rigid statue, deaf and dumb—
A mere automaton, subjected
To do as General's eye directed.
" My brother charged Sir Hugh in wrath,
Fought him, and met untimely death;
While I, in sorrow and in pain,
Fled to my native hills again,
Where, of young mother all forlorn,
This sweet unfather'd babe was born,
Who now is rightful heir to all
Glen-Lyon's braes and Fortingall.
" But yet, my lord—who would believe't?—
For all the injuries I received,
I found my heart, in woful plight,
Still clung unto this cruel knight,
With such a fondness, mix'd with pain,
I found I ne'er could love again.
Therefore, in thine and heaven's sight,
I claim him as my primal right."—
" Certes, you may, and him obtain;
Your claim's substantial, fair, and plain;
Your suit you will not—cannot miss.
But then the worst of all is this,
That he'll be hung for felony;
Then what hast thou, or what has she?"
" I think, my lord," Sir Hugh replied,
With haggard air and look aside,
" Since hanging must me overtake,
Let it be now for pity's sake.
I've fought in battle-field and glen
The fiercest of the sons of men;
The Mackintoshes, stern and gray,
And the blue Camerons of the brae;
I've braved the Frenchmen's serried might
At morn, at eve, at middle night:
But all these battles, fierce and famed,
Compared with this, can ne'er be named;
Mere pigmies to a giant's form,
A zephyr to a raging storm,
A lady's pinpoint to a block,
A chariot's to an earthquake's shock.
Most loved, most lovely, dreaded two!
I never was o'ercome till now,
Nor felt so feverishly. In brief,
A hanging would be great relief,
My lord—'tis truth—(I'll not evade)—
Each word that lovely dame hath said."
" Good lord!" exclaimed the ancient chief,
" This deed unhinges all belief!
What fiend could move thee thus to treat
Our kinswoman, so fair, so sweet;
And then to come with front of brass
To our own house—and, by the mass,
Straight wed—another to destroy,
As if a Campbell were a toy?
What spirit from the dark abyss
Could move thee to such deed as this?"
" God knows, my lord! The thing to me
Is an unfathom'd mystery;
But I suppose it was alone
The devil himself that urged me on;
For I declare, as I've to die,
No man e'er loved so well as I
This lovely dame. But I was bit
And bullied till I lost my wit;
Yet never since that hour of teen
One happy moment have I seen.
I love this last one too, 'tis true;
But, Mora, by my soul I vow,
'Tis for her likeness unto you."
The tears ran down young Mora's cheek;
She turn'd away, but could not speak,
Till Lady Ella *of* Argyle,
With face uplighted by a smile,
Arose, and took a hand of each,
And said, " Sir Hugh, this shameful breach
Of truth and honour quite o'erpowers
This dame, whose virgin love was yours,
And never will from you depart,
While the warm tide pervades her heart.
But though that heart you sore have wrung,
She cannot bear to see you hung.
And she is right; for, to my mind,
Hanging's no joke, and that you'll find.
And what may this dear boy betide,
Without a father him to guide?
And what disgrace the cant will be,
' Your father hung on Tyburn tree!'
Take both the dames then, as you can
Speed to Cathay or Hindoostan,

This dreadful war of Highland wives,
And both their shameful narratives,
Before the just but proud Argyle,
The greatest subject of our isle;
But both the ladies held him fast,
To take one farewell for the last.
Argyle looked stern in troubled way,
And wist not what to do or say,
Till Lady Ella once again
Address'd the knight in cheerful strain:—

THE CHURCH ANI

LETTER FROM A I

SIR,—I have already, on more than one occasion, addressed to you such suggestions as have occurred to my mind at periods of great popular excitement, with a view of correcting erroneous impressions, and uniting (as far as possible) the moderate and candid of both parties in the same view of the common danger. The last occasion on which I attempted this (as many are too apt to term it) Quixotic enterprise, was that of the first announcement by Government of its great measure of "Reform" in the Commons' House of Parliament. Of the many corres-

of the Establishment, is quite preposterous. A very large number, forming altogether one of the most respectable and influential of the several denominations of Dissenters, are, by their own profession, the sincerity of which has been manifested by recent conduct, not only not adverse, but friendly, to the continuance of the Establishment, from which they are themselves separated only on the ground of sincere, however much to be regretted, scruples in matters of small practical importance, and the distinction between whom and those members of the Establishment itself whom they most nearly approach and resemble, is so minute and subtle as, to any but the nicest religious eye, to be utterly undiscernible. Many, again, of those who are hostile, are actuated in their hostility by no opposition to the Church, either in respect of doctrine or practice, but by an honest persuasion that the free exercise of religion ought not to be shackled by any restrictions of creed or discipline; and in this opinion many pious and sincere men also, who are included within the pale of the Establishment, concur with them. The number of those Dissenters who, from irreconcilable difference as to matters of fundamental belief, or from obstinate attachment, or adhesion, to some one exclusive form of Church Government, seek the overthrow of the present Church Establishment, with a view to substitute their own, as the dominant, sect, in the room of it—is so comparatively small (if, indeed, any such exist), that it may be altogether disregarded in a practical view of the subject; and yet, in forming any estimate on the basis of setting the Church and Dissenters in array against each other, these are the only classes which deserve to be ranked as opponents of the Church *because* Dissenters. If, therefore, the Church had no other enemies to fear but the Dissenters, (meaning by the term those who separate themselves from the Church on the ground of some express difference of religious opinion,) it is probable that her friends would have no great cause to be solicitous about her security: but if to the *number of professed* Dissenters, be added all who, whether nominally within or without the pale of the Establishment, are really of no religion whatever; who hate the Church, as hating religion; or who, in other respects indifferent, would nevertheless get rid of a Church Establishment, from mere sordid and selfish views, either of political economy or personal exemption—then, indeed, the question assumes a far more formidable appearance, and our means of calculating the comparative strength of attack and resistance altogether fail. Yet even here also we should be in an error if we imagined that all who openly profess unbelief, or who even scoff at religion, are necessarily opposed to the Establishment, since there are numbers who would support it from political motives only, whose names are yet to be found in the list of avowed champions of infidelity. As, therefore, the number of professed Dissenters affords us no test whatever, so neither does the number of professed unbelievers, or even revilers, of religion, furnish us with any, as to the true amount of the forces actually in array against us. The only estimate of practical utility which appears to be at all attainable, is as to the number of those, Dissenters or otherwise, who are actual believers in the great fundamental truths of the Gospel, together with the true proportion of those who, being such believers, are, over and above, impressed with a conviction that religion is properly an affair of State, and that the interests of religion are inseparably connected with, and dependent upon, the Established Government; and if it shall be made appear that this number, and that proportion, are not only at present very considerable, but are from day to day considerably increasing, the ascertainment of this fact may well inspire a high degree of just confidence in the firmness of the Church herself, and the impotence of her motley and disunited assailants. Let us dissect any one of the various numerical arguments which have been arrayed against the Establishment, and it will be found to be wholly without force or consistency. Let us take, for example, the statement made a few nights ago by Mr Hume, without even questioning its

tion—how many more of no religio
but that of Mammon—how man
more who, grovelling in the lowes
depths of vice and infamy, must b
counted as nothing in the computa
tion—how many more, whose ab
sence from the church is occasione
by no disaffection, but by the wan
of means and opportunity to fre
quent it, arising either from want o
room within the churches themselve
for their reception and accommoda
tion, or from the multiplicity an
urgency of their own domestic ne
cessities? It matters not that neithe
of the last-mentioned causes *ough*
to exist—the question being whethe
they do not exist, in fact—an
whether the fact of their existenc
be not of importance in respect o
the validity of Mr Hume's mode o
reasoning; whether, in short, it b
not quite enough to account, to
gether with the other grounds o
deduction already enumerated, fo
the phenomenon itself, even if th
statement had been that one-tent
only, instead of one-fifth, of the po
pulation of these busy places wer
members of the Church, in the sens
(in which alone such a fact is capa
ble of ascertainment) of Church
frequenters.

sion to, and exercise of, all temporal rights and privileges, and a participation of benefits attached by the will either of the founder or of the State itself, to the profession of a particular creed in religion; nor is it at all necessary to enquire what was the origin of the restriction, provided it be, in the opinion of the governing body, essential to the maintenance of the established religion. The battle between "the Church and its enemies" must be fought on a different ground; and the chief error of some of its most ardent and zealous champions has consisted in taking their stand behind intrenchments which, whatever might have been their original use or necessity, were clearly become no longer advantageous or tenable. Let no unworthy fear of possible consequences deter from the performance of any act of strict justice. The worst that can ensue is the temporary encouragement afforded by a certain measure of success, to further demands which it may not be either just or expedient to grant; and the more violent the opposition which was made to the first concession, the greater the triumph, and consequently the stronger the excitement to fresh exactions. But this consideration ought, of all others, to lead men who are united in attachment to one common principle, to concert together the best means of defence, and predetermine the line at which concession must end, and a hearty and strenuous resistance commence.

There can be no question, that of all the existing institutions of the country, not merely ecclesiastical in their origin and in the objects to which they are applicable, the two old English Universities are those with which the interests of religion, as connected with the security of the Church Establishment, are most intimately and inseparably bound up and identified. Education is, no doubt, an object of primary importance,—of general and even universal concernment,—in the promotion and advancement of which, upon the most extensive foundation, Churchmen and Dissenters of all classes and denominations are equally interested; but it does not follow that *the design of such* an advancement, *however meritorious* or however magnificent, is one in which Churchmen and Dissenters can or ought to co-operate. Any system of education which has not Religion for its basis, is not only imperfect, but destitute of the principle which alone entitles it to the name of a system, insomuch that we may as well speak of a system of religion without a God, as of a system of education without religion. But, if religion be admitted to be the basis of education, it seems to be a necessary consequence that the religion taught must be that of the teacher; in other words, that so long as we possess a national religion, there can be no system of national education which has not that national religion for its basis. It is not indeed indispensably requisite that, in order to be admitted to a participation of the advantages of such an education, the party seeking it should be called upon to profess his adherence to the principle upon which it is founded; and the practice of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge is different in this very respect. But the difference between them is in point of practice only. According to the mode of discipline adopted at Cambridge, the Dissenter, although at liberty to enter without the formality of any religious subscription, is required, during the whole term of his residence, to conform to the Church, by attendance both at divine worship, and at whatever course of theological lectures the regulations of each particular college may render requisite; and it is, at least, extremely difficult to determine the precise shade of distinction, in point of hardship, between the sort of conformity thus required, and that which is implied, at Oxford, in the mere act of subscription to the Articles of the Church. This distinction, however, be the value attached to it what it may, exists only during the estate of undergraduateship. The test required, in order to take a degree, is the same at both Universities, and, equally in each, to the exclusion of the honest Dissenter. The question then arises whether these ancient and venerable institutions are or are not an essential part of the Church Establishment?—a question of political expediency, which it is quite absurd to argue on the ground of mere abstract

law or parliamentary enactment, resting, as it does, on the far higher ground of Religion, as a vital branch of the Commonwealth.

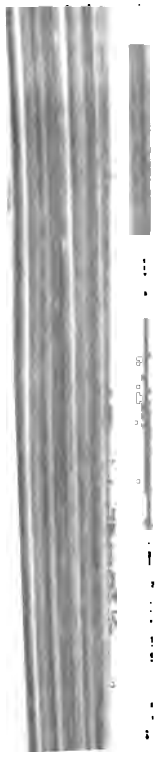
In any other point of view than the preceding, the claim of the Dissenters to be admitted to the benefit of degrees at both Universities is a claim, to all appearance, so consonant with every humane and liberal principle, that it is scarce possible to conceive a question on which it would be more painful to a person of enlarged and comprehensive views, unbiassed by the spirit of sectarianism in religion, or by that of party in politics, to find himself at variance with so large a proportion of those amongst whom he is generally proud to be enrolled as a fellow-labourer and associate. Many of the names subscribed to the first petition from Cambridge, are of individuals with whom it is impossible not to feel it an honour to appear in the same list for any public purpose. The object avowed which is no less than the absolute freedom of science and literature from every trammel of human imposition is sublime and captivating. The end announced is unobjectionable, provided it could be safely predicated that all who seek the benefit of the proposed abolition are of the same mind with the Cambridge petitioners. But it is impossible for any well-wisher to the Establishment, who is at the same time free in his own person from the bias of party spirit, and placed by residence at a distance from the immediate scene of the movement, not to perceive that the ostensible actors in the drama are nothing more than puppets in the hands of those who seek the overthrow of the Church, and that concession, *in this instance*, must infallibly, and by direct logical consequence, lead to the total separation of the Universities from the Establishment. The pretence of the advancement of science is too weak and flimsy to deceive the most ordinary capacity, apart from the excitement of political warfare, and the illusions of a self-applauding philosophy. On this subject it is enough that the Dissenters should speak for themselves—they who have been for the last hundred and fifty years clamorous against the corruption and ing—their bigoted adherence to old and exploded forms—their blind attachment to useless and obsolete science—while, on the contrary, they have as regularly kept on extolling their own superior lights and attainments—their comparative, if not absolute freedom from error and prejudice—and, above all, their great advantages in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, sufficient to render them able, as they are no doubt willing, to compete with the Church in splendour of institutions and liberality of endowment. Why, with the superior opportunities of attaining excellence in all useful knowledge which are thus afforded by their own colleges and academies, seek wantonly to force the unwilling gates, and disturb the lazy slumbers, of our old monastic establishments? Not, surely, for the *professed* object of participation in a system of learning which they despise, or in the distribution of honours which are to them therefore valueless! Nay, so gross and palpable is the absurdity of such a supposition, that it is almost inconceivable by what process of reasoning so many individuals of the first eminence in philosophy, and of the most unquestionable attachment to the Church, as are to be found in the list of subscribers to the Cambridge petition, could have persuaded themselves that in bringing about the concession there sought for, and then stopping short of ulterior concessions, they could satisfy a single Dissenter, or convert a single enemy into a friend of the Establishment: and the fact that they *did* subscribe it with that view and with that intention, only adds one more to the many instances which experience affords us of the blindness of human nature when under the influence of some ruling passion or principle—that principle being, as in the present case, of no less lofty or honourable a nature than the pure love of science, and the motive, its encouragement to the greatest possible degree of extension.

It does not, however, require the aid of arguments—not even such as are furnished by the admirable Article at the head of your last month's Number, to the truth and justice of

the necessary, the infallible consequence of making the concession thus loudly demanded. The Dissenters themselves—so far as we are justified in giving that general title to the body of men represented by the late deputation, (whose actual force and numbers are probably far from proportioned to the noise they make,)—have, even while I have been occupied in writing these hasty lines, put an end to all such necessity, by a most frank and honest avowal of their true end and objects—objects, to which the mere granting degrees in the Universities would be only as dust in the balance—being no less than the free and equal participation of all academical or collegiate offices and emoluments, and that which they are too clear-sighted not to see, or too honest not to confess, as the direct and immediate consequence—the extinction of the Establishment. This, at least, is plain dealing; and I, for one, heartily rejoice that the mask is dropped, and that the enemies of the Church are at length so open and unreserved in the expression of their hostility, that it is no longer possible for any professing themselves friends of the Establishment, to continue in league with them under the shelter of any weak scheme of accommodation or comprehension. Humility, moderation, forbearance, patience, forgiveness, charity—all these are qualities which stand in the highest rank of Christian virtues; but in respect of the great concerns of religion, it is not in the tame spirit of hollow compromise that they ought to be exercised. "He that is not for me is against me." This was the language of the meek and lowly Jesus; and, when engaged in the defence of Gospel truth, it must be that of his followers also—or they are no more worthy to be called his disciples. On all points of mere human wisdom and policy men may reasonably and conscientiously differ, and honestly and prudently seek to adjust their differences by mutual concession; but on the ground of religion there must be no wavering, no yielding, no coquetting with those who seek its destruction, and with whom compliance is sinful, and negotiation unsafe and dangerous.

I feel that in making this short and imperfect exposition of my sentiments on the momentous subject of my present communication, I have added little or nothing in the shape of argument to what has been already, and much more ably enforced by other writers; and yet I hope it may not be accounted mere personal vanity which urged me to make it, under the impression that it may not be altogether useless to record the firm and decided conviction of one who is already known to most of your numerous readers, by his former professions of moderation, if not of neutrality, in matters of party politics. I have also another reason, purely personal, for wishing not to remain a silent spectator of this great controversy. Bred and educated as a Dissenter, I was myself entered as a member of the University of Cambridge, with the knowledge that I should necessarily be excluded from the honour and advantages of a degree—an exclusion which, though I regretted its necessity, I did not even then impute as an act of illiberality or injustice, on the part of the University requiring subscription to the Articles as a condition of admission, because I had never been taught to regard the Church with any hostile feelings, although prevented by scruples of a doctrinal nature from enrolling myself among its children. Those scruples have long since, although not till considerably after the period of my quitting College, given way before gradual, but hearty, conviction; and I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity to state so much of the circumstances of my own case, because I am persuaded that it has its parallel in many other instances, and that there are now, and have always been, numbers, without the pale of the Establishment, who, although Separatists, are not enemies, and who regard it with sentiments of affection and veneration, which, aided by time and reflection, may end in strict conformity. Yet even the chance of increasing the number of those who are thus affected, is a very insufficient reason for doing any act towards weakening one of the Church's strongest defences.

I have only now to add, as one debarred, by the cause already stated, from joining in any public act of the members of either Uni-



will be frustrated; "—as also, "T
the open recognition of dissent wi
in the University will either be
continued source of religious c
troversy and contention, detrimer
to its studies, and destructive of
internal peace, or will introduce
indifference to religion itself,
consequence of which would be s
more fatal."

"As to Church matters"—(I
now using the words of a friend
correspondent—a very liberal
intelligent member of the sister U
versity, who appears to have tal
precisely the view of the case wh
is most consonant with my own s
timents—)"they are certainly in
awkward state. That the Chu
will be most strongly supported
almost all the higher and the edu
ted class, is certain. Independen
many other grave reasons, there
one of policy which every day
comes more evident. The Churc
in fact now standing in the brea
blow it down, or weaken it v
much, and the whole present so
system of the empire is desola
and gone, and will probably neve
rebuilt in any decent order and
portion under some two or th

THE CÆSARS. CHAP. IV.

THE PATRIOT EMPERORS.

J. De Quincey.

THE five Cæsars who succeeded immediately to the first twelve, were, in as high a sense as their office allowed, Patriots. Hadrian is perhaps the first of all whom circumstances permitted to shew his patriotism without fear. It illustrates at one and the same moment a trait in this Emperor's character, and in the Roman habits, that he acquired much reputation for hardiness by walking bareheaded. "Never, on any occasion," says one of his memorialists (Dio), "neither in summer heat nor in winter's cold, did he cover his head; but, as well in the Celtic snows as in Egyptian heats, he went about bareheaded." This anecdote could not fail to win the especial admiration of Isaac Casaubon, who lived in an age when men believed a hat no less indispensable to the head, even within doors, than shoes or stockings to the feet. His astonishment on the occasion is thus expressed:—"Tantum est ἡ ἀσυνηθεια:" such and so mighty is the force of habit and daily use. And then he goes on to ask—"Quis hodie nudum caput radiis solis, aut omnia perurenti frigori, ausit exponere?" Yet we ourselves, and our illustrious friend, Christopher North, have walked for twenty years amongst our British lakes and mountains hatless, and amidst both snow and rain, such as Romans did not often experience. We were naked, and yet not ashamed. Nor in this are we altogether singular. But, says Casaubon, the Romans went farther; for they walked about the streets of Rome * bareheaded, and never assumed a hat or a cap, a *petasus* or a *galerus*, a Macedonian *causia*, or a *pileus*, whether Thessalian, Arcadian, or Laconic, unless when they entered upon a journey. Nay, some there were, as Masinissa and Julius Cæsar, who declined even on such an occasion to cover their heads. Perhaps in imitation of these celebrated leaders, Hadrian adopted the same practice, but not with the same result; for to him, either from age or constitution, this very custom proved the original occasion of his last illness.

Imitation, indeed, was a general principle of action with Hadrian, and the key to much of his public conduct; and allowably enough, considering the exemplary lives (in a public sense) of some who had preceded him, and the singular anxiety with which he distinguished between the lights and shadows of their examples. He imitated the great Dictator, Julius, in his vigilance of inspection into the civil, not less than the martial police of his times, shaping his new regulations to meet abuses as they arose, and strenuously maintaining the old ones in vigorous operation. As respected the army, this was matter of peculiar praise, because peculiarly disinterested; for his foreign policy was pacific;† he made no new conquests; and he retired from the old ones of Trajan, where they could not have been maintained without disproportionate bloodshed, or a jealousy beyond the value of the stake. In this point of his administration he took Augustus for his model; as again in his care of the army, in his occasional bounties, and in his paternal solicitude for their comforts, he looked rather to the example of Julius. Him also he imitated in his affability and in his ambitious courtesies; one instance of which, as blending an artifice of political subtlety and simulation with a remarkable exertion of memory, it may be well to mention. The custom was, in canvassing the citizens of Rome,

---

* And hence we may the better estimate the trial to a Roman's feelings in the personal deformity of baldness, connected with the Roman theory of its cause, for the exposure of it was perpetual.

† "*Expeditiones sub eo*," says Spartian, "graves nullæ fuerunt. Bella etiam *silentio pene transacta.*" But he does not the less add, "A militibus, propter *curam exercitûs nimiam*, multum amatus est."

that the candidate should address every voter by his name; it was a law of Republican etiquette, that every man participating in the political privileges of the state must be personally known to public aspirants. But as this was supposed to be, in a great town, impossible to any man with the ordinary endowments of memory, in order to reconcile the professions of Republican humility with the necessities of numerous constituencies, a custom had grown up of employing, upon a class of men, called Nomenclators, whose express business it was to make themselves acquainted with the personal names of every citizen of the people accompanying every candidate, and quietly whispering into his ear the name of every person he encountered. Few, indeed, were they who could dispense with the services of such an attendant, for the office imposed a task of memory, that of names and of persons; and to estimate the immense effort, we must recollect that the number of voters often far exceeded one quarter of a million. Every new trial of memory underlook with respect to his own army, in this instance recorded the well-known feat of Mithridates. And throughout his life he did not once forget the face or name of any veteran soldier whom he had ever led to victory, no matter how remote, or how obscure of circumstance. Wonderful is the effect upon soldiers of such unbought and spontaneous testimonies, which operate always as the most touching kindness, and the most, and which, in every age of the world, since the soldiers and cities of men have been moved, have made good military commanders are found to have played upon as the most effectual chord in the great system which they modulated; some few, by a rare endowment of nature; others, as Napoleon Bonaparte, by elaborate mimicries of pantomimic art.*

Other modes he had of winning affection from the army; in particular that, so often practised before and since, of accommodating himself to the strictest ritual of martial discipline and castrensian life. He slept in the open air, or, if he used a tent (papilio), it was open at the sides. He ate the ordinary rations of cheese, bacon, &c.; he used no other drink than that composition of vinegar and water, known by the name of *posca*, which formed the sole beverage allowed in the Roman camps. He joined personally in the periodical exercises of the army—those even which were trying to the most vigorous youth and health: marching, for example, on stated occasions twenty English miles without intermission, in full armour and completely accoutred. Luxury of every kind he not only interdicted to the soldier by severe ordinances, himself enforcing their execution, but discountenanced it (though elsewhere splendid and even gorgeous in his personal habits) by his own continual example. In dress, for instance, he sternly banished the purple and gold embroideries, the jewelled arms, and the floating draperies so little in accordance with the severe character of "*war in procinct*."† Hardly would he allow himself an ivory hilt to his sabre. The same severe proscription he extended to every sort of furniture, or decorations of art, which sheltered even in the bosom of camps those habits of effeminate luxury—so apt

* [illegible] memory. Bonaparte caused letters to be written [illegible] to particular soldiers of high military reputation [illegible] history he had previously caused to be investigated [illegible] to the leading facts in their personal or family [illegible] accompanied this letter, and they were requested to repair to [illegible] earnestly desired to see them. Thus was the paternal [illegible] which their leader took in each man's fortunes; and the effect [illegible] was not doubted, would diffuse itself through ten thousand [illegible]

† [illegible]—a phrase of Milton's in Paradise Regained, which strikingly illustrates the love of Latin phraseology; for unless to a scholar, previously acquainted with the Latin phrase of the technicality, it is so absolutely unintelligible as to mar

in all great empires to steal by imperceptible steps from the voluptuous palace to the soldier's tent—following in the equipage of great leading officers, or of subalterns highly connected. There was at that time a practice prevailing, in the great standing camps on the several frontiers and at all the military stations, of renewing as much as possible the image of distant Rome by the erection of long colonnades and piazzas—single, double, or triple; of crypts, or subterranean* saloons, (and sometimes subterranean galleries and corridors,) for evading the sultry noontides of July and August; of verdant cloisters or arcades, with roofs high over-arched, constructed entirely out of flexile shrubs, box-myrtle, and others, trained and trimmed in regular forms; besides endless other applications of the *topiary*† art, which in those days (like the needle-work of Miss Linwood in ours), though no more than a mechanic craft, in some measure realized the effects of a fine art by the perfect skill of its execution. All these modes of luxury, with a policy that had the more merit as it thwarted his own private inclinations, did Hadrian peremptorily abolish; perhaps, amongst other more obvious purposes, seeking to intercept the earliest buddings of those local attachments which are as injurious to the martial character and the proper pursuits of men whose vocation obliges them to consider themselves eternally under marching orders, as they are propitious to all the best interests of society in connexion with the feelings of civic life.

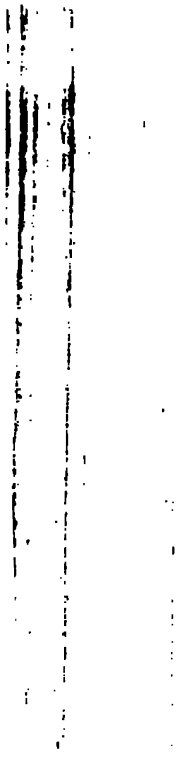
We dwell upon this prince not without reason in this particular; for amongst the Cæsars, Hadrian stands forward in high relief as a reformer of the army. Well and truly might it be said of him—that, *post Cæsarem Octavianum labantem disciplinam, incuriâ superiorum principum, ipse retinuit.* Not content with the cleansings and purgations we have mentioned, he placed upon a new footing the whole tenure, duties, and pledges, of military offices.‡ It cannot much surprise us that this department of the public service should gradually have gone to ruin or decay. Under the Senate and People, under the auspices of those awful symbols—letters more significant and ominous than ever before had troubled the eyes of man, except upon Belshazzar's wall—S. P. Q. R., the officers of the Roman army had been kept true to their duties, and vigilant by emulation and a healthy ambition. But, when the ripeness of corruption had by dissolving the body of the state brought out of its ashes a new mode of life, and had recast the aristocratic re-

---

* "*Crypts*"—these, which Spartian, in his life of Hadrian, denominates simply *cryptæ*, are the same which, in the Roman jurisprudence, and in the architectural works of the Romans yet surviving, are termed *hypogæa deambulationes, i. e.* subterranean parades. Vitruvius treats of this luxurious class of apartments in connexion with the *Apothecæ*, and other repositories or store-rooms, which were also in many cases under ground, for the same reason as our ice-houses, wine-cellars, &c. He (and from him Pliny and Apollonaris Sidonius,) calls them *crypto-porticus* (cloistral colonnades;) and Ulpian calls them *refugia* (sanctuaries, or places of refuge); St Ambrose notices them under the name of *hypogæa* and *umbrosa penetralia*, as the resorts of voluptuaries: *Luxuriosorum est*, says he, *hypogæa quærere—captantium frigus æstivum*; and again he speaks of *desidiosi qui ignava sub terris agant otia.*

† "*The topiary art*"—so called, as Salmasius thinks, from τοπίον, *a rope*; because the process of construction was conducted chiefly by means of cords and strings. This art was much practised in the 17th century; and Casaubon describes one, which existed in his early days somewhere in the suburbs of Paris, on so elaborate a scale, that it represented Troy besieged, with the two hosts, their several leaders, and all other objects in their full proportion.

‡ Very remarkable it is, and a fact which speaks volumes as to the democratic constitution of the Roman army, in the midst of that aristocracy which enveloped its parent state in a civil sense, that although there was a name for a *common soldier* (or *sentinel*, as he was termed by our ancestors)—viz. *miles gregarius*, or *miles manipularis*—there was none for an *officer*; that is to say, each several rank of officers had a name; but there was no generalization to express the idea of an officer abstracted from its several species or classes.

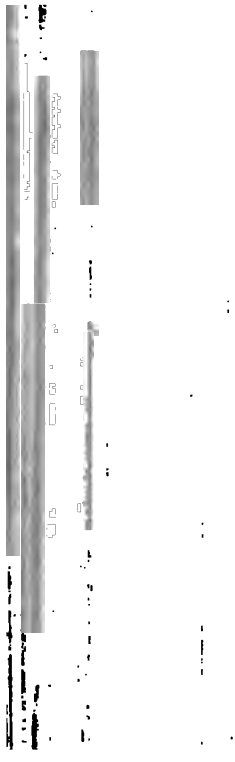


most interests of the empire: all looked to the army, as it were for their own immediate security against competitors, without venturing to tamper with its constitution, to risk popularity by reforming abuses, to balance present interest against a remote one, or to cultivate the public welfare at the hazard of their own: contented with obtaining *that*, they left the internal arrangements of so formidable a body in the state to which circumstances had brought it, and to which naturally the views of all existing beneficiaries had gradually adjusted themselves. What these might be, and to what further results they might tend, was a matter of moment doubtless to the empire. But the empire was strong; if its motive energy was decaying, its *vis inertiæ* was for ages enormous, and could stand up against assaults repeated for many ages: whilst the Emperor was in the beginning of his authority weak, and pledged by instant interest, no less than by express promises, to the support of that body whose favour had substantially supported himself. Hadrian was the first who turned his attention effectually in that direction; whether it were that he first was struck with

rigorous discipline. Hadrian first found himself in circumstances, or was the first who had courage enough to decline a momentary interest in favour of a greater in reversion; and a personal object which was transient, in favour of a state one continually revolving.

For a prince, with no children of his own, it is in any case a task of peculiar delicacy to select a successor. In the Roman Empire the difficulties were much aggravated. The interests of the State were, in the first place, to be consulted; for a mighty burthen of responsibility rested upon the Emperor in the most personal sense. Duties of every kind fell to his station, which, from the peculiar constitution of the Government, and from circumstances rooted in the very origin of the Imperatorial office, could not be devolved upon a council. Council there was none, nor could be recognised as such in the State-machinery. The Emperor, himself a sacred and sequestered creature, might be supposed to enjoy the secret tutelage of the Supreme Deity; but a council, composed of subordinate and responsible agents, could *not*. Again, the auspices of the Emperor, and his edicts, apart even from any celestial or supernatural inspiration, simply as emanations of his own divine character, had a value and a consecration which could never belong to those of a council—or to those even which had been sullied by the breath of any less august reviser. The Emperor, therefore, or—as with a view to his solitary and unique character we ought to call him—in the original irrepresentable term, the Imperator, could not delegate his duties, or execute them in any avowed form by proxies or representatives. He was himself the great fountain of law—of honour—of preferment—of civil and political regulations. He was the fountain also of good and evil fame. He was the great Chancellor, or supreme dispenser of equity to all climates, nations, languages, of his mighty dominions, which connected the turbaned races of the Orient, and those who sat in the gates of the rising sun, with the islands of the West, and the unfathomed depths of the mysterious *Scandinavia*. He was the universal guardian of the public and private interests which composed the great edifice of the social system as then existing amongst his subjects. Above all, and out of his own private purse, he supported the heraldries of his dominions—the peerage, senatorial or prætorian, and the great gentry or chivalry of the Equites. These were classes who would have been dishonoured by the censorship of a less august comptroller. And, for the classes below these,—by how much they were lower and more remote from his ocular superintendence,—by so much the more were they linked to him in a connexion of absolute dependence. Cæsar it was who provided their daily food, Cæsar who provided their pleasures and relaxations. He chartered the fleets which brought grain to the Tiber—he bespoke the Sardinian granaries whilst yet unformed—and the harvests of the Nile whilst yet unsown. Not the connexion between a mother and her unborn infant is more intimate and vital, than that which subsisted between the mighty populace of the Roman capital and their paternal Emperor. They drew their nutriment from him; they lived and were happy by sympathy with the motions of his will; to him also the arts, the knowledge, and the literature of the empire looked for support. To him the armies looked for their laurels, and the eagles in every clime turned their aspiring eyes, waiting to bend their flight according to the signal of his Jovian nod. And all these vast functions and ministrations arose partly as a natural effect, but partly also they were a cause of the Emperor's own divinity. He was capable of services so exalted, because he also was held a god, and had his own altars, his own incense, his own worship and priests. And that was the cause, and that was the result of his bearing, on his own shoulders, a burthen so mighty and Atlantean.

Yet, if in this view it was needful to have a man of talent, on the other hand there was reason to dread a man of talents too adventurous—too aspiring—or too intriguing. His situation, as Cæsar, or Crown Prince, flung into his hands a power of fomenting conspiracies, and of concealing them until the very moment



but, after his adoption into the Ælian family, he was generally known by the appellation of Ælius Verus. The scandal of those times imputed his adoption to the worst motives. "*Adriano*," says one author, "(*ut malevoli loquuntur*) *acceptior formâ quam moribus.*" And thus much undoubtedly there is to countenance so shocking an insinuation, that very little is recorded of the young prince but such anecdotes as illustrate his excessive luxury and effeminate dedication to pleasure. Still it is our private opinion, that Hadrian's real motives have been misrepresented; that he sought in the young man's extraordinary beauty—[for he was, says Spartian, *pulchritudinis regiæ*]—a plausible pretext that should be sufficient to explain and to countenance his preference, whilst under this provisional adoption he was enabled to postpone the definitive choice of an Imperator elect, until his own more advanced age might diminish the motives for intriguing against himself. It was, therefore, a mere *ad interim* adoption; for it is certain, however we may choose to explain that fact, that Hadrian foresaw and calculated on the early

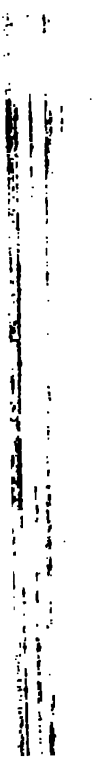
happy mediocrity of merit which was best fitted for his delicate and difficult situation—sufficient to do credit to the Emperor's preference—sufficient to sustain the popular regard, but not brilliant enough to throw his patron into the shade. For the rest, his vices were of a nature not greatly or necessarily to interfere with his public duties, and emphatically such as met with the readiest indulgence from the Roman laxity of morals. Some few instances, indeed, are noticed of cruelty; but there is reason to think that it was merely by accident, and as an indirect result of other purposes, that he ever allowed himself in such manifestations of irresponsible power—not as gratifying any harsh impulses of his native character. The most remarkable neglect of humanity with which he has been taxed, occurred in the treatment of his couriers; these were the bearers of news and official despatches, at that time fulfilling the functions of the modern post; and it must be remembered that as yet they were not slaves, (as afterwards by the reformation of Alexander Severus,) but free citizens. They had been already dressed in a particular livery or uniform, and possibly they might wear some symbolical badges of their profession; but the new Cæsar chose to dress them altogether in character as winged Cupids, affixing literal wings to their shoulders, and facetiously distinguishing them by the names of the four cardinal winds, (Boreas, Aquilo, Notus, &c.) and others as levanters or hurricanes, (Circius, &c.) Thus far he did no more than indulge a blameless fancy; but in his anxiety that his runners should emulate their patron winds, and do credit to the names which he had assigned them, he is said to have exacted a degree of speed inconsistent with any merciful regard for their bodily powers.* But these were, after all, perhaps mere improvements of malice upon some solitary incident. The true stain upon his memory, and one which is open to no doubt whatever, is excessive and extravagant luxury — excessive in degree, extravagant and even ludicrous in its forms. For example, he constructed a sort of bed or sofa—protected from insects by an awning of network composed of lilies, delicately fabricated into the proper meshes, &c., and the couches composed wholly of rose leaves; and even of these, not without an exquisite preparation; for the white parts of the leaves, as coarser and harsher to the touch, (possibly, also, as less odorous,) were scrupulously rejected. Here he lay indolently stretched amongst favourite ladies,

> "And like a naked Indian slept himself away."

He had also tables composed of the same delicate material — prepared and purified in the same elaborate way — and to these were adapted seats in the fashion of sofas (*accubationes,*) corresponding in their materials and in their mode of preparation. He was also an expert performer, and even an original inventor, in the art of cookery; and one dish of his discovery, which, from its four component parts, obtained the name of *tetrapharmacum*, was so far from owing its celebrity to its royal birth, that it maintained its place on Hadrian's table to the time of his death. These, however, were mere fopperies or pardonable extravagancies in one so young and so exalted; "quæ, etsi non decora," as the historian observes, "non tamen ad perniciem publicam prompta sunt." A graver mode of licentiousness appeared in his connexions with women. He made no secret of his lawless amours; and to his own wife, on her expostu-

---

* This, however, is a point in which royal personages claim an old prescriptive right to be unreasonable in their exactions; and some, even amongst the most humane of Christian princes, have erred as flagrantly as Ælius Verus. George IV., we have understood, was generally escorted from Dalkeith to Holyrood at a rate of twenty-two miles an hour. And of his father, the truly kind and paternal king, it is recorded by Miss Hawkins, (daughter of Sir J. Hawkins, the biographer of Johnson, &c.) that families who happened to have a son, brother, lover, &c. in the particular *regiment* of cavalry which furnished the escort for the day, used to suffer as *much anxiety for the result as on the eve of a great battle.*

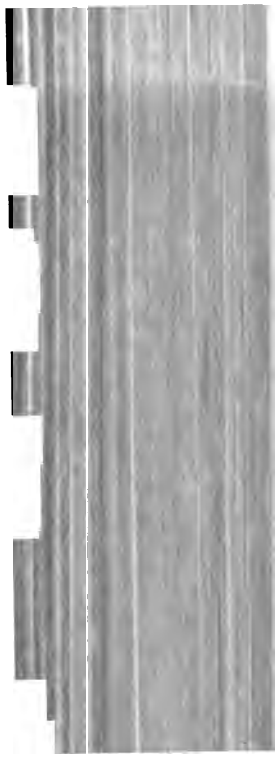


inexorable grave; and he would have passed away like an exhalation, and leaving no remembrance of himself more durable than his own beds of rose leaves, and his reticulated canopies of lilies, had it not been that Hadrian filled the world with images of his perfect faunlike beauty in the shape of colossal statues, and raised temples even to his memory in various cities. This Cæsar, therefore, dying thus prematurely, never tasted of empire; and his name would have had but a doubtful title to a place in the Imperatorial roll, had it not been recalled to a second chance for the sacred honours in the person of his son—whom it was the pleasure of Hadrian, by way of testifying his affection for the father, to associate in the order of succession with the philosophic Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. This fact, and the certainty that to the second Ælius Verus he gave his own daughter in marriage, rather than to his associate Cæsar Marcus Aurelius, make it evident that his regret for the elder Verus was unaffected and deep; and they overthrow effectually the common report of historians—that he repented of his earliest choice, as of one that had been disappointed not by

bounty displayed itself in a way, which may be worth mentioning, as at once illustrating the age, and the prudence with which he controlled the most generous of his impulses: —"*Fœnus trientarium*," says the historian, "*hoc est minimis usuris exercuit, ut patrimonio suo plurimos adjuvaret.*" The meaning of which is this:—in Rome, the customary interest for money was what was called *centesimæ usuræ;* that is, the hundredth part, or 1 per cent. But, as this expressed not the annual, but the *monthly* interest, the true rate was, in fact, 12 per cent; and that is the meaning of *centesimæ usuræ.* Nor could money be obtained anywhere on better terms than these; and, moreover, this 1 per cent was exacted rigorously as the monthly day came round, no arrears being suffered to lie over. Under these circumstances, it was a prodigious service to lend money at a diminished rate, and one which furnished many men with the means of saving themselves from ruin. Pius then, by way of extending his aid as far as possible, reduced the monthly rate of his loans to one-third per cent, which made the annual interest the very moderate one of 4 per cent. The channels, which public spirit had as yet opened to the beneficence of the opulent, were few indeed: charity and munificence languished, or they were abused, or they were inefficiently directed, simply through defects in the structure of society. Social organisation, for its large developement, demanded the agency of newspapers (together with many other forms of assistance from the press), of banks, of public carriages on an extensive scale, besides infinite other inventions or establishments not yet created—which support and powerfully react upon that same progress of society which originally gave birth to themselves. All things considered, in the Rome of that day, where all munificence confined itself to the direct largesses of a few leading necessaries of life, —a great step was taken, and the best step, in this lending of money at a low interest, towards a more refined and beneficial mode of charity.

In his public character, he was perhaps the most patriotic of Roman Emperors, and the purest from all taint of corrupt or indirect ends. Peculation, embezzlement, or misapplication of the public funds, were universally corrected: provincial oppressors were exposed and defeated: the taxes and tributes were diminished; and the public expenses were thrown as much as possible upon the public estates, and in some instances upon his own private estates. So far, indeed, did Pius stretch his sympathy with the poorer classes of his subjects, that on this account chiefly he resided permanently in the capital—alleging in excuse, partly that he thus stationed himself in the very centre of his mighty empire, to which all couriers could come by the shortest radii, but chiefly that he thus spared the provincialists those burthens which must else have alighted upon them; "for," said he, "even the slenderest retinue of a Roman Emperor is burthensome to the whole line of its progress." His tenderness and consideration, indeed, were extended to all classes, and all relations, of his subjects; even to those who stood in the shadow of his public displeasure as state delinquents, or as the most atrocious criminals. To the children of great treasury defaulters, he returned the confiscated estates of their fathers, deducting only what might repair the public loss. And so resolutely did he refuse to shed the blood of any in the senatorial order, to whom he conceived himself more especially bound in paternal ties, that even a parricide, whom the laws would not suffer to live, was simply exposed upon a desert island.

Little indeed did Pius want of being a perfect Christian in heart and in practice. Yet all this display of goodness and merciful indulgence, nay, all his munificence, would have availed him little with the people at large, had he neglected to furnish shows and exhibitions in the arena of suitable magnificence. Luckily for his reputation, he exceeded the general standard of imperial splendour not less as the patron of the amphitheatre than in his more important functions. It is recorded of him—that in one *missio* he sent forward on the arena a hundred lions. Nor was he less distinguished by



(and some even of which naturalists have lost sight,) which the Emperor Pius did not produce to his Roman subjects on his ceremonious pomps. And in another point he carried his splendours to a point which set the seal to his liberality. In the phrase of modern auctioneers, he gave up the wild beasts to slaughter "without reserve." It was the custom, in ordinary cases, so far to consider the enormous cost of these far-fetched rarities as to preserve for future occasions those which escaped the arrows of the populace, or survived the bloody combats in which they were engaged. Thus, out of the overflowings of one great exhibition, would be found materials for another. But Pius would not allow of these reservations. All were given up unreservedly to the savage purposes of the spectators: land and sea were ransacked; the sanctuaries of the Torrid Zone were violated; columns of the army were put in motion—and all for the transient effect of crowning an extra hour with hetacombs of forest blood, each separate minute of which had cost a king's ransom.

Yet these displays were alien to the nature of Pius; and even through

allowed themselves; some indeed drank wine after it, but this was far from being a common practice.*

The Emperor Pius died in his seventieth year. The immediate occasion of his death was—not breakfast nor *cæna*, but something of the kind. He had received a present of Alpine cheese, and he ordered some for supper. The trap for his life was baited with toasted cheese. There is no reason to think that he ate immoderately; but that night he was seized with indigestion. Delirium followed; during which it is singular that his mind teemed with a class of imagery and of passions the most remote (as it might have been thought) from the voluntary occupations of his thoughts. He raved about the State, and about those kings with whom he was displeased; nor were his thoughts one moment removed from the public service. Yet he was the least ambitious of princes, and his reign was emphatically said to be bloodless. Finding his fever increase, he became sensible that he was dying; and he ordered the golden statue of Prosperity, a household symbol of empire, to be transferred from his own bedroom to that of his successor. Once again, however, for the last time, he gave the word to the officer of the guard; and, soon after, turning away his face to the wall against which his bed was placed, he passed out of life in the very gentlest sleep, "*quasi dormiret, spiritum reddidit;*" or, as a Greek author expresses it, κατ' ἰσχὺν ὑπνῳ τῳ μαλακωτατῳ. He was one of those few Roman Emperors whom posterity truly honoured with the title of ἀναιμάτος (or bloodless;) *solusque omnium propè principum prorsus sine civili sanguine et hostili vixit.* In the whole tenor of his life and character he was thought to resemble Numa. And Pausanias, after remarking on his title of Εὐσεβὴς (or Pius), upon the meaning and origin of which there are several different hypotheses, closes with this memorable tribute to his paternal qualities —δοξῃ δὲ ἐμοὶ, καὶ τὸ ὄνομα τὸ τῳ Κύρῳ φιλεῖσθαι ἐν τῳ φιλοσβωτίᾳ, Πατρὸς ἀνθρώπων καλουμένου: *but, in my opinion, he should also bear the name of Cyrus the elder—being hailed as Father of the Human Race.*

A thoughtful Roman would have been apt to exclaim, *This is too good to last,* upon finding so admirable a ruler succeeded by one still more admirable in the person of Marcus Aurelius. From the first dawn of his infancy this prince indicated, by his grave deportment, the philosophic character of his mind; and at eleven years of age he professed himself a formal devotee of philosophy in its strictest form,—assuming the garb, and submitting to its most ascetic ordinances. In particular, he slept upon the ground, and in other respects he practised a style of living the most simple and remote from the habits of rich men [or, in his own words, τὸ λιτὸν κατὰ τὴν δίαιταν, καὶ ποθῶν τῆς πλουσιακῆς ἀλσῆς]; though it is true that he himself ascribes this simplicity of life to the influence of his mother, and not to the premature assumption of the stoical character. He pushed his austerities indeed to excess; for Dio mentions that in his boyish days he was reduced to great weakness by exercises too severe, and a diet of too little nutriment. In fact, his whole heart was set upon philosophic attainments, and perhaps upon philosophic glory. All the great philosophers of his own time, whether Stoic or Peripatetic, and amongst them Sextus of Cheronæa, a nephew of Plutarch, were retained as his instructors. There was none whom he did not enrich; and as many as were fitted by birth and manners to fill important situations, he raised to the highest offices in the state. Philosophy, however, did not so much absorb his affections, but that he found time to cultivate the fine arts

* There is, however, a good deal of delusion prevalent on such subjects. In some English cavalry regiments, the custom is for the privates to take only one meal a-day, which of course is dinner; and by some curious experiments it has appeared that such a mode of life is the healthiest. But at the same time we have ascertained that the quantity of porter or substantial ale drunk in these regiments, does virtually allow *many* meals, by comparison with the washy tea breakfasts of most *Englishmen.*

(painting he both studied and practised,) and such gymnastic exercises as he held consistent with his public dignity. Wrestling, hunting, fowling, playing at cricket (*Pila*), he admired and patronised by personal participation. He tried his powers even as a runner. But with these tasks, and entering so critically, both as a connoisseur and as a practising amateur, into such trials of skill, so little did he relish the very same spec when connected with the cru hibitions of the circus and a theatre, that it was not withou friendly violence on the part o who could venture on such a l nor even thus, perhaps, with necessities of his official statio one or the other.* In this he tated no reflection upon his fa

---

* So much improvement had Christianity already accomplished in the fe men since the time of Augustus. That prince, in whose reign the founde ennobling religion was born, had delighted so much and indulged so freel spectacles of the amphitheatre, that Mæcenas summoned him reproachfully them,—*saties, Sarge tandem, carnifex.*

It is the remark of Capitoline, that "gladiatoria spectacula omnifaria peravit; temperavit etiam scenicas donationes;"—he controlled in every way the gladiatorial spectacles; he controlled also the rates of allowance to t performers. In these latter reforms, which simply restrained the exorbitant of a class dedicated to the public pleasures, and unprofitable to the State, may have had no further view than that which is usually connected with su laws. But in the restraints upon the gladiators, it is impossible to believe highest purpose was not that of elevating human nature, and preparing the still higher regulations. As little can it be believed that this lofty concepti the sense of a degradation entailed upon human nature itself, in the spe human beings matched against each other like brute beasts, and pouring blood upon the arena as a libation to the caprices of a mob, could have been from any other source than the contagion of Christian standards and Christia ments, then beginning to pervade and ventilate the atmosphere of societ higher and philosophic regions. Christianity, without expressly affirming where indirectly supposes and presumes the infinite value and dignity of m creature, exclusively concerned in a vast and mysterious economy of restor a state of moral beauty and power in some former age mysteriously forfeited. interested in its benefits, joint heirs of its promises, all men of every colo guage, and rank, Gentile or Jew, were here first represented as in one sen that the most important) equal; in the eye of this religion, they were, by n of logic, equal, as equal participators in the ruin and the restoration. Here, any available sense, was communicated to the standard of human nature, a sudden elevation; and reasonable enough it is to suppose, that some obscu of this—some sympathy with the great changes for man then beginning to would best of all reach the inquisitive students of philosophy, and chiefly high stations, who cultivated an intercourse with all the men of original throughout the civilized world. The Emperor Hadrian had already taken a step in the improvement of human nature; and not, we may believe, witho subconscious influence received directly or indirectly from Christianity. S with respect to Marcus, it is hardly conceivable that he, a prince so indulg popular, could have thwarted, and violently gainsaid, a primary impulse of the popular, without some adequate motive; and none *could* be adequate w not built upon some new and exalted views of human nature, with which th diatorial sacrifices were altogether at war. The reforms which Marcus int into these "cruelissima spectacula," all having the common purpose of their extent, were three. First, he set bounds to the extreme cost of these toms; and this restriction covertly operated as a restriction of t tice. Secondly—and this ordinance took effect who never he was personally if not otherwise—he commanded, on great occasions, that these displays sh bloodless. Dion Cassius notices this fact in the following words:—"The E Marcus was so far from taking delight in spectacles of bloodshed, that even diators in Rome could not obtain his inspection of their contests, unless, wrestlers, they contended without imminent risk; for he never allowed

adoption, the Emperor Pius, (who also, for aught we know, might secretly revolt from a species of amusement which, as the prescriptive test of munificence in the popular estimate, it was necessary to support); on the contrary, he obeyed him with the punctiliousness of a Roman obedience: he watched the very motions of his countenance: and he waited so continually upon his pleasure, that for three-and-twenty years which they lived together, he is recorded to have slept out of his father's palace only for two nights. This rigour of filial duty illustrates a feature of Roman life; for such was the sanctity of law, that a father created by legal fiction was in all respects treated with the same veneration and affection, as a father who claimed upon the most unquestioned footing of natural right. Such, however, is the universal baseness of courts, that even this scrupulous and minute attention to his duties, did not protect Marcus from the injurious insinuations of whisperers. There were not wanting persons who endeavoured to turn to account the general circumstances in the situation of the Cæsar which pointed him out to the jealousy of the Emperor. But these being no more than what adhere necessarily to the case of every heir *as* such, and meeting fortunately with no more proneness to suspicion in the temper of the Augustus than they did with countenance in the conduct of the Cæsar, made so little impression that at length these malicious efforts died away, from mere defect of encouragement.

The most interesting political crisis in the reign of Marcus was the war in Germany with the Marcomanni, concurrently with pestilence in Rome. The agitation of the public mind was intense; and prophets arose, as since under corresponding circumstances in Christian countries, who announced the approaching dissolution of the world. The purse of Marcus was open, as usual, to the distresses of his subjects. But it was chiefly for the expense of funerals that his aid was claimed. In this way he alleviated the domestic calamities of his capital, or expressed his sympathy with the sufferers, where alleviation was beyond his power; whilst by the energy of his movements and his personal presence on the Danube, he soon dissipated those anxieties of Rome which pointed in a foreign direction. The war, however, had been a dreadful one, and had excited such just fears in the most experienced heads of the state, that, happening in its outbreak to coincide with a Parthian war, it was skilfully protracted until the entire thunders of Rome, and the undivided energies of her supreme captains, could be concentrated upon this single point. Both* Emperors left Rome, and crossed the Alps; the war was thrown back upon its native seats—Austria and the modern Hungary: great battles were fought and won; and peace, with consequent relief and restoration to liberty, was reconquered for many friendly nations, who had suffered under the ravages of the Marcomanni, the Sarmatians, the Quadi, and the Vandals; whilst some of the hostile people were nearly obliterated from the map, and their names blotted out from the memory of men.

---

viously blunted." Thirdly, he repealed the old and uniform regulation, which secured to the gladiators a perpetual immunity from military service. This necessarily diminished their available amount. Being now liable to serve their country usefully in the field of battle, whilst the concurrent limitation of the expenses in this direction prevented any proportionate increase of their numbers, they were so much the less disposable in aid of the public luxury. His fatherly care of all classes, and the universal benignity with which he attempted to raise the abject estimate and condition of even the lowest *Puriars* in his vast empire, appears in another little anecdote, relating to a class of men equally with the gladiators, given up to the service of luxury in a haughty and cruel populace. Attending one day at an exhibition of rope-dancing, one of the performers (a boy) fell and hurt himself; from which time the paternal Emperor would never allow the rope-dancers to perform without mattrasses or feather-beds spread below, to mitigate the violence of their falls.

* *Marcus had been* associated, as Cæsar and as Emperor, with the son of the late *beautiful Verus*, who is usually mentioned by the same name.

since the days of Gaul as an independent power, no war had so much alarmed the people of Rome; and their fear was justified by the difficulties and prodigious efforts which accompanied its suppression. The public treasury was exhausted; loans were an engine of fiscal policy, not then understood or perhaps practicable: and great distress was at hand for the state. In these circumstances, Marcus adopted a wise (though it was then esteemed a violent or desperate) remedy. Time and excessive luxury had accumulated in the imperial palaces and villas vast repositories of apparel, furniture, jewels, pictures, and household utensils, valuable alike for the materials and the workmanship. Many of these articles were consecrated, by colour or otherwise, to the use of the *sacred* household; and to have been found in possession of them, or with the materials for making them, would have entailed the penalties of treason. All these stores were now brought out to open day, and put up to public sale by auction, free license being first granted to the bidders, whoever they might be, to use, or otherwise to exercise the fullest rights of property upon all they bought. The auction lasted for two months. Every man was guaranteed in the peaceable ownership of his purchases. And afterwards, when the public distress had passed over, a still further indulgence was extended to the purchasers. Notice was given—that all who were dissatisfied with their purchases, or who for other means might wish to recover their cost, would receive back the purchase-money, upon returning the articles. Dinner-services of gold and crystal, murrhine vases, and even his wife's wardrobe of silken robes interwoven with gold, all these, and countless other articles were accordingly returned—and the full auction prices paid back; or were *not* returned, and no displeasure shewn to those who publicly displayed them as their own. Having gone so far, overruled by the necessities of the public service, in breaking down those legal l by which a peculiar dress, fu equipage, &c., were appropr the Imperial house, as distin from the very highest of th houses, Marcus had a sufficie text for extending indefinit effect of the dispensation the ed. Articles purchased at tion bore no characteristic n distinguish them from other same form and texture: s license to use any one artic *sacred* pattern, became nec a general license for all othe resembled them. And thus, abrogating the prejudices wh tected the Imperial preced body of sumptuary laws—t ruinous to the progress of n turing skill,* which has ev devised—were silently sus One or two aspiring familie be offended by these inno which meantime gave the p of enjoyment to thousands, hope to millions.

But these, though very no relaxations of the existing l tive, were, as respected the which dictated them, no m everyday manifestations of t peror's perpetual benignity. nately for Marcus, the indest privilege of the *divina domus* it so unapproachably bey competition, that no possible sions of aulic rigour could misinterpreted; fear there c none, lest such paternal indu should lose their effect and a tion as pure condescensions. could neither injure their who was otherwise charm consecrated, from disrespec could they suffer injury ther by misconstruction, or seem than sincere, coming from a whose entire life was one long of acts expressing the same spirit. Such, indeed, was th of this uninterrupted benevol the Emperor, that at length a according to their several ag ed him as their father—son—ther. And when he died in th

* Because the most effectual extinguishers of all ambition applied in tha tion; since the very excellence of any particular fabric was the surest pled virtual suppression by means of its legal restriction (which followed inev

first year of his life (the 18th of his reign), he was lamented with a corresponding peculiarity in the public ceremonial, such, for instance, as the studied interfusion of the senatorial body with the populace, expressive of the levelling power of a true and comprehensive grief; a peculiarity for which no precedent was found, and which never afterwards became a precedent for similar honours to the best of his successors.

But malice has the divine privilege of ubiquity; and therefore it was that even this great model of private and public virtue did not escape the foulest libels: he was twice accused of murder; once on the person of a gladiator, with whom the Empress is said to have fallen in love; and again, upon his associate in the empire, who died in reality of an apoplectic seizure, on his return from the German campaign. Neither of these atrocious fictions ever gained the least hold of the public attention, so entirely were they both put down by the *primâ facie* evidence of facts, and of the Emperor's notorious character. In fact his faults, if he had any in his public life, were entirely those of too much indulgence. In a few cases of enormous guilt, it is recorded that he shewed himself inexorable. But, generally speaking, he was far otherwise; and, in particular, he carried his indulgence to his wife's vices to an excess which drew upon him the satirical notice of the stage.

The gladiators, and still more the sailors of that age, were constantly to be seen plying naked, and Faustina was shameless enough to take her station in places which gave her the advantages of a leisurely review; and she actually selected favourites from both classes on the ground of a personal inspection. With others of greater rank she is said even to have been surprised by her husband; in particular with one called Tertullus, at dinner.* But to all remonstrances on this subject, Marcus is reported to have replied, "*Si uxorem dimittimus, reddamus et dotem;*" meaning that, having received his right of succession to the empire simply by his adoption into the family of Pius, his wife's father, gratitude and filial duty obliged him to view any dishonours emanating from his wife's conduct as joint legacies with the splendours inherited from their common father; in short, that he was not at liberty to separate the rose from its thorns. However, the facts are not sufficiently known to warrant us in criticising very severely his behaviour on so trying an occasion. It would be too much for human frailty, that absolutely no stain should remain upon his memory. Possibly the best use which can be made of such a fact is—in the way of consolation to any unhappy man, whom his wife may too liberally have endowed with honours of this kind, by reminding him that he shares this distinction with the great philosophic Emperor. The reflection upon this story by one of his biographers is this—"Such is the force of daily life in a good ruler, so great the power of his sanctity, gentleness, and piety, that no breath of slander or invidious suggestion from an acquaintance can avail to sully his memory. In short, to Antonine, immutable as the heavens in the tenor of his own life, and in the manifestations of his own moral temper, and who was not by possibility liable to any impulse or 'shadow of turning' from another man's suggestion, it was not eventually an injury that he was dishonoured by some of his connexions; on him, invulnerable in his own character, neither a harlot for his wife, nor a gladiator for his son, could inflict a wound. Then as now, oh sacred lord Diocletian, he was reputed a God; not as others are reputed, but specially and in a peculiar sense, and with a privilege to such worship from all men as you yourself ad-

---

* Upon which some *mimographus* built an occasional notice of the scandal then floating on the public breath in the following terms: one of the actors having asked "*who was the adulterous paramour?*" receives for answer, *Tullus*. Who? he asks again; and again for three times running he is answered—*Tullus*. But, asking a fourth time, the rejoinder is—Jam dixi ter Tullus.

which attested the public feeling this—that he who at that time no bust, picture, or statue of Ma in his house, was looked upon profane and irreligious man. Fin to do him honour not by testi nies of men's opinions in his fav but by facts of his own life and duct, one memorable trophy ther amongst the moral distinctions of philosophic Cæsar, utterly unnoti hitherto by historians, but wh will hereafter obtain a conspicu place in any perfect record of steps by which civilisation has vanced, and human nature has b exalted. It is this: Marcus Aurel was the first great military leader (s his civil office as supreme interp ter and creator of law consecrat his example) who allowed rights defeasible—rights uncancelled by misfortune in the field, to the p soner of war. Others had been m ciful and variously indulgent, up their own discretion, and upon random impulse to some, or pos bly to all of their prisoners; but th

---

* In reality, if by *divus* and *divine ho* ing having a right of intercession with we understand a shrine attended by a

Christianity was by that time powerful to attract, some reflex images of Christian doctrines—some half-conscious perception of its perfect beauty—had flashed upon his mind. And when we view him from this distant

philosophorum specie quidam rempublicam vexarent et privatos." The *philosophi*, here mentioned by Capitoline, are by some supposed to be the Christians; and for many reasons we believe it; and we understand the molestations of the public services and of private individuals here charged upon them, as a very natural reference to the Christian doctrines falsely understood. There is, by the way, a fine remark upon Christianity, made by an infidel philosopher of Germany, which suggests a remarkable feature in the merits of Marcus Aurelius. There were, as this German philosopher used to observe, two schemes of thinking amongst the ancients, which severally fulfilled the two functions of a sound philosophy, as respected the moral nature of man. One of these schemes presented us with a just ideal of moral excellence, a standard sufficiently exalted; this was the Stoic philosophy; and thus far its pretensions were unexceptionable and perfect. But unfortunately, whilst contemplating this pure ideal of man as he ought to be, the Stoic totally forgot the frail nature of man as he is; and by refusing all compromises and all condescensions to human infirmity, this philosophy of the Porch presented to us a brilliant prize and object for our efforts, but placed on an inaccessible height.

On the other hand, there was a very different philosophy at the very antagonist pole—not blinding itself by abstractions too elevated, submitting to what it finds, bending to the absolute facts and realities of man's nature, and affably adapting itself to human imperfections. This was the philosophy of Epicurus; and undoubtedly as a beginning, and for the elementary purpose of conciliating the affections of the pupil, it was well devised; but here the misfortune was—that the ideal, or *maximum perfectionis*, attainable by human nature, was pitched so low, that the humility of its condescensions and the excellence of its means were all to no purpose, as leading to nothing further. One mode presented a splendid end, but insulated, and with no means fitted to a human aspirant for communicating with its splendours; the other—an excellent road, but leading to no worthy or proportionate end. Yet these, as regarded morals, were the best and ultimate achievements of the Pagan world. Now Christianity, said he, is the synthesis of whatever is separately excellent in either. It will abate as little as the haughtiest Stoicism of the ideal which it contemplates as the first postulate of true morality; the absolute holiness and purity which it demands, are as much raised above the poor performances of actual man, as the absolute wisdom and impeccability of the Stoic. Yet, unlike the Stoic scheme, Christianity is aware of the necessity, and provides for it, that the means of appropriating this ideal perfection should be such as are consistent with the nature of a most erring and imperfect creature. Its motion is *towards* the divine, but *by* and *through* the human. In fact it offers the Stoic humanized in his scheme of means, and the Epicurean exalted in his final objects. Nor is it possible to conceive a practicable scheme of morals which should not rest upon such a synthesis of the two elements as the Christian scheme presents; nor any other mode of fulfilling that demand than such a one as is there first brought forward, viz. a double or Janus nature, which stands in an equivocal relation—to the divine nature by his actual perfections—to the human nature by his participation in the same animal frailties and capacities of fleshly temptation. No other vinculum could bind the two postulates together of an absolute perfection in the end proposed, and yet of utter imperfection in the means for attaining it.

Such was the outline of this famous tribute by an unbelieving philosopher to the merits of Christianity as a scheme of moral discipline. Now, it must be remembered, that Marcus Aurelius was by profession a Stoic; and that generally as a theoretical philosopher, but still more as a Stoic philosopher, he might be supposed incapable of descending from these airy altitudes of speculation to the true needs, infirmities, and capacities of human nature. Yet strange it is—that he, of all the good Emperors, was the most thoroughly human and practical. In evidence of which one body of records is amply sufficient, which is—the very extensive and wise reforms, which he, beyond all the Cæsars, executed in the existing laws. To all the exigencies of the times, and to all the new necessities developed by the progress of society, he adjusted the old laws, or supplied new ones. The same praise therefore belongs to him which the German philosopher conceded to Christianity, of reconciling the austerest ideal with the practical; and hence another argument for presuming him *half baptized into* the new faith.

conspirator against the great dict
tor, Julius) seems to have suggeste
to him a wandering idea, and
length a formal purpose of restorir
the ancient republic. Avidius w
the commander-in-chief of the Or
ental army, whose head-quarte
were then fixed at Antioch. H
native disposition, which incline
him to cruelty, and his politic
views, made him, from his first e
trance upon office, a severe discipl
narian. The well-known enormiti
of the neighbouring Daphne ga
him ample opportunities for the e
ercise of his harsh propensities
reforming the dissolute soldier
He amputated heads, arms, feet, a
hams: he turned out his mutilat
victims, as walking spectacles
warning; he burned them;
smoked them to death; and, in o
instance, he crucified a detachme
of his army, together with their ce
turions, for having, unauthorize
gained a splendid victory, and ca
tured a large booty on the Danu
Upon this the soldiers mutini
against him, in mere indignation
his tyranny. However, he prosec
ted his purpose, and prevailed,
his bold contempt of the dang

thority of the State, seem to suffer some wrong. You remember what your grandfather said—wretched, indeed, is the fate of princes, who then first obtain credit in any charges of conspiracy which they allege—when they happen to seal the validity of their charges against the plotters, by falling martyrs to the plot. Domitian it was, in fact, who first uttered this truth; but I choose rather to place it under the authority of Hadrian, because the sayings of tyrants, even when they are true and happy, carry less weight with them than naturally they ought. For Cassius then, let him keep his present temper and inclinations; and the more so—being (as he is) a good General—austere in his discipline, brave, and one whom the State cannot afford to lose. For as to what you insinuate—that I ought to provide for my children's interests, by putting this man judicially out of the way, very frankly I say to you—Perish my children if Avidius shall deserve more attachment than they, and if it shall prove salutary to the State that Cassius should live rather than the children of Marcus."

This letter affords a singular illustration of fatalism, such certainly as we might expect in a Stoic, but carried even to a Turkish excess—and not theoretically professed only, but practically acted upon in a case of capital hazard. *That no prince ever killed his own successor*, i. e., that it was vain for a prince to put conspirators to death, because by the very possibility of doing so, a demonstration is obtained, that such conspirators had never been destined to prosper, is as condensed and striking an expression of fatalism as ever has been devised. The rest of the letter is truly noble, and breathes the very soul of careless magnanimity reposing upon conscious innocence. Meantime Cassius increased in power and influence: his army had become a most formidable engine of his ambition through its restored discipline; and his own authority was sevenfold greater, because he had himself created that discipline in the face of unequalled temptations hourly renewed and rooted in the very centre of his headquarters. "Daphne, by Orontes," a suburb of Antioch, was infamous for its seductions; and *Daphnic luxury* had become proverbial for expressing an excess of voluptuousness, such as other places could not rival by mere defect of means, and preparations elaborate enough to sustain it in all its varieties of mode, or to conceal it from public notice. In the very purlieus of this great nest, or stye of sensuality, within sight and touch of its pollutions—did he keep his army fiercely reined up—daring and defying them, as it were, to taste of the banquet whose very odour they inhaled.

Thus provided with the means, and improved instruments, for executing his purposes, he broke out into open rebellion; and, though hostile to the *principatus* or personal supremacy of one man, he did not feel his republican purism at all wounded by the style and title of *Imperator*—that being a military term, and a mere titular honour which had co-existed with the severest forms of republicanism,—*Imperator* then he was saluted and proclaimed; and doubtless the writer of the warning letter from Syria would now declare that the sequel had justified the fears which Marcus had thought so unbecoming to a Roman emperor. But again Marcus would have said—"Let us wait for the sequel of the sequel," and that would have justified him. It is often found by experience that men, who have learned to reverence a person in authority chiefly by his offices of correction applied to their own aberrations, who have known and feared him, in short, in his character of reformer, will be more than usually inclined to desert him on his first movement in the direction of wrong. Their obedience being founded on fear, and fear being never wholly disconnected from hatred, they naturally seize with eagerness upon the first lawful pretext for disobedience; the luxury of revenge is, in such a case, too potent,—a meritorious disobedience too novel a temptation, to have a chance of being rejected. Never, indeed, does erring human nature look more abject than in the person of a severe exactor of duty, who has immolated thousands to the wrath of offended law, suddenly himself becoming a capital offender, a glo-

zing tempter in search of accomplices, and in that character at once standing before the meanest of his own dependents as a self-deposed officer, liable to any man's arrest, and, *ipso facto*, a suppliant for his own mercy. The stern and haughty Cassius, who had so often tightened the cords of discipline until they threatened to snap asunder, now found, experimentally, the bitterness of these obvious truths. The trembling sentinel now looked insolently in his face; the cowering legionary, with whom "to hear was to obey," now mused or even bandied words upon his orders:—the great lieutenants of his office, who stood next to his own person in authority, were preparing for revolt—open or secret, as circumstances should prescribe; not the accuser only, but the very avenger, was upon his steps; Nemesis, that Nemesis who once so closely adhered to the name and fortunes of the lawful Cæsar, turning against every one of his assassins the edge of his own assassinating sword, was already at his heels: and in the midst of a sudden prosperity, and its accompanying shouts of gratulation, he heard the sullen knells of approaching death. Antioch, it was true, the great Roman capital of the Orient, bore him, for certain motives of self-interest, peculiar good-will. But there was no city of the world in which the Roman Cæsar did not reckon many lieges—foes and partisans. And the very lords which dressed his altars and crowned his Prætorian pavilion, might not improbably in that same hour put an edge upon the sabre which was to avenge the injuries of the too indulgent and long-suffering Antoninus. Meantime, to give a colour of patriotism to his treason, Cassius alleged public motives; in a letter, which he wrote after assuming the purple, he says—"Wretched empire, miserable state, which endures these hungry blood-suckers battening on her vitals!—A worthy man doubtless is Marcus: who, in his eagerness to be reputed clement, suffers those to live whose conduct he himself abhors. Where is that L. Cassius, whose name I vainly *inherit*? Where is that Marcus—not Aurelius, mark you, but Cato Censorius? **Where the good old discipline of ancestral times, long since indeed disused, but now not so much as looked after in our aspirations? Marcus Antoninus is a scholar; he enacts the philosopher; and he tries conclusions upon the four elements, and upon the nature of the soul; and he discourses learnedly upon the *Honestum;* and concerning the *Summum Bonum* he is unanswerable. Meanwhile is he learned in the interests of the State? Can he argue a point upon the public economy? You see what a host of sabres is required, what a host of impeachments, sentences, executions, before the commonwealth can reassume its ancient integrity!—What! shall I esteem as proconsuls, as governors, those who for that end only deem themselves invested with lieutenancies or great senatorial appointments—that they may gorge themselves with the provincial luxuries and wealth? No doubt you heard in what way our friend the philosopher gave the place of prætorian prefect to one who but three days before was a bankrupt—insolvent, by G—, and a beggar; be not you content—that same gentleman is now as rich as a prefect should be; and has been so, I tell you, any time these three days. And how, I pray you, how—how, my good sir? How but out of the bowels of the provinces, and the marrow of their bones?—But no matter, let them be rich; let them be blood-suckers; so much, God willing, shall they regorge into the treasury of the empire. Let but Heaven smile upon our party, and the Cassiani shall return to the republic its old impersonal supremacy."**

But Heaven did *not* smile; nor did man. Rome heard with bitter indignation of this old traitor's ingratitude, and his false mask of republican civism. Excepting Marcus Aurelius himself, not one man but thirsted for revenge. And that was soon obtained. He and all his supporters, one after the other, rapidly fell (as Marcus had predicted) into snares laid by the officers who continued true to their allegiance. Except the family and household of Cassius, there remained in a short time none for the vengeance of the Senate, or for the mercy of the Em-

peror. In *them* centred the last arrears of hope and fear—of chastisement or pardon—depending upon this memorable revolt. And about the disposal of their persons arose the final question to which the case gave birth. The letters yet remain in which the several parties interested gave utterance to the passions which possessed them. Faustina, the Empress, urged her husband with feminine violence to adopt against his prisoners comprehensive acts of vengeance. "Noli parcere hominibus," says she, "qui tibi non pepercerunt; et nec mihi nec filiis nostris parcerent, si vicissent." And elsewhere she irritates his wrath against the army as accomplices for the time —and as a body of men "qui, nisi opprimuntur, opprimunt." We may be sure of the result. After commending her zeal for her own family, he says, "Ego vero et ejus liberis parcam, et genero, et uxori; et ad senatum scribam ne aut proscriptio gravior sit, aut pœna crudelior;" adding that, had his councils prevailed, not even Cassius himself should have perished. As to his relatives, why (he asks) should I speak of pardon to them, who indeed have done no wrong—and are blameless even in purpose? Accordingly, his letter of intercession to the Senate protests—that, so far from asking for further victims to the crime of Avidius Cassius, would to God he could call back from the dead many of those who had fallen! With immense applause, and with turbulent acclamations, the Senate granted all his requests "in consideration of his philosophy, of his long-suffering, of his learning and accomplishments, of his nobility, of his innocence." And until a monster arose who delighted in the blood of the guiltless, it is recorded that the posterity of Avidius Cassius lived in security, and were admitted to honours and public distinctions by favour of him whose life and empire that memorable traitor had sought to undermine under the favour of his guileless master's too confiding magnanimity.

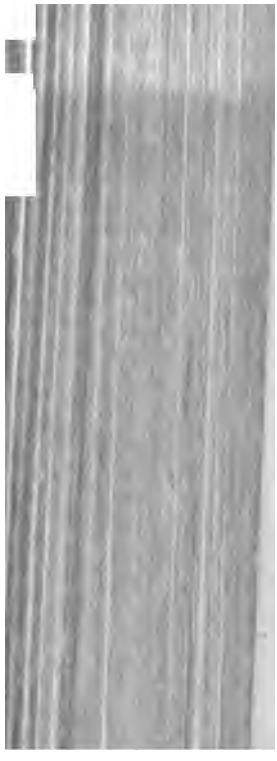
GREGORY HIPKINS, ESQUIRE, SURNAMED THE UNLUCKY.

CHAP. I.

THERE is a grave, respectable kind of nonsense talked by grave respectable persons, when the undoing of some dear friend is the subject, which is sure to make it out that "it was all his own fault." And a convenient aphorism it is, when they think it prudent to leave their dear friend to get out of the difficulty, which, according to their amiable hypothesis, he has brought on himself. But I, Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky, deny the doctrine. I assert, that in ten cases out of twelve, it is a man's LUCK that strands him on the sands and shallows of his existence. Individuals there are, whom nature, in her grand scheme, seems to have made the pegs whereon she hangs the evils requisite to complete it.

If Theophrastus had obliged us amongst the huge budget of characteristics he has left us, with those of an unlucky man, they would probably *have run thus*:—The Unlucky man is one (τοιοῦτος τις οἷος) who, hastening at the very last hour to give pledges of prosecution, meets on the way some one (σύνοιδεπαγεῖς) who detains him with a long story of a naval action, which has just reached the Piræus, till he is too late, and has to pay a thousand drachmas to his adversary—or one, who having purchased a new vestment to appear as a witness before the dicasts, on coming out of the bath, finds that a thief has walked off with it—or one, who turning into another street, to avoid an ill-favoured acquaintance, perceives that he has thrust himself into a cul-de-sac, whilst his creditor is waiting for him at the entrance.

But let us come to the real adversities of life. The same Gregory Hipkins maintains, that there are individuals who have been predestined to mishap from their birth upwards —gifted with an aptitude for misfortune—a proclivity to ill—tossed, the mere playthings of fortune, from



world forgot," unless a kind friend or two, like the philosophical neighbours of Job that visited his dunghill to read him moral and economical lectures upon the misery, comes now and then to prove to me that I have brought it all on myself. Admirable judges of the game when the cards are down on the table! Has not Gregory Hipkins been invariably doomed to play in the losing seat? Oracles of retrospective wisdom, has not ILL-LUCK dogged him from his cradle—hounding him as the Fury did Orestes? The earliest memorials of his childhood, are they not of floggings vicariously inflicted for offences he was guiltless of—sums extorted for broken windows on the mere presumption of being seen *near* the *locus in quo* — pains and penalties suffered for plundering orchards, on no better proof than that of having passed *close* to the spot, or of an apple found in his pocket, however fairly purchased in market overt?

And in maturer life—what a serried phalanx of misadventures—minor calamities, petty mischances, you will perhaps tell me—but on that account, good sir, not the more tolerable

change that happens to a thing, whether sentient or inanimate, being only explicable by the action of something external upon it. But the doctrine of the true church respecting luck is this—that your weal or woe depends on certain relative positions you hold involuntarily, or have chosen spontaneously, to that which is proximately the cause of that weal or woe. If, by your own free agency, your juxta-position to that which produces ill, has brought that ill upon you, you are the architect of your own misery. And of this, the world in its wonted tenderness to misfortune, will be sure to remind you. But if, wedged in by a coercive force of circumstances, which you could neither evade nor resist, you have been compelled into that disastrous *proximity*, you may call it, for want of a better term, ill-luck; it being the necessary disposition of things, to which your consent was never asked. And this is what, in all ages, mankind have understood by luck. It is the Fate of Homer, the δικη of the Greek Tragedy, the destiny that hunted down the house of Atreus—the necessity whose scythed chariot cuts down the hopes and prosperities of man—the irreversible decree, that went forth from the beginning, containing and controlling all things within its chain of adamant. This is the Hipkinean theory—nor has Hipkins the Unlucky found it without its uses. In sorrow, penury, the desertion of friends, and every circumstance of outward evil, he has called to mind the forced *proximities* of his lot, and derived comfort from the reflection.

Chap. II.

In an evil hour, I chose the pursuit of the Bar. Without a friendly star, and guided only by the flickering taper of my own understanding, I scrambled over its rugged roads and through its deep sloughs—from practice to doctrine—from dry precedents and mishapen forms to some obscurely-perceived principle, that shot an uncertain ray on the chaos which they told me was the law of England. Happier circumstances would have given a happier direction, or at least more of system and regularity, to my studies. It is not true, oh ye assertors of general propositions, that poverty stimulates to exertion—it retards—it deadens exertion. It brings down the clear spirit from its ethereal aspirations to commune with gross and earthward cares. At length, however, I reached the Bar, the *terminus a quo*. Alas! the *terminus in quem* was dark and distant. The decease of the individual, two days after my call, who to that day had scantily supplied the indispensable expenses of my education from a stock which they had already exhausted, left me nearly in the condition that suggested Jaffier's bitter thanksgiving to heaven, that he had not a ducat. He was not *my parent*, nor did I ever know that *I had one*. The want, however, of parental kindness I never felt, for he was in all other respects a parent, and all he had was expended upon my ill-starred ambition. On the 6th day of June, therefore, 1800, I awoke one fine morning in Trinity Term, with the sum of seven guineas in my pocket. It was a slender capital, but the last offices to my departed friend absorbed every reflection; nor was it till a week afterwards that I stared my actual situation in the face. In truth, it had a most repulsive look. I was drifting into deep water in a frail canoe, with scarce a pair of paddles to guide it; —no being who cared for me, and no "revenue but my good spirits to feed and clothe me."

This accursed profession too—requiring an outlay of money so far beyond my means, my dreams even, of obtaining;—but it was my choice —a boyish choice from which good advice might have diverted me. And here I cannot but recur to the first determination of my mind towards the Bar, partly because it shews what paltry accidents, at a given period of our existence, irretrievably dispose of the rest of it, and partly because it is illustrative of the aforesaid theory of CONTIGUITIES. Whilst yet a boy, I was on a visit to an old gentleman at Bedford, whose house

was closely, nay, inconveniently contiguous to the town-hall, the noise and clamour of the Assizes being heard distinctly in every apartment. This circumstance suggested to me, that I might as well hear the trial of a nisi-prius case, which had excited great expectation. I therefore squeezed myself in, and began to take some interest in the proceedings. One of the leaders of the Circuit was a prosy long-winded Sergeant, whose powers in addressing the Jury, and ease and impudence in puzzling and disconcerting an adverse witness, seemed, to my untutored apprehension, the perfection of forensic talent; and strange as it is, the voice and manner of this person retained their hold upon my judgment, long after it had become conversant with better models. I sate near enough to him, moreover, to discern the number of guineas marked on his brief. My youthful emulation was instantly in a blaze; and, Corregio-like, I said, I too will be a barrister! Thus I exclaimed in my foolishness — and thus my desires were blindly fixed upon the profession, that was the corner-stone of my evil fortunes.

Yet though I began under all the discouragements of penury, I abated not one jot of heart or hope. I prided myself upon an excellent classical education, and upon this I had grafted a respectable stock of municipal lore. Nor was I a stranger to some internal convictions, that even with such unequal chances, I ought and therefore should, distance the greater number of my competitors. It was a most selective syllogism. For term after term, my attendance in the Court was ascertained, term after term, I sat among the undistinguished occupants of the back row. Term after term, I answered the usual question of the Chief Justice — "Any thing to move, sir?" with "No, my Lord," and the usual bow. Term after term, I listened to the jests and playful allusions of my fellow-gaolers, to our common want of success. Light of heart, and backed with the purses of friends and parents, they could afford to laugh. To me, it was the bitterest of ironies. I lived I knew not how, and was alike ignorant how I should live on the morrow. Westminster

that blossomed in the paths
early manhood! beneath th
webbed roofs, how oft have bi
the sighs of plundered suito
oftener still, the subdued and
sigh of the famished barriste
thy dreary pavement—the tea
ing down his cheek, as, with
ness of heart, he bethinks
how he is to provide for the
ties of the day! Grave of my s
prospects, I have now left th
even now the pangs of that
state, half aspiration, half
(how much worse than fixed
indigence,) still recur to me
legend of some fearful drean

One afternoon, (the morn
been consumed in one of th
requited pilgrimages to West
Hall,) I was broiling my di
the homeless fire of my ch
when a double rap interru
culinary labours. Having
answer it, with no great alac
deed, for I had few visitors bu
imagine my surprise, when a
ney's clerk, walking into m
laid a brief on my table, an
of six guineas, with the usua
numerary half-crown for th
and then hastily descended t
case. Was it a dream, or, be
than never, had merit been di
ed,—or was it a mistake? Th
hypothesis was little to my n
I would not entertain it for
ment. I pretend not to d
what I felt. The returning
tide of hope and joy rushed
my frame. Ye, who endea
frame a conception of the fee
a young barrister when his fi
greets his eyes,—abandon th
They are not to be portrayed
limner. Six guineas—precu
hundreds more, hid in the
womb of the future—it was g
even to ecstasy. My slender
purse had occasioned a long s
sion of payment to my poo
dress, she herself strugglin
the ills of poverty, and a br
little ones. I flew across the
of the Inner Temple to her h
abode, reckless of the pots of
I overturned in my way, a
rapid in my flight to hear th
exations of those whose equili
I had unsettled. I threw ha
lay four of the pieces so sud

gratitude with which she received them, and returned to my chambers to eat my meal, or rather to feed upon the folios of my brief, which I soon began to unfold, chinking at the same time the two remaining guineas, as they discoursed a music not the less eloquent to my feelings for the pleasing uses to which the four others had been applied.—Treacherous satisfaction! Σκιας ὄναρ.

In about an hour, a brisk knocking announced an apparition I would gladly have exorcised into the Red Sea. It was the Attorney himself, to enquire about the brief which his clerk had delivered at my chambers, instead of the *contiguous* chambers, occupied by a barrister of some standing; but the youth had assured me he had been particularly directed to my chambers, and though there was no name of counsel on the back, it being no uncommon omission, I was satisfied that it had arrived at its right destination. When it was explained, however, by my new visitor, I made what I conceived every requisite apology, ingenuously avowing, as I placed the residue in his hand, the appropriation of four guineas, with a promise in a few days to repay him the deficiency. "Settle that matter," rejoined the churlish attorney, "with Mr C——. I shall pay him the two guineas, and refer him to you for the rest." I did not quarrel with the proposal, assured, that there was not a man of honourable feelings or decent manners at the English Bar who would think harshly of me for an innocent error. I was deceived. The English Bar contained many such persons, and no doubt does at this day. No sooner had the attorney left Mr C——, than the latter rushed in, and, in no measured phrase, began abusing me for the "trick" I had played him. The word did not suit me, as he himself perceived by my instant application to the poker, which I intended making the arbiter of the dispute, had he not sullenly retired. His brutishness drove me to the expedient of pawning the only legacy of my deceased friend, a silver hunting watch, a resource of no mean use in the ways and means of one so unencumbered with wealth.

In itself the incident of the brief was insignificant, and so I considered it at the time. It proved afterwards a link in the chain of those inauspicious contiguities, which I call ILL-LUCK. Their sinister influence on the fortunes of Gregory Hipkins, will not be denied even by those who reject his theory.

CHAP. III.

So far forth, ye impugners of the Hipkinean hypothesis, my conduct has not been my fate. Nor, perhaps, shall I be found more the accomplice of my own evil fortunes in the sequel. By some means hardly worth specifying, but chiefly through the kindness of one who himself wanted the little aid he imparted, I was enabled to join the Circuit. I arrived at Maidstone just as the Bar were sitting down to dinner, of course taking the lower end of the table, as became a decorous junior. To my infinite astonishment, however, my reception was a freezing one. No hand, as is usual on such occasions, was stretched out to greet me. It was clear I had incurred what might be called a professional proscription. How I had incurred it was a mystery. I ate my dinner notwithstanding, *but no one, I observed,* asked me to join in a glass of wine, or addressed to me one syllable of discourse. This was perplexing, and I remained for some minutes in no very enviable state of feeling. Yet my own bosom knew no ill, and I shrunk not from the studied contempt of which I was the object. At last observing a barrister, whose looks I did not dislike, leaving the room, I followed him, trusting to find in him some sympathy for a young man, who had innocently fallen under condemnation, and besought him to explain the mystery.

"Mr Hipkins, is it possible," he said, "you should be unapprized of our determination after dinner to discuss your admissibility to the Circuit-table?"

"Admissibility! Is it called in question?"

"You will hear soon. It is the

ane barrister, not entering into my refinements, shrugged up his shoulders, and went his way. I retired also, with the twofold resolve to bid adieu to Bar and barristers, after I had obtained from the person, whose inauspicious proximity to my chambers had brought this persecution on my head, a written recantation of what he had said to my prejudice; it being clear that he must have spoken of me unfairly and untruly. Nor was it long before I obtained, in his own hand-writing, the attestation I demanded. In strength and size he was a Polyphemus, (as to manners, the Cyclops would have appeared a polished gentleman by his side,) and might have jerked me out of his window had he been so minded, but he quailed in every limb whilst he was writing and subscribing the document of his shame. This I instantly forwarded to the senior of the Circuit, by whom I was unanimously acquitted, and Mr C—— severely stigmatized for his

CHAP.

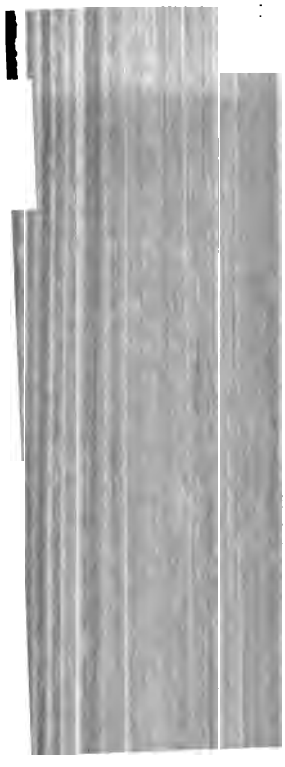
FROM this time things went on with me indifferently. Dur-

castrian burr of tedious delegates from the clothing districts. Fox, Pitt, Windham, were in the fulness of their fame, and the setting glories of Burke were still above the horizon. I observed the reporters plying their nightly labours, and understanding that they were not badly paid, again I said with Corregio, "I too will be a reporter." I could not, it is true, write short-hand, but I could rely upon a strong memory, having more than once borne away an entire speech of one of those great men with a truth and fidelity that rendered it at once, as a verbal and intellectual copy, far superior to the reports of the papers. In particular, I addressed myself to the peculiar character of Fox as a speaker, having often heard it remarked, that it resembled that of Demosthenes. I found the parallel, however, erroneous. In appalling or sarcastic interrogatory, in rapid lightning flashes of indignation, withering where it fell, there was some analogy. But the compression of Demosthenes, close and adamantine,—even the graces, equally the result of severe, perhaps midnight toil, that play over his discourses, like the smiles of the terrific ocean, rendered his manner unlike that of Fox, whose eloquence, seemingly impeded by the rapidity of his conceptions, and like a great stream hiding itself among tangled thickets, and then re-appearing in its full expanse of waters, rushed forth like a torrent from his soul. In Fox's reasoning, I thought also that I could discover what was too evanescent for the commonplace reporter, a refined logic, conducting to the most beautiful of moral demonstrations.

Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, saw my specimen, and forthwith I became a reporter. I did not succeed quite so well with Pitt. The impression produced by one of his speeches on my mind was that of a pageant, or a procession of beautiful figures, like those which embellish the friezes of an ancient temple. Every word, by a miraculous collocation, found its place—yet, as a whole, it was too uniform and finished, and with too few under parts, to sink deeply into the memory, which requires frequent contrasts to *aid it. In a word,* Pitt was the perfect rhetorician; whilst Fox, like an athlete, threw aside the ornaments of rhetoric as so many encumbrances to the muscular play of his limbs. It was this circumstance that diminished the value of my services as a reporter. There was another. I could make no hand of the second and third rate speakers. If I abridged them, they complained of being mutilated. If I served them up their own unadulterated nonsense in its primitive state, they vowed they were misrepresented. It chanced, that in the ordinary routine of duty, I had to report the speech of a member whom I could not well hear, and who was supporting a certain job with all his might and main. Finding the effort to follow him painful in the extreme, I asked a person who sat *next* to me, if he had collected the substance of what he had said. My informant, as I afterwards learned, was adverse to the job,—and, unfortunately, so impregnated with the arguments against it, that he began instantly to state them one after another. I took it for granted they were those of the inaudible member, whom he perhaps might have heard more distinctly than I could, from having the advantage of quicker organs; and with this impression, hastened with my report to the office. The next morning, the orator figured as a powerful opponent of the job he had supported through thick and thin. I was obliged, therefore, to resign my post. Such was the sinister result of a mere casual proximity to the officious gentleman, who so kindly led me into the error.

And now, the demon of *contiguity* seemed disposed to assist me in repairing the ills he had done me. At a friend's house, I was seated *next* to his daughter, who was likely, on the expected demise of a relative, to be possessed of a tolerable fortune. I met her at the same table frequently, each time contriving to sit *next* to her. She was what people call sensible; that is, she spoke common things on common subjects;—nor did I like her the worse for not being crammed with reading. My assiduities pleased her, and—we were married.

No mortal man could feel more sensitively the transition to a married state, than Gregory Hipkins the Un-



interim, a scanty stipend to live on. Expectation is a fine glittering thing, but a most sorry purveyor for immediate wants. I was in reality a pensioner upon my wife's caprices, of which, to say the truth, she had no scanty assortment.

I had my cure, however. It was to get into the good books of the uncle, whose will was in a short time to be the cornucopiæ to render us easy and affluent. We spent much of our time at his villa, near London. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the India service, and a bachelor; and having scraped together a few lacs of rupees, he had returned with a sallow complexion, and the reduced portion of liver usually brought back to England by old Indians. It was in truth an easy commerce we had to carry on; on our part, to hear his military adventures, surpassing every thing the world of fiction or reality had heretofore yielded,—on his, to recount them from morn to night. A *miles gloriosus* of this description would have been a treasure to Plautus or Ben Jonson. He stood nine hours up to the neck in water at the first breach in Seringapatam—looked tigers full in the face, while he sketched th[illegible]

at certain periods, leads the play-going part of the public by the nose, and fills the theatres to overflowing. We succeeded in getting into the pit, without any accident worth mentioning, unless it was the loss of a valuable shawl from my wife's shoulders, the gift of our dear departed uncle, who had scaled the walls of a zenana, to receive it as a gift from the fair hands of a rich Begum, who was in love with him, having first put to death half-a-dozen Mussulman guards, who, with naked scimitars, opposed his entrance.

We were not so fortunate in getting out. The inconvenient vomitories of a London playhouse are proverbial. On this occasion there was such a pressure, that Mrs Hipkins found great difficulty in keeping hold of my arm, and I had to endure grumblings of the true conjugal kind without end—"Dear me, Gregory, how can you be so stupid—Lord, how you pull—Heavens, why don't you come on!" I could get on no farther. There had been seated *next* to me a person with a wooden leg, which had more than once bruised my shins during the performance, and, by its accursed proximity, was still destined to torment me; for it had fixed itself upon my foot, and kept me immovable, and in great agony, till the tide of human beings passed by, separating my wife from me, and carrying that gentle creature onwards in its vortex. In vain I remonstrated, bellowed, swore—he himself could not stir, for a *contiguous* door-post, behind which the crowd had jammed him. At length he released me, and again feeling the pressure of a female arm upon my own, I hobbled on, deeming myself not unfortunate in having so soon been rejoined by Mrs Hipkins. At this moment, a pressure of the hand, somewhat tenderer than betokens the second post-matrimonial year of couples much more tender than Mr and Mrs Gregory Hipkins, induced me to turn my face towards her. Unspeakable horror—one moment for the magic pen of Spenser to paint me the lineaments of the foulest of hags, that ogled, as I bent my head beneath a flaunting, tawdry bonnet, with a *grin* that revealed teeth of *every size, shape,* and hue, huddled together like gravestones that had felt the upheaving of an earthquake—and breathing—powers of heaven, rather of hell—such vapours as were never brushed from the unwholesome fens of Sierra Leone itself—"Dear Gregory," she croaked, "beloved, have I found you at last?" She must have caught my name from my wife, as she followed us, on our return from the play, into the pit avenue. "Dear Gregory"—Frantic even to madness, I strove to shake her off, with efforts almost supernatural; but she clung to me as the venomed shirt to Alcides, renewing her unearthly raptures, and beseeching me not to desert her, in tones, or rather howls, of so unusual a kind, as to invite a crowd of linkboys and hackney-coachmen to take an interest in the spectacle. The philosophy of the moment is the best in these cases. "It is a poor unhappy maniac," I said, walking quietly homewards, and hanging down my ears, as Horace did, when he vainly strove to shake off the friend he met in the Via Sacra of Rome. But did my eyes deceive me? No; they did not.

A few yards onwards, and not many from my own residence, I could perceive Mrs Gregory Hipkins in close *proximity* to a tall Irish hussar, who had sat *next* her at the play. She was leaning on his arm, and listening to his discourse, or rather rhodomontade, with much earnestness. The *proximity* of person, too, was greater than was required in the casual escort of a gentleman to a lady who accidentally stood in need of his protection. In the meanwhile, the increasing raptures of the hideous Duessa still sticking to my arm, attracted the notice of my wife and the hussar, who turned back to have their share of the diversion.

"This poor wretch," I said to Mrs Hipkins, "is out of her mind. Common humanity will not suffer me to use violent means of getting rid of her."

"Oh, Mr Hipkins," replied my amiable spouse, "your part of the piece is well got up. An old attachment perhaps"——

I relished her irony but little, and that of her Hibernian gallant still less, who, eyeing the withered frog-

four minutes, during which Mrs Gregory Hipkins, with her one-eyed beau, (I forgot to mention that her Apollo was a mutilated statue,) walked towards my house with all possible composure. Nor was it but by the fortunate accident of my persecutor's stumbling on a broken part of the pavement, and thereby losing hold of my arm, that I succeeded in giving her a push that laid her at full length in the mud that had collected in the chasm, and breaking away from her in the midst of mingled moans for the desertion of "her Gregory," and the ruin of her gros de Naples gown, and Brussels veil. My wife was at the door in the act of wishing her Damon goodnight; but there was something in the mode of wishing it, that "denoted a foregone conclusion." I rushed in—Mrs Hipkins had squatted herself on a sofa. She sighed, as vulgar women do on such occasions—alas! Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky had made some months before the pleasant discovery that

CHAI

"IT is written," says the Turk.

sed fatality!—the infernal hag that had tormented me to death on the night of the play. Seeing the chair *next* my own unoccupied, toad-like she squatted in it with an agility of which I did not deem her capable, and began a series of embraces—the mere recollection of which brings a cold fainting sickness over me even at this moment. I brushed them off as well as I could; but to stop her tongue, whilst it was revelling in the maddest hyperboles of fondness, was impossible. "Dear Gregory—beloved Gregory! We meet to part no more! Cruel man, to leave me in that dirty puddle—my gros de Naples will never more be fit to wear."

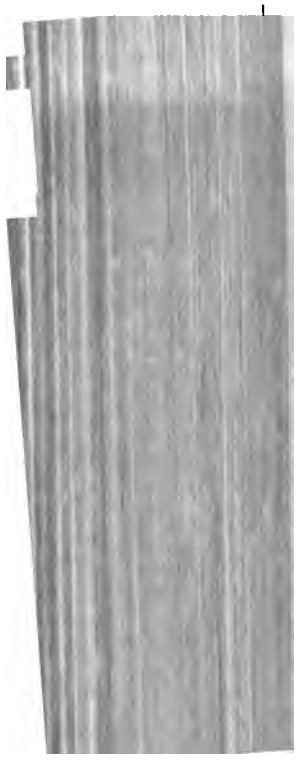
All eyes were upon me. A buzz went round—"A pleasing recognition," said one. "He looks confoundedly sheepish," remarked another. "His wife does not seem overpleased," said a third. "Wife!" observed a fourth, with an air of positive information, "don't you see that the lady who is just arrived is his first wife, who is come to claim her husband?" And in this interpretation, which, merely implying that I was guilty of bigamy, recommended itself by its simplicity, every one acquiesced. Nay, I could distinctly hear a young barrister at the end of the table laying it down to be a felony, and quoting the Duchess of Kingston's case to prove that it was clergyable.

My tormentor's plate being laden with meat, I had a short respite whilst she devoured it. The farce, however, which was so highly amusing to every body but myself, was soon renewed, and motioning Mrs Hipkins to follow me, I endeavoured to steal away. But Mrs Hipkins, amiable woman, not wishing to increase the uproar, as I supposed, stirred not, and the frantic bedlamite again clung round me. In vain I strove to impress the company with the obvious fact, that the woman was insane. Probably I might have succeeded, had not the unaccountable conduct of Mrs Hipkins encouraged a theory less favourable to me. Some, however, were candid enough to admit the insanity—but they believed it was my misconduct that had occasioned it.

The hag followed me into the High Street, whither I had betaken myself as a refuge, and renewed her loathsome endearments. At last, seeing a mob of ladies and gentlemen, as well as a mob of a less refined class collecting around us, I thought the jest was becoming somewhat too serious, and called in the aid of a constable or two, who, with some difficulty, took her into custody. Thus the affair would have ended, had it been that of any other of the myriads that people God's earth—but Gregory Hipkins the Unlucky. The sage tribunal of every library, the assembled wisdom of the Pump-room, gave it against me. It was quite clear that I had married a second wife, the first being still living, which the young barrister had convinced them amounted to bigamy—having, moreover, clapped my first wife into prison to get rid of her evidence. The lawyer thought that a magistrate should call on me to find bail — others thought that I ought not to be at large on any terms whatever.

Conjugal disputes are settled or revived at night. I bitterly reproached Mrs Gregory Hipkins. She was dreadfully affected by my reproaches—and went to sleep. The next morning she rose early to take the waters at the pump-room. Worn out by the petty persecutions of the preceding day, I claimed the privilege of a protracted slumber. I could remark, however, that she was a considerable time at her toilet—and heard, though indistinctly, a confused noise or rustling, and a stirring of band-boxes betokening a packing-up. Nor was I deceived. On going down into the breakfast-room, I learned that Mrs Gregory Hipkins and Captain Mahoney had departed four hours before, seated *next* to each other in a post-chaise.

* * * *



And such, when simply braid
That noble brow where Geni
O'er thy high temples sheds
Thy dark hair shadowing tha
Or loosen'd from its fillet, flo
Enamour'd of thy neck, whe
And of thy bosom's consecra
Then like the radiant day bedin

O Nature! Thou of love art
Unto thy chosen children; a
Thou on their favourite face
The essential light of heaven
Rosebuds, whose blissful bal
Thou bid'st grow on their bo
As by immortal brows in hea
Dishevell'd lustre, under thy
Their glorious foreheads crow

And thou, Aurora! wert suc
Of Nature; from the still ski
Propitious Planets in conjun
Diffused a blessing o'er thy li
Upon thine infant features in
The moonshine slept; and e
Or know, or feel the faces ro
Where thou wert smiling on
The whole bright host of heave

Thy cradle was an Urn of Li
While guardian Angels gazed
Calm without shadow, sweet
Blest in their

The radiant child comes bounding like a roe
From thicket startled, not by hunter's horn,
But flapping stock-dove, while the orient glow,
Bathing her glad cheeks in the hues of morn,
Dawns through the veil of clustering curls unshorn
That hang in streamers o'er her ivory breast,
Outshone by the white beauty they adorn!
Till suddenly by some sweet shame oppress,
Before all gazing eyes she stands in graceful rest,

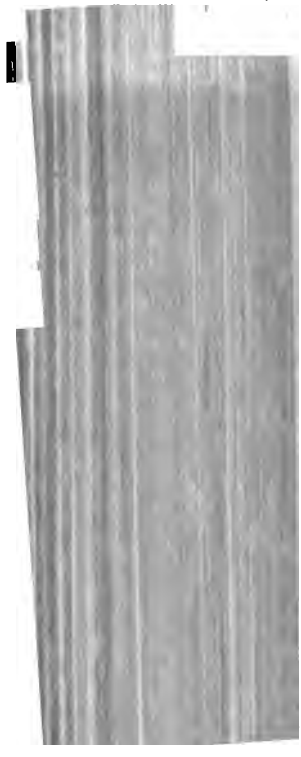
Like some still image by the sculptor wrought,
Dreaming of Cherub near the throne on high!
And now impell'd by some new happy thought,
Behold again the sportive creature fly
Birdlike away, as if 'tween earth and sky
Onwards she floated on air-woven wings;
A few hush'd moments hovering silently
Like lark above her nest, then up with springs
Like the same lyrist sweet when at heaven's gate she sings.

So beautiful her bliss that tears would fall
Sometimes, in sad forebodings, from love's eyes
Fix'd on her face in fear! Heaven might recall,
Her parents sigh'd to think, back to the skies
Ere long, to join the Choir of Harmonies,
A creature too ethereal to endure
Earth's cloudy clime, framed for the sanctities
Of amaranthine bowers, where all is sure,
And in perpetual youth abide the peaceful Pure.

But holy apprehensions all gave way
Before the wealth of life that overspread
Aurora's limbs, and like a garment lay
All over her sweet body, as if shed
By dewy sleep's soft hand, down from her head
To her white feet; and sweeter and more sweet
She rose, by happy dreams inspirited;
Her heart each day with bolder pulse did beat,
And health was in the glee that stirr'd those twinkling feet.

To tall slim girlhood grew the graceful child,
And on the beauteous brink was standing now
Of womanhood, when mirth, no longer wild,
Softens to gladness on the maiden's brow,
Who well her native dignity doth know;
And grave thoughts mix with gay, within the light
Of long-lash'd eyes that easily o'erflow
With tears that blind not sacred Pity's sight—
Oh! then the dim stars seem even lovelier than the bright!

And yet Aurora loved to shower her smiles
That sometimes into soft-toned laughter grew;
Nor was her innocence unskill'd in wiles
Of nature's blameless witchcraft; her eyes threw
Their lance-like glances dangerous in the dew
That tipt th' ethereal weapons darting round,
And ere the gazer rapt his peril knew,
For heaven's light travels faster far than sound,
His panting heart received th' immedicable wound.



Forgotten never more, for lik
Was she, they felt, of heaven
(Ah me! from bliss oft sprin
Too exquisite on earth e'er to l

O Few! thrice happy! privi
For hours on hours by her s
A vestal in her white novicia
The sacred fire of virtue gus
Immured not unlike in som
But ministering joyful in the
Of gracious heaven, within t
Of Life, called Home, where
From morn till evening prayer

Leap up, my soul! and in A
Scorn, as thou knowest she
See! how the hurrying sunb
Her face and frame all over!
Forgetting for the fragrant h
Around her virgin zone. Se
Most beautiful of all the Dea
Who, with one motion of her
Can waft o'er the wide earth A

Yet knew she nought of love
And if around her eyes a ros
Did e'er betray the palpitati
That through those violet ve
Of pure blood sent careering
Of smiles came to h

That was a passing dream! Aurora breathed
Life's purest ether in domestic bowers;
A sister's hands around her ringlets wreathed,
From Joy's own garden cull'd, affection's flowers;
And a wise mother, guardian of her hours
Waking or sleeping, still was by her side;
And thus the gentle fall of sunny showers
Th' unfailing fountain of her bliss supplied
And but for others' grief the happy maiden sigh'd.

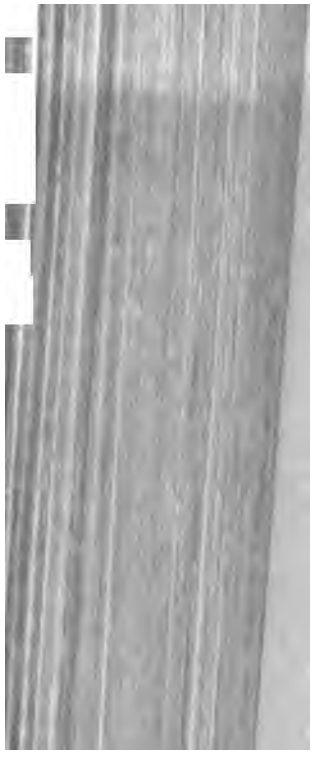
O Grace! a divine mystery art thou!
Light, music, motion, softness, all in one!
Sometimes in stainless robes of flowing snow
Encircled mildly with cerulean zone,
Like a faint rainbow when the rain is gone
Yet dewy lingerings dim the fragrant air,
For earthly bowers thou leav'st awhile thy throne
In the blue sky-hush, and alighting there,
The still Idea seem'st of Blessing and of Prayer!

From her pure bed arising, so the morn
Thought on the kneeler in her holiness;
But after orisons, behold her borne
Away upon the wings of happiness
Duly to meet again the close caress
Of kindred near and dear! The glad hours run;
And glorious is the vision's loveliness,
For other raiment Grace hath now put on,
And out Aurora walks as lustrous as the Sun!

Bright are her garments, bright and many-hued;
Violets and Pinks and Roses all combine
Their tints Sidonian, and yet all subdued
By some soft breath, with mellow radiance shine.
And whose can be that breath, O Grace! but thine?
Who, at thine own will, tamest th' ethereal dyes
Else splendid over much from heaven's own mine.
'Tis thou who suit'st the light to soothe all eyes,
Till colours sink into the soul like Harmonies!

Whate'er her slender fingers touch'd, became
Graceful at once; if o'er her breathing breast
She dropt a lucid veil of woven flame,
Rose-light on lilies, even its radiant rest
Heaved with new charms; and if upon the crest
Of her luxuriant hair she placed one gem
Starlike, that gem more queenly power possess'd
Over the souls of men, although for them
It shone not, than the blaze of jewell'd diadem.

And well Aurora knew the might of flowers,
Or single, or in wreaths, or garlanded,
Dropt on her temples, as through sunny showers
By Spring's own hand, or over all her head,
Like Flora's then, profusely scattered,
Or from her fragrant bosom's warm caress
Borrowing a sweeter perfume than they shed,
Or fix'd where sunbeams loved the bloom to kiss
Within her virgin zone, the very Bower of Bliss!



At her own eyes' reflecte
No other Font; and Tast
For the pure Love of Bea
Aught fairer; while Imag
A spell divine to listen in Au

So well it seem'd to breat
Clear, shining, serene, joy
Spilling her own peace ov
On May-day eve that almo
With leaves among the bu
And half-composed of ech
So friendly unto silence tha
In dreams itself inspired fo
And feel the heavens and ear

Yet was Aurora's temper q
Oft breaking forth in mome
Like harmless lightnings fro
In unconsuming fire the silk
Of her proud eyes then glis
Of scorn adorn'd her forehe
Unlicensed, and the tempest
The shameless front, those k
And cut th' offender down as w

Ah! how she wept, in penite
O'er the small sinnings of fo
Committed by her sweet self
By her felt greater when by a
Cold look or hasty word to

Lo! where the mimic nursing mother stands
Folding a baby to her virgin breast,
That tries in vain to put its little hands
Through the white opening to that fragrant nest.
And now it sinks to sleep. Aurora blest
To feel its breathings inclines tenderly
Her gentle head, until her lips are prest
Softly as light upon each closed eye,
And sinless Love keeps watch o'er helpless infancy!

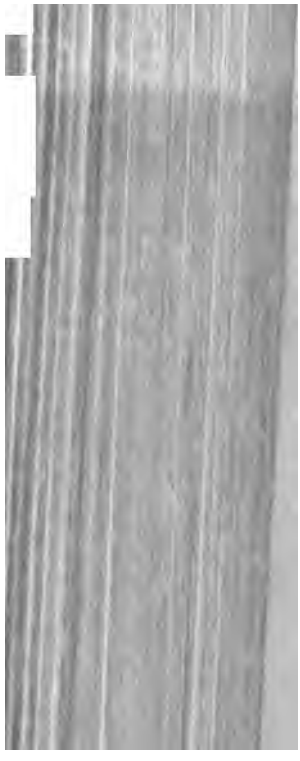
Then Nature called on Art, for sisters they,
And said, "This best Aurora is my own;
But thou shalt lesson now the lovely May
In thy fine lore; each gesture and each tone
Inspired by me thy tempering power shall own,
Till even in *her* voice magic new shall dwell;
And in the dance, and when its flight is flown,
Thou shall delight of my bright Damosel
The limbs and frame to steep in thine enchanting spell."

Art came at call, and took her by the hand,
(O fingers fair! how delicately slim!
Whose thrilling touch might the wide world command!)
And taught with small ado, each flexile limb
Along the undulating dance to swim;
As some fair swan slow-floating with the tide,
Above its shadow beautifully dim,
While water seemeth air round its soft glide,
So moved the peerless maid elate in virgin pride.

Lo! moving now in many a merry measure,
Arrayed in gossamery garb of green,
It well may seem hath come to take her pleasure
Beneath the moonlight in some forest scene,
All by her happy self, the Fairy Queen;
The while her train of fays pursue their sport
In other glades, quick as the starry sheen
To earth descending, ready to resort,
When she her bugle blows, unto the Silvan Court.

And now her figure to a stately height
With passionate poetic piety,
Expands; for all array'd in holy white,
Aurora seems to lead procession high,
Unto the house august of Victory,
Around whose gates a grateful people meet,
And as mid glad acclaim she passes by,
With what an air divine that Priestess sweet
Scattereth triumphal flowers before the Conqueror's feet!

But all at once the magic of her hands
The stateliest to the simplest stole doth turn;
And after a few nymphlike steps, she stands
As if beside a spring; to fill her urn
Then stoops; and from the solitary bourne,
With vessel balanced in a graceful peace
By one slight touch upon her head upborne,
Homewards she walks, as if the grass were fleece,
Her steps they are so soft, the loveliest girl in Greece.



All through her frame seem
More blissful far than joy's
Confusion sweet her weakn
And by a startling contrast t
The spell that charms all eyes,

Aurora flies! A beauteous E
Tossing her thyrsus, while h
Invoke beneath the vine-tree
Spread o'er their couch the l
The God who lies by Ariadn
Wild are her eyes, disorder'd
And loosely round her waist
And torrent-like, yet graceful
Her frame receives, her dance s

Most exquisite all her living s
What depth of soul her attitu
O sacred sight is sweet simpli
And Love himself might holie
As humbly she doth at an alta
Beseeching heaven no blessing
(And sorrows hath she none fo
To her young spirit void of all
Save that best gift of all, unblem

Up took her lily hand the light
And laid it 'cross her bosom's s
So delicate; then of the Holy V
She to its tinklings did a story t
In murmurs wild as sea-nymph'
By starlight heard

Lo! list! she kneeling sings a vesper hymn
To Mary-Mother mild! her voice is faint
Yet clear as silver, and her eyes though dim
Fill'd with the light of tears; there is no taint
Or on the robes or spirit of the Saint,
Yet prays she that her sins may be forgiven,
Contrite in innocence! But no restraint
Subdues the music now, for she is shriven;
And in assurance full the incense mounts to heaven!

Thus was Aurora beauteous altogether
In sight of God, of angels, and of men,
Her life drew round it all the sunny weather
Of heaven, and she was heaven's own denizen.
Had danger threaten'd her, the coward then
Had leapt for her dear sake into the wave,
Or pluck'd her from the Lion's ravening den;
Yea, hoping against hope her life to save,
Dreadless gone down to search the blind night of the grave.

O Earth! who sometimes seem'st to be as beautiful
As that which is created e'er can be!
O Virtue, that on earth art oft as dutiful
As they in heaven call'd angels! when thy knee
Is bent in prayer, and all that look on thee
To the meek kneeler give a holier name,
Religion, or that dear word Piety;
A humbler spirit in a purer frame
Unto thine altars ne'er than young Aurora came!

For ere her Spring had put forth all its bloom,
Half-orphan'd was she, smiling through her tears
Upon the widow at her father's tomb.
But Heaven was gracious, and soon brighter years
Dried up those natural sorrows; and the spheres
Through which her fine soul now look'd wide abroad
O'er heaven and earth, and works of those great peers
The Poets, with divinest lustre glow'd—
Aurora was beloved by Light and Music's God.

Apollo look'd into her heavenly eyes,
And they grew brighter in the godhead's gaze;
Like those of Priestess at a sacrifice,
The large dark orbs did so divinely blaze,
When her soul fed their light with glorious lays
Of virgins chaste and virtuous matrons, who
Misery's and martyrdom's most dreadful ways
In might of passions pure went smiling through—
The high heroic scenes that Tragic Genius drew.

Shakspeare transform'd her to that passionate child
Of the warm South, whose love was like her woe,
Soul-sickening and life-killing, in its wild
Distraction on the breast of Romeo;
Or her chaste being, when he will'd it so,
To unupbraiding sorrow did subside,
And she grew Imogen, sole-wandering slow
Into a cave within the forest wide,
Where Nature's Nobles wept to think that she had died.

To ... the darkness of
And looking on the mocke
The life within her, frozen
For tottering in the storm he

Then agonized with unend
She dropt upon her knees,
As if Cordelia's hands wou
Of some wild beast away;
That in its piteous ecstasy
Wanders all o'er his body'
And o'er his brows; nor d
Deaf to the fury of the piti
The mouth that raved so sad

And while, through Poetry
In kindred inspiration thus
Like shrine-bound saint up
On sad life's visionary shor
Her form t'ennoble Nature
Or face still more to beauti
Consummate season! deep
With spirit of each sweet m
April, and May, and June, cor

Bright must that beauty be
When rashly placed now by
Dian she look'd in every gr
Her eyes were Juno's, but w
Her zone had Venus envied,
By the Three Graces, borro
From her their duteous serv

That she a radiant creature was to view,
And that all eyes that look'd on her admired
Well in her happiness Aurora knew;
For when she walk'd into the woods, retired
From human gaze, by sight of her inspired
Broke forth in song the gratulating grove;
And springing on her path the flowers desired
That through their fragrance her dear feet would move,
That with the blue skies they might breathe on her their love!

And Heaven forbid those urns of light be blind
To their own beauty, spilling o'er the brim
From the soul moonshine, sunlight from the mind,
With joy now lustrous, now with pity dim,
As Poetry might paint the Seraphim!
Let them gaze on themselves, in glass or brook,
And while that dewy voice breathes forth a hymn
Of thanksgiving from Memory's holy book,
Then be thy spirit blest by its own angel look!

Thus in the Garden or the Wilderness,
Where many a pretty floweret springs to light,
One lovelier than the rest our eyes will bless
Conspicuous o'er them all, like planet bright
Amid the paler stars; some lily white
As Innocence own self, on whose soft leaves
Dewdrops like tears, sunbeams like smiles unite,
Yet still a something sad that gently grieves,
As if Morn claim'd the flower that by heaven's right was Eve's!

Dreaming of thee, I dream of all fair things
That lead a life of innocence and love;
In sunshine glancing on her silver wings
Through the pure ether an untroubled Dove,
Towards her still nest in the lonely grove!
The heavens preserve her plumage from all wrong,
Man's snare below, the cruel hawk above,
Soft is her bosom, but her wings are strong,
Hark! far within the wood her low, deep, murmuring song!

Or shall my fancy picture forth a Fawn
All by her sweet self in a forest-glade,
Wherein the first faint flushes of the dawn
Just light enough to shew her eyes have made,
That, large and soft, serenely through the shade
Burn but for my delight! All unaware
Of footsteps near the hush where she is laid,
From her green dew-bed steals the creature fair,
Crops the wild-flowers in play, and drinks the balmy air.

Star of my soul! a crowd of images
Come hurrying on me from earth, air, and sea;
For all in Nature that most beauteous is,
Appears a type or shadow, Sweet! of Thee!
But let them vanish all; and on my knee
While I do gaze on what might even suffice,
Were there for us no immortality,
For promised Heaven—Thy bosom's Paradise—
My song I humbly lay before thy gracious eyes.

APOLLODORUS.

half-century ago in a steeple-ch
you would have sworn we w
either the Gentleman in Black,
about to enter the Church. T
we used to stick close to the tai
the pack, to prevent raw, rash l
from riding over the hounds—
what a tale could we tell of the
thou didst die—thou grey, mus
moth-eaten Fox-face! now alm
mouldered away on the wall—th
—below the antlers of the De
king of Braemar, who, as the le
struck his heart, leaped twenty f
up in the air, before his fall w
proclaimed by all the echoes of t
forest. We hear them now in th
silence of the wilderness. Pleasa
but mournful to the soul is th
memory of joys that are past, sai
old Ossian—and from the cavern
old North's breast issueth solemn
the same oracular response! Fo
many a joyous crew—are they no
ghosts!

Gout and rheumatism were our
—we sold our stud, and took to cobs
In the field AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS
had been our motto—and when no
more able to ride up to it—in a
wise spirit we were contented with
the high-ways and by-ways—and
Flying Kit

annum—while children ceased their play before cottage-doors, and boys on school-house greens clapped their hands, and waved their caps, to the thrice-repeated cry of "There he goes! Hurra for old Christopher North." For even then we had an old look—it was so *gash*—though hovering but on three-score—and our hair, it too was of the iron-grey —"but more through toil than age" —nothing grizzling the knowledge-box so surely, though slowly, as the ceaseless clink-clank of that mysterious machinery—with its wheels within wheels—instinct with spirit —the Brain. Oh! if it would but lie still—for one day in the seven—in Sabbath rest! Then too might that other perpetual miracle and mobile —the Heart—hush its tumult—and mortal man might know the nature as well as the name of peace!

Among the many equine gifts made us, in those days, by our friends on mainland and isle, was one of great powers and extraordinary genius, whom, for sake of the giver, we valued above all the rest—and whom we christened by the euphonious name of his birth-place among the waves—Colonsay. A cob let us call him, though he was not a cob—for he shewed blood of a higher, a Neptunian strain; an iron-grey let us call him, though he was not an iron-grey—for his shoulders, and flanks, and rump, were dappled even as if he had been a cloud-steed of the Isle of Sky; a hog-mane let us call him, though he was not a hog-mane, for wild above rule or art, that high-ridged arch disdained the shears, and in spite of them shewed at once in picturesque union boarish bristle and leonine hair; a crop-ear let us call him, though he was not a crop-ear, for over one only of those organs had the aurist achieved an imperfect triumph, while the other, unshorn of all its beams, was indeed a flapper, so that had you seen or heard it in the obscure twilight, you would have crouched before the coming of an elephant. His precise height is not known on earth even unto this day, for he abhorred being measured, and after the style in which he repelled various artful attempts to take his altitude by timber or tape, no man who valued his life *at a tester would*, with any such felonious intent, have laid hand on his shoulder. Looking at him you could not help thinking of the days "when wild *'mid rocks* the noble savage ran;" while you felt the idea of *breaking* him to be as impracticable as impious—such specimen seemed he, as he stood before you, of stubbornness and freedom—while in his eye was concentrated the stern light of an indomitable self-will amounting to the sublime.

To give even a slight sketch of the character of Colonsay would far transcend the powers of the pen now employed on these pages—for than Pope's Duke Wharton he was a more incomprehensible antithesis. At times the summer cloud not more calm than he—the summer cloud, moving with one equable motion, all by itself, high up along a level line that is invisible to the half-shut eyes of the poet lying on his back, miles below among earth-flowers, till the heavenly creature, surely life-imbued, hath passed from horizon to horizon, away like a dubious dream! Then all at once—we are now speaking of Colonsay—off like a storm-tost vapour along the cliffs, capriciously careering across cataracted chasms, and then, whew! whirling in a moment over the mountain tops! With no kind of confidence could you—if sober—count upon him for half a mile. Yet we have known him keep the not noiseless tenor of his way, at the jog-trot, for many miles, as if to beguile you into a belief that all danger of your losing your seat was over for that day, and that true wisdom, dismissing present fears, might be forming schemes for the safety of to-morrow's ride. Yet, ere sunset, pride had its fall. Pretending to hear something a-rustle in the hedge, or something a-crawl in the ditch, or something a-flow across the road below the stones, with a multitudinous stamp, and a multifarious start, as if he had been transformed from a quadruped at the most, into a centipede at the very least, he has wheeled round on a most perilous pivot, within his own length, and with the bit in his teeth, off due east, at that nameless pace far beyond the gallop, at which a mile-long avenue of trees seems one green flash of lightning, and space and time annihilated! You have lost your stirrups and

your wits—yet instinct takes the place of reason—and more than demi-corpsed, wholly incorporated and entirely absorbed in the mane—the hair and bristle of the boar-mane-leonine—you become part and parcel of the very cause of your own being hurried beyond the bounds of this visible diurnal sphere—and exist but in an obscure idea of an impersonation of an ultra-marine motion, which, in the miserable penury of artificial language, men are necessitated to call a gallop.

An absent man is a more disgusting, but not so dangerous an animal, as an absent horse. Now, of all the horses we ever knew, the most absent was Colonsay. Into what profound reveries have we not seen him fall—while "his drooped head sunk gradually low," till his long upper-lip almost touched the road, as if he had been about to browze on dust or dirt, yet nothing was farther from his mind than any such intention—for his eyes were shut—and there he was jog-trotting in the sunshine sound asleep! We knew better than to ride him with spurs—and he knew better than to care for the cuddy-heels of a gouty sexagenarian. His dappled coat was sleek and bright as if burnished with Day and Martin's patent greying—had those great practical chemists then flourished, and confined their genius exclusively to the elucidation of that colour. But his hide was hard as that of a rhinoceros, and callous to a whip that would have cut a Cockney to the liver. The leather was never tanned that could have established a raw on those hips. Ply the thong till your right hand hung idle as if palsied by your side—the pace was the same—and milestone after milestone shewed their numerals, each at the appointed second. But "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream"—and from imagining himself drawing peats along a flat in Dream-land, he all at once fell into the delusion that he was let loose from his day's darg into the pleasant meadows of Ellesse, and up with his heels in a style of *funking* more splendid in design and finished in execution than any exhibition of the kind it has ever been our lot to see out of Stony Arabia. The disasters on his back, abated nothing of his vagaries, but, on the contrary, only made them more vehement; while on such occasions—and they were not unfrequent—nor can we account for the phenomenon on any other theory than the one we have now propounded—his neighing outdid that of his own sire—a terrific mixture of snuffing, snorting, blowing, squeaking, grunting, groaning, roaring, bellowing, shrieking and yelling, that indeed "gave the world assurance of a horse," and murdered silence—for the echoes dared not answer—nor, indeed, could they be expected to understand—or if they understood—to speak a language so portentously preternatural, and beyond the powers of utterance—though great—of blind cliff or wide-mouthed cavern.

He was a miraculous jumper—of wooden gates and stone-walls. He cleared six feet like winking; and as to paling, or hedges, or any thing of that sort, he pressed upon them in a sidelong sort of way peculiar to himself, now with shoulder and now with rump, and then butting with his bull-like forehead, marched through the breach as coolly as a Gurwood or a Mackie at the head of a forlorn-hope at Ciudad Rodrigo or Badajos. To a ha-ha he cried "ha—ha!" and up or down in red-deer fashion—through clover-field or flowering shrubbery—all one to Colonsay. In a four-acre pasture, twenty men, halter in hand, might in vain combine to catch him; and as for the old stale trick that rarely fails to entrap the rest of his race—corn tossed *a la tambourine*—he would give his forelock a shake, and, wheeling right shoulder forwards, break through the cordon like a clap of thunder. Now all this was very excusable—nay, perhaps praiseworthy—while he was bare-backed and unbestridden; but if, on passing an enclosure of an inviting aspect, whether of grass or oats, he chose to be either gluttonously or epicurishly inclined, the accident of your being on the saddle, and on your way along the high-road to town or village where you had business to transact, or to pay a visit, was then a trifle with him unworthy of a moment's consideration; and then,

either jumped like a cat over the wall, with his heels pushing down a few yards of coping, or if a good, stout, thickset thorn-hedge stood in the way of the gratification of his appetite, he demolished it in like manner as we had seen him demolish a hundred, and bore us through the enemies' bayonets across the counterscarp, over the glacis, up to the crest of the position where perhaps a tree stood by way of standard, and then setting himself to serious eating, no man could have pulled his nose from the ground, under a Briareus.

Such conduct was at least intelligible; but that is more than we could ever bring ourselves to think of some of his other acts—such, for example, as changing his mind, without any assignable reason, when to all appearance jog-trotting along, perfectly well pleased with his journey, and by means of an easy roundish turn, without any bustle or symptom of impatience whatever, changing his direction, and with imperturbable gravity mildly taking us home again, as if we were of our own accord jogging back for our purse or pocket-book. Such must have been one of the many suppositions at many times ventured upon by roadside stone-breakers, once more bowing their heads to us, so soon after our declination behind the hill unexpectedly reappearing with our face to the orient. The servants began to suspect that these returns were made purposely by us that we might catch them caterwauling; and the housekeeper herself, we thought, sometimes looked sulky when our *hem* brought her to the door; but on divulging to her the secret, we were restored to our former place in her esteem. The lintel of the stable-door was rather low, and on two occasions our friend walked into his stall with us lying extended on his back, with our hatless head over his neck, the only position in which we could have evited death—a knee-pan each time looking blue on its escape from dislocation. Yet no sooner was the seemingly stable-sick steed tied up in his stall, but with a Jack-Shepherd touch, he jerked his head out of the collar, and jumping over *an old cairn-looking* wall, began chasing the cows, ever and anon turning up his lip in the air as if he were laughing at the lumbering gait of the great, big, fat, unwieldy animals straddling out of his way, with their swollen udders, while the Damsel of the Dairy flew shouting and waving her apron to the rescue, fearing that the hoped-for quey-calf of the teeming Alderney might, in her mother's fright, be untimeously born—nor hesitating to aver that it was manifestly that wicked Colonsay's intent to bring about such lamentable catastrophe. But we are assured that he had no idea of Madame Francaise being "as ladies wish to be who love their lords;" for though the most incomprehensible of God's creatures, poor Colonsay had not an atom of cruelty in his whole composition; and, except when he took it for a *clegg*, would not have hurt a fly.

His strength was even more surprising than his agility, and we should have had no fears for the result in backing him for five pulls at an oak root, against a First-prize Suffolk Punch. True that his nerves were delicate, like those of almost all other people of genius; but the nervous system, a subject, by the by, that seems less and less understood every day, is one thing, and the muscular system another—and the osseous system is a third, and sinews are a fourth; in these three he excelled all mare-born, and was in good truth the NAG OF THE AGE. If you had but seen him in the plough! Single on the stiffest soil, with his nose almost touching his counter, and his mighty forehand working far more magnificently than any steam-engine, for there you saw power and heard it not, how he tore his unimpeded progress through the glebe fast falling over in six-inch deep furrows, over which Ceres rejoiced to see the sheeted sower, careless of rooks, scatter golden in the sunshine the glancing seed! Then behind his heels how hopped the harrows! Clods were soon turned to tufts, and tufts triturated into soil, and soil so pulverized, that the whole four-and-twenty acres, so laid down, smiled smooth as a garden, and might have been sown with flowers! Ploughing and harrowing may truly be said to

we remember it as if it had been yesterday—just as a sleepy man in a yellow shirt and a red night-cap was fumbling at the lock—impatient of the dilatory nudity, Colonsay, careless or forgetful of the gig behind him, towering higher than the toll-house, rising up like the most potent of his progenitors, prepared himself for a standing-leap, and cleared the pike at a spang! Many truths, says Aristotle, are more incredible than fictions, and this one may be brought to the illustration of his Poetick. We carried away none of our tackle—not a strap started—not a buckle lost its tongue. The wheels—though great spokesmen—said nothing;—and the body of the gig "on its smooth axle spinning slept" without being awakened—yet 'twas no glamour gate—a real red six-barred two-posted heart-of-oak gate, that the week before had turned a runaway post-chay into the lake, and shivered—in neither case without some loss of life—a delirious shandrydan into atoms!

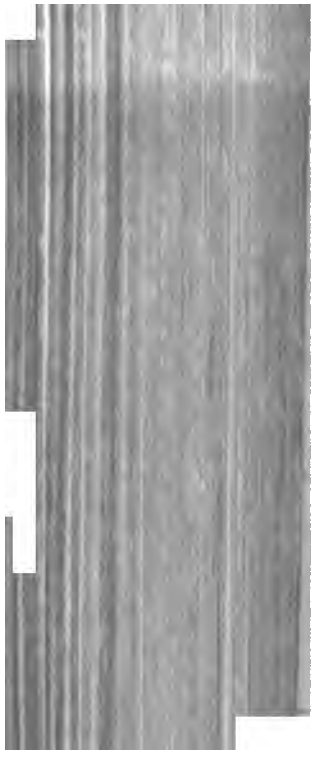
We think we see him now—and ourselves on his back—a green branch waving on his head, to keep the buzzers from settling round his eyes—our head bare then but the beaver

seventeen miles in the hour, with some minutes to spare, though she was rather a rum one to look at, and some said a roarer. The day we made the match she seemed somewhat sweaty, and by no means costive; but we had afterwards reason to suspect that such symptoms were all gammon and spinnage. We were badgered into it on a Saturday, and the affair was to come off on the following Wednesday—so there was little time for training—nine miles out and in from the 9th to the 18th mile-stone on the road from Kendal to Keswick. The bet between us and Sam was a mere hundred gold guineas, and we had plenty of offers of two to one from other quarters that Colonsay did not accomplish the distance within the hour—but we despise by-bets, and never suffer our skill to be diverted from the main-chance. That Colonsay would do the distance in less time than the Shuffler—for that was the name of the mare—we did not doubt; but whether he was to do the distance in an hour or in half-a-dozen of hours, a day or a week, would depend, we knew, on the Book of Accidents, which we had often found to contain many chapters.

Sam Sitwell, though not a singular, was certainly rather a suspicious character, and there used to be many such about the Lakes. Being of the sect of the Gnostics, he seldom lost a bet, and never paid one; and as he was a better by profession, he lived on the spoil of simpletons. There was nothing—Sam said—like buying every thing for ready money—and he had almost every thing to sell—nor was he very particular about a license; but horses and carriages—some real, and most imaginary—constituted his chief stock in trade, with a few *bona fide* tenth-hand piano-fortes, a fiftieth-hand spinnet, and a couple of indisputable hurdy-gurdies that had made the tour of Europe. Sitwell and we were good friends enough, for he was really, after all, no such very unpleasant fellow—was uncommonly handsome—which is not a little in a man's favour as the world wags—nay, had even an *air distingué*—was never quarrelsome in our company—for which there might be good reasons—and though his talk was about cattle, it was never coarse. Indeed, in that respect Mr Sitwell was a gentleman.

As soon as it was disseminated over the country, that we were to trot him for a hundred, the population was most anxious to know—on which Cob? And when Colonsay was announced, such was the burst of national enthusiasm, that we believe he would have been elected, had the choice of a champion out of the Six been decided by universal suffrage. In his powers the North of England reposed the most unquaking confidence—on the question of the direction of those powers, the North of England was abroad. His eccentricities he had taken no care to conceal; but many of them had been most erroneously attributed to his master. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had, however, on the whole, done justice to his hundred exploits, though they, it was universally believed, were but inadequate exponents of his powers; while his powers, though gloriously expanded, appeared but to give intimation of his capacities—of which numbers without number numberless—such was the not unorthodox creed of the Three Counties—were held to be folded up for future achievement and astonishment, within the compactest bulk in which horse had ever appeared on earth in quadrupedal incarnation.

He had been rather complaining for a fortnight past—and Betty Hawkrigg, the most scientific veterinary surgeon in the three northern counties, had within that time given him some powerful balls for what she learnedly called the mully-grubs. But on the Tuesday morning he was gay as a lark —" and as we looked there seemed a fire about his eyes." All that day Will Ritson—unknown to us—had kept absolutely cramming him with corn, which, considering that he had been taken off grass on the Saturday evening, was more kind than considerate; and on entering the stable to see his bed made for the night, you may, with a lively imagination form some faint idea of our horror and astonishment as we beheld Colonsay, with his nose in a bucket, licking up the remains of a hot mess



at six—the former seemed the pr
ferable plan; but was it practicable
No. No mixture could so move th
iron stomach of Colonsay; an
though it was admitted on all hand
that no drastic would much weake
him, yet 'twas judged prudent, u
der all the circumstances, not to di
turb his bowels, and to leave natu
to herself to get rid, before mornin
in her own quiet way, of some po
tion at least of that ill-timed repl
tion. That this resolution was a wis
one we soon found—for Ritson, b
way of comforting us, and justifyin
himself, informed us with a knowin
smile, that he knew what he wa
about better than to give a horse
mash the night before a trotting
match for a hundred guineas, with
out putting into it as much doctor'
stuff as would clear him out, by pee
of day, as clean as a whistle. Wit
this cheering assurance we went t
bed, leaving orders that we shoul
be called at five.

Our dreams were disturbed, and
even monstrous. Now we were
mounted on a serpent, that in mazy
error strove to insinuate its gian
bulk through a thicket, in pursuit of
another reptile ridden by a wretch

he might have emptied a trough, and then dined upon the stakes. Here was Colonsay—three days only off grass that tickled his belly—allowed, we verily believe, during the Three Days in which a revolution was carried into effect in his metropolis, by Ritson to feed *ad libitum* out of the corn-chest—the lid having been taken off its hinges—mashed and physicked to an unknown extent at sunset—and lo! at sunrise, like a swallow, a lark, a pigeon, or a hawk, as gay, as lively, as agile, and as hungry—and yelling to be off and away like an eagle about to leap from the cliff and cleave the sky.

None but a fool will ride a trotting-match in a racing saddle—or with any bit but a snaffle—let his nag's mouth be leather or lead. Our favourite saddle then was one that according to authentic tradition had belonged to the famous Marquis of Granby—and holsters and all weighed not far short of a couple of stone. The stirrup-irons would have made a couple of three pound quoits. Between pommel and peak, you sat undislodgeably embedded, and could be unhorsed but laterally—a feat, however, which Colonsay, by what we used to call the "swinging sidestart," did more than once teach us, not only without difficulty, but with the greatest ease and alacrity to perform. No need for a crupper with such a shoulder as his, yet to make assurance doubly sure, a crupper there was, attached to a tail that ignorant of ginger "wreathed its old fantastic roots so high," ominous of conquest. "Our bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne," as we shewed what we once must have been, by vaulting like a winged Mercury into the Marquisate, and attended by our *posse comitatus*, proceeded towards the starting-post visible to the eyes of the cognoscenti, in the shape of an unelaborate milestone grey and green with the rust and lichens of years.

Attended by our *posse comitatus!* Why—look and behold! all the world and his wife. And not that worthy couple alone, but all the children. They want but somewhat higher cheek-bones to be as good-looking a people as the Scotch. What—pray—do you mean by the epithet *raw—applied to bones?* "Raw-head and bloody bones," is not only an intelligible but picturesque expression; but we fear—thou Cockney—that in constantly saying "raw-boned Scotchman," thou pratest out of thy little primer. Our bones are not raw, so let us lay thee across our knee—with thy face to the floor. Hush! no crying—be mute as a marine under the cat. Now go home to your mamma—that is, your wife—and on shewing her the broad-stone of honour, implore her, by her conjugal love and faith, to whisper in thy ear, whether it be bone of her bone that she weepeth to see so raw before her eyes, or flesh of her flesh.

But we have been digressing—and on our return see Sitwell in a wrap-rascal, mounted on a mouse of a thing—a lad leading the famous Shuffler mare in clothing, to the admiration of the assemblage. At a signal from his master, the imp undressed the Phenomenon, and there stood the spanking jade, in a Newmarket saddle not more than four pounds with all appurtenances—in beautiful condition—for the symptoms of Saturday had been all assumed for a blind—but without effect—for here it was diamond cut diamond—and Colonsay, though perhaps still a little purfled, and not sufficiently drawn up in the flank, had manifestly made the most of the mash, and was in high spirits. No wonder indeed that he was more than usually elated; for we afterwards discovered that the humane and speculative Ritson, while we were taking breakfast, had given him the better portion of a quart of gin—mixed with water, it is true—beverage known by the appropriate name of half-and-half. He hardly condescended to look at the Shuffler—a single glance seemed to suffice to inspire our magnanimous animal with sentiments of consummate contempt for his spindle-shanked antagonist, who, though he possibly might have some speed, had obviously little or no bottom; nor were those sentiments moderated by the sudden transformation of Sitwell into a regular Newmarket jockey, booted, buck-skinn'd, jacketed, and capp'd—a very Buckle—shining in silk like a spotted leopard—and now mounted—though that was a fashion of his own—whip in mouth—with squared el-

course of our travels been on t
Don, we experienced such pleasu
in Cossacks, that our friend the He
man—since the famous Platow-
presented us with several pa
which we occasionally wear to th
day—well known all over Scotla
as North's Eternals. In the gener
agitation of that morning, our val
had forgotten to attach to our ankl
fringes our sole-straps, so that lo
before the play was over, the Ru
sia-duck had wriggled itself up bo
legs alike, into a knob on eith
knee, that to appearance conside
ably impaired that symmetry f
which even then our limbs continu
to be eminently distinguished. Th
ducks were white as innocence, f
they had been bleached on the sun
banks of lucid Windermere, and o
ly the day before had been fond
imagined by a party of young ladi
—Lakers from London—to be lat
left patches of virgin snow. It w
not till the maidens walked up
them, that blushing they discover
their mistake—nor, had the party
the same time discovered what the
really were, would it have been pos
ble to analyze their emotions. Th
stockings in which we rode we

dancers on the green earth, and when the mirth and music all die—as die they must—the owls will too-hoo the dawn—and the dawn will let drop her dews—and all Nature will be purely still as if all the dancing and deray of St Christopher's day, eve, and night, had been but the dream of a Shade!

Billy Balmer fired his signal pistol—and at the flash off we went like a shot. Yes! off we went—for Colonsay had not been expecting the thunder and lightning quite within an inch of his ear—and gave such a side-spang that he unhorsed us and we unhorsed Sitwell—while in the shock Shuffler was overthrown. Assuredly we had not laid our account with coming into such rude collision so early in the day, though we looked forward with confidence to much adventure and many events of that kind during the course of the match, and before sunset. Sam was a little stunned, and the mare did not seem to like it; but having been remounted we gave each other a nod—and again—but not in the same sense—were off! In the exultation of the moment, Billy shyed his beaver into the air, which, describing a parabola in its descent, just shaved Shuffler's nose, and made him swerve, till our off and Sam's near leg got rather awkwardly entangled, but having extricated our Cossacks from his rowel, we shoved him off to his own side; then, if not before, it may be safely said was THE START—and it was manifest to all the sporting spectators that the battle had begun. From the hubbub we gathered that with aliens Shuffler had rather the call—it might be guineas to pounds on the mare. We could not choose but smile.

For about a couple of hundred yards the course was down hill—and well down hill too—the fall being about a foot in the yard, which, though considerably off the perpendicular, you will find on trial to be still farther off the horizontal, at least very far indeed from being a flat. We had tossed up for the choice of the starting-post; and, having won, with a nice discrimination of the character of the cattle, we had fixed on the milestone crowning the crest of the celebrated Break-Neck-Brae. The descent was at all times sprinkled with an excellent assortment of well-chosen, acute-angled pebbles, from a pound weight up to half a stone; to pick his way among them would have been difficult to the most attentive quadruped even at a slow walk—at a fast trot impossible; and we frankly confess, that, though we were far from hoping it might happen, for that would have spoiled sport, we thought it not unlikely that Shuffler, who had been fired, and was rather bent in the knees—to say nothing of her hoofs, that had been so often pared that they reminded us of the feet of a Chinese lady of high rank—in coming down the hill would come down, in which event we could not but contemplate the painful probability of her breaking at once her own neck, and that of her master. As for Colonsay, his hoofs were of iron as well as his shoes. Among his innumerable accomplishments, he had never learned the art of stumbling; and you had but to look at his forehand to know that he would go to the grave without ever so much as once saying his prayers. Down Break-Neck-Brae we came clattering, like slates down a roof—Shuffler rather in advance—for we lay by to see the fun, in case of a capsize; and a capsize there was, and such a capsize as has sent many an outrider to kingdom come. After a long succession of stumbles—the whole series, however, being in fact but one long-continued and far-extended stumble—during which Sitwell, though he lost his stirrups, exhibited astonishing tenacity—Shuffler, staggering as if she had been shot, but still going at no despicable speed, and struggling to recover herself like a good one as she was and nothing else, appeared to our dazzled optics to fling an absolute somerset, and to fall over the ditch—at that spot fortunately without any thing that could be called a wall, though there was no want of the materials for one—into a field, which we knew by experience to be rather softish; for more falls of man and horse, separately or conjunctly, had occurred at that particular juncture of the road—a turn—than along the whole line, from Kendal to Keswick, and far more than the proportional number of deaths or killings on the

spot. We would fain have stopped to ascertain whether or not the result had been fatal; but Colonsay seemed to think the accident in no way uncommon, and would not be prevailed on to slacken his pace. We had now, to all appearance, the issue in our own hand; but we had, in our anxiety for Sitwell, forgotten the Cross Roads at Cook's House.

Yes—in our anxiety for Sitwell. Would you have had us pull up and ask him if he were dead? That would indeed have been humane; but what if we could not pull up—nor you either—had you been in our saddle, and instead of a Sumph a Sampson? This cant about cruelty is confined, we trust, to the pestilential coxcombs in whose cowardly and calumnious threats it must have been generated of spleen and bile. Fishing is cruel—hunting is cruel—racing is cruel—boxing is cruel—and pugilists are cut-throats. So writes the Cockstreet Bar. Christopher in his Sporting-Jacket is cruel—Christopher on Colonsay is cruel—Christopher with his crutch is cruel—Christopher in the Crow's Nest is cruel—in the Crow's Nest with Scoresby, keeping a look-out for icebergs, and gazing on cathedrals painted with a pencil that Turner's self might envy, by Frost on the polar sky!

Nobody with eyes in his head can have passed Cook's House without looking at it with pleasure; for there is a charm—though we know not well in what it consists—in its commonplace unpretending character—seated by the road-side, a little apart with its back-garden of fruit-trees—and in front an open space flanked with an ample barn, and noways demeaned by one of the most comfortable pig-sties that ever enclosed a litter of squeakers. Let the roads be as dusty as they can be, still you see no powder on those trees—and as for that meadow-field over the way—irrigated by a perennial rill that keeps for ever murmuring through the woods of St Catharine, below the shadow of the Giant of Millar Ground, and thence with many a lucid leap through the orchard behind the chapel-like farm-house on the lake-side into the quiet of Windermere—a lovelier meadow-field never adorned Arcadia in the golden age—nor yielded softer and greener footing to plume-pruning swan. A little farther on, and lo the Cross Roads! To the right the way up into Troutbeck—to the left to Bowness—as a sign-post—a sore perplexity to strangers—used of old to attempt to tell—by means of a ruined inscription on a rotten plank laughed at by the foliage of the living trees—a contrast between the quick and the dead. The bold breezes from Ambleside were wooing our forehead; but Colonsay remembering rack and manger in Mr Ullock's well-stored stable—*bolted*—and taking the bit in his teeth—by which he at once became independent, and changed his master into his slave—set off at a hand-gallop to the White Lion.

Now of all the Inns in England, the best then, as now—to us cheapest and also dearest of all—for there, at moderate charges, we got all a wise man could desire—was the White Lion of Bowness. Many a day—many a week—many a month—whole summers and winters—springs and autumns—years—decades—at a time—have we it inhabited—a private character in a public place—not there unhonoured, though as yet to the wide world unknown—unnoticed as a cloud among many clouds to and fro sailing day or night sky, though haply in shape majestic as any there—upturning its silver lining to the moon, or by the sun now wreathed into snow, now bathed in fire. But at that hour we had no business there—we knew even we should be unwelcome—for the village stood deserted by all but the houses, and they too had been at Orest-head had it not been for disturbing the furniture—the Tower did not like to leave behind the Church—the Church had business with the Pulpit—the Pulpit was overlooking the Desk—and the Desk busy in numbering the Pews. The White Lion continued to hold his mouth open, and his tail brandished, without an eye to look on him—rampant in vain—and had he even roared, he would have frightened only the sucking turkeys.

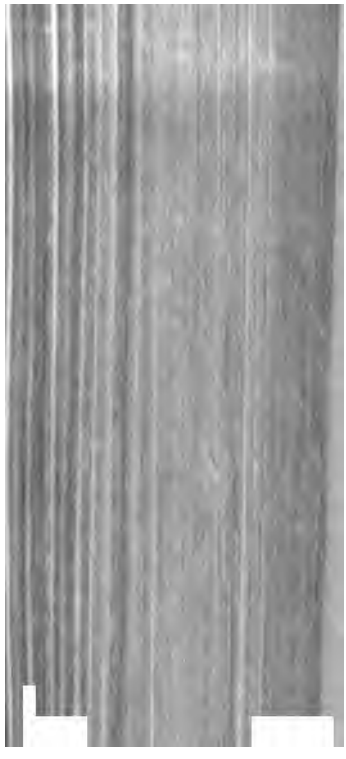
At this period of the match we have never been able to ascertain what was the true state of the betting, but we believe a considerable change took place in [illegible]

books. There—as we were afterwards told—was Shuffler in no promising plight on the wrong side of the ditch, and Sam Sitwell in a state of insensibility, with his bared arm in possession of Mr Wright, the surgeon, whose lancet for a while failed to elicit a single drop of blood. The odds which a few minutes before had been guineas to pounds on Sam and Shuffler, changed with the group there to guineas to groats on Kit and Colonsay; but on the instantly subsequent bolting and disappearance of those heroes, they were restored to the former quotation, and then betting on all sides grew dull and died. The most scientific calculator was at fault with such data—at a loss, a positive nonplus — whether to back the wounded—perhaps dying—or the absent and certainly fled. Should Sam recover, and Shuffler, who bled freely, be able to proceed—then, as they enjoyed the advantage of being on the spot, it was certain they would become favourites; for we, though fresh, were far off, and prudence declined speculating on the probable period of our revolution and return.

We indulged strong hopes that Colonsay, on the way to Bowness, would turn in to Rayrigg, by which we should save nearly a mile—nor were we disappointed—for saving us the trouble of opening the gate, he put his breast to it, and we found ourselves at the door of that hospitable and honoured mansion. Most fortunately one of the young gentlemen was just mounting to ride to see the start—and having communicated to him the predicament in which we rode, we returned together to the scene of action—for a strong friendship had long subsisted between our steeds—and by the side of that chestnut, Colonsay trotted along as if the two had been in harness and followed by a phaeton. Loud cheers announced our approach—and there was Sam on Shuffler—somewhat more pale than wonted—and his head bandaged—but game to the back-bone, and ready for a fresh start. Having shortly expressed our satisfaction at reseeing him alive, we gave the office, and set off on the resumption of our match—and each *of us feeling our* resolution carried by acclamation, we both immediately made strong play.

The run from Cook's House to Troutbeck Bridge, is a slight slope all the way—and there is not prettier ground in all England than that quarter of a mile or thereabouts—for such a match as was now again in progress. The mare led—which was injudicious—but we have always suspected that Sam's wits were still a-wool-gathering in the meadow whereon he had had his fall. On approaching James Wilson's smithy, we heard the forge roaring, and saw the Shuffler cocking her ears as if she were going to shy. At that moment we were close on her left flank, and as she swerved from the flash of the furnace, we cried "no jostling, Sam," while Colonsay, impatient of the pressure, returned it more powerfully, and in spite of all our efforts, ran the mare and himself in among a number of carts, waggons, and wheelbarrows, to say nothing of various agricultural instruments of a formidable character—more especially a harrow reared up against the cheek of the smithy door, fearfully furnished with teeth. This was rather more than tit for tat, and Sam getting quarrelsome, nay abusive, we had to take our Crutch out of the holster, and sit on the defensive. Meanwhile, though the pace had slackened, we were still in motion, and after some admirable displays of horsemanship on both sides, we got free from the impedimenta, and Colonsay led across —not—as we say in Scotland—*over* the bridge. We would have given a trifle for a horn of ale, at the Sun or Little Celandine, a public adjoining the smithy, and kept by Vulcan —and so we do not doubt would Sam, for the morning was hot, and told us what we might expect from meridian—but false delicacy prevented us both from pulling up, and the golden opportunity was lost. We exacted a promise from ourselves not to behave so foolishly—not to throw away our chance—on the next occasion that might occur for slaking our thirst. And we looked forward to Lowood.

One of the most difficult passages to execute in the whole course of the piece now awaited us at the gate of Calgarth-Park. Never once had we



miration, and we kept all thr
tling along at a slapping pac
bay at a hand gallop—not les
sixteen knots—up Ecclerigg-B
the mare sticking to us like wa
seemed if any thing to have t
perior speed—but the hors
more steady—and below the s
of those noble sycamores—a
was attempting to pass u
Shuffler *broke!* We looked ov
shoulder, and saw her turn a
pivot—but before she had rec
her top speed, we were mor
fifty yards in advance, and a
moment nothing could be br
than our prospects—alas! soo
overcast!

Half way between Eccleri
Lowood—say, one-third of th
nearer Lowood—is a piece of
gular unenclosed ground—an
though surrounded by no de
at that time not without a few
and studded with small grov
more beautiful broom than eve
lowed Faery Land. Round it
the road up to Briary-close,
away on by Brathwaite-fold t
mile-long village of Upper T
beck, at which painters have
painting for half a century and
and yet have left unshadowed

A detachment of sons and servants was forthwith despatched to order or bribe the gipsies to strike their tents—though even in that event we doubted if any earthly inducement could persuade Colonsay to pass that haunted nook. Meanwhile, not to be idle, we took our seat, as requested, by the side of Mrs Clerk, and fell to breakfast with what appetite we might—nor was our appetite much amiss—and the breakfast was most excellent. Are you fond of peas-pudding? You are; then we need not ask your opinion of pork. Let no man kill his own mutton—let all men kill their own bacon—which, indeed, is the only way to save it. An experienced eye can, without difficulty, detect thirst even when disguised in hunger—and Mr Clerk nodded to a daughter to hand us a horn of the home-brewed. "Here's to the grey-coats and blue petticoats of Westmoreland!" and the sentiment diffused a general smile. We never desired to resemble that wild and apocryphal animal the Unicorn—so we did not confine ourselves to a single horn. We are not now much of a malt-worm—but every season has its appropriate drink—and ale is man's best liquor in the grand climacteric. 'Tis a lie to say it then stupifies any but sumphs. Hops are far preferable to poppies—in all cases but one—and that exception strengthens the general rule—we mean the case of the inimitable English Opium-Eater. Yet even in those days we could, against his Smyrnean laudanum, have backed our Ecclerigg ale. The horn that held it seemed converted into ivory and rimmed with gold. How it over-mantled with foamy inspiration! How sunk that dark but pellucid stream like music in the heart! What renovation! what elevation! what adoration of all that was mighty, and what scorn of all that was mean! "Rule—rule, Britannia—Britannia, rule the waves!" That was the first song we volunteered—and all the household joined in the chorus. Then sung we "Auld lang syne"—the only Scottish air popular—as far as we know—in the cottages of England—and it, we fear, chiefly because some of the words have to common and vulgar minds but a boisterous bacchanalian spirit—whereas, believe us, they are one and all somewhat sad—and the song may be sung so as to melt even a hard eye to tears.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"—and though assuredly we did not seem, sitting there, to be on the fair way or the high-road to victory, something within us told us we should yet win the day. The whole family were equally confident of our ultimate success; and now a lassie from the oasis came to tell us that the gipsies, grieved to think it had caused our disaster, had removed their encampment—and were desirous to give us all the help in their power, should we think of attempting to get the grey horse past the braying-place. This was cheering intelligence; and Colonsay having finished a feed of corn, when brought out looked more than ever like a winner. Fortunately we thought at that moment of his predilection for side-saddles and horsewomen; and having arrayed and burdened him accordingly—pretty Ella Clerk not refusing to try a canter—we led him snorting past the Oasis of Asses, and back again to the precise spot where he had made the wheel—and there, after gently assisting Ella of Ecclerigg to get down, and replacing the Marquis of Granby, we mounted incontinent, and again surrendered up our whole spirit to the passionate enthusiasm of the Match.

It was yet ten minutes to seven! Fifty minutes since starting had been consumed, and we had performed—we mean in the right direction—not much—if any thing—above two miles! That seems no great going; yet the average rate had probably been about fifteen miles an hour—which if not great is good going—and not to be sneezed at, on one of his best ponies, by either Lord Caithness, or the Duke of Gordon. For you must remember the primal fall at the beginning of all—which occupied, one way and another, several minutes—then there was the episode to Rayrigg—and the delay that occurred about the fresh—that is, the third start—at the Cross-Roads at Cook's House—then you must add something for the shying, and swerving, and shoving, at the smithy,

for all that entanglement and extrication—and when to all these items you add the half hour consuming and consumed at Ecclerigg, you will find that not more than eight minutes were occupied by positive march-trotting between the antique mile-stone where took place the first great original start, and the spot where occurred our latest disaster—a disaster it may be called that led to a breakfast in one of the pleasantest cottages in Westmoreland—close to the nearest ash-tree, on the left hand side, to the Oasis of Asses—alias the Donkey's Isle.

Hitherto our mind had been so much engaged, that we had had neither time nor opportunity to observe the day—and knew little more of it than that it was dry, and dusty, and hot. Now—we fell not to such perusal of her face as we would draw it, but we chucked Miss Day under the chin, and looking up she acknowledged our courteous civilities with a heart-beaming smile! The Day was not comely only, but beautiful—never saw we before nor since more heavenly blue eyes, sunnier clouds of golden hair, or a nobler forehead ample as the sky. The weather was not dry—for there had been some rain during the early hours of the night, and its influence still lay on the woods, along with that of the morning dew. It was not dusty—how could it be when every rill was singing a new song? If madmen will trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and gallop at the rate of fifty, they will perspire; but their odious condition does not prove the air to be hot; and now, at seven of a midsummer morning, it was cool as that of a whole continent of cucumbers. Ah, far more than cool! We hear too much and too often of warm kisses; but the sweetest of all kisses in this weary world are the sweet, fresh, fragrant, almost, but not quite, cold kisses of those virgin twin-sisters, Air and Light!

Such, for a few moments, had been the innocent dalliance of Aurora Day with Christopher North, when the eyes of that amorist caught a peep of Lowood, and over its then proud lake-side pine-grove, now ruefully thinned, and the two or three remaining trees, the ghosts of what they were—and the worst of all ghosts are the dead alive—bower-embosomed half way up its own silvan hill, the delightful Dove-Nest. Collected in front of the Inn, a vast crowd! and in the midst of it—as sure as that China oranges are cheap in Pekin—Sam Sitwell, on Shuffler, ready to start! We felt we could afford to ride up to him—and, besides, we were curious to hear him prate of his hereabouts. Could it be that he was on his return from the goal at Grassmere? No. But we soon had a solution of the mystery—or, rather, except to ourselves there was no mystery at all. For, having met us flying home, as he was entitled to believe, at the rate of a young hawk's flight, Sam, who had not then recovered the effects of that ugly fall, wisely decided to breakfast at Lowood. And, according to his account, which we fully credited, Mrs Ladyman had given him a superb *déjeûné à la fourchette*. Shuffler had all the while stood at the door feeding kindly out of a nose-bag, to be ready at the first symptom of our return; and never saw we so great a change wrought in so short a time, by judicious treatment, as well on man as on horse. Sam was quite spruce—even pert—and rosy about the gills as an alderman. As for Shuffler, we could have thought we saw before us Eleanor herself, had that glorious creature, who was then carrying every thing before her, plates, cups, and all, not been of a different colour. Yet we were proud to find that Christopher on Colonsay divided the popular admiration, and as the rivals shook hands, a shout rent the sky.

We now remembered that it was Grassmere Fair-day, which accounted for the crowd being greater than could have been brought together perhaps even by the bruit of our match. There could not have been fewer than a thousand souls, and the assemblage began to drop off towards Ambleside. It could not but occur to our humane minds that the lieges would be subjected to great peril of life, were we to start at score, and make play through the fragments of that crowd. And start at score and make play we must, if we were now to resume the contest, for our cattle were pawing to be let

go, and you might read desperate thoughts in the faces of the riders. Hitherto the struggle had been severe, though it had not been throughout exactly a neck-and-neck affair—it was now a near thing indeed, for if we had been delayed half an hour in Ecclerigg, so had Sitwell in Lowood—and though nothing had occurred to us so personally painful as his accident, we had had severer Trials of Temper. In suffering as in patience we might be fairly enough said to have been on a par.

At that moment a beautiful breeze, that had been born at the head of Langdale, came carolling and curling across the Lake, and met another as beautiful as itself from Belle-Isle, so lovingly that the two melted into one, and brought the Endeavour suddenly round Point-Battery, with all sails set, and all colours flying, a vision glorifying all Lowood Bay. Billy Balmer, all the while holding the rim of his hat, advocated most eloquently a proposal emanating from mine host, that the nags should be stabled for an hour or two, and that we should give Mr Sitwell a sail. Indeed he began to drop hints that it would be easy by signal to collect the whole musquitto fleet; and his oratory was so powerful that at the close of one of his speeches—in reply—we verily believed that a Trotting-match between horses was about to be changed into a Regatta like that of Cowes.

And a regatta there is, at bidding of the Invisibles of air, whose breath is on the waters, now provided with a blue ground, whitening with breakers, commonly called cats-heads. Five minutes ago, what shadowy stillness of vacant sleep—now what sunny animation of busy lifeiness all over face and breast of Winander! What unfurling, and hoisting, and crowding of canvass "in gentle places, bosoms, nooks, and bays!" and, my eye, how every craft cocks her jib at the Endeavour! That is the Eliza—so named after one of the finest women in England—since christened the "Ugly Cutter" by some malignant eunuch, squeaking the lie as he broke a vinegar cruet on her bows. That schooner is the Roscoe—and Lorenzo was then alive with "his fine Roman hand" and face; and so was Palafox, whose name that three-masted latine-rigged beauty bears—see how, with the wind on her beam like a flamingo, she flies! Yet she cannot overhaul the Liverpoolian—though that Wonder has not yet shaken out two reefs in her mainsail that tell a silent tale of yesterday's squalls. *Is! was!* what a confusion of moods and tenses! But the Past is all one with the Present. Imagination does what she likes with Time; she gives a mysterious middle voice to every verb—and genius pursues them through all their conjugations, feeling that they have all one root—and that the root of the Tree of Knowledge, of Good and of Evil—planted in the heart—and watered sometimes with dewdrop-looking tears, and as often with tears of blood!

And lo! beauty-laden—a life-boat indeed—behold the Barge! The Nil Timeo! Old Nell, as she is lovingly called by all the true sons of Winander! The Dreadnought and Invincible Old Nell Nil Timeo! No awning but one of parasols! Herself seemingly sunk by fair freight and bright burden down to the row-locks, but steady in her speed as a dolphin; and is she not beautifully pulled, ye Naiads? The admiral's gig resplendent now among a fleet of wherries, skiffs, canoes; and hark—while the female voices that can sing so divinely are all mute—swelling in strong heroic harmony the Poet Laureate's Song!

For ages, Winander, unsought was thy shore,
Nought disturb'd thy fair stream save the fisherman's oar;
Nor freighted with charms did the gay painted boat
To the soft beat of music triumphantly float;
When the Goddess of Love
View'd the scene from above,
And determined from Cyprus her court to remove;
Then selected a few, who were skilful and brave,
Her daughters to guard on the Westmoreland wave.

Though for far distant regions we ne'er set our sails,
Thy breast, O Winander! encounters rude gales;
When the swift whirlwind rushes from Langdale's dark form,
E'en the weather-worn sailor might start at the storm:
Yet in vain yields the mast
To the force of the blast
Whilst the heart to the moorings of courage is fast;
And the sons of Winander are skilful and brave,
Nor shrink from the threats of the Westmorland wave.

To us are consign'd the gay fête and the ball,
Where beauty enslaves whom no dangers appal;
For when she submission demands from our crew,
"*Nil timeo*" must yield, conq'ring Cupid, to you.
Then, alas! we complain
Of the heart-rending pain,
And confess that our motto is boasting and vain;
Though the sons of Winander are skilful and brave,
Their flag must be bow'd to the gems of the wave.

To us it is given to drain the deep bowl,
The dark hours of midnight thus cheerfully roll;
Our captain commands, we with pleasure obey,
And the dawning of morn only calls us away.
On our sleep-sealed eyes
Soon soft visions arise,
From the black fleet of sorrow we fear no surprise,
For the sons of Winander are joyous and brave,
As bold as the storm, and as free as the wave.

Whene'er we pass o'er, without compass, the line,
'Tis friendship that blows on an ocean of wine;
The breakers of discord ne'er roar on the lee,
At the rudder whilst love, wine, and friendship agree:
Then let us combine
Love, friendship, and wine,
On our bark then the bright star of pleasure shall shine;
For the sons of Winander are faithful and brave,
And proud rides their flag on the Westmorland wave.

And now "sharpening its mooned horns," the whole Fleet close inshore drops anchor; and all the crews give Christopher three cheers. If this be not a regatta, pray what is a regatta? Colonsay paws the beach as if impatient to board the Flag-Ship like a horse-marine. The Shuffler draws up in style on our right flank—"Steady, Sam! Steady!" Billy applies a red-hot poker to the touch-hole of the pattareroe—and in full view of the Fleet—AGAIN WE START.

END OF FYTTE FIRST.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXV.

Admission of Dissenters to Degrees in the English Universities, 716 — Probable consequences of, 734

Aird, Thomas, Nebuchadnezzar, a poem, by, 369

Aldborough, Earl of, his singular character, 209

Almacks, effects of that institution, 72

Althorp, Lord, his unworthy behaviour in the affair of Mr Sheil, 439

Angling, Stephen Oliver on, 775

Antoninus Pius, character of, 968

Aria, 291

Aristocracy, Hints to the, 68—Causes of the decline of their influence, 72

Attacks on the Church, 731—To be viewed as an attempt against the whole interests of society, 733

Aurelius Verus, character of, 966

Aurora, a Vision, dedicated to Charles Lamb, 992

Avidius Cassius, rebellion of, 978

Bailly, the French philosopher, account of, 31

Baronet's Bride, the, 81

Baron Smith, 443—His triumphant vindication, 448

Barrington, Sir Jonah, extracts from his Historic Memoirs of Ireland, 204, 396

Bear of Boulogne, curious story of, 400

Bernard, J. B., Esq., notice of his Theory of the Constitution, 339

Bertrand, Countess, account of, 55

Bedford, Duke of, Burke's reply to his attack on his pension, 516—Origin of his vast property, 520

Bob Burke's duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th, 743

Brougham, Lord, his skilful and persevering pursuit of popularity, 562—His artful depreciation of the aristocracy, 564—Ignorance, 567—Disposal of his official patronage, 568

British Army, refutation of aspersions on, 405

Brothers, the, 191

Browne, J. H., Esq., voyage from Leghorn to Cephalonia, and Narrative of a visit, in 1823, to the Seat of War in Greece, by, Part I. 56

Burke, Edmund, Part VII. 27—His character of the Revolutionary Legislature of France, 28—Advocates the necessity of a church establishment, 36—and the importance of placing the ministers of religion in circumstances of wealth and dignity, 39—His exposé of the state of France under the monarchy, 43—Defence of the nobility, and vindication of the French clergy, 47. Part VIII. 273—His book on the French Revolution a useful guide to British statesmen, 274—Deprecates the confiscation of church property, 275—Shews the aim and influence of men of letters in France before the Revolution, 277. His idea of a legislator, 282—Sifts the measures of the Revolution, 287. Part IX. 508—Account of the death of his son, 512—His profound sorrow, ib.—and its effect on his health, 514—His sarcastic remarks on the Duke of Norfolk, 515—Outcry of Opposition against his pension, ib.—His letter to a Noble Lord justifying his claim to it, 516—Masterly rebuke of the Duke of Bedford, 520

Byron, Lord, personal appearance and traits of the character of, 56

Cæsars, Chap. IV. The Patriot Emperors, 961

Cambridge, University of, difference in its mode of admitting Dissenters from that of Oxford, 957

Campbell, Sir J., rejected at Dudley, and to be forced upon Edinburgh, 898

Castle Elmere, a tale of political gratitude, 353

Castlereagh, Lord, recollections of, 399

Chalk mixed with oil of great use in painting, 552

Chalmers, Dr, examination of his opinions on the Combination Laws, 839

Chateaubriand, Monsieur de, memoirs of, 608—In what light his apparent egotism should be viewed, 611—Account of his family, 612—His education and favourite studies, 613—Residence in Paris and at court, 614—Travels in America, 616—Interview with Washington, ib.—Return to France, 619—Marriage, ib.—Emigration, ib.—Hardships, 620

Christianity, error of supposing it no essential part of public felicity, 732

Christopher on Colonsay, 1002

Church, a, in North Wales, by Mrs Hemans, 634

Church, the, and its Enemies, 954

Church, attacks on the, 731

Church of England, eminent men it has produced, 735—Benefits it has conferred on the country, 736—Fallacy of representing it as antiquated and oppressive

Combination Laws, arguments for their repeal canvassed, 839
Commons, House of, its vacillation, 538
Conde de Ildefonso, a tale of the Spanish Revolution, 756
Condorcet, Marquis of, account of, 32
Conservative party, what impaired its influence, 533—Its principles gaining ground, 886—Causes of the reaction in favour of, 888—Obligations of Ministers to, 893
Constitution, the, examination of the changes it has undergone, 529
Conspiracy against Mr Sheil, 434
Continental writers unanimous in their hatred of Britain, 686
Corn Laws, state of the votes on the motion for their repeal, 542—Objections against them examined, 793—Their operation on the manufacturing and shipping interests, 794—Reduction of wages the consequence of abolishing, 797
Corn Law Question, 792
Cousin Nicholas, 486, 643, 926
Crawford, Mr, his estimate of the inequality of the bread-tax examined, 799
Crawfurd, Mr John, extracts from his circular to the electors of Mary-le-bone, 545
Crime, progress of, consequent upon the education of the people, 234
Cruise of the Midge, Chap. I. 311—Chap. II. 459—Chap. III. 587—Chap. IV. 899
Crypts, description of, 963
Curran, anecdote of, 402